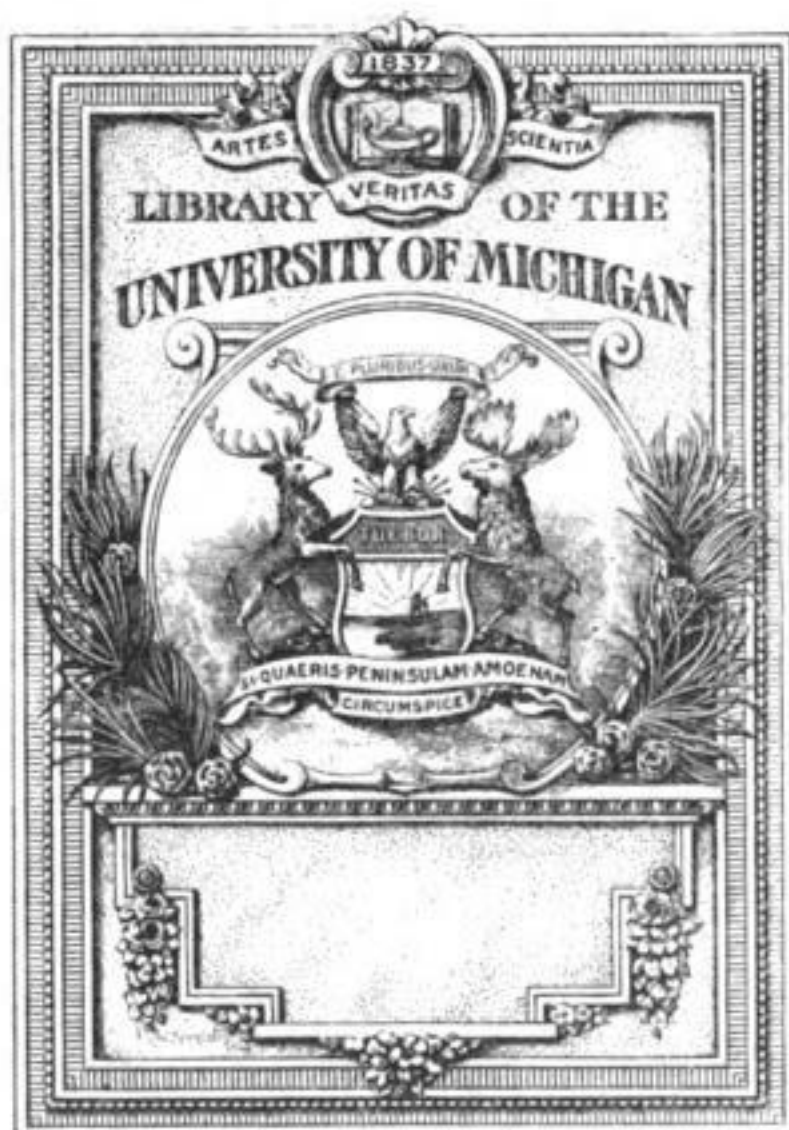




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THE COSMOPOLITAN

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Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

WAITING FOR HER CARRIAGE.

See "The Art of Entertaining," page 75

THOMAS
MITCHELL
PEIRCE

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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MAY, 1901.

No. 1.



A GROUP OF DIPLOMATS LEAVING SECRETARY HAY'S HOUSE. COUNT G. DE LICHTERVELDE, BELGIAN MINISTER, TURNING TO ADDRESS A FRIEND.

ENVOYS AT WASHINGTON.

BY WALDON FAWCETT.

THE nearest approach to the pomp and pageantry of a royal court, with its attendant emblems of heraldry and insignia of rank, its gorgeous, stately ceremonials and the dazzling splendor of the raiment of its devotees, which the American continent has known since the days of Montezuma, is to be found in the assemblages of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington. These levees—invariably half social, half official, for the representatives of royalty never wholly unbend—easily constitute the most attractive of all the spectacular features of life in the nation's most beautiful city. In glitter and sparkle and color, the pictures presented are well-nigh the peer of any afforded by the capitals of Europe or the Orient, and even in the settings—the ball-rooms and banquet-halls—the seat of government need not blush for its possessions.

Uncle Sam now has diplomatic relations with fully three dozen countries, which are represented at the American capital by six Embassies and thirty Legations. Composing these various transplanted households are more than two hundred persons,



BARON HENGELMÜLLER, AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MINISTER.

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ALI FERROUH BEY, TURKISH MINISTER.

natives of every land and clime, and constituting the most interesting "foreign colony" to be found on this hemisphere. To look after the business of the Embassies alone, and provide the proper social environment for these official habitations, more individuals are now required than were to be found in the entire Diplomatic Corps at the City of Magnificent Distances a few years ago. In addition to the Ambassador, who is, of course, intrusted with the entire direction of the affairs of the Embassy, there are Secretaries, Naval Attachés, Military Attachés, and mayhap interpreters, forming a staff which in the case of some Embassies, such as the British and the Chinese Legations, includes about a dozen persons.

The diplomatic contingent at Washington has been growing larger year by year, and the increase has been particularly marked since the consequences of the Spanish-American war forcibly installed the United States in the position of a world-power. More than that, a broader importance and deeper significance have

been imparted to this congress of nations at Miss Columbia's Court by an action taken by Congress some years ago. It may be explained that in the management of international problems of statecraft Ambassadors and Ministers Plenipotentiary bear much the same relation to each other as do Senators and Representatives in the deliberations of the American legislative body. The Ambassadors are the bright particular stars of the diplomatic firmament. Not only do they enjoy higher rank than their confrères, and the presumption of representing more directly the authority of their sovereign or government, but, through the possession of greater discretionary privileges, they are enabled to handle the matters which come within their jurisdiction with less delay for instructions from officials at home.

In conformity with one of the strict rules of diplomatic usage, however, no nation sends an Ambassador to a country which has not delegated in exchange an official of equally high diplomatic rank, and so the intensely democratic convictions of the American lawmakers restricted Uncle Sam's



BARON DE FAVA, ITALIAN AMBASSADOR.

official guests, for more than a century, to envoys of lesser rank. Since the passage of the law making it possible to raise representatives of the United States from the rank of Minister to that of Ambassador, the most powerful nations on the globe—Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Italy and Mexico—have demonstrated their respect for the Republic by sending to Washington ambassadorial appointees. Adding dignity to the personnel of this cosmopolitan gathering on American soil, has also contributed to its splendor and impressiveness. In the corps, as at present constituted, are many men of world-wide reputation—statesmen whose names stand for some of the most brilliant diplomatic triumphs known to modern times.

In spite of the fact that the light of publicity beats



COUNT CASSINI, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.

so fiercely around these bearers of the greetings of kingdoms and empires to the land of freedom, they in reality live to a considerable extent in a realm of mystery, and to penetrate this realm seems to be one of the dearest ambitions of a considerable portion of American citizens. If one would gain tangible evidence of how potent is the attraction exerted by these distinguished foreigners, with their suggestion of strange peoples and unheard-of customs, he has only to note the eager interest manifested by the vast crowds of spectators, representing every state in the Union, who throng every formal function at Washington where a glimpse may be caught of this contingent of gaily attired dignitaries.

There are only a few occasions each year, however, when the general public may feast its eyes upon this brave show of fur and tinsel. The New Year's reception at the White House, and the special reception which the President tenders annually to the Diplomatic Corps, bring out the showiest court costumes in the wardrobes of the distinguished foreigners; as does also some special event, now and



VISCOUNT DE SANTO THYRSO, PORTUGUESE MINISTER, AND THE VISCOUNTESS.



LORD PAUNCEFOTE ABOUT TO CALL ON THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

then, such as the inauguration of the Chief Executive, a memorial service in honor of some departed monarch, or a wedding in which the chief participants are members of the diplomatic circle.

The costumes in which the representatives of the governments of the world come to pay their respects to the highest official in the United States, are in most marked contrast to the habiliments of America's envoys in the throne-rooms of Europe. In the early years of the century, Uncle Sam's diplomatic Ministers were authorized to wear on state occasions one of two kinds of uniform, each including a coat of blue, lined with silk, both coat and cape being heavily loaded with embroidery. For half a century, however, our emissaries at the courts of the world have been restricted to "the simple dress of an American citizen," now and then modified in detail, as by the introduction of knee-breeches or a dress-sword.

In the official plumage of the diplomats gathered at the American capital, on the other hand, there is embodied every hue known to nature. Many Attachés are officers in the military or naval service of their respective countries, and appear in the brilliant uniforms of the various branches of such service. The fashion-plates of diplomatic court-dress embrace everything from splendid uniforms of glowing crimson and snowy white to others gleaming with gold embroideries on black, set off in many instances by the fur trimmings of the hussar capes and a wealth of dec-



SIN TEH MOO, KOREAN CHARGE D'AFFAIRES.



SEÑOR DON CARLOS MORLA VICUÑA,
CHILIAN MINISTER.

orations, while prominent by contrast are the red fezes of the Turkish Minister and the members of his staff, and the rich Oriental silks of the Chinese Legationers.

A titled visitor who is eagerly sought out by the eyes of the spectators at every diplomatic function is Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador to the United States. This interest is perhaps due in part to his position as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. The coterie of diplomats, constituting a body by itself, is governed by laws of its own making, and custom has decreed that length of service shall fix the Deanship. If all the foreign representatives at Washington still ranked as Ministers, it is possible that Lord Pauncefote would not hold the coveted post; but since seniority among the Ministers does not count where there are Ambassadors, and Lord Pauncefote was the first Ambassador appointed to this country, he stands as arbiter in all the delicate questions of precedence which arise from time to time within the Corps. Mod-

ern times have known no handsomer costume than the regulation gold-embroidered dress-uniform of the British diplomat, and the regular ornamentation is augmented, in the case of the uniform which Lord Pauncefote has worn upon most state occasions of recent years, by numerous insignia of his rank.

The court-dress of many of the diplomats bears a slight resemblance to the Knights Templar uniform so familiar in this country, but is much more elaborate in every way. A majority of the Latin-American governments have within the



WU TING FANG, CHINESE MINISTER.

past year or two adopted a universal design for diplomatic dress—a uniform resplendent in red and gold. One of the most striking uniforms ever seen in Washington is that worn on state occasions by Baron Hengelmüller, the Minister from Austro-Hungary. It consists of deep-red trousers, high black boots, and a black velvet cloak splendidly ornamented.

Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, is a diplomat who has during his long career performed many notable services for his government, and the testimonials of appreciation which have come to him in the form of decorations have made of the front of his court-coat literally a mass of gold and jewels that sparkles with every move. The members of the Russian Embassy are notable for the sumptuousness of their uniforms, and this made all the more noticeable the mark of respect which they showed when, at the memorial services in honor of Queen Victoria, they appeared in plain black, with astrakan-trimmed chapeaux with black feather tufts. It may be noted, also, that on occasions such as the one mentioned all the foreign diplomats have the hilts of their swords intertwined with black crape.

The representatives of our sister republic, France, are provided with far more imposing court-dress than are the officials in the diplomatic service of the United States. In addition, the French Ambassador, Monsieur Cambon, and all the members of his staff who served in Washington during the Spanish-



GEN. ISAAC KHAN, PERSIAN MINISTER.

American war, are adorned with the superb decoration of the Order of Isabella, presented by the Queen Regent of Spain in acknowledgment of their good offices in effecting peace.

Dazzling as are the uniforms of the Europeans, and the diplomats from South and Central America, however, they are outshone in a measure by the elaborate attire of the courtiers from the Orient. At the head of this contingent stands

Wu Ting Fang, the famous Chinese Minister. His favorite garment for state ceremonies is a dress of purple silk, trimmed with white fur, over which he wears a heavy silken, fur-trimmed cloak. His costume represents the acme of magnificence in one direction, just as Lord Pauncefote's coat of scarlet, with gold collar, frogs and slashes, does in another. A distinguishing characteristic of Minister Wu's costume is an immense diamond which he wears in the front of his silk turban. The able representative of the Celestial Empire tells most

humorously of his fright when on one occasion he missed the precious stone, only to discover after a terrified search that he had reversed his turban in donning it. The members of the Chinese Legation are the only servitors of the nations at Washington who do not carry the regulation dress-sword.

The uniforms of Minister Takahira of Japan and his Secretaries and Attachés, although the embodiment of gorgeousness, more nearly conform to Continental fashion; and so also does the attire of the Koreans, although it has



DR. EDUARDO WILDE, ARGENTINE MINISTER, HIS WIFE, AND HER BROTHER, SECOND SECRETARY OF THE LEGATION.



MINISTER TAKAHIRA OF JAPAN, AND THE FIRST SECRETARY.

sentative whom the Shah ever sent to Washington, was virtually driven away by the funny pictures whereby the American newspapers portrayed his fantastic costumes. The new-comer is evidently not so sensitive, and moreover he is more likely to excite admiration than amusement, for the new uniform which was made for him in Paris just before his departure for his present post of duty is quite the most gorgeous outfit that has been seen on this side of the Atlantic.

The unique feature of the apparel of Ali Ferrouh Bey, the Turkish Minister, and the members of his suite, is found, of course, in the omnipresent red fez, which these diplomats wear even in church. The masculine contingent from the Turkish Legation was compelled to divide interest at the White House reception which ushered in the century, with the only lady

been but a few years since the latter were pointed out to spectators at White House receptions as the most picturesque figures in the human medley. The Siamese diplomats have, to a considerable extent, taken the place in the panorama vacated by the Koreans, and their trappings more than compensate the sight-seer for the suddenly acquired modesty in dress on the part of their neighbors in the Far East. The Siamese Minister, Phya Prasiddhi, one of the new arrivals at Washington, is of the most unostentatious appearance when clad in the prescribed garb of American society, but on state occasions he blooms, like a suddenly unfolded flower, in robes of the richest brocaded satins and a silken scarf of wonderful hues.

The closing months of the century brought the Siamese envoy a rival for the position of the most elaborately dressed diplomat, in the person of Gen. Isaac Khan, the new Persian Minister. In this connection it may be recalled that the former Persian envoy, the first repre-



HERR VON HOLLEBEN, GERMAN AMBASSADOR, AND COUNTESS QUADT.



1. SHEN TUNG, OF THE CHINESE LEGATION. 2. CONSTANTIN BRUN, DANISH MINISTER. 3. LIEUTENANT SHROEN, GERMAN ATTACHÉ. 4. SEÑOR DON JUAN RIANO, SPANISH FIRST SECRETARY. 5. BARON FERSEN, RUSSIAN ATTACHÉ.

who ever accompanied the representatives of the Sultan on such an occasion. The Minister could not be accompanied by his wife or sister, who are strict Mohammedans and take no part in the social life of the capital, but Mme. Sidky Bey, the wife of the Second Secretary, was present with her husband, and her quaint gown attracted no end of attention.

The gowns of the feminine members of the diplomatic households are so similar in general appearance to those of the fashionably dressed American women that they are rather outshone, in so far as popular interest is concerned, by the costumes in which their liege lords appear on state occasions. The one notable exception is found in the case of Madame Wu, the wife of the Chinese Minister. Madame Wu is the possessor of some of the handsomest jewels in the United States, and these, with her close-fitting velvet head-dress, are alone sufficient to rivet feminine interest. The head-dress is fastened by three ornaments, the settings of which are respectively: an enormous pearl, a large solitaire diamond, and a ruby surrounded by a number of large, brilliant diamonds. Among the Chinese woman's other treasures

are ear-rings and a necklace of diamonds, and several clusters of pearls. Madame Wu is also the possessor of a collection of surplice-like overdresses, for wear over her short skirts—garments of the richest brocade, which are the envy of nearly all the members of the gentler sex among the lookers-on at the pageantry of official life.

But it must not be supposed that all the gaiety of dress among the diplomats is restricted to formal functions. Many of these temporary sojourners from other climes appear now and then in golf costumes that are

amazing to behold. The French Ambassador, the Danish Minister, and many of the Attachés of the British, German and other Legations, are enthusiastic golfers, and although Minister Wu may occasionally be seen trudging around



COUNT QUADT, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY.

the links in a flowing robe, the counterpart of which, for vividness of tint, could scarcely be seen on the comic-opera stage, he hardly presents so striking an appearance as some of the younger diplomats with their fearful and wonderful plaids and checks.

The provision of the elaborate costumes necessitated by his official duties is the severest strain upon the pocketbook of a young man in the diplomatic service, and unfortunately he cannot emulate the example of some of the junior naval officers and arrange joint ownership in some of the trappings of his station. Doubtless the younger members of the Diplomatic Corps find many compensations in the adulation which is bestowed upon them. No other class of men in official life at Washington is so sought after by the hostesses of society, and owing to the proverbial feminine fondness for gold braid and bright buttons, even the officers of the

American army and navy often fail to defeat these foreigners in a tourney for the favor of the beauties of the American Court.

During the past decade, many members of the Diplomatic Corps have married American girls. This is, however, seriously discouraged in the case of the Ministers by their respective governments, who contend that an envoy, having to reside, as occasion may demand, in any part of the world, should be wedded to one of his own countrywomen. Of course, this has not prevented a number of Ministerial representatives from marrying daugh-



SEÑOR CALVO, COSTA RICAN MINISTER, TALKING WITH MR. J. N. LEGER, MINISTER FROM HAYTI.



COUNT CASSINI, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR, STEPPING FROM HIS CARRIAGE.



SEÑOR DON MANUEL DE AZPIROZ, MEXICAN AMBASSADOR.

ters of Uncle Sam, although in almost every case the action has been closely followed by transfer to some other post. With the Secretaries and Attachés the case is differ-

ent, the governments seldom, if ever, interposing objection, and a large number of international marriages of this kind have been solemnized in the United States.

The wives of diplomats at Washington are entirely exempt from giving public receptions, which

custom has prescribed as one of the duties of the ladies of the Cabinet and the wives of United States Senators, but nevertheless many of them, actuated by a fine sense of courtesy, have frequently given charming public entertainments. There have been numerous regrettable features connected with some of these functions at the diplomatic homes. Curiosity to catch a glimpse of the treasures of these transplanted homes has naturally attracted immense crowds, and in some cases the hospitality of the foreign Embassies and Legations has been grievously intruded upon.

Minister Wu had perhaps the most distressing experience. When the affable Chinaman first took up his residence in Washington, he held a grand reception, but the swarming crowds trampled upon his lawn and carried off his bric-à-brac, and now nothing could induce him to repeat the experience. Countess Cassini, who presides over the household of the Russian Embassy, was lately obliged to request the publication of a notice to the effect that her receptions were designed for her friends. At the Mexican Embassy, on one occasion, a mother took her brood of dirty children into the great ball-room,



SIN TEH MOO, KOREAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES.

and after seating them on a divan done in French upholstery, proceeded to the dining-room and helped herself to enough cake to satisfy the ravenous youngsters. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that to give a public entertainment is not regarded as a pleasure by the foreign Embassies, and the decline of this form of function has been very rapid.

The diplomats at Washington are great dinner-givers. Some of the most brilliant assemblages at the capital are to be found at their tables. On the other hand, there are diplomatic repasts to which all the envoys and their wives are invited which are rather dull affairs, nor is this strange when it is taken into consideration that a guest may sometimes be assigned to take down to dinner a lady with whom he has no language in common.

The members of the foreign colony are most punctilious in the observance of all the details of official etiquette. Although



1. CONSTANTIN BRUN, DANISH MINISTER. 2. MR. DE WOLLANT, RUSSIAN FIRST SECRETARY. 3. MR. CRACKANTHORPE, THIRD SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH LEGATION. 4. MR. NORMAN, SECOND SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH LEGATION.

three days is allowed by the dictum of officialdom for the return of a first call, Ambassadors and Ministers usually return a call immediately, taking this promptitude as the most delicate possible expression of their appreciation of the visit. Not infrequently a caller at an Embassy or a Legation will find the card of the person called upon when he returns to his own home at the end of the afternoon round of visits.

A grave pitfall to be eschewed by every new-comer in Washington society is found in the intricacies of social precedence based on official rank. Paltry and incredible as it may seem, grave international complications have on more than one occasion been threatened because ignorant hostesses at the national capital unwittingly assigned envoys to seats at dinner lower than their rank should have permitted.

In the social scale the President is followed by the Vice-President, and then come the Ambassadors, who, being presumed to represent the persons of their sovereigns, are disposed to yield precedence only to members of the royal family of the court or the sons and brothers of crowned heads. Even this point caused some merry complications a few years since. Lord Pauncefote claimed that his position entitled him to take precedence of every person save the President, and it was not until the venerable diplomat received a special hint from the Foreign Office at London that he consented to call on the Vice-President.



SEÑOR DON MANUEL DE AZPIROZ, MEXICAN AMBASSADOR.



LORD PAUNCEFOTE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR, LEAVING THE RESIDENCE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, WITH HIS DAUGHTER.

Following the Ambassadors, in the official list in use at the White House, comes the Secretary of State, although when the Ambassadors give functions at which he is a guest the Premier ranks even the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. After the Secretary of State, when the regular order is observed, come the Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary and Chargés d'Affaires. It is not expected that the President shall ever call at any of the Embassies or Legations, although in the case of one or two Chief Executives this rule has not been rigidly adhered to.

Probably the diplomats are really seen to best advantage at the annual balls or receptions which some of the Embassies and Legations give in honor of their sovereigns. The greatest of these functions in recent years have been the balls given by the British Ambassador on each recurring anniversary of the Queen's birthday. Of course, there are never any tangles over problems of pre-

cedence at festivities at which diplomats are hosts, but when an outsider entertains the Corps the event is usually preceded by an interchange of correspondence equal in volume to that of a big business firm, before all the guests are assigned to positions compatible with their dignity.

Finally, nations, like small boys, occasionally get in quarrels, and during these "don't speak" periods the greatest care must be exercised to prevent embarrassing occurrences at social functions at the capital. Then, too, there are Powers that have long-standing feuds which their representatives seek to perpetuate. A case in point is that of Austria and Mexico. The former government did not until a few weeks ago recognize the existence of the latter nation,

and several times the Secretary of State or the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps was called upon to devise ways whereby the envoy of one country might be honored without giving offense to the other.



SEÑOR DON JUAN CUESTAS, MINISTER FROM URUGUAY, AND DON TOMAS HOWARD Y ARRIEN, FIRST SECRETARY.

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

BY LAVINIA HART.

COURAGE, purpose, energy, a magnetic personality and a disposition to profit by criticism—these are the qualities that have lifted Olga Nethersole above the level of mediocrity and placed her, at the age of thirty-two, in the class with great artistes of mature experience and age.

Olga Nethersole is a born genius. Not necessarily a stage genius. In almost any line of work she might have followed, Miss Nethersole would have been heard from. She has the genius temperament—impulsive, paradoxical, extreme. She is strong, magnetic, individual. From whatever environment she might have sprung, to whatever obstacles, she would have conquered. She has the indomitable will which gets the better of circumstances. She has a vitality which reinforces the energy spent upon work that would kill an ordinary woman. She has a great fund of independence, a spirit of fearlessness that forces to the front her convictions regarding human morals, and the best ways and means for portraying those morals upon the stage. And most of all, notwithstanding a nature high-strung and keenly alive to censure, she has a courage which quickly surmounts defeat, and prepares for renewed effort.

Indeed, so great is Miss Nethersole's recuperative power, so positive her purpose, that she has survived even the ill effects of repeated success. For failures and set-backs are not the worst obstacles

that hinder the careers of growing artists. Success, with its attendant honors and applause, is the insidious poison that frequently nips in the bud the blossom that might have unfolded to greatness. But success has not spoiled Olga Nethersole. The triumphs of her life, like its defeats, she has turned to good account. Out of every defeat, she has risen stronger, better, wiser. Out of every success, she has

gleaned encouragement from approbation, and turned her head away from flattery. There have been no hours spent in satisfied contemplation of the laurels won.

Miss Nethersole is no ordinary woman. She knows things about human nature which the ordinary woman does not know. She knows them both by instinct and from experience. And one of these things is, that yesterday's achievements belong to yesterday, and the things that count are of to-day and to-morrow.

Therein lies the secret of Olga Nethersole's steady rise to fame; and therefrom springs the certainty,

unconsciously conveyed to all who know her, that the present is only the promise of the success to come.

Olga Nethersole's standard of success is a high one and it is changeful. She wastes no time waving it over the present triumph, but promptly plants it on the next step above.

"Is it necessary to have genius?" an aspirant for histrionic fame asked of her. "Yes," replied Miss Nethersole, "it is



MISS NETHERSOLE.



MISS NETHERSOLE AS SAPHO.

quite necessary to have a genius for hard work. Genius, you know, is an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Miss Nethersole's idea of genius is a practical one, but her life is working out its worth.

Hard work has marked every milestone of this woman's career. Every leaf she has won toward her laurel wreath, has been earned. There have been no questions of luck or visitations of Providence, in her triumphs. No "angels" have backed her productions, no clever press agents woven fanciful tales to mislead the public. Miss Nethersole's early life was paved with struggles, and disappointments, and unsatisfied yearnings to accomplish something, great but indefinable; to get somewhere desirable, but a long way off.

She admits that as a child she was eccentric. The games of other children did not appeal to her. So she was left alone a good deal, and improved her time weaving fancies and building air-castles. Drawing woolly dogs, building blocks, playing house and keeping toy-shop, had no charms for her. She did not appreciate being Miss Olga. It was too commonplace to be oneself in play. So when she played, she pretended she was some one else, and selected characters from the curate down.

When she was seven, she went to London to see a pantomime. That was the beginning of the end. Her longing to be

something, somewhere, got located. After that, she "spoke pieces" and played theater. She lived in an ideal world of her own, known only to her dolls and the few martyrs among her playmates who submitted to being used as stage trees or lay-figures.

When she reached the age of sixteen, Olga Nethersole's father, who was a London solicitor, had died, leaving his family without provision. Olga was badly stage-struck. Her sisters had married, and the burden of supporting her mother fell to the shoulders of the youngest daughter and she welcomed the burden. Her love for her mother, she claims,

has been the one grand passion of her life.

Just how she was going to fulfil the new responsibilities she did not know, but she had a consciousness, born of good intention, good health, and strong young hope, that she was not one of those who go down.



MISS NETHERSOLE.



Olga was her youngest, her dearest. She was intense, impetuous, governed by impulses; a creature of moods and strange, unconventional notions, whose liberality shocked the anxious little Englishwoman.

Olga Nethersole at sixteen had a fine scorn for conventional lines. If life must be lived according to rule, she preferred to work out her own problems, according to her own judgment, and by the aid of her own conscience. She did not know then that next to her inclination for the stage, was a disposition for philosophy strong within her—a disposition toward the natural philosophy of human nature and human events, and the consequent human problems they create. To-day she is one of life's philosophers. She understands what was the spirit that swayed her in youth, that unconsciously gave her mental and judicial poise; and she has strengthened her philosophical temperament, and concentrated

Her whole inclination, her whole desire, her whole temperament, were for the stage. But her mother excepted it. Her whole and directed its force and application to her daily living, by her devoted study of the philosophies of Locke, Hume, Spencer, Reid, Berkeley, Kant, and even of Plato, Socrates and Aristotle. Ordinary novels, even the clever ones of our current literature, do not appeal to Miss Nethersole, except from a business viewpoint, in the light of possible dramatizations. When

she wants real pleasure in books, and seeks relaxation, she finds what she wants in the works of the philosophers, and in applying their reasonings and deductions to her own life.

At sixteen, however, Miss Nethersole knew nothing of philosophy; except as she recognized a certain mental mechanism within her that could deduce results from given quantities, without the aid of popular prejudice or conventional ruling. The re-



suits deduced had always the virtue of originality—a virtue which is now, and always will be, a part of Miss Nethersole's self.

One of the things which Olga Nether-





MISS NETHERSOLE AS CARMEN.

sole at sixteen could not comprehend, was her people's objection to her stage aspirations, which found expression in the oft-reiterated phrase, "What will people say?" Miss Nethersole at twice sixteen still marvels over the workings of those minds and morals that turn on the pivot of "What will people say?" The secret of her own success with a dangerously liberal policy, is that she is conscientious, honest and thoroughly sincere.

For two years filial respect and consideration kept her from her life's beloved object. During that time she tasted gall and wormwood in that bitterest form known only to workers whose life is cast in thoroughly distasteful lines. Olga Nethersole was a governess!—she who was stage-struck from the time she could first toddle and coo; who had worked toward the stage as surely as the river runs toward the ocean; whose idols all had been gods of the playhouse; whose air-castles had been built of painted scenes, behind rows of footlights; whose dreams had been visions of victory and fame and Shakespeare glorified, sweetened with the adulation and applause and floral offerings of the multitude. It was a terrible awakening from a ten years' dream, to substitute for

the pride of Lady Macbeth, the humble spirit of the governess. It was a dreadful jolt to an artistic temperament, to fall from Juliet's balcony of love and transport, to the humdrum dreariness of a nursery, and to hear, instead of Romeo's ardent wooing, the A B C's of several stupid children of a British tradesman. They were two wretched years, but Miss Nethersole does not try to forget them. They are useful for contrast, in gloomy moods, and their effect is instantaneous.

When she reached the age of eighteen, she was getting desperate. She was not made of the stuff that makes good governesses. Her nature was chafed beyond endurance by what she had suffered. Her spirit was bruised by the prison which her

life was, and cried out for release. She did not then appreciate the discipline she had passed through, the self-reliance and the bravery that had been wrought in her, by the season of hard, ungrateful work.

Olga Nethersole has enduring power, and she carved it out of the stony way of those early hardships.

In 1887 came the turning-point in her life. She was eighteen, and after deliberate consideration announced her intention to seek an opening on the stage, regardless of all opposition. Her duty, she considered, had been done, in her effort to justify the English blood in her, and earn a livelihood according to the usual humdrum method of English girls placed in her position. The Spanish blood inherited from her grandparents rushed to the front like a flood, carrying everything before it. Those concerned realized that her determination was a torrent

MISS NETHERSOLE IN
"THE TERMAGANT."

none could check. Consent was given; she made her first appearance on the stage at the Theater Royal, Brighton, with one of Charles Hawtrey's companies, in a play called "Harvest," and tasted the first suggestion of the sweetness future years were to yield.

Miss Nethersole's *début* was not considered a great event in stageland. Indeed, her part was a minor one, and she had had no dramatic training. Natural aptitude,

most necessary to the unknown beginner, she lacked. That was personal beauty. She was not a pretty girl, for she even lacked what now constitute her charms—a beautiful figure, an exquisite, cultivated grace, and features bearing the imprint of a beautiful intelligence.

Perhaps it was well for her art that she was not a wondrous beauty. She worked the harder. She had no "pull." No influence, within or without the charmed circle



MISS NETHERSOLE AS SAPHO.

however, helped her to fill the part to the best of its small requirements, and she was retained to go on tour with the company for two years.

It was a very small opening; it could not have been much smaller. But Miss Nethersole was grateful for it. At least it was an opening, and it rested with herself to make it wider and fight her way through. She was gifted with many of the necessary weapons; but one that is

of the stage, was at work in her behalf. Instead, it seemed as if everything conspired to keep her back. She knew every inch of advancement in her career must be the result of merit. She worked unceasingly. No amount of effort tired her; for it was the work she loved. She also worked intelligently. She had a sound judgment for the fitness of things. She was a good critic. She instinctively gaged the caliber of the actors she met,



sorted the good from the bad, studied the tactics of the former and paid no heed to the latter. She did not mingle with her stage associates outside the theater, because they sought relief for their nerves in recreation; but Olga Nethersole had no nerves, and wanted no recreation. She worked always, and with a definite purpose.

She had seen enough of the provinces and their useful but wearisome apprenticeship, she believed she had progressed sufficiently for the next step, and she worked and prayed and pleaded for an opening in London.

At last it came to her, through the manager of the Adelphi Theater, and she was given one of the leading parts in a drama called "The Union-Jack." Miss Nethersole played the rôle satisfactorily and received some very good criticisms; but she did not startle London. She had simply progressed several points in her profession, and won recognition in one of the greatest fields of the world.

By these slow, sure, steady stages, she has climbed the ladder of fame. "Heaven is not reached by a single bound." There have been no great jumps

in this artiste's career. Her honors have been wrung from the public to which she caters by hard and earnest endeavor.

After her success in "The Union-Jack," Mr. Rutland Barrington, who at that time was experimenting with the St. James Theater, offered her the leading rôle in "The Dean's Daughter," in which character Miss Nethersole

made her first actual hit in London, and took her place among the high-class actresses there.



Because of bad management, "The Dean's Daughter" was short-lived, and Miss Nethersole returned to the Adelphi, where the shrewdest of her critics declared she had found her place in dramatic art, as "the bold, bad woman of modern society," in a play entitled "The Silver Falls."

Miss Nethersole now had an assured position and reputation on the London stage, and Mr. John Hare sought her services for Pinero's "The Profligate," which was to open his newly built Garrick Theater. Miss Nethersole made a great hit as Janet Preece, the betrayed girl, and London realized the stage had gained no small

acquisition in this ambitious young actress. After the run of "The Profligate," Mr. Hare produced the English version of "La Tosca," in which there seemed to be no part for Miss Nethersole, and that ambitious young person was compelled to rest for several months—understudying, in order to lose no time, the parts of Mr. Hare's leading woman, Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Apropos of this time, Miss Nethersole tells an amusing incident. She was on the dimly lighted stage one morning, panting for an opportunity to show her powers in her conception of the part, when some one said, "Well, show us how you would play such and such a scene, if your chance came." She promptly went through the suggested scene, throwing all her talent and energy into the part, losing her own identity in the rôle she was enacting. Suddenly in the darkened theater, a voice from the dress circle called, "Bravo! bravo!" It was Mr. Hare, who had witnessed the episode unseen, and declared that her conception must have a chance before the public. The chance came, when Mrs. Beere was ill, and during the five nights that Olga Nethersole took the part of La Tosca she captured London, and moved forward a few more points in the rank of her profession.

As a souvenir of "La Tosca," Olga Nethersole treasures an autographed portrait, in carved leather frame, of Sarah Bernhardt, the great originator of the character. Madame Bernhardt, with the



MISS NETHERSOLE IN "THE TRANSGRESSOR."



MISS NETHERSOLE AS SAPHO.

generosity of recognized genius, sent the gift to Miss Nethersole, in token of the merit of her English rival's portrayal of the character.

After this brief success in "La Tosca," Miss Nethersole was again left with her time upon her hands and her superfluous energies making riot with her content and peace of mind.

Her friends suggested Australia. Miss Nethersole took the cue with avidity. She had now a good repertoire of London successes, and made arrangements for their production in the antipodes. By this time the actress had money to invest in her own business ventures. She had never squandered her money on extravagant living, after the manner of most women of the stage. Her mother was a great restraining factor in her life. She was a living reminder of Olga's early English training, an animated standard of English conventionality. Up to the time Miss



MISS NETHERSOLE IN "LA TOSCA."

Nethersole left for Australia, they had lived together in dainty, comfortable quarters in Coleherne Road, Earl's Court. Several hours after their parting, the mother's death occurred suddenly, and the news, which reached Miss Nethersole at Gibraltar, was the greatest blow she has ever known.

The Australian tour lasted ten months; and those ten months were Olga's dream of youth come true. She traveled in a trail of glory, leaving behind her the echoes of adulation and applause, advancing along a path covered with flowers that were the result of her reputation.

The Australian tour opened at Sydney, the latest recruit of the Garrick Theater, London, producing at the new Garrick Theater, Sydney, a new play by an Australian playwright, Mr. Haddon Chambers, entitled "The Idler," six weeks before George Alexander produced it in London.

On that very first night she won her way into the hearts of the Australian public, and she has remained there ever since.

Immediately upon her return to London Mr. Hare reëngaged Miss Nethersole, and the plaudits she won as Beatrice Selwyn in "The Fool's Paradise," proved how great an advantage the Australian tour

had been. Other successes followed. In "Agatha," at the Criterion, she made a strong and lasting impression; and at the English revival of "Diplomacy" in '93, contrary to the advice of every one interested in her, she took the part of Countess Zicka, which London held sacred to the abilities of Mrs. Bancroft. When Olga Nethersole carried off the honors of this play in the rôle which popular prejudice had always viewed in the light of a famous actress's conception, London needed no farther proof that she was a finished actress, and a great one.

Miss Nethersole's next ambition was to be her own manager. Her friends advised her against it. She thanked them for their advice. Miss Nethersole is always grateful for advice—which she may or may not follow, according to whether it does or does not coincide with her views. In this instance she followed the advice of those who agreed with her. Those who disagreed with her still contend that it was a bad move, influencing her in the selection of plays toward what would prove a greater financial, rather than a greater artistic, success. Almost any manager Miss Nethersole might have found, however, would have been impelled by the same motives. The first play she produced under her own



MISS NETHERSOLE IN "CAMILLE."

management was "The Transgressor." The author, Mr. Gattie, was hitherto unknown. There is every reason to believe he will always remain so. "The Transgressor" was received as a triumph in England, but as a matter of fact, it was not the play but the actress that received the plaudits. She had reached that enviable place in the hearts of the British public where "the king can do no wrong."



MISS NETHERSOLE IN "CAMILLE."

She brought "The Transgressor" to America. The unfortunate choosing of the play was not the only obstacle that marred her debut here. Through bad business arrangements and misunderstandings, three managers claimed her on her arrival, Frohman, Daly and Marcus Meyer. As none of these was sure of possession, the new star was not properly advertised, America did not appreciate her English reputation, meritoriously won, and judged her solely as she presented herself to us in "The Transgressor."

Her first American reception must have struck a chill to the heart of this woman. She had worked so hard for the slow growth of her success that she was justified in believing it to have a solid foundation. Outside of Miss Nethersole, "The Transgressor" company was wretchedly weak—as weak as the plot. Wilton Lackaye was the leading man, who transgressed by marrying an innocent

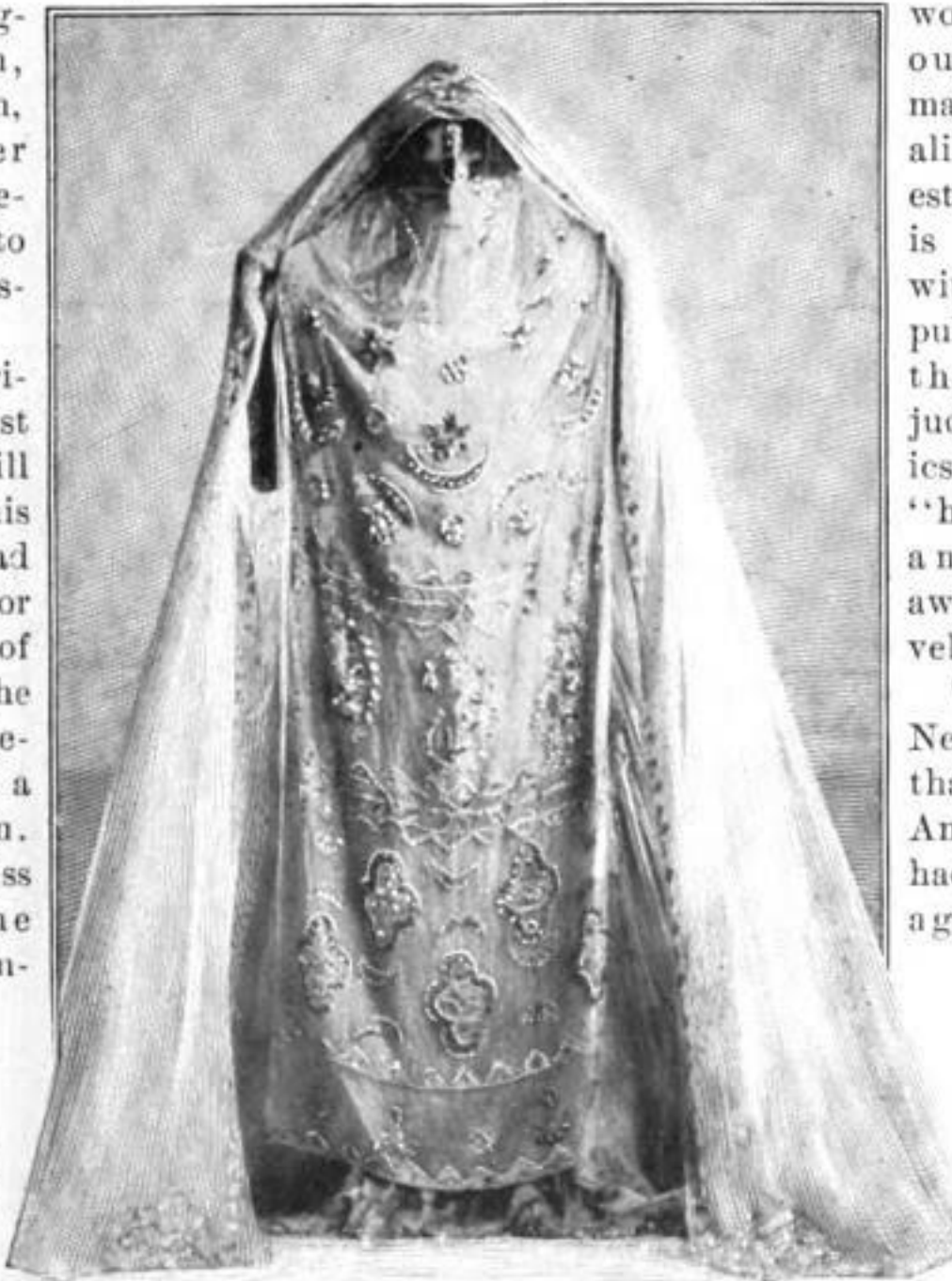
young girl when he had one wife in a lunatic asylum, failing to grasp the idea that he had done any moral wrong in not apprising wife Number Two of this fact. Perhaps it was because Mr. Lackaye was trying to appear innocent; perhaps he was striving to accustom himself to the ardor of Miss Nethersole's love-scenes, or perhaps he really was worrying about the suffering wife in the lunatic asylum. But whatever the cause, he proved

himself thoroughly inadequate to behave like a Transgressor, and to say the least, Miss Nethersole had a hard time of it.

"The Transgressor" was not an American success, and Miss Nethersole did not make the expected hit. Americans did not then accept her as a great actress, but they did recognize in her a wonderful

woman of marvelous charm and magnetic personality. She interested them, which is half the battle with a New York public. Meantime they suspended judgment, the critics admitted she "had it in her," and every one awaited future developments.

They came. Olga Nethersole realized that, so far as America went, she had it all to do over again; but she didn't lose courage. The blow was doubly hard, in that she believed she had worked her way to a plane above the pos-



MISS NETHERSOLE IN "SAPHO."

sibility of such abject defeats, such distressing, brutal criticism. She might have remained away from the States, and continued to receive the plaudits of a doting English public. But there is no weak spot in Olga Nethersole's pluck. She does not walk around obstacles, she goes over them.

So she came to us with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; "Camille," the favorite of her repertoire; "Carmen," which she created, and loves because all of her Spanish nature can revel in its abandon; and "Sapho," the abused, the maligned, the awful, which she thought so human a lesson of the cost of vice that she bought it and backed its production with her own money, and played it with such realism that she divided the whole land for and against her.

Whether "Sapho" helped or hindered Miss Nethersole in her art, time alone must prove. Certainly it has extended her fame into every hamlet of the States.

To people who never heard of her before, her name is now familiar; and it is accepted as the name of a great artist, whether that artist be judged wise or foolish in the selection of her plays. There is no doubt that the storm of unpleasant criticism which her presentation of "Sapho" drew upon her head, wounded Olga Nethersole's feelings, injured her health, and interfered with her acting. On matinee days, during the run of the play, Miss Nethersole did not leave her dressing-room between the afternoon and evening performances—a wonderful admission of the need for rest, from this vigorous, energetic woman who claims to have no nerves.

With regard to the morality of the play, Miss Nethersole asserts sincerely that she believes it points a lofty moral, the end justifying the means.

One of Olga Nethersole's greatest charms is her humbleness. She has a very apparent desire to please, and a generous disposition to profit by adverse criticism. Once a royal patron, who is noted in

England for her candor, complimented Miss Nethersole heartily upon her performance and her gowns, but added brusquely, "I don't like your hat." The fate of that hat was sealed. At the next performance, a new one took its place.

This attention to details and commonplaces, to which she devotes much time and consideration, goes a long way toward rounding out her character and her environment, on and off the stage, to a perfect whole. No detail concerned in her profession is too meager for her attention.

Two years ago, when Sir Thomas Lipton's "Erin" was following "Columbia" and "Shamrock" around the course of the international yacht-races, Olga Nethersole was a member of a party on board. The Chevalier de Martino, Marine Painter in Ordinary to her late Majesty the Queen, leaned against the rail near her steamer-chair, enthusiastic over the beauties of sky and clouds, as they hung over Sandy Hook. Miss Nethersole's gaze followed the direction indicated by the chevalier. She contemplated the picture with a sweet and serious expression, seeming a very appreciative audience. Presently he ceased speaking. A moment later Miss Nethersole said thoughtfully, still contemplating the distant horizon: "Do you know, Chevalier, that's a beautiful bit of blue sky just ahead of us. I've been studying



MISS NETHERSOLE

it and I've an idea. I believe colors influence temper. That blue, for instance, makes me feel—spiritual; and the red over there—doesn't; while the gray makes me dull and spiritless. I've been wondering why I couldn't apply it to my gowns. To Camille, for instance, scarlet in the first act; blue in the second, revealing a more spiritual tendency; pink in the third, symbolic of the flesh; and white for the purifying influence."

The following week, a new set of gowns was accordingly ordered for "Camille." So Olga Nethersole's mind never ceases to work for her art, even when her body rests, which is hard on admirers and word-painters, but of untold benefit to the public.



No one head can hold so much.
The facts in this case are worth
considering.

THE United States Steel Corporation, of New Jersey—unlimited! How absurd the word "limited" would look attached to the name of this company which begins life with a capital stock of one billion one hundred million dollars and a bonded debt of three hundred and four million dollars. This is the first billion-dollar business corporation on earth. Three tramps were playing poker in a box-car, with corn for chips. The first bet one thousand dollars; the second raised it a million; the third made it a billion. "Take the pot," said the first, "take it, you educated son of a gun; I don't know how much it is!" No man knows how much it is—not even Mr. Morgan. To know how much it is one would have to know familiarly all the mines, mills, machinery, buildings, lands and appurtenances in this vast property.

In the organization of stock companies the prevailing idea in the past has been to keep down the issue of shares to the lowest possible figure consistent with convenience in certifying the ownership. Thus banks like the Chemical, and insurance companies like the Equitable, have small capitalizations bearing no particular relation to the value of the assets. In the case of banks vast sums of money have been paid in or accumulated as "surplus" which might as well as not have been represented by issues of stock. The present ruling fashion is to capitalize companies on the basis of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. Railway and mining companies are said to have set the pace. The strictly private corporations have always done as they pleased in this respect without serious objection or criticism; but railway corporations have been severely criticized for large capitalization because of the theory, more or less firmly fixed in the public mind, that the public has a right to limit railway earnings to a low rate of return on the actual money invested in the property. In late years most of the newly organized industrial corporations have adopted the much-paper plan. This is probably done on some dim theory that ten pretty pieces of paper will sell for more than one. Shares of stock stand for only fractions of ownership. If such

shares were expressed directly in fractions instead of circuitously in dollars, perhaps much of the charm of high capitalization would disappear. Thus one share of United States Steel Corporation stock looks like one hundred dollars. If such share were described as one eleven-millionth of the whole, it would not be so attractive. The new steel company chose the high-capitalization plan and, with its one billion one hundred millions of stock and its three hundred and four millions of first-mortgage bonds, now undisputedly holds the center of the stage in the corporation world.

Few casual observers comprehend to what an extent iron has become king. Nobody knows when iron was unknown, yet the fact remains that the modern use of it makes the ancient use of it seem ridiculously small. Five hundred years ago the world used, as nearly as the guessers can tell, only a few thousand tons a year—say fifty thousand tons. The use now is near fifty million tons. In the

United States the first iron workings were operated between the years 1600 and 1650, the annual output for that period averaging about one thousand tons. Last year the output of this country alone was about fourteen million tons, which put us about five million tons ahead of our chief competitor, Great Britain. This brief reference to statistics is enough to show the possible foundation for such a corporation as the one we are considering, though a word as to why the use of iron has so wonderfully increased in such a mere instant of time will not be out of place. The discovery of the

process of treating iron so as to make steel worked a revolution in the adaptability of iron to industrial uses. Thus a steel rail is as much superior to an iron rail as a steel razor is to an iron razor. In the quarter of a century beginning with 1855 the processes of steel-making, substantially as now conducted, were discovered by Sir Henry Bessemer and others in England and on the Continent. Early in the sixties the first steel rails were made in England, and late in the sixties the first in this country were made—in Pennsylvania. This country is now making over ten million

tons of steel per year. The present great uses for steel, which a century ago were scarcely dreamed of, are for railroads and their equipment, ships, building-frames, bridges, telephone and telegraph wires, fences, piping, tools, machinery, and an infinite variety of small articles such as nails, tacks, toys, beads, wagon and bicycle wheels, house decorations, et cetera. Now that these changes have



J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

come to pass, hundreds of others are in contemplation. Railroad men are wondering how long it will be before they can afford to use steel for ties, telegraph poles, small station-houses and many other purposes. Builders and others are also contemplating many new uses for steel. The United States Steel Corporation is really founded on these facts and conditions.

As long ago as 1899, at least, the newspapers of New York made somewhat frequent mention of the possibility of the formation of a giant steel "trust," or corporation, which should gather in the principal

steel companies of the country. The first information of a definite intention to accomplish the proposed union reached the public last year, when such an attempt was made. This attempt failed.

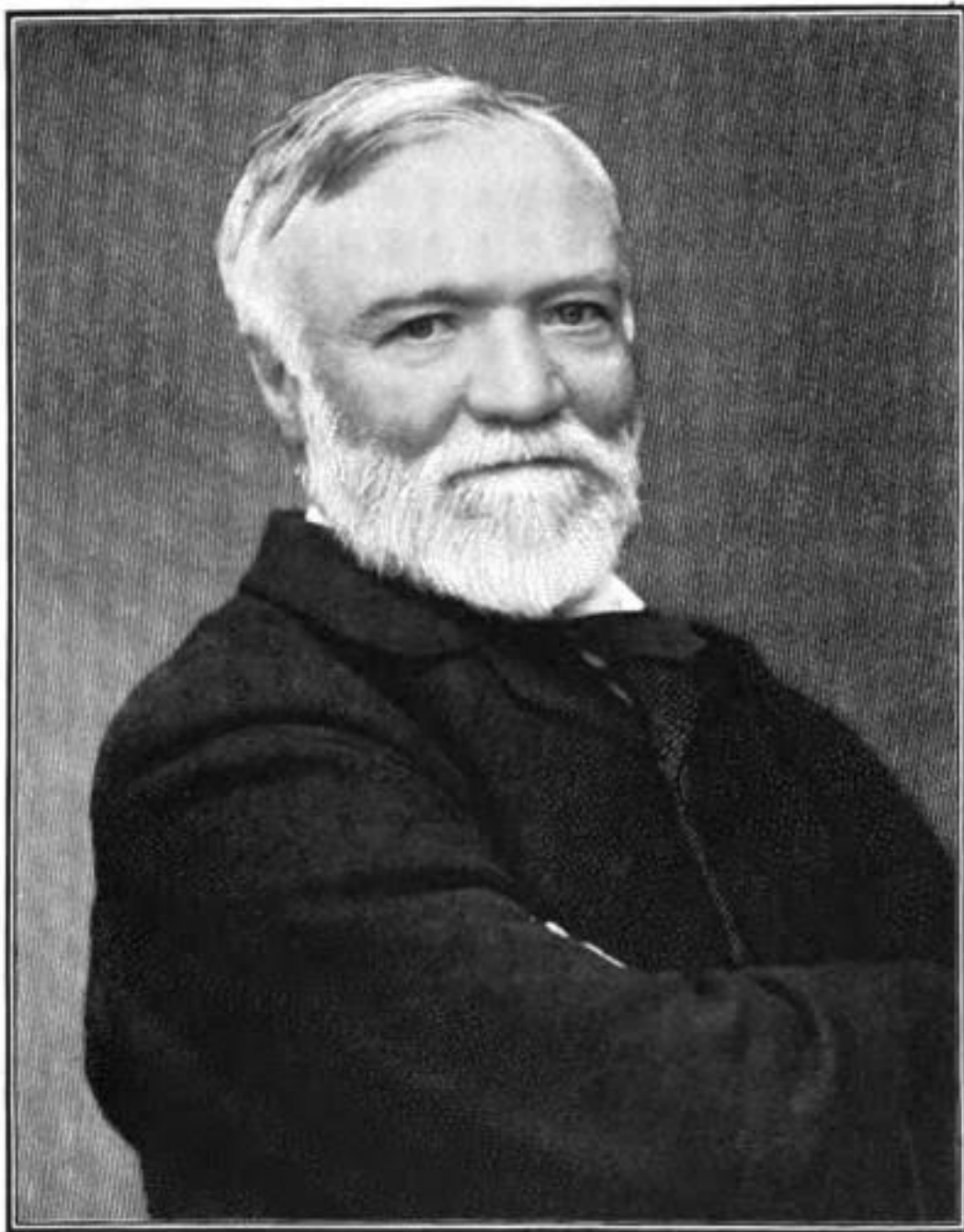
After many rumors and reports, on Saturday, February 23d, in New York, an agreement to form the new company was reached. The reported makers of this agreement were J. Pierpont Morgan and two of his partners, Robert Bacon and Charles Steele; Francis Lynde Stetson, attorney for the Morgan firm; William Nelson Cromwell, attorney for the National Tube Company; Judge Elbert H. Gary, attorney for the Federal Steel Company; Max Pam, attorney for the American Steel and Wire Company; Victor Morawetz, attorney for parties in interest; John W. Gates, of the American Steel and Wire Company; Charles M. Schwab, of the Carnegie Company; E. C. Converse, of the National Tube Company, and Judge William

H. Moore, who represented the National Steel Company, the American Tin Plate Company, the American Steel Hoop Company and the American Sheet Steel Company. The companies now in the new company are those above mentioned and the American Bridge Company and the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines. This last, known as the Rockefeller iron property, was organized in 1893. It owned and operated large iron mines on the Messave Range in

Minnesota, and owned the Duluth, Messave and Northern Railway with one hundred and thirty-two miles of track.

These constituent companies were themselves the result of great consolidations. Many hundreds of properties all over the country, doing like lines of business, had been brought together under the names quoted. Each one of the companies named had made up its list of companies which seemed naturally to belong together; had computed the possible economies, total earning power, et cetera; had translated the possible net profits into capital and issued securities accordingly for the acquisition of the properties. Examine, for example, the American Steel and Wire Company, the ninety millions of stock of which had to be considered in organizing the new company. The American Steel and Wire Company had for its assets the stock or the actual property of the following companies: American Steel and Wire Company, plants at Anderson, In-

diana; De Kalb, Illinois; Evanston, Illinois; Joliet, Illinois; St. Louis, Missouri; Cleveland, Ohio; Salem, Ohio; Findlay, Ohio; Allentown, Pennsylvania; Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, and Rankin, Pennsylvania. The Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company, plants at Worcester, Massachusetts; Waukegan, Illinois, and San Francisco, California. The Worcester Wire Company, plants at Worcester, Massachusetts. The Cleveland Rolling Mill



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ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Company, plants at Cleveland, Ohio; Newburg, Ohio; and iron mine property at Negaunee, Michigan. The Indiana Wire Fence Company, plant at Crawfordsville, Indiana. The Garden City Wire and Spring Company, plant at Chicago. The Consolidated Barbed Wire Company, plants at Joliet, Illinois, and Lawrence, Kansas. The Laidlaw Bale Tie Company, plant at Joliet, Illinois. The Cincinnati Barb Wire Fence Company, plant at Cincinnati. The Union Rolling Mill Company, plant at Cleveland, Ohio. The Portage Iron Company, plant at Duncansville, Pennsylvania. The Newburg Wire and Nail Company, plant at Newburg, New York. The Alleghany Furnace Company, plant at Alleghany, Pennsylvania. The Pittsburgh Wire Company, plant at Braddock, Pennsylvania. The Shenango Valley Steel Company, plant at Newcastle, Pennsylvania. Oliver Wire Company, plant at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Oliver & Snyder Steel Company, plant at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Shoenberger Steel Company, plant at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and coal, lead and coke ovens in Westmoreland and Fayette Counties. The Puget Sound Wire, Nail and Steel Company, plant at Everett, Washington. The Edgar Zinc Company, plants at St. Louis, Missouri, and Cherryvale, Kansas. The Puritan Coke Company, plant and land at Baggageley, Pennsylvania. The Puritan Store Company, store at Baggageley, Pennsylvania. The Clark & Sauntry mine at Virginia, Minnesota. The

Alpena mine at Virginia, Minnesota. The Cuff Iron Company, mine at Iron Mountain, Michigan. The company controlled a large amount of ore and coke, and also had a line of steamers on the Great Lakes for transporting iron ore to the blast furnaces at Cleveland. This property was bought by the Steel and Wire Company with its new securities, viz. forty millions of preferred stock and fifty millions of common stock. The preferred stock substantially represented the property, and the common stock the things hoped for.

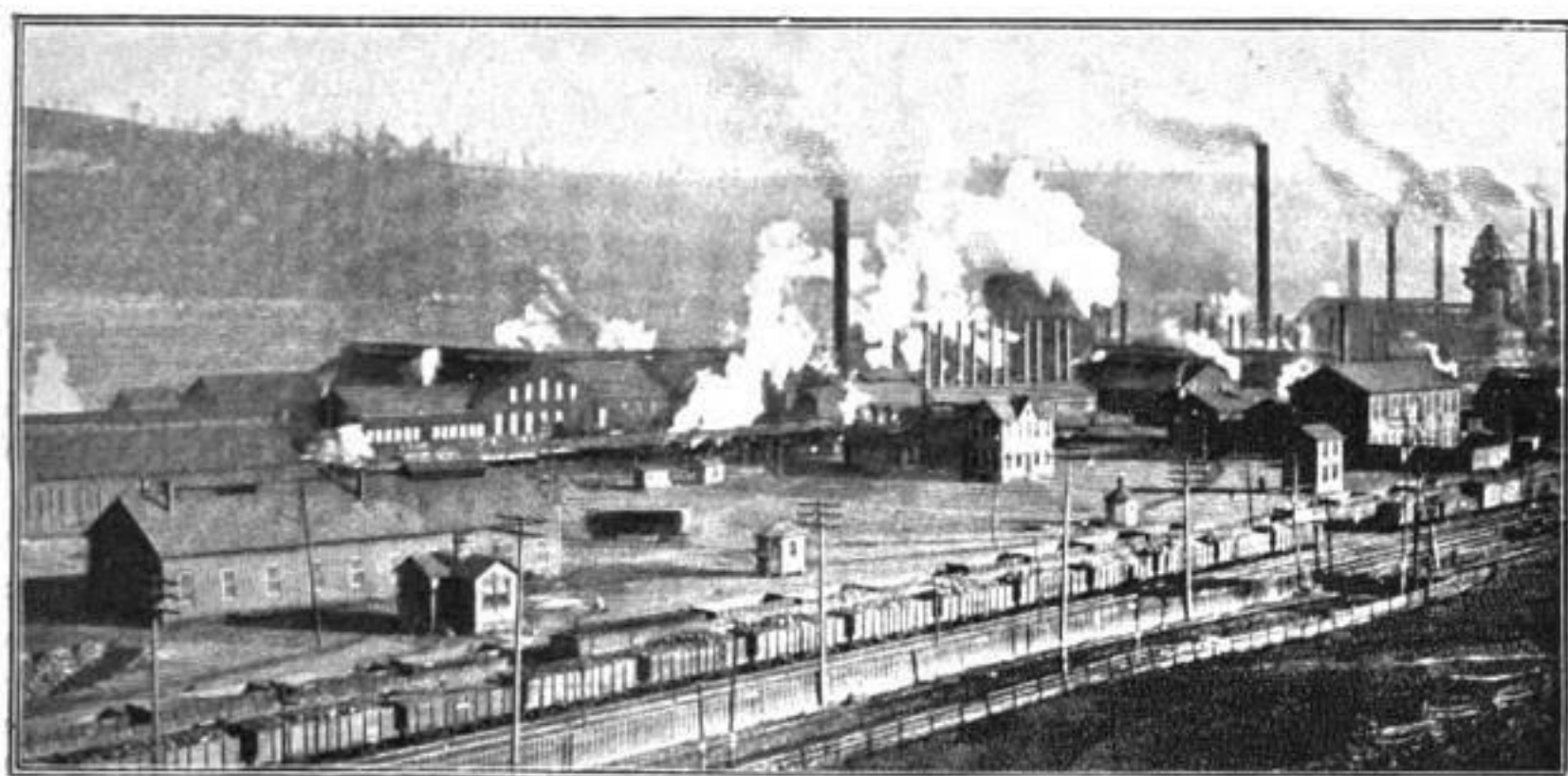


*Photograph by
Davis & Sanford.*

CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

All the companies in the big new company were more or less like the Steel and Wire Company. Each had vast properties, in most cases widely scattered and in each case having enormous issues of stock or stock and bonds outstanding. The task of the organizers of the new concern was to appraise accurately the value of the constituent companies—either on the basis of their earning power or their disturbing power—and then allot to

each its due proportion of the new securities. This very difficult task was carried through successfully, and the new securities determined on were three hundred and four million dollars of five per cent gold bonds, five hundred and fifty million dollars seven per cent cumulative preferred stock and five hundred and fifty million dollars common stock. The bonds went to acquire the bonds and stock of the Carnegie Company. The application of the new stock was sub-



THE EDGAR THOMPSON STEEL WORKS.

stantially, in round millions, as shown in the following table:—

<i>Companies.</i>	<i>Stocks Retired— Millions.</i>	<i>New Preferred— Millions.</i>	<i>New Common— Millions.</i>
Carnegie	66½	125	125
Federal pfd	53½	58½	
Federal com	46½	1¼	50
Steel and Wire pfd.....	40	47	
Steel and Wire com.....	50		51¼
National Tube pfd.....	40	50	
National Tube com.....	40	3½	50
National Steel pfd.....	27	33¼	
National Steel com.....	32		40
Tin plate pfd.....	18¼	23	
Tin Plate com.....	28	5½	35
Steel Hoop pfd.....	14	14	
Steel Hoop com.....	19		19
Sheet Steel pfd.....	24½	24½	
Sheet Steel com.....	24½		24½
American Bridge pfd...	30½	33½	
American Bridge com...	30½		32
Lake Superior Mines...	30	38¼	38¼

Mr. Carnegie personally is supposed to have received about two hundred and twenty-five millions of the new bonds for his bonds and stock.

The capitalization of the new company as above shown (one billion one hundred million dollars in stock and three hundred and four million dollars in bonds) may instructively be compared with the capitalization of other well-known corporations and with other statistics. This capitalization exceeds the combined capitalization of the following railway companies: The New York Central, Canada Southern, Michigan Central, Chicago and Northwestern, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific. It exceeds the combined capitalization of the Pennsylvania, Illinois Central, Missouri Pacific

and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. It exceeds the combined capitalization of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the Central of New Jersey, the Delaware and Hudson, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the Erie, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Southern Railway, and the Central of Georgia. It exceeds twice the amount of the capital stock of all the national banks in the United States. It is about the same as the average annual supply of currency in the United States in the past twenty years. It exceeds, after deducting cash in the Treasury, the public debt of the United States. The pay-roll of the new company will amount to five hundred thousand dollars per day, or one hundred and fifty million dollars per year of three hundred days. It will employ two hundred and fifty thousand men, who will directly support a million persons more. This is like studying astronomy!

The expectations and opinions of those who have cared to express themselves on the character and future of the great company have been of deep interest. What must be taken as Mr. Morgan's opinion is found in the official announcement signed by his firm and approved by a large number of the interested parties. The announcement says: "Statements furnished to us by officers of the several companies show that the aggregate of the net earnings of the companies for the calendar year 1900 was amply sufficient to pay dividends on both classes of the new stocks, besides making provision for sinking funds and

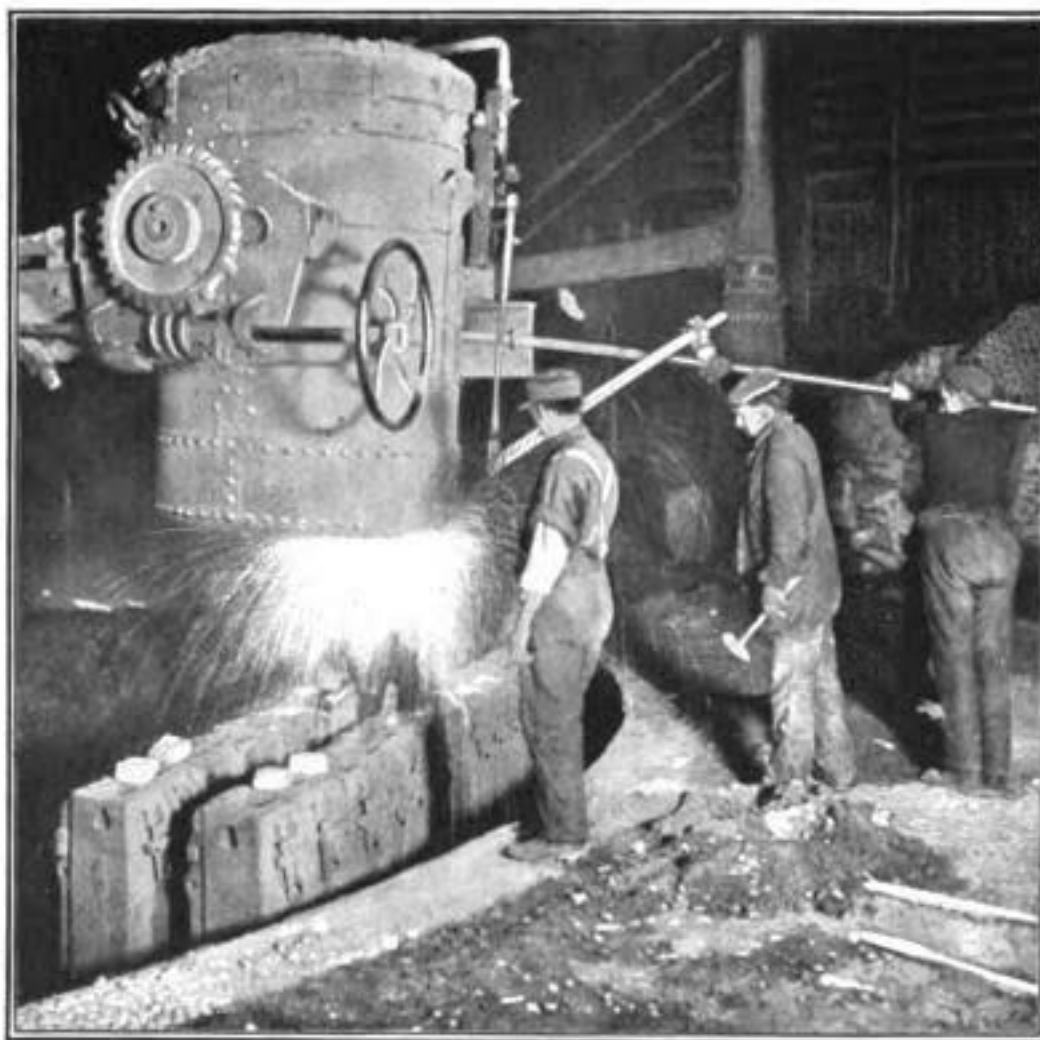
maintenance of properties. It is expected that by the consummation of the proposed arrangement the necessity for large deductions heretofore made on account of expenditures for improvements will be avoided, the amount of earnings applicable to dividends will be substantially increased and greater stability of investment will be assured, without necessarily increasing the prices of manufactured products." This statement undoubtedly meets the approval of the great body of the foremost business men of the country whose consent contributed to the consolidation. An interesting, and perhaps a representative, foreign

comment appeared in the London "Standard" as follows: "It is a serious menace to British industry. American users of steel goods will also be squeezed to the last cent short of damage to the trade. It remains to be seen whether the American people will much longer tolerate a fiscal policy which renders such a combination possible. If the

trust indulges overmuch in squeezing, the revulsion may carry the nation much further than is dreamed of now in the direction of free trade." To this expression of fear and regret, the New York "Herald" made this answer: "Foreign observers have not yet got a clear perception of the impelling motive of the combination or its purposes. It originated not in a desire to 'crush the steel industry of Great Britain,' but to prevent the possible crushing of some of the constituent corporations here. Its purpose is not to build new plants for increasing the production of iron and steel, but to prevent the erection of new plants and avert the

destructive competition this would entail." The intention ascribed to London bankers to freeze out the new securities, as being hostile to British industry, has yet to be confirmed. Mr. Morgan's stay abroad will probably result in satisfactory enlightenment on the other side as to what the new move means. It is scarcely probable that British manufacturers can object to a reasonable upholding of rates in this country. When American factories are fighting one another, they are incidentally fighting the foreign manufacturers. There are still great steel factories in America outside of the new company. Such com-

panies as the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company are still doing business, but they are strong concerns equally interested with the new company in getting fair returns for what they produce. The suggestion quoted above from the London "Standard," that American users of steel will be



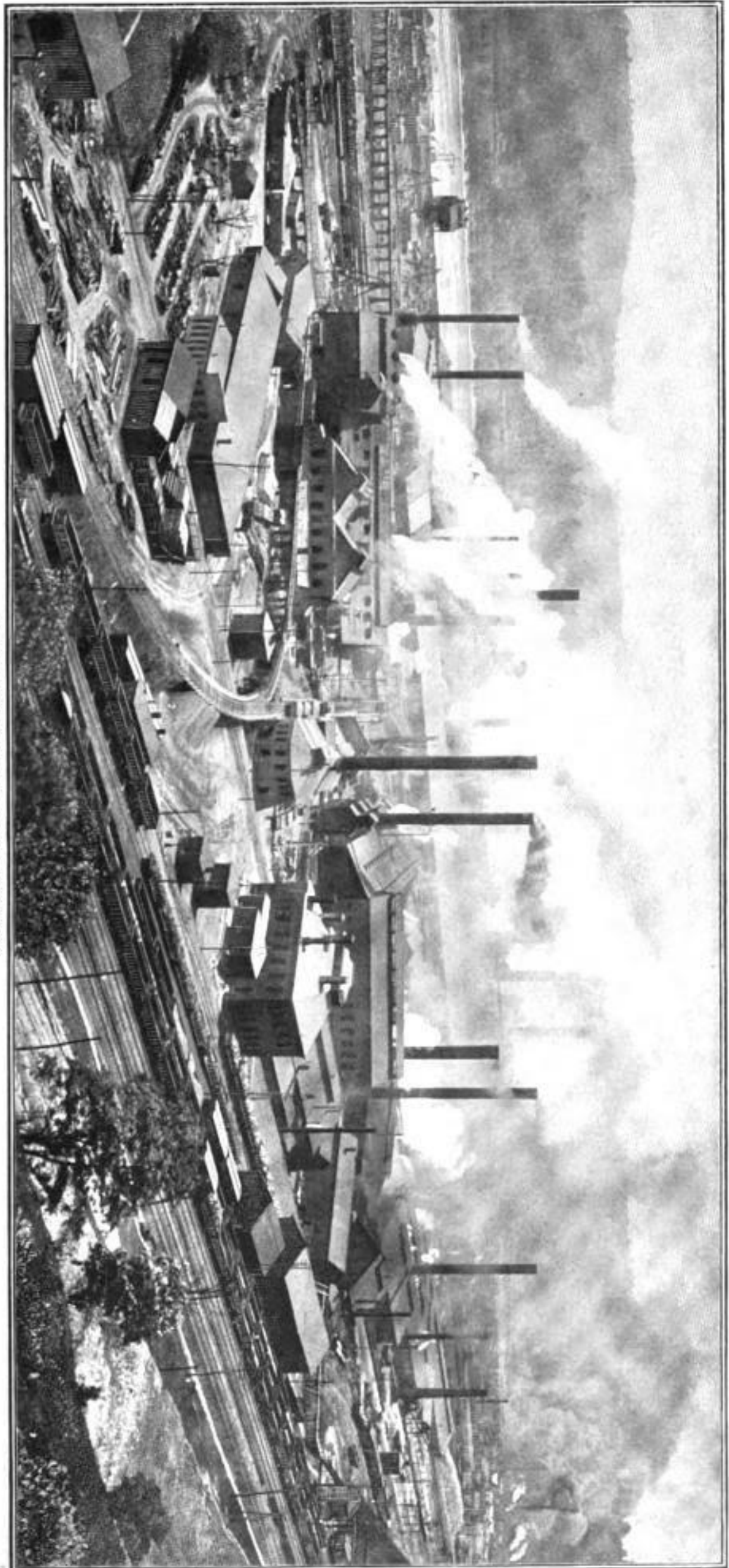
FILLING THE MOLDS WITH MOLTEN STEEL.

"squeezed to the last cent short of damage to the trade," is not alarming even if true, because damage to the trade will follow instantly any exorbitant charges. If bridges are permitted to cost too much, wood and stone bridges will be built by both railway companies and the municipalities. If building-frames cost too much, fewer high buildings will be constructed. If too much is asked for steel cars, wooden ones will continue to be used. If building materials are charged for excessively, there will be a dearth of new construction. And so on. In other words, the new company will make the most money by doing much business at fair rates, rather

than small business at extortionate rates.

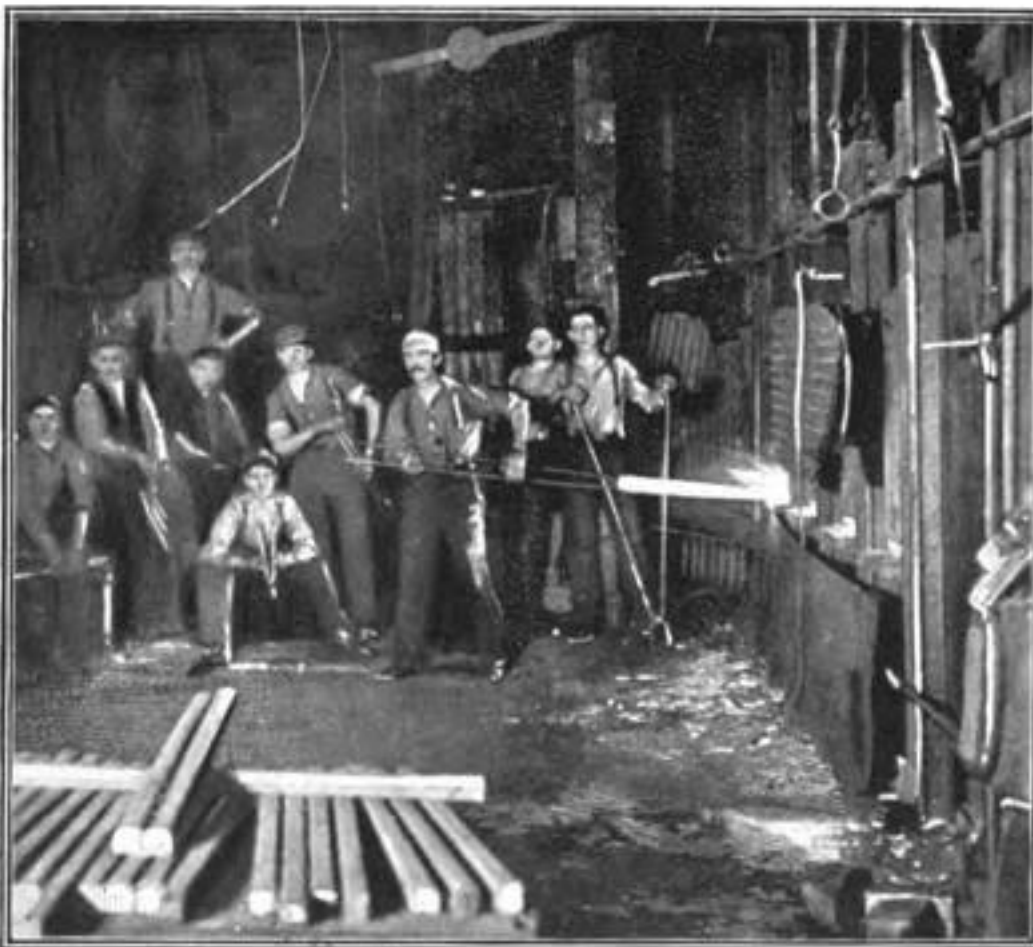
What the new company will earn, is a question of almost world-wide importance. The statement made in Mr. Morgan's circular shows what he expects. This expectation seems reasonable. The constituent companies in the new company earned last year about one hundred and sixteen million dollars net. This was done in spite of a greatly overstocked condition during the spring and summer months, and a cautious consumption due to ante-election disturbance. It is expected by those nearest the affairs of the company that the earnings this year will be increased over those of last year at least ten per cent. There seems to be no part of the world which is now not a market for American steel products. We are building and equipping Russian railways. The American Bridge Company captured the contract against British contractors for bridging the Atbara River in the Soudan. American cars and locomotives are already doing service in England. The steel work to be done in the near future in China, Russia, Mexico, South America

THE STEEL WORKS AT HOMESTEAD.



and Africa is so vast in amount as almost to dwarf the capacity of even this new company. The prospect for the company is certainly good. It seems destined to be as prosperous as the Standard Oil Company. Its financial backing is the backing of the world's greatest financiers. If this indeed be the situation, it will mean steady work for employees, steady dividends for the owners, steady markets for the people, steady prosperity for the whole country. It is surely to be hoped that such will prove to be the result.

It is probable that no distinctly business affair ever received the personal attention of so many leaders in the business world as this one. Mr. Carnegie is supposed by many authorities to be the richest man in the world. He is certainly one of the richest, and he is certainly one of the most remarkable. Beginning penniless and without powerful friends, he has become rich and famous. Another man of note is Mr. H. C. Frick, considered by many to be the foremost ironmas-



DRAWING A BILLET.

ter of the world, the genius of the Carnegie Company and the guiding mind of the new corporation. Mr. Frick certainly looks the part which his reputation calls for. His air of thorough refinement does not conceal his appearance of absolute courage and self-possession under all circumstances. The president of the new company, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, began work for Mr. Carnegie when a boy and has risen to the top by ability and the good fortune of having been fancied by his powerful employers. He is only thirty-nine years of age, has a jolly face, a splendid physique and a quick, strong manner indicative of his fitness for the great executive burden now resting on him. Judge Moore is a giant in stature, patient, learned and clever. He has been a re-

markable power among organizers of industry. Mr. Morgan and his partners Messrs. Bacon and Steele need no introduction to the public. The attorneys who coöperated in the welding together of the great companies have been through years of experience in work of this character.

The directors of the new company are J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Francis H. Peabody, Henry H. Rogers, Charles M. Schwab, Elbert H. Gary, Robert Bacon, Charles Steele, Marshall Field, Norman B. Ream, P. A. B. Weidener, William H. Moore, James H. Reed, Henry C. Frick, Daniel G. Reid, E. C. Converse, Percival Roberts, John D. Rocke-

feller, Jr., Alfred Clifford, William E. Dodge, Nathaniel Thayer, William Edenborn, Abram S. Hewitt and Clement Griscom. The executive committee is composed of Elbert H. Gary, chairman; Daniel G. Reid, William Edenborn, E. C. Converse, Percival Roberts and Charles Steele. The

finance committee is composed of Robert Bacon, chairman; H. H. Rogers, Norman B. Ream and P. A. B. Weidener. The president is Charles M. Schwab, the treasurer is Arthur F. Luke and the secretary is Richard Trimble. The character of the men in the directory is a prophecy of the success of the company. The members are men of rare strength in both money and experience. They have never been in the habit of connecting their names with unsuccessful concerns, and it is hardly to be expected that they will knowingly begin their list of failures with a company like the new one—a company which is certain to prove a greater success or a greater failure than any other company that has ever been formed.



EIGHT YEARS IN A ROCK

By Julian Hawthorne

ON a trip, last winter, from Southampton in the liner "St. Paul," I had for cabin mate a man named Standish—a Connecticut Yankee, tall, lean, muscular, about forty-five years old. His face, intelligent and serious, but good-natured withal, was deeply tanned by weather. His manners were simple and

most mysterious and moving historical romances that have stirred public attention during the last decade. Many speculations as to the sequel of that romance have been put forward, and many rumors circulated; but the truth was never known till now.

In the spring of 1898, Standish was in the Mexican province of Chihuahua, prospecting for gold. He was not successful, but got on the trail of a legend about a large mass of treasure concealed on the coast of the Gulf of California, a little north of latitude 26° . An elderly mestizo with whom he had become friendly gave him a rough map of the place; and he bought mules and hired guides, and set out. The distance to the coast, in an air line, might be one hundred and fifty miles, but the devious trails and almost impassable passes lengthened it to near four hundred. He arrived, in the early part of October, with two mules and one guide; death or desertion accounted for the rest. The point where he struck the coast was Bahia de Agiabampo—a landlocked bay about twenty miles in diameter, with a village settlement on its shores. Here he rested awhile, and made cautious inquiries.

friendly, but he had a native dignity and self-possession; he had evidently knocked about the world a good deal, and though not a college graduate, was well educated. He seemed to be very well off; but I had a notion that he had not always been so. I found him likable and interesting, and as he took a liking to me, we were much together during the voyage. He gave me some insight into his history—a more adventurous one I have never known in real life. I will relate here one of its later episodes; for it not only is remarkable in itself, but has a bearing upon one of the

After a couple of weeks, he bought a ten-ton fishing-smack, and hired an Indian. He himself knew how to handle a boat, and he wished to keep all knowledge of his enterprise as much as possible to himself. On the second day out, the Indian fell overboard while splicing a peak-halyard. A shark seized the poor creature, and Standish was now alone. Should he go on, or return?

He decided to go on. The boat was easy to manage, the weather was fine and the adventure was attractive. Toward sunset, being then but a few miles offshore, he saw something which caused him to put over his helm and come up in the wind. Conspicuous in the precipitous dark line

of the coast was an oblong boulder or mass of rock, at least two hundred feet in height, of a ghastly white hue; diagonally across it ran a vein some twenty feet in width, the color of blood. This rock was one of the landmarks mentioned by his friend the mestizo.

Much encouraged by this confirmation of the legend, Standish brought the boat before the wind, designing to run inshore; but at that juncture the wind died away, returned in light puffs from various directions, and dropped into a dead calm. Then, with an abruptness that took the lone mariner by surprise, a black and furious storm burst upon him. Before he could lower his sail, it was ripped out of the bolt-ropes, and he was driving helpless before the gale. All that night and all the next day he was beaten this way and that, unable to determine his direction, much less to control it. On the evening of that day, the sky cleared, and Standish saw land to the westward. This could be only the peninsula of Lower California—one of the least-known and least-visited parts of America. It had a mountainous and desolate aspect, rising dark against the glow of the western sky; and Standish was by no means assured of a welcome there. It had been settled by Spaniards two hundred years before; but the vast majority of the sparse population of thirty thousand was Indian, and by all accounts not of a well-disposed or inviting temper.

However, it was necessary to get ashore and refit; he rigged a jury-sail and moved shoreward. Night fell while he was still miles distant, and he was obliged to lay off and on till morning. He then saw that he was near a rocky island, about four miles in length, and as many miles from the mainland. It was probably the island of Coronados, which lies some ten miles north of the twenty-sixth degree of latitude. He approached it with circumspection.

The surf was breaking heavily against the steep cliffs of its eastern face. There was no sign of habitation. Still slowly approaching, alert for some movement or indication of human life, Standish passed round the northern promontory, and discovered a tiny harbor, well protected from the surf; it was an inlet between vertical cliffs a hundred and fifty feet in height.

But he could see that the western coast was lower than the eastern, and gave some promise of wood and water. The breeze before which he had been traveling being now shut off, he got out a paddle, and pushed himself along by imperceptible degrees until he was within a few hundred yards of the mouth of the inlet. Here an extraordinary and sinister event took place.

A cry caused him to look upward. Relieved against the sky, almost directly over his head, as it seemed, and on the brink of the cliff by the left of the entrance, he saw two human figures engaged in a desperate struggle with each other. They were clinched, and their turnings and twistings were so rapid that he could make out no details; but both seemed to be armed with knives. At intervals, hoarse ejaculations escaped them. They were reeling on the very verge of death. Suddenly a piercing shriek came from one of them; his grasp on the other relaxed; but the latter's victory had come too late; he overbalanced himself, and, still intertwined, the two fell. Half-way down, they struck against a projecting point of rock; they bounded off thence, and the sea received them. Standish, sitting transfixed with horror in his boat, was hardly a stone's throw distant from the spot where they sank. Before he could paddle up to the place, which was flecked with foam and disturbed by bubblings, the bodies had risen; but both were plainly corpses. They floated there a few moments only; then there was a swift, white rush from the depths, and first one, then the other, was snatched violently downward, and the clear green water was clouded with red stains. Glancing downward with a shudder, Standish saw a terrible banquet going on in the abysses. Such was his introduction to the Island of Coronados.

His first thought was to make for the open sea again; but the tide was flooding, and it bore him gently inward through the gates of the inlet, and finally grounded his boat softly on a narrow beach of white sand within. Standish was something of a fatalist. He had been brought hither by destiny; he would accept the chances. He examined the lock of his repeating-rifle, hooked his cartridge-belt round his body, and leaped down on the coral sand.

So far as nature was concerned, the place could hardly have been more beautiful. The rocks which formed the gateway of the inlet, facing one another at a distance of not more than two hundred feet, receded in a circular sweep, forming a miniature harbor of two or three acres in area. The water of this pool was always still and perfectly clear; seaweeds and shells of lovely hues were visible in its depths. At the rear of the giant gateposts, the rocky ascent was almost as steep as outside; but the land between came down to the white beach with a gentle inclination, and was rich with a splendor of tropical verdure. Palms stood with their roots almost in the water, and dropped their nuts upon the margin; further up there were thickets of bananas and plantain, mangoes and oranges. To the right, a bubbling spring tumbled down between ferny boulders, making mossy-rimmed pools as it went, and lapsed into the sea. This fertile vale lay within its environment of living rock like a jewel in its matrix.

Standish could not forget, nevertheless, that the threshold of the paradise had been fouled with murder. Surely those two had not been the sole inhabitants of the islet; and if there were others, they were likely to be of the same character. Perhaps some of them were inspecting him at that very moment. Standish uneasily scrutinized the cliffs, and strove to pierce with his gaze the depths of the foliage; for several minutes he remained motionless, vigilant, listening. The soft, sad note of an unseen bird, repeated in two sweet octaves, was the only sound he could hear—that, and the dainty rustle of the fairy surf along the coral sands.

"Maybe," he said to himself at last, "I'd better announce myself than wait to be accosted;" and he raised his rifle to fire in the air. But something caused him to lower it hurriedly; and he stood amazed, almost incredulous of his own ears.

A woman's voice, singing—that was what his ears had reported to him. She had sung—as if testing her voice—a bar of Marguerite's last song in "*Faust*." The sound was so echoed and reëchoed from the faces of the cliff that it was impossible to know whence it came; it might have been from above, below or

either side. There was also a remoteness about it, lending to it, in the listener's startled fancy, a phantom-like quality, which was enhanced by the fact that this was no untutored peasant's voice; it had flowed from a throat sweet as a nightingale's, and trained in the purest schools of music. Himself a musical connoisseur of no small experience, Standish was sure of that. A minute passed; he shook his head.

"My imagination—or the spirit of Malibran the Great!" he murmured in the silence.

As if answering this apostrophe, the song began once more. The audience, leaning on his rifle, absorbed the harmonies with a delight such as he had never felt before. The scene and the music fulfilled each other; the soul, the passion, the glory and the pathos of life mingled and mated in that voice—the purity of the maiden, the splendor of the princess, and, as the strains floated higher, the remoteness of a spirit rapt in the awe of heaven. The final phrases died away in a ravishing cadence. And this was the sequel to the murderous struggle he had just beheld on the cliffs above!

Standish had instinctively raised his hands to applaud, when his purpose was again arrested. This time it was the deep tones of a masculine voice that exclaimed distinctly, though also apparently muffled by distance:

"Brava, O brava, fior di mia alma! Io t'amo—Io t'amo!"

"Io t'amo!" Was that an echo or was it the woman's voice once more?

"This is a fairy-tale," said Standish to himself. "Prospero's island—a couple of Calibans—Miranda and Ferdinand—where is Ariel?—and the wizard himself? What does it all mean? and what sort of a place have I got into?"

Silence, more profound and slumberous than ever, had resumed its sway. The mystery would not explain itself; it must be investigated.

He had not advanced ten paces when he came upon a well-defined path, winding toward the cliff on the left. Less than a foot in width, it wriggled in and out through tall ferns and grasses, round massy boulders, over snaky roots of trees, up favoring slopes, always ascending, and

obviously aiming at the acclivity of the precipice. Anon it turned a corner of the rock, and there came to an abrupt end. When he turned his bewildered eyes upward, he saw the bottom of a sort of swinging ladder, made of vegetable fibers twisted together, hanging within reach of his upstretched hand. He grasped the lower rung, and pulled; it held fast.

Then up he climbed, not without apprehensions. At a height of about seventy feet, he arrived at a narrow ledge, where the upper part of the ladder was fastened to iron rings let into the rock. It was a dizzy place to stand on. But the only visible escape was along the ledge to the right; and thither he proceeded, sidewise, with his face toward the stony wall, not caring to look down. Presently there came a sharp turn round a projecting angle; he clawed himself heedfully to it, only to find that there the ledge itself stopped short, leaving him on the brink of a vertical drop of fourscore feet. He had been led into a cul-de-sac of the most awesome description.

He made a pause of several minutes to recover his nerve and his wits; for this was a predicament in which all his resources would be needed. For his better convenience, he sat himself down on the ledge, with his feet hanging over into empty space; for the ledge was not more than two feet in breadth at any point. The thought of a slip sent a shiver through him, though he was dripping with sweat. His rifle bothered him greatly.

But he had been in tight places before, and there had always been a way out.

"Besides," he told himself, "I'm not the first to use this path; it must be the regular road for the garrison of this enchanted castle; no doubt they skip along it like goats. This path can't end here. People don't walk along such a thing for the fun of walking back again. Where is the rest of it?"

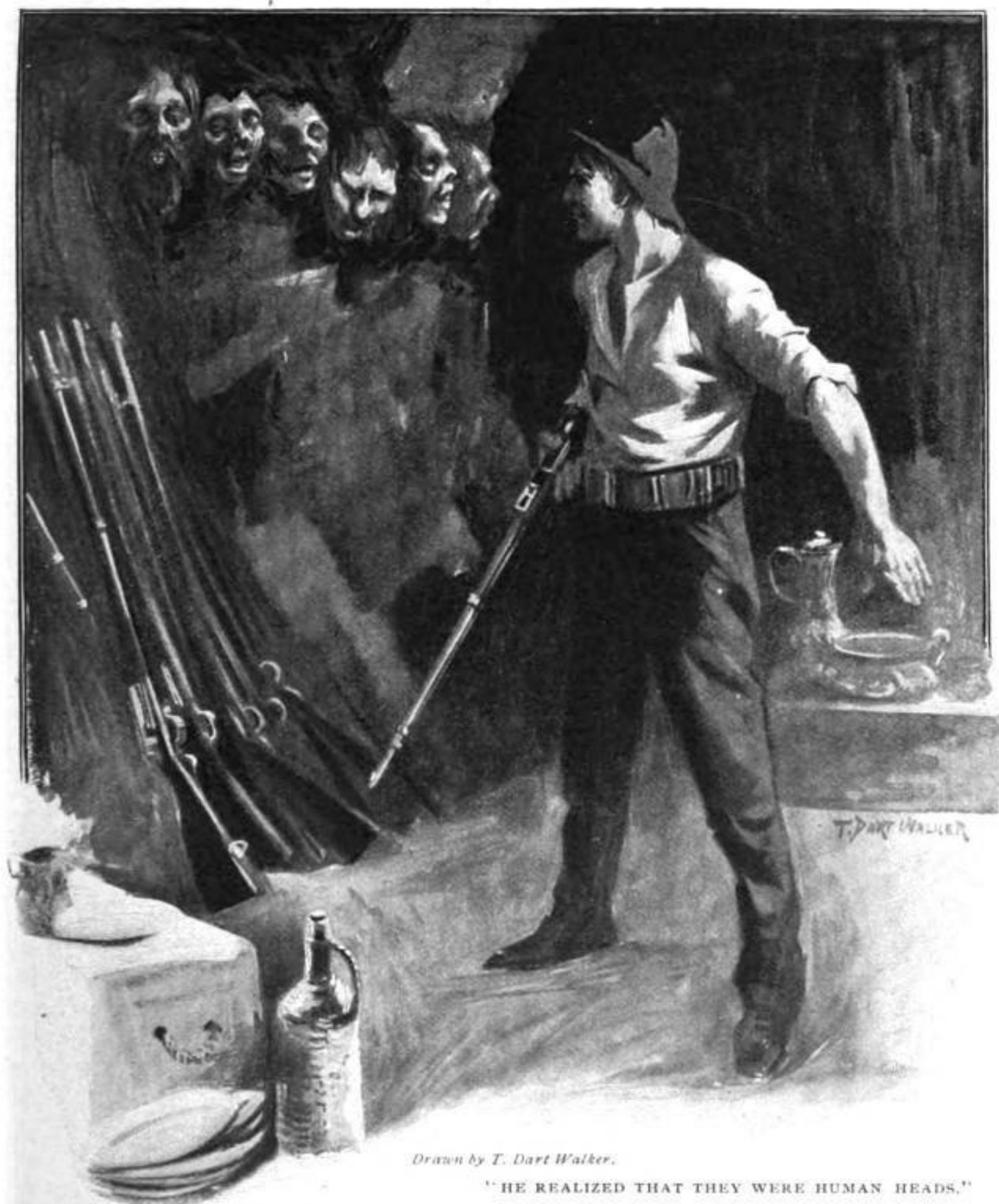
The cliff, as has been said, took a sharp turn upon itself at the place where the ledge terminated; but a sort of vertical fold in the rock was formed, and the other side of this fold bellied out opposite to where he was sitting, confronting him across the abyss at a distance of not over six feet. As his eyes rested upon that

opposing point, he perceived for the first time that there was a small shelf there, hardly eighteen inches square, which bore signs of having been worn by the friction of footsteps. And then the solution of the enigma dawned on him: in order to continue his journey, all he had to do was to leap across from the end of the ledge, where he was seated, to the shelf. Once he was there, no doubt the further path would be revealed to him.

Yes, there could be no doubt about it. The only trouble was that leap of six feet across a gulf of certain death. A standing jump of six feet, on level ground, was nothing to a man of Standish's activity; he had often leaped nearly twice as far. It was the circumstances that rendered this formidable. If he lost his balance; if his eye failed him; if he did not land just right on the other side—good-by to John Standish! And there was his rifle to add to his discomforts. Moreover, whether or not he leaped safely, he might still be leaping to his death; for aught he could tell, a band of brigands might be lurking somewhere out of sight to kill him. The proposition was uninviting.

Still, there was another side to it. What should brigands be doing in a place like this? There was nothing for them to rob in Lower California, nor on the Mexican coast on the other side of the Gulf either; one could hardly pick out in all the world a region less productive for brigandage than this. True (he answered himself), but what then were those two ruffians who were murdering each other on the cliff?—Well, there might be many solutions of that affair; in itself it proved nothing. On the other hand, there were the two lovers—the singing Miranda and the Ferdinand—how, upon a basis of brigandage, were they to be accounted for? For that matter, though, how were they to be accounted for at all? The more he pondered it, the more was he convinced that this was the densest bit of mystery that he had ever stumbled on in his life—and that was saying much!

"And here goes for solving it!" said he to himself; and without another thought, he rose quickly and steadily to his feet, gathered his forces for an instant, and sprang into the air. He landed plumb



Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

"HE REALIZED THAT THEY WERE HUMAN HEADS."

and solid on the shelf, dropped forward on hands and knees, and that was all there was to it. But he felt pleased with himself, because it had always been one of his maxims that the best way to get a thing done was to do it, and, while he was about it, to do it quickly. Nevertheless, there had been an instant, while he was in the empty air, which had seemed as long as a lifetime, during which he had had many thoughts.

He now, without looking behind him, crawled up over the little ascent of rock

in front of him, and saw, just beyond it, a hole a few feet in diameter, penetrating the cliff. It was evidently the entrance to a cave. The rock was of limestone formation; he had seen such before in the West Indies, in Jamaica and San Domingo; and caves were as normal in them as are holes in a sponge.

He entered the cave boldly, feeling that if there had been any opposition to his presence it would have declared itself ere this. It enlarged, after the manner of caves, as he proceeded, and also became

lighter, the illumination coming from apertures, natural or artificial, in the walls and roof. He soon arrived at a place which bore traces of habitation. The furniture was of a rude sort, but comfortable enough—mattresses of grass covered with sailcloth; sea-chests and boxes forced into service as tables and seats; tableware, some of which consisted of wooden trenchers, and some of handsome silver dishes and cups, together with forks and spoons of the same metal; straw-covered flasks and bottles. In one corner were stacked about a dozen rifles and guns, with ammunition, and a number of rusty cutlasses. From pegs driven into the wall depended rough garments of various kinds, and also some which, though now scandalously ragged and soiled, had evidently been originally of fine quality and fashion. There were no female garments of any sort.

While Standish was inspecting these odds and ends, and endeavoring to construct from their testimony some conception of the persons who had used them, he happened to catch sight of a row of globular objects, of a brownish-white hue, which were affixed in a row along a dark portion of the wall of the cave, at about a man's height from the floor. They had such an odd appearance that he came closer, to examine them. There were six of them; and he drew in his breath with a very unpleasant sensation as he realized that they were human heads! The flesh was still upon them, though so desiccated that they were hardly more than skulls. The faces all had a most villainous aspect, which was not entirely due to their condition—the features were those of a gang of pirates. Four were the heads of negroes, or of half-breeds; one of the others had red hair and a shaggy beard; the remaining one might have been an Englishman or American, and there was a certain symmetry in his face, albeit it had an evil cast, and on the right cheek was an ancient scar, as if from a saber-cut. There glowered the heads, each on its peg; and so far as one could judge from appearances, there they might have been for years. How did they get there?

Standish turned away, and sitting down on one of the chests, with his back to the wall, and with the stacked weapons in

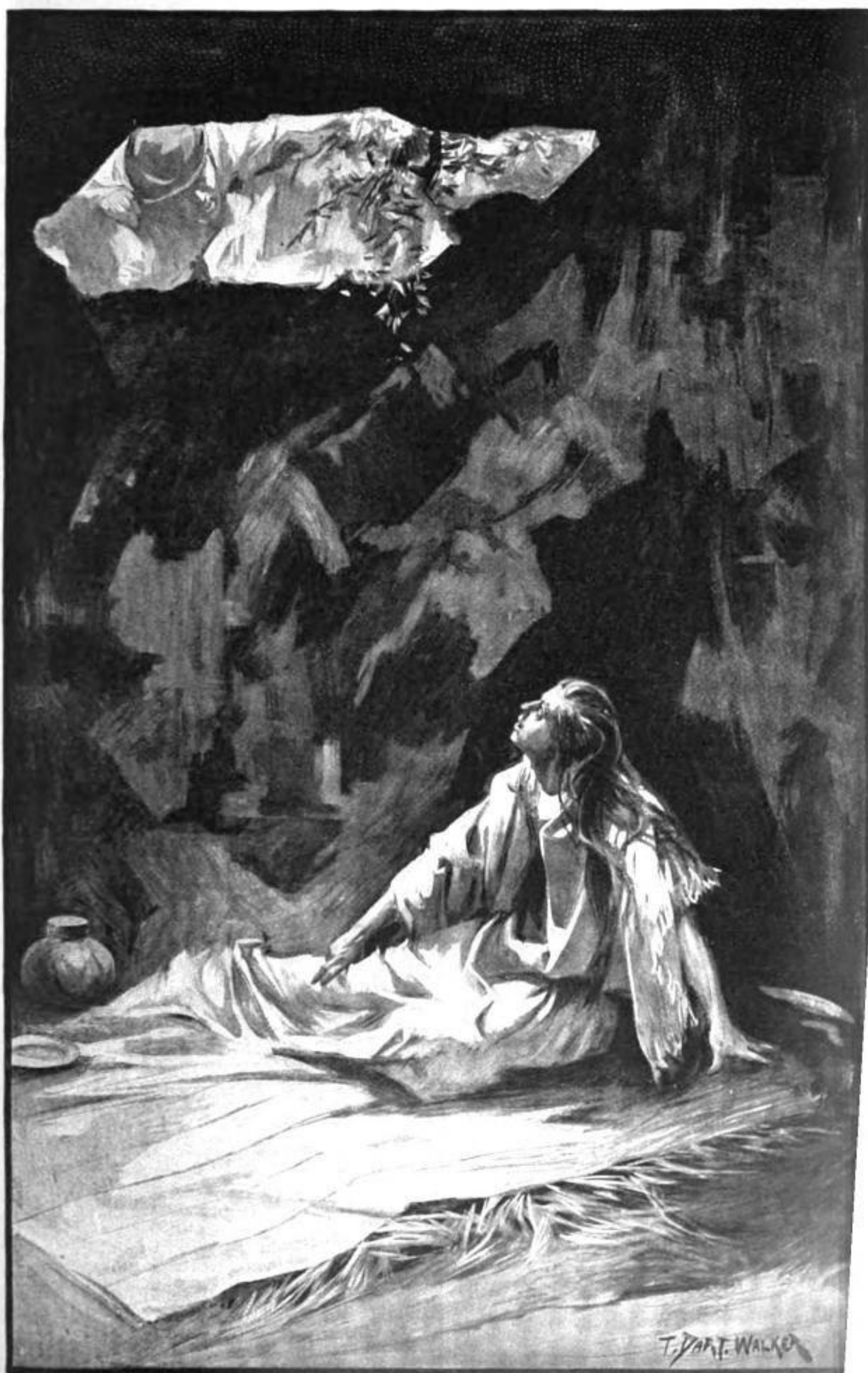
easy reach, he communed with himself.

"So far as heard from, there have been ten inhabitants on this island. There are six of their heads—ugly company, but harmless. I saw two feed each other to the sharks—making eight accounted for. Miranda and Ferdinand still live, and seem to be the most agreeable of the lot. Are there any more? Let's see: here are only two beds. But there are a dozen guns. Yes, but guns may remain after heads are cut off, or fish have eaten the owners. There may be others, but there's a fair chance that only Miranda and her lover are left. Where are they, and what have they to do with the cutthroats? Can that divine singer and that courtly chap with his 'Brava, mia alma!' have anything in common with those Calibans? But if not, what are they doing here? Better hunt them up and ask them: I may turn out a prince in disguise to rescue them! Or she may be a siren, luring me to destruction! I must chance that." He got to his feet, tucked his rifle under his arm and looked for a lead.

To the left, the cave extended into darkness; but Standish cautiously advanced in that direction, feeling with his feet. Presently a dim light dawned along the path; he turned a corner and saw a natural doorway, opening on a winding track climbing as by rugged stairs to a higher elevation, under the open sky. After ascending about twenty feet, he came to a ragged hole five feet in diameter, opening downward into darkness. The trail went on to the top of the cliffs, and might take him to the point where the men had fought; but Standish was unwilling to leave anything unexplored in his rear. He lay down flat and looked into the hole.

After a while, objects below began dimly to define themselves. And then something moved—yes, something erect—human—came from the obscurity and laid itself down almost exactly underneath him! He sharpened his gaze: was it male or female? A low sigh reached him—the sigh of a woman. Like Romeo in Capulet's garden, upon that hint he spake:

"Pardon me, madam; this is Mr. John Standish. I heard you sing awhile ago, and I took the liberty to look in. Could I have a few words with you?"



Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

"PARDON ME, MADAM, THIS IS MR. JOHN STANDISH."

At the first touch of his voice, the figure had stirred doubtfully; as he went on, she gave a quick start, then raised herself to her knees. He could dimly see a white face staring up at him. From it came a tremulous, inarticulate sound.

"Sorry if I startled you," he went on, in as comfortable a tone as possible. "I've been blundering round here, and you're the first person I've found. Before landing, I saw two of your—your fellow-lodgers fall over into the water, and I guess the sharks got 'em. But maybe you don't understand English? Does the gentleman, your friend?—could I see him?"

The person below sprang erect, and flung up her arms in a sort of frenzy.

"Giovanni! Giovanni!" she screamed, with a thrilling volume of sound that affected Standish's ears as a flash of lightning would have done his eyes. "Oh, Dio—Dio mio! Oh, signor!—sair—and air they dead?—Giovanni—sono morti—sono morti! Oh, cuore mio! Sair, you come to make us free? Oh, grazie a Dio—Giovanni!"

She flung herself down and beat with her hands upon the floor.

Standish waited until the first madness of her emotion had passed. She sat up, tossing back her long hair from her face.

"I have a little French, madame," he then said, in that language; "perhaps we shall manage better with that. Were those two gentlemen whom I saw drown half an hour ago the only persons besides yourselves on the island?"

"Oh, oui, monsieur. And they are surely dead? Oh, this happiness—how can I breathe! You have come to save us—yes? Oh, monsieur, figure to yourself, we are buried eight years here! Oh, Giovanni mio!—you will bring him to me, monsieur? You are from heaven—I worship you—but bring me my Giovanni!"

"Make yourself easy, madame. I'm not from heaven—just from America—Connecticut—we call it God's country sometimes, to be sure. I'm most happy to serve you; that air you sang from 'Faust' was worth a queen's ransom! Now, first you'll have to tell me where Monsieur Giovanni is, and how I can get to him. I'm a stranger hereabouts, you know."

"Ah, monsieur, there will be a rope

somewhere. He is in the cave next here, but we have been all this time separate, except that we might speak. They have given me food through this hole, and to him in the same manner. Oh, God be thanked, they are dead—you have seen them die?—it is no mistake? There will be a rope—you will come down to us—you will take us up—we shall be free, we shall meet at last. Oh, God be thanked!"

"Ludmilla! Alma mia! Chi c'è?"

This interruption came in a deep, remote voice, which Standish recognized as that of the Ferdinand of the drama—or the Giovanni, as seemed to be his right name. The lady, with some swift apology, vanished inward down the cave, but in a moment he could hear her speaking rapidly and excitedly to her companion. He fetched a long breath.

He began to see through the enigma. These two people had been prisoners of a band of robbers, who had kept them here eight years. The silverware and other valuables in the outer cave were their property. They had been immured in separate cells, yet within reach of each other's voices. There had been originally eight robbers, of whom six had died; probably they had been killed by their fellows. The two survivors had murdered each other that very day. But for what object had Giovanni and Ludmilla been imprisoned all this time? Why had they not been either set free or killed at once? Some powerful motive must have been at work. Who were these lovers, and what had been their history? "It's lucky I happened along just at this time," Standish reflected; "otherwise they'd have been left here to starve. Well, poor souls, they'll have a great yarn to spin! How to get 'em out is the first thing. I guess that ladder I climbed up on will be the best thing; or maybe there's some tackle in the outer cave.—Here she comes again!"

As my friend and I sat side by side in our steamer-chairs, smoking our cigars and seeing the green waves of the Banks rush past us, he went on to tell me in interesting detail how he contrived to get the two prisoners out of their respective receptacles and transport them, together with such of their valuables as were left

and worth saving, down to the beach where the boat still lay stranded. I must pass over this part of the tale with bare mention. That evening they were all seated comfortably round a fire of brushwood, which sent a fragrant smoke toward the stars and cast their shadows behind them to mingle with the environing darkness of the soft tropic night, and there Standish heard the lovers' tale.

They told it together, sometimes one taking up the narrative, and then the other.

It was very touching (remarked Standish to me) to see them, as well as to hear them. They sat hand in hand, and often the man would raise the woman's fingers to his lips and kiss them; or they would pause to gaze deeply in each other's faces. They had not seen each other during all these years, though they had been confined within a few yards of each other, and could converse at will. The man had a superb countenance, though much ravaged by the terrible experience through which he had passed; though he was still on this side forty years of age, his hair and his long beard were iron-gray. But his figure was still powerful and athletic; for he had never lost faith in their ultimate escape, and had obliged himself to observe a daily system of exercise; for the rest, the climate was perfectly healthy, and their captors had uniformly supplied them with wholesome food. The woman had evidently been extremely beautiful, and though now pale and haggard, and somewhat feeble in body, there seemed no reason why she should not be as fair and vigorous as ever when happiness and freedom had done their perfect work upon her. Indeed, Standish observed that he had never before seen anything approaching the happiness which enveloped these two like a celestial garment; it was so undisguised and childlike, and so beautiful, that it brought tears to his eyes even while he was telling me about it, a year or two afterward. And they also had frequently wept softly in the midst of their narration, for no especial cause, but simply because their hearts were overflowing with love and joy and thankfulness. As the night deepened, and the light of the fire died down, she came closer to her beloved, and he drew her head to

his shoulder, and held her in his arms. The deep tones of his voice became exquisitely tender; and ever and anon they would draw in deep, enjoying breaths, as new life rushed into them from each other. Standish hardly ventured to look closely at them, so sacred and lovely was this reunion. Surely their experience had been without a parallel—to be all these years within sound of each other's voices, yet mutually invisible; while their love had waxed daily stronger. They themselves hardly as yet realized that they had regained each other; they would touch and gaze at each other from time to time, to be assured there was no mistake. "It was the strangest and sweetest sight I ever saw," Standish remarked.

Their story was briefly as follows: In 1890, having married against his parents' will, Don Giovanni (as we may for the present call him) bought a ship and loaded her with his worldly goods, including a large sum in English gold. With a sailing-master named Medway, and a mixed crew, he set sail from Liverpool for South America. Doubling the Horn, they were partially dismantled by a storm, and sought a port on the west coast of Patagonia to refit. Here, for the first time, symptoms of trouble brewing were discernible; but the Don, trusting in Medway, who was a very able fellow, and confident of himself, did not much regard them. It had been his purpose to land at Guayaquil, on the coast of Ecuador; but Medway affirmed that there was a political revolution raging there, and advised seeking a port farther north. Don Giovanni knew little of navigation; but after some weeks had passed and no land was in sight, he asked Medway where they were. The sailing-master told him that they would see the shores of Colombia in a couple of days; and in fact a mountainous shore became visible to starboard the next evening. At this juncture, however, the second mate, whom Don Giovanni had been inclined to distrust, came to him privately and told him that Medway was deceiving him, and meant mischief. "We are in the Gulf of California," said he, "and that coast is Mexico. If you have any treasure aboard, you'd better give it up, or you may lose that and your life too—

not to speak of madame's." In answer to the Don's questions, he then revealed to him that Medway, having got nearly all the crew on his side, was going to maroon him, seize his wife and the ship, with the treasure in her, and make off. "There's only me and the bo'sun," added the mate, "that you can trust in this ship; the other eight are all in the plot; so if you're going to do anything, the sooner the better."

At the allusion to the proposed fate of his wife, the Don felt a terror which no peril to himself could have aroused.

"What do you advise?" he asked the mate, disguising his emotion as well as he could.

"You can't save the ship," replied the other; "but you may save the woman and the money. You've got the stuff in a strong-box, I suppose? I'll manage to get the long-boat under the stern to-night; it'll be my watch, and Medway thinks I'm with him. We four must get into her with the box, and slide off quietly. It's two to one against us, but it's our last chance. Are you game for it, or not?—I won't ask twice!"

The mate had mistaken Don Giovanni's character, and was taking too authoritative a tone with him. The next instant he was looking into the barrel of a revolver. "Prove the truth of your story," said the Don, in his usual gentle tone, but with a look that impressed the mate more than did the weapon.

However, he did not blench, being a brave man, and glad to find that the master was the master. "Last evening," he said, "Medway showed you land on the starboard beam, and told you it was Colombia. Since then we've been tacking northwest. But what is the nearest land to port of us?—answer that, sir."

"Asia, I suppose," replied the Don.

"Aye, sir; and Asia is eight thousand miles away. But now, look yonder, and tell me what you see!"

He pointed toward the west. The Don looked, and lo! there was land!

"It's Lower California," continued the mate, "because it can't be anything else; and we can be nowhere but in the Gulf, when Medway would have you believe we were more than fifteen hundred miles southward of it. So that's my proof, sir;

and besides, I've a wife and two kids at home, and it won't pay me to turn pirate."

"I accept your proof, and beg you to accept my apology, Mr. Mate," said the Don; "and also," added he, "I ask you to accept this weapon with my compliments; you may find a use for it before morning, and I have another. Now let us shake hands, as man with man, and make ready for to-night. I have but one thing to say to you: whatever happens, guard the woman!"

"Aye, sir—depend on that!" answered the mate, saluting respectfully. "And may the Lord be good to my folks at home, if I never see 'em again."

All went well; the night was dark, the sea moderate, and at the time of casting loose they were but a score of miles from the Mexican coast—an easy run for the long-boat. The mate and bo'sun had the oars; the Don the tiller, with his left arm round his wife, and his right foot on his strong-box; as the dark mass of the ship melted into the general gloom, he put the helm over, and they headed for the Mexican shore.

Though there was not much to warrant elation, all were in good spirits, especially the beautiful woman who sat beside her husband; her courage and self-possession from the first had won the two mariners, and made them willing to guard her with their lives. From time to time she met their eyes with a confident smile; then she would glance in her husband's face, and it was easy to see that with his love she was content, as he with hers.

"If they get after us before we can make a port," the mate had said, "we'd best heave the chest overboard in shallow water, taking what bearings we can, and get ashore ourselves. But I know Medway," he added, in a lower voice; "he's a devil, and he's going to show it."

In the dawn, just before the sun rose over the purple Mexican hills, the woman lifted her head from her husband's shoulder, where she had been sleeping a little, and pointed south. They all looked; and there were the tall masts with all sails set, coming up over the dark weltering of the sea, sailing three miles to their one. The end, one way or the other, was barely two hours off.

"But all I know of what happened that



Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

"STANDISH HARDLY VENTURED TO LOOK CLOSELY AT THEM."

day, and for many days following," said Standish, breaking off in his narrative, as we sat in our steamer-chairs on the deck of the "St. Paul"—"all I know or can tell you is the merest outline. For when the Don had got to this point in his story, and was plainly becoming worked up over the pictures of the past that came upon him, all at once his wife put her hand over his lips.

"Let us not tell it, beloved," said she. "It is past; why should we make ourselves shudder once more? We are happy; let us not remember misery."

"It was sound advice; and for my part, I have no lust to sup on horrors; and horrors there undoubtedly were that day, and after; worse perhaps than it's worth while even guessing at. The outline is this: They were overtaken, but not till after they had managed to sink the treasure-box and take a rough chart of its bearings. There was fighting: the mate was killed; the bo'sun wounded, but he escaped to shore and was never seen again. The Don, with a blow of a cutlass, opened Medway's cheek; but he and his wife were captured and taken aboard. Medway, his head bound up, had them before him, and demanded the whereabouts of the treasure. They refused to tell him. 'We'll see about that!' said he; and he smiled grimly.

"Well, I say, I'm glad I don't know what happened then. But they never told where the box was sunk. Of course, neither of them cared a snap of the finger, comparatively, for the gold. But they knew that as soon as the pirates had their fingers on it, they would turn and cut their throats. Their only chance of life was to keep their secret. Gold never served its owners better. Being out of their reach, it saved them; it would have destroyed them had it been in their possession."

"But it seems to me, Standish," interposed I, "that though threats of death or even torture might have failed to move them, yet there were means which——"

"Yes, I know," said Standish, as I hesitated to finish my sentence. "I should think so too. And all I can say is, there are forces in human beings—or a Force that sometimes is manifested through them—which can do miracles. I have never

set up for a religious man, particularly; but there are some things I am more certain of than any proof could make me; and they are the very things that never can be proved, any more than men can walk on air. I believe, at any rate, that a divine miracle was done on that ship, and afterward, and that angels surrounded that woman, and cowed the devils who wanted to do devil's work on her."

"But think of eight years!" said I.

"Oh, after the first day, the peril would grow less and less. It's like resisting temptation—after the first victory, each new one is easier. The longer you keep bad people in association with good people, the feebler do the bad become. Those wild beasts were held down year after year by a helpless man and woman; you can explain it on no material basis; it's one of the mysteries. They lived in their separate caves, kept alive by their love, and waited on by cutthroats who could have killed them at any moment. How Medway happened upon the island with its caves I don't know; it served his purpose; and meanwhile he was making piratical trips in his ship, till one night he ran her aground on Cape St. Lucas, the south end of the peninsula, and she became a total wreck. The pirates got back to the island; but they quarreled. Medway's party was killed, and those were their heads I saw. All this while, the demand to tell where the treasure was had been made almost daily, and always refused; it had degenerated into a sort of mechanical custom on the pirates' part; and one of the most singular features of the affair is, that they seemed to have become prisoners of the Don and his wife quite as much as the other way. If they couldn't make up their minds to kill them, why didn't they simply go away and leave them to starve? But no; there they must stay till the drama was played out. Good luck brought me to see the last act; and there you have it."

"But that wasn't the last act," I protested, as Standish fell silent. "How did you get away? and what became of the treasure? and where are the Don and his wife? and who are they?"

"We fixed up the boat with a new mast and sail," said Standish. "The Don told

me where to steer, and we crossed the Gulf in a day and a half. Just after noon of the second day, the wife—she had been sitting for hours with her husband's head on her lap, stroking his hair, and bending to kiss him once in a while—while he lay looking up into her face, she gazed off toward the east, and whispered something to him, and he sat up and followed her pointing finger, and nodded.

"'At the base of that white rock, with the red band across it,' he said, turning to me; 'that's where our gold lies.'"

"It was the same spot I had been directed to by the mestizo, and had been driven from by that lucky storm. I said nothing to them, of course; but it puzzled me till I figured out that the bo'sun, who escaped, must have told the mestizo, perhaps on his death-bed up there in the Guadalajara wilderness; so you see Providence was in it all the way through. Well, we fished for a long time, and at last we raised it; a queer-looking object that box was, all covered with sea-

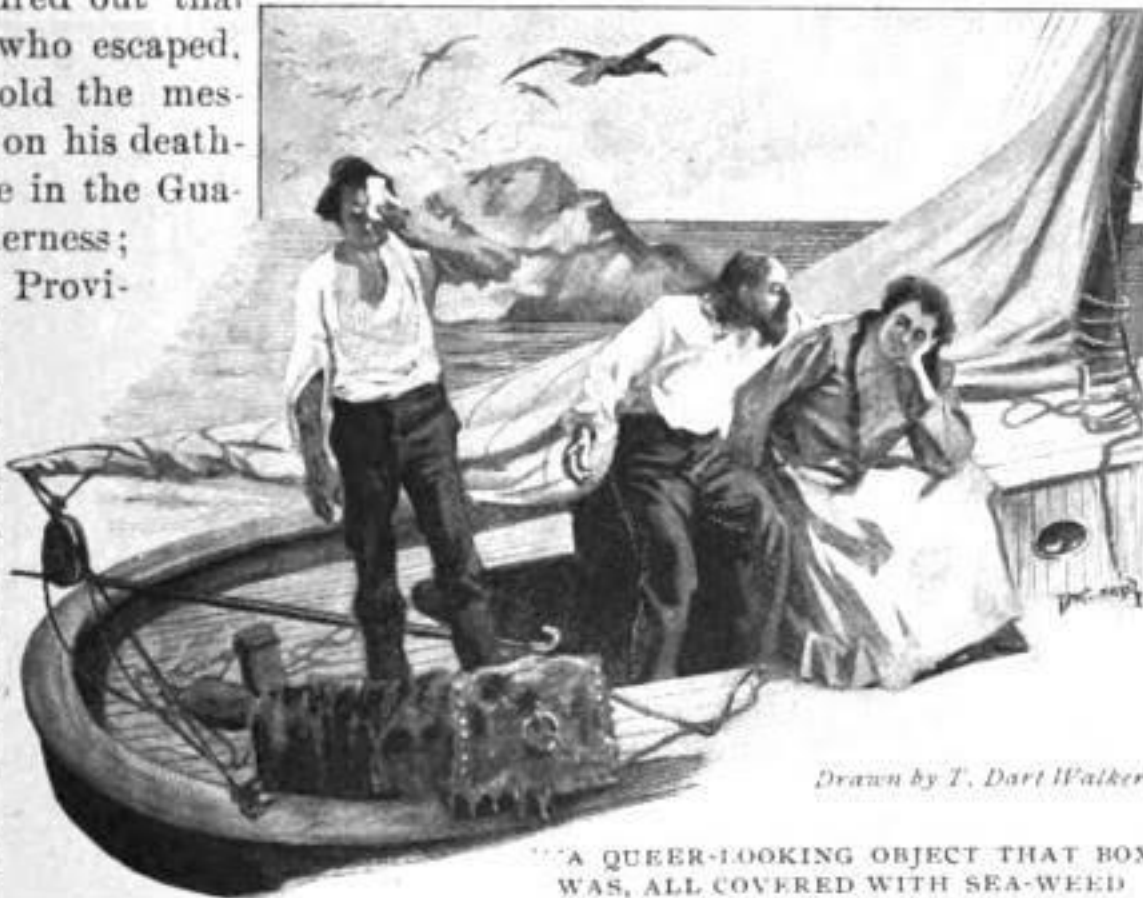
weed and creatures; but the gold was in it, good as ever. I refused to take any of it, till I saw it would break their hearts; and the Don vowed he'd heave the whole lot overboard if I persisted. At last I compromised on fifty thousand pounds. That makes me rich enough to the end of my days; and leaves them not much the worse off. God bless 'em!"

"Amen!" said I. "And where are they now?"

"I'll have to ask you to excuse me from telling that," Standish replied. "They are happy, living together where no one knows their history, and where they'll never be disturbed. But since they're safe from discovery, I don't mind telling you who they are. Probably you've heard

of them. Do you remember, about nine or ten years ago, the papers were full of the romance of a certain Austrian Crown-Prince, who had fallen in love with a prima donna, and had married her, though by so doing he forfeited his royal inheritance? He was John Salvator of Tuscany, a nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph. He gave up all rights, privileges and rank, and called himself Johann Orth, after one of his castles. They were privately married in or near London. He converted all his possessions into money, meaning to buy an estate and settle down on the west coast of South America—Chili or Peru. They were last heard from at Monte Video; and have been given up as lost ever since.

"A very queer thing, this love of a man for a woman, isn't it? There was everything to keep these people apart. I haven't seen many happy marriages, still I've always believed that marriage was the only right thing for man and woman; but every day



Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

"A QUEER-LOOKING OBJECT THAT BOX WAS, ALL COVERED WITH SEA-WEED AND CREATURES."

you hear of folks getting married who are not truly married at all. Now Johann Orth and his wife—Don Giovanni, as I shall always think of him—had the whole breadth and depth of social convention between them to begin with; and when they had overcome that, they underwent the experience I have told you of; and now at last they are together and happy. They paid a high price for their happiness, but they got it; and for my part I think it was worth the price; I know they do!

"Well, it's getting cold. We ought to be off Sandy Hook to-morrow. What do you say to going below and turning in?"

"You go," said I; "I believe I'll sit here a little longer."

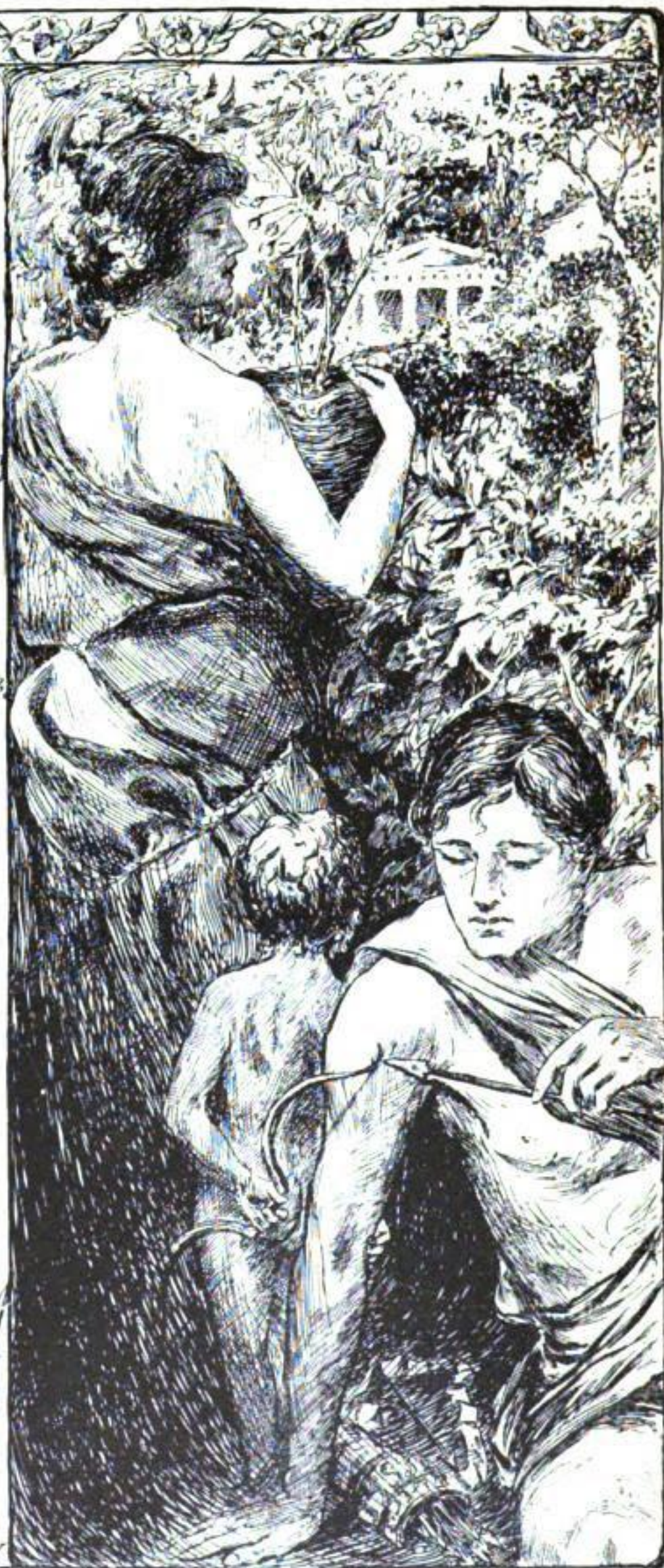
*A
Prayer
for The
Power of Loving
By Richard Le Gallienne*

To love!
That is my prayer.
Gifted to love,
Just the old simple everlasting way;
Of all life's gifts
That is the gift I crave.

I ask not kindness,
I ask not any gift or any grace
Or any charity;
The love I mean
Is not for you to give or take away.

That you are cruel
Shall be no less provocative
Than that you're kind,
And whether you remember or forget
Shall to the love I crave
Be equal lure.

I ask not nearness,
You are ever near;
I ask not sympathy
In common aims,
I ask not comprehension,
I ask not anything



Drawn by H. T. Carpenter.



Only I pray to love,
And bring my heart
Gladly for you to break,
If break it can,
Gladly to feel your fair con-
temptuous feet
Grind it beneath you
In the passionate dust.
Yea, break my heart,
For that were ecstasy!

Think not 't is you I crave,
You to possess, command, ^{may}
My love would not be kind, ^{nor to serve;}
Nor live in offices of tender-
ness;
You to the thing I crave
Are but the accident from which
it springs.

It is not admiration,
It is not gratitude,
It is only love, —
A madness,
A glory burning in the lonely
brain.
A fearful fire filling the lonely
heart.

To love, to love, to love!
Is this the way?



Drawn by H. T. Carpenter.



GOATS' MILK FOR SALE

PARIS TYPES.

BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

(Illustrations by the author.)

IN the earliest morning hours, even before the first gray dawn, through the city gates of Paris come long lines of huge

two-wheeled carts, heaped high with vegetables and drawn by great dappled Percheron stallions; with them are mingled covered wagons loaded with butter, eggs, cheese and fruits. All these vehicles

make for a single focal point, the Halles Centrales—the central market of Paris, situated in the very heart of the city.

The streets surrounding this group of mammoth glass-roofed buildings soon become a toiling mass of human beings, shouting, swearing

at one another and at their horses, but finally arranging their wares in the market stalls. The heavy carrying is done by the strong men—les porteurs des halles—and any of these big fellows can easily take three or four hundred pounds upon his back. Below the ground, the eggs, butter and cheese are sorted in cellars three stories deep. These underground rooms were formerly lighted by flaring torches, but now the warm light and long shadows are replaced by the cold shimmer of the electric light. At 4 A.M. a great auction is held. Things are



FORT DE LA FARINE.



A BANK MESSENGER.

sold wholesale à la crier—the bidding in terms understood only by the market-folk themselves. Apparent babel reigns.

The market is like a great throbbing heart. As day breaks, it begins to relieve its feverish pulsations by throwing out into the main arteries of the city a multitude of vendors pushing light go-carts, loaded with what chanced to be the purchase of the day—rarely more than a single article, and plainly marked at so many sous a demi-kilo—carts of asparagus, of artichokes; strawberries, brilliant red on a green bed of leaves; precious peaches or bright little French carrots—all arranged with the greatest care and nicety. And in summer, if the day be warm, you will see the women wear great cabbage-leaves upon their heads—a charming sight, I assure you, for you have no idea how attractive the strong faces look under the ample green shales. You will also see the flower-carts, laden with lilacs in the season, or daffodils before the lilac comes; and women carrying upon their backs tall baskets filled with soft forget-me-nots or little pots of saucy-faced pansies.

Now the cries of Paris begin to fill the air and wake the tardy sleepers. What variety and what music in the time-honored notes! The deep-voiced “marchand tonneaux,” the shrill “merlan à frire”—“maquereau tout frais,” the melodious “mouron pour les p’tits oiseaux” or “à la

crème, fromage à la crème,” blend their notes with the clear tones of the goatherd’s pipe. He is a type surely, this goatherd. You may see him turn off into the Champs Elysées, driving



FISHWOMEN.



A TEAMSTER.

ahead of him his six or eight goats, and sometimes an ass as well, and followed by his keen-eyed dog. He shuffles along in heavy sabots, a great

tam-o-'shanter on his head and a hooded cape upon his shoulders. Watch him plunge into the narrow by-street, where the little girl brings him a glass to fill from the goat whose bag is fullest, in exchange for the big two-cent copper which she gives him. Goat's milk is strong and nourishing, and is said to be free from all disease, while ass's milk is deemed even more nutritious. A bark from the dog and a sharp note on the fife, and off goes the herd, only to stop again at a signal from the coalman, who stands in his doorway with an empty sack on his coally head. This means a chat and a glass of wine, for the Paris coalman carries on two trades in the same little shop—coals for cold weather, wines for warm. A coalman's sign is encountered in every street, for he delivers only in his immediate neighborhood, carrying upon his back a hundred-pound sack and even bearing it to the sixth floor. He sells but a sack at a time, and often the order is for but a half-sack or even a basket of coal. Firewood is sold in logs of exactly equal length; kindlings are cut with conscientious exactitude and tied in packages by means of

a wire, the ends dipped in resin. Each bundle costs two cents, and half a bundle lights a fire. Charcoal is sold in little paper-bound bundles for four, six or eight cents, while even coal-dust is utilized and pressed into bricks, punctured with holes to facilitate the passage of a draft.

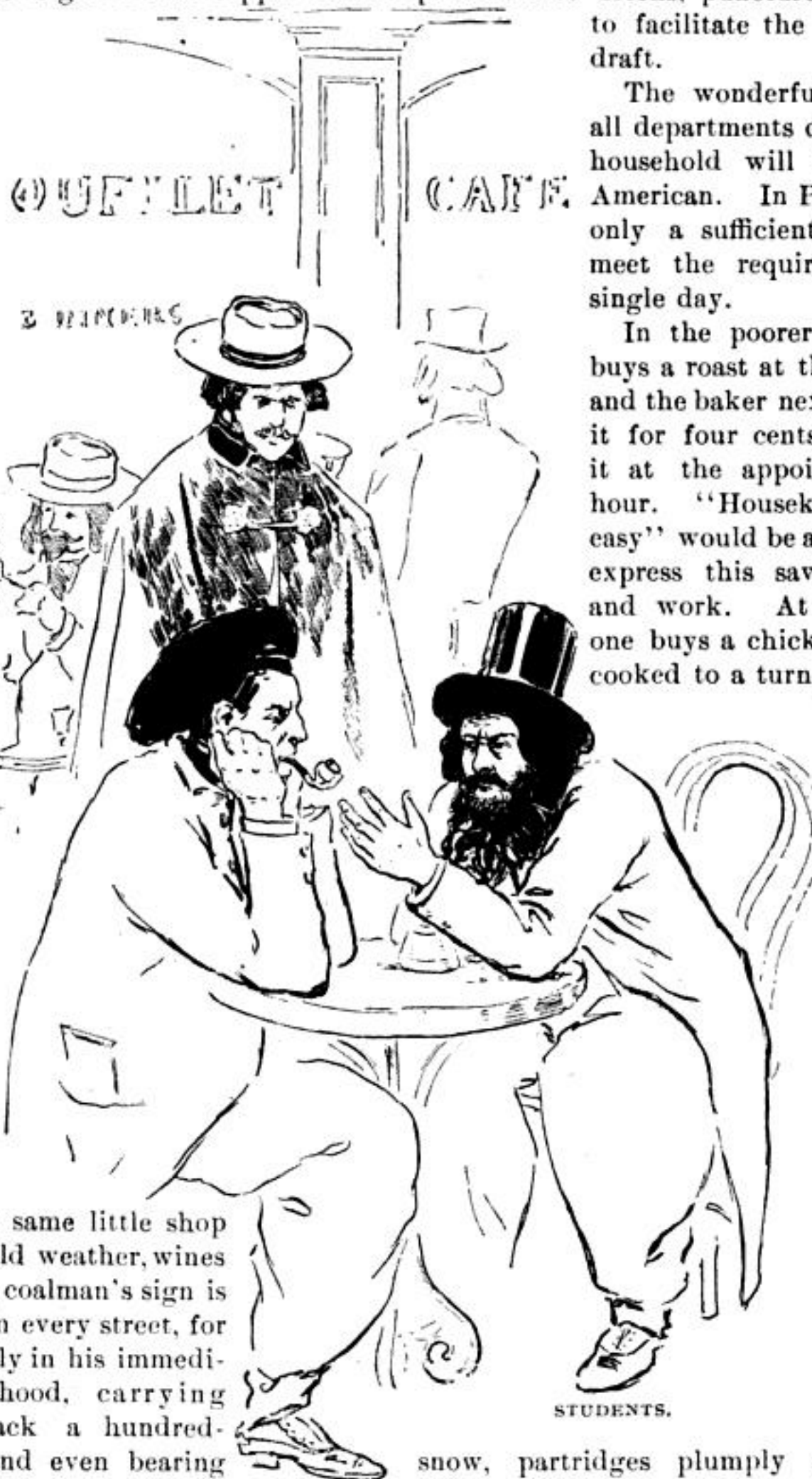
The wonderful economy in all departments of the French household will astonish any American. In Paris one buys only a sufficient quantity to meet the requirements of a single day.

In the poorer quarters one buys a roast at the butcher's, and the baker next door cooks it for four cents and delivers it at the appointed dinner-hour. "Housekeeping made easy" would be a good way to express this saving of coals and work. At the rotisserie one buys a chicken which is cooked to a turn on a spit be-

fore a great open wood-fire, and sent home in a pewter dish, well covered, just at dinner-time—and no charge for the roasting! Even the finest confectioners combine the "cuisine" with their business. Delicious chickens with breasts as white as

snow, partridges plumply stuffed with truffles, lobsters deviled and various entrées can all be ordered for luncheon or dinner.

The boys in immaculate white who deliver these dainties are a feature of the Paris streets, walking straight with their large baskets carefully balanced on their



heads, hurrying to get the little *pourboire* which is sure to greet them at the end of their journey. In their wake they tickle the noses of the hungry wayfarers with the savory odors of their *patés* and sauces—which reminds me that these pastry-cook's boys are called in common parlance "*gâte-sauces*"—as another Paris street-boy, who runs errands and does small commissions, is called "*saute-ruisseau*," or "*Johnny-jump-the-gutter*."

By the baker's door you will probably see the strong man at work—the "*fort de la farine*," as he is called. His is a brother calling to that of the strong man at the market, but specific. He only from the miller's

the strong man at his work is more carries bags of flour wagon into the ba-



THE BREADWOMAN.

ker's cellar. You will see him waiting for a job, dressed in his corduroy trousers and his short blue blouse, a heavy, crooked cane hanging over his arm, while his head is covered with the great hat which is the badge of his trade—a hat monumental in size, made of the heaviest felt, with a rim fully three feet in diameter. When at work he discards his coat and blouse and his body is shown, clothed only in a striped sleeveless shirt, his brawny neck and powerful arms displaying a muscular action to delight a Michael Angelo's eyes. He is paid for his work at the rate of two cents for each sack carried, which, however, never includes the emptying of the contents.

In the tramster we find another interesting character. To the Paris carts, the horses are harnessed in Indian file, often seven or eight in a line. The horse next the wagon is of the size of a young elephant, and is bound into his place with every variety of chain and strap. Great fine beasts these dray-horses are—a violent contrast to the scrawny skeletons which drag the Paris



THE PASTRY-COOK'S BOY.

cabs. In very hot weather draft-horses are provided with queer straw hats. The ears are fastened into two pointed crowns, while a broad rim protects the head from the hot rays of the sun. How picturesque, too, are the fox's tail which hangs from the forelock to brush the flies from the eyes and nose, and the red wool tassels which dangle at each side of the head, and the big collar with its covering of blue fur! The collar itself is made of wood fashioned in various interesting designs, and edged and embellished by brasswork and rows of nails and bells. The teamster invariably walks by his animals, his whip hanging over his shoulder and his hand now and then touching the single long rein. He controls his team by the sound



NURSES IN THE PARK.



THE PINWHEEL MAN.

of his voice, and as he picks his way through the crowded traffic of the busy streets, he fires a volley of directions to his leader: "Dia" (right); "Huo" (left); "Arr-r-r-èr-r-re" (whoa—back), which latter sound is best expressed by a long, rolling sequence of r's.

Now turn with me from the noisy streets into one of the quiet gardens—the Tuileries, the Luxembourg or the Champs Elysées. Here are the children at play with their hoops, their soft,

bounding footballs, their whip-tops or the old-fashioned battledore and shuttlecock. Nurses—commonly

called "nouns," the baby's way of saying "nourrice"—watch them at their games or wheel the younger scions of the family in the queer enameled baby-carriages which are now the vogue. Fine, sturdy-looking women these nurses are. They dress in long capes reaching to the ground, and on their heads are white caps, crowned with ruffs, from which float long plaid ribbons of the gayest colors. Now this costume is often replaced by that of the province from which the nurse comes—the picturesque Breton, the Alsatian or the Swiss. And the little ones—what a profusion of lace, ruffles and soft white fur! What money lavished on the clothes of these dainty little morsels!

Then perhaps will approach the balloon-seller, with his airy wares struggling to be free and mount toward the blue heavens; or the marchande de coco—who sells a cooling drink, made of water flavored with a mixture of lemon and licorice.

Or we see the pinwheel man tempting

the little people with his gaudy wares. The pinwheel pole which he carries is an old, old institution. It had its origin in the country fair, where on fête-days was erected a greased pole whose summit was composed of flags, banners and spinning paper wheels. The children attempted to climb this pole, and the successful ones, as they struggled to hold their place at the top, were allowed to keep whatever toy they could lay their hands upon. Now the payment of a sou or two gives them the same privilege with a less expenditure of physical strength. When the little ones are tired of their play, they can be taken to see *Guignol*, the French Punch and Judy, a source of never-ending amusement, where entire little plays are acted by most expressive little manikins.

In the Luxembourg after four o'clock, and at the cafés on the "Boul' Mich'," we shall see crowds of the students whose presence adds so much life to Paris. The character of these fellows is altogether too complex for us to deal with here, and we must content ourselves with a look at their interesting outward aspect—as at a gallery of portraits—types well worth the brush of Vandyke. We see young men in wide-rimmed soft black hats, with handsome, clear-cut faces, often wearing a youthful pointed beard, and dark masses of hair rolling down over the back of the neck. About their collars are tied wide black stocks or soft, loosely knotted bows. Long capes, usually with velvet collars, hang from the shoulders or are draped in ample folds after the fashion of an Italian



THE "COCO"-SELLER.

brigand. The costume is completed by excessively wide trousers of velveteen—black or brown—which are cut to bind the ankle closely.

The student rarely crosses the river, but on the boulevards we shall meet another Paris type whose pose is as studied and whose costume is calculated to attract as much attention. The boulevardier takes

his aimless promenade after five o'clock. He walks slowly, casting his glances on the pretty girls he meets. His style is modeled on that of a beau of the Second Empire. He wears military mustaches and a goatee. His slender figure is tightly cased in a black redingote, the buttonhole of which is ornamented with a flower or the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. White spats lend an effective note between his pearl-gray trousers and patent-leather shoes. He stops now and then to consult the theatrical advertisements pasted upon the cylindrical bulletin-boards, or to look at the latest cartoon in the comic weeklies displayed in the little newspaper kiosks. These latter institutions, with their bright affiches, lend much color to the boulevards.

I am sure, too, that Americans will be conscious of the number and variety of the uniforms to be seen on the Paris streets. Aside from the soldiers, whose uniforms are most varied and who of course are encountered in great numbers, there are the blue coats and cocked hats of the bank messengers, the bright silver buttons of

the telegraph boys, the shining casques and orange lacings of the municipal guard, and the brass-mounted helmets of the firemen.

But Paris is really too full of types for one ever to exhaust them. I have not even mentioned the dog-sellers and the men who

wash the French poodles down by the river, or the flowerwomen, or the "cabbies," or the sergents-de-ville, or the man who runs for miles beside your cab to lift down the trunk at the end of the journey. No, every corner has its type, every house shelters a character, and years in Paris will never lessen the extreme pleasure of merely walking the streets and watching the faces that pass. Frenchmen have their characters written much more plainly on their outward appearance than we Anglo-Saxons, for a Frenchman as a rule carries the badge of



THE BOULEVARDIER.

his calling—the portfolio of the lawyer or the broad sash and faded corduroys of the workman—and one is as proud as the other of his walk in life. French people have a sturdy self-respect in this regard that one cannot but admire.

THE STRANGER'S LEFT-HANDED RACE-HORSE.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

HE had announced when he first came among us that his business was that of hotel-keeping, but that he was temporarily out of it, for the reason that a tornado had blown away the hotel which he had been conducting in another little territorial town. A touch of picturesqueness which he had added to the account of how "she went slam-diving across the prairie with cash boarders rattling out the winders and getting mislaid," had hinted of abilities in the way of narrative hyperbole which might prove entertaining;

portion of the town, peering into front windows as if expecting to find a hotel equipped with everything except a landlord, but including cash boarders, into which he could step and resume his former state. Meeting with no reward, he made a guarded effort to secure a place as clerk, or assistant of some sort, in one of the hotels. But in this also he was unsuccessful, and finally he took up with odd jobs in a livery-stable. This, however, seemed to be rather an avocation than a serious concern of life, and chiefly his energies



Drawn by Condé.

" 'BOWDUKE ASKED HIM IF HIS HOSS WAS ANY ON THE GO.' "

but nothing seemed to come of it. In fact, he settled down into a quiet, commonplace sort of man, and those who took the trouble to give any thought to his somewhat highly colored statement concerning the sifting boarders ascribed it to an imagination for the moment overwrought by his misfortunes. He said his name was Waxworth.

For some days after his arrival, Mr. Waxworth wandered about the business

were devoted to sitting resolutely in Culpepper's grocery-store, munching dried apples and criticizing the national government. On occasion he would be observed walking thoughtfully about the suburbs and gazing off across the prairie; once, when he was so engaged, the wind being more than usually high, Hod Bingerford hazarded the opinion that "the old rip was a-calculating some of them cash boarders might come slam-diving along." This remark of the ingenious Bingerford was not, however, taken seriously.

But the narrative faculty of Mr. Waxworth was only dormant. That he had sufficient disregard for the truth to meet local requirements no one who had any

dealings with him could doubt—it was only the ability to mold his mendacity into an artistic whole which could be questioned. No department of human knowledge was neglected at Culpepper's, and one evening the value to the world of scientific investigation was touched upon. A diversity of opinion was brought out. Abner Blackmark held to the view that modern science was of but small practical value. The opposite view was taken by Sam Purdy, who instanced the fact that, in the case of cyclones, science had demonstrated that they "buzzed around in one direction in the southern hemisphere and t'other in the northern hemisphere," a condition of affairs which had been brought to his attention by his eldest daughter, who attended the local school. This achievement of science was received with proper respect, though Abner was inclined to question its practical value, and even to cast doubts on its trustworthiness by declaring that in that neighborhood this industrious variety of storm buzzed around in both directions at once, "like one of these here snatchet-wheels in a watch." The discussion on the local habits of cyclones was finally brought to a close by the somewhat irreverent inquiry of the before-mentioned Bingerford, whether corkscrews in the two hemispheres turned in opposite directions, an inquiry which was felt to expose the absurdity of scientific pretensions and also to have a delicate humorous quality in its veiled reference to the well-known bibulous proclivities of Mr. Purdy. Up to this point Mr. Waxworth had maintained his customary silence. He now hitched his chair along so that it commanded the only passageway to the door, a narrow cañon between the counter and a table loaded with spread-eagle salt cod-fish, tobacco caddies, rubber boots, and other commodities usually kept in a first-class grocery-store, and having thus cut off the possible retreat of his audience he told the following story in a straightforward, candid manner:

"This yere question of the value of science [he spoke in a calm, even tone, as befitted a scientific topic] all depends on the man. Some gets euchred when they take it up, some don't. Them cyclones going round dif'rent ways puts me in mind of

old man Bowduke, up at Tin Horn, where I had my hotel which the wind snatched. *That* cyclone didn't know if it was in the southern hemisphere or the northern. It went ripping ahead with a motion like an auger going through a board fence; and the house full of them cash boarders, just setting down to supper and beginning to complain about the grub, and the girl coming in and saying, 'Ham, pork, sassage, jack-rabbit, steak, tea 'r coffee?' and the red napkins in the tumblers, and me out in the kitchen mixing the turnip and the mashed pertater and cooling 'em, when along comes that cyclone which has lost its hemisphere. Well, no matter; the last thing I remember was a-hearing them boarders still a-kicking about the grub as the building riz. But this ain't got anything to do with Bowduke—just remember that wot I'm talking about is Bowduke—*Lem* Bowduke.

"Well, Bowduke, as I said—or mebbly I didn't *say* it, my mind getting on that hotel and that pesky cyclone—why, even the cellar blowed away—Saturday afternoon it was, too, and them boarders would 'a' lined up and paid for 'nother week in 'bout a nour—I looked all over the pre-hayrie the next day, thinking some of the money might 'a' shook out of their pockets, but no, not a red cent—Bowduke, as I said, took a good deal of stock in science, 'specially *new* science. Always had his eye peeled for the latest thing. Great reader—took a whole raft of papers, and if one of the advertisements said 'send for circulars,' Bowduke sent. Always had his pockets full of circulars, and almanacs, and sample copies, and directions for using. Got to be agent for a lot of scientific things, like 'lectric insoles, anti-strike lightning-rods that would scare lightning *away*, patent dish-washing machines, improved run-away-hoss stoppers, and all sich. You couldn't say a word without Bowduke would haul out a circular and try to sell you something—patent tomb-stun; non-pickable padlock; extra-hardy fruit-trees; ever-ready sling, indorsed by the medical profession, which looked like a necktie and which you pulled down and stuck your arm through in case it got broke sudden, when you wa'n't expecting it was going to *be* broke. And if you

didn't buy he'd get mad and abuse you, and say you was standing in the way of progress, and you was behind the times, and was a fizzle. If you wanted to fight, he'd fight you, and mebbly break your arm and *then* sell you a sling. Used to wear a pair of his 'lectric insoles and go around shaking hands with everybody and getting mad if they didn't feel a shock. Said he could feel the 'lectricity slam-diving through his whole system, making him a year younger every day. Finally got his picture in all the Eastern papers—'Mr. Lemuel Eliphalet Bowduke, the well-known Inventor and Sayvant, of Tin Horn, Dakota Territory, who was snatched from the Grave by Curiallibus. Druggists. Beware of imitations.' Them were the exact words.

"Great hand for scientific farming, Bow-

possibilities of scientific stockgrowing. Drug everybody he met out to see his farm. Never had much but an old high-headed sorrel hoss, a spotted p'inter dog and a red game-cock with corners and knots and knobs on him. Called the dog Darwin, and the rooster Sir Isaac Newton, and the hoss Baron von Humboldt—'after the mighty scientific giants of the past,' he used to say. Another thing he used to say was that in the matter of stockbreeding he felt like a boy who had been playing on the shore and amooosing himself picking up bright pebbles and such truck



"'VON HUMBOLDT WAS SO COVERED WITH PATENT CONTRAPTIONS . . . THAT YOU COULDN'T GET A CRACK AT HIS BAKE HIDE ANYWHERE.'"

duke was, too. Staked off a passel of ground in the snubburbs that nobody else wanted, and said he was going to show folks how to *raise* things. Got took up with rotation of crops—wheat this year, oats next, pertaters next, string-beans next, broom-corn next and then pasture it two summers with yearling calves and billy-goats and blaze away with wheat again. But all the way through, Bowduke's strong p'int was improving the breed of domestic animals—trotting-hosses, p'inter dogs, game-cocks and others. Said the farmer had but a very faint igece of the

while the great ocean of trooth lay all undiscovered before him. Had a powerful command of language, Bowduke had. Congress was the place for him.

"Well, one of the things that Bowduke was always bragging about was that he was no fancy farmer. His igece was to show folks practical benefits from scientific farming and stockgrowing. So he was always ready to show off his animals and demonstrate their superior qualities over scrub stock. If any man got blowing 'bout his p'inter dog, Bowduke would trot out *his* p'inter, and get up a bet with the

feller, and they'd set 'em p'inting an old boot or something in the grass, and see which would p'int the longest; and generally Darwin would come out ahead, 'cause he was certainly a long-time p'inter. He'd p'int all day and all night, and then if Bowduke would take him out a snack to eat, he'd stick it out another day and night; and so on. A yearthquake wouldn't 'a' had no effect on Darwin. And if another feller just hinted that he had a dog as could fight, Bowduke would sock his fingers in his mouth and whistle for Herbert Spencer, and he'd come loping along, his lower jaw sticking out, and they'd have a fight on inside of four minutes by the watch, always with a sizable bet up and a reli'ble stakeholder. Mebby somebody would up 'n' say sometimes that Bowduke was more interested in the bets than he was in improving the breed of domestic animals; and such times Bowduke bristles up and says he: 'Ain't the laborer worthy of his hire?' and, 'Would you muzzle the ox that treads out the wine-press?' Hung on a hair-trigger, Bowduke was, when it come to quick answers. And then Sir Isaac Newton—why, Bowduke used to tote him round under his arm, just *looking* for men with common unscientific fowls which they thought could fight. Bowduke made a power of money out of Sir Isaac. No use of anything trying to stand up before him. Took him around to the agricultural fairs and won every main, and got his name in the papers as the man who was doing more than anybody else in the territory to improve the breed of poultry. And I reckon he was, too, 'cause Sir Isaac was a fine bird, and it stimulated other poultry-growers to try and raise fowls as good as him.

"And so it was with Bowduke all the way through. Eastern feller got to talking 'bout blooded cattle. Said he had a herd of Jerseys that was 'way up—finest in the country. Bowduke couldn't stand it. 'Oh, skeesicks,' says he; 'don't talk to me about Jerseys. They ain't nowhere. I've got a Durham two-year-old steer over at my farm I'll match agin any Jersey you've got, fair fight, twenty-yard pen, ten dollars a side.' He had, too, and the critter'd won more than once, including a

tussle with a three-year-old belonging to Jim Plunkett, who was president of the Bon Pierre County Agricultural Society. The Eastern chap hefted the proposition in his mind for a spell, and then shut up and never said 'Jersey' agin in that town.

"One day a feller druv into the place with a kivered wagon with a mule and a hoss hitched to it. He stopped down by the town well, and the mule begun kicking agin the dashboard like a pile-driver, and the feller crawled out the back end of the wagon looking pale and solemn. Bowduke walked up and looked at the piece of b'iler-plate on the dashboard where the mule was in the habit of kicking, and says he:

" 'Pears like you have a live mule there, stranger?'

" 'Well, he ain't no deceased mule,' says the stranger.

" 'Are you interested in stockgrowing?' says Bowduke.

" 'Can't say's I am,' says the feller. Then he walks around and looks at Bowduke a minute and says he:

" 'Heavings, do I see before me Lemuel Eliphalet Bowduke, the celebrated scientist and sayvant?'

" 'You do, stranger,' says Bowduke, beginning to smile and swell up with pride.

" 'And may I grasp his hand?' says the feller.

" 'Grab it,' says Bowduke, extending his paw. The feller took it and then let go and jumped back about a rod and says he:

" 'J'inted snakes! wot you full of?'

" ' 'Lectricity,' says Bowduke, a-grinning worse than ever. 'Curiallibus 'lectric insoles. Lemme sell you a pair.'

" 'Oh,' says the feller, after he had studied a minute, 'I reckon I read of you. Well, I don't mind—I'll take a pair.'

"Bowduke streaked it away to the house with the tails of his long bloo coat cracking in the wind, and brought a pair, and the feller put 'em in, Bowduke grinning fit to kill. Then they talked awhile 'bout science and stockgrowing. Bowduke grinning and swelling and thinking the feller was the best feller he'd ever seen; and then they got to talking 'bout hosses, and Bowduke asked him if his hoss was any on the go.

" 'Well,' says the stranger, 'he can trot some, get him away from the mule.'

" 'Would you mind backing him agin my sorrel, Von Humboldt?'

" 'Bring down your hoss and let me see him,' says the feller.

" So Bowduke streaked it away agin and come back with the critter, and the feller sized him up a long spell and says he:

" 'Mr. Bowduke, I'm surprised to see that a man of your standing in the world of science should have such a tarnation-looking old plug as that.'

" This made Bowduke bristle up, and he seen he had been deceived in the feller, and says he:

" 'Well, I'm here to put up any *reasonable* amount that he can cover a half-mile quicker than that old pelter of your'n.'

" 'Oh, my hoss ain't much,' says the feller. 'Just a plain hoss. But I've got fifty that says he can beat that distress-signal of your'n.'

" 'I'll go you,' says Bowduke, getting madder and madder. 'And I

wish I could make it a hundred.'

" 'You can,' says the feller—'cash, not insoles.'

" 'Yes, *cash*,' says Bowduke. 'And a hundred and fifty if you want it.'

" 'I just as soon,' says the feller. 'Only when I win you're not to ask me to take your hoss as part payment of the bet.'

" 'I see myself!' says Bowduke, foaming around. 'And two hundred, if you got that much, you leather-headed ijjit!'

" Well, they fixed up to race, one heat, half-mile, and the feller borrowed a sulky and they went out to the track. Then says the feller:

" 'I want to explain that this here

animal of mine is a left-handed hoss.'

" 'Wot's that?' says Bowduke.

" 'Just wot I say,' says the feller. 'Left-handed, same's a man might be. Has to race round the track the other way from most hosses. As a scientific man I s'pose you know why hosses always race round the way they do.'

" 'I never give the matter much thought,' says Bowduke, cautious.

" 'Why,' says the feller, 'their right legs is the strongest and can go harder and can hump their right sides along faster, which is wot's wanted when they go round the way they do. If they tried to go the other way they'd fly off the track in one of these here tantrums which we studied about when we went to school!'

" 'Well, that does look reasonable,' says Bowduke.

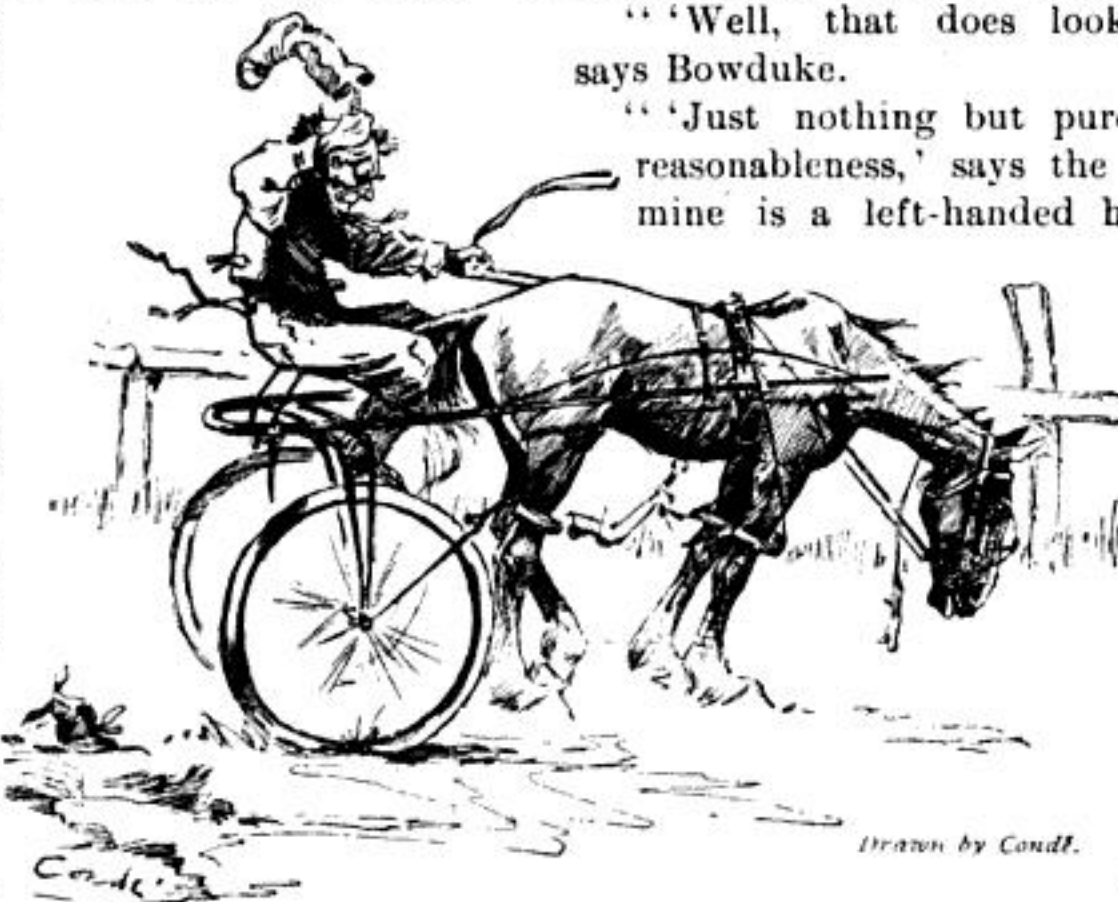
" 'Just nothing but pure b'iled-down reasonableness,' says the feller. 'But mine is a left-handed hoss, so we'll start even and you go your way and I'll go mine.'

" 'All right,' says Bowduke. 'As the saying is, You can chase a cat round a stump just as fast one way as t'other.'

" So they backed their

sulkies up agin each other under the wire, and somebody fired a pistol, and they lit out, Bowduke's coat-tails streaming out behind, and him a-yelling 'Go on!' and flourishing his whip, though there wa'n't no danger of his hurting anything, as Von Humboldt was so covered with patent contraptions, toe-weights, knee-pads, check-reins and about two hundred yards of miscellaneous straps that you couldn't get a crack at his bare hide anywheres. But he was used to hearing the whip snap around and wouldn't go without it.

" The stranger was going along pretty good hickory, but he wasn't making the time Bowduke was. We seen that science,



" WENT TO SLEEP AT THE QUARTER-POST, AND SNORED SO WE COULD HEAR HIM IN THE GRAND STAND."

and intelligent breeding, and rotation of crops, and them things was going to win. They was coming head-on along the back-stretch, and was going to meet ten lengths on the stranger's side of the half-post, and we all putting up more money on Humboldt agin another stranger who had just happened along and couldn't seem to see that the other had no show.

"Then they met, the stranger hugging in close to the other, and as they passed, that jim-fizzled old bay mate-of-a-mule opened his jaws like a hippopo-tay-mus and grabbed Bowduke's whip in his teeth and bolted along with it crossways in his mouth, just like this, like a jig-gasted bookkeeper holding his pen while he

"And while the old fraud slept, the other came tearing in, the whip sticking out of his mouth like the whiskers on a cat; and the stranger up 'n' lodged a complaint with the jedges that Bowduke had tried to shut off his horse's wind by 'tempting to ram his whip-stalk down the critter's throat as they met, and got the claim *allowed*, too, and gathered in the money and got out of town, his boss hanging his head and the mule kicking up behind and denting the b'iler-plate at every kick. And some said the other stranger was in the back of the wagon kivered up with a blanket, and I reckon he was, and that they had worked Bowduke and the rest of us, which I don't blame 'em, we



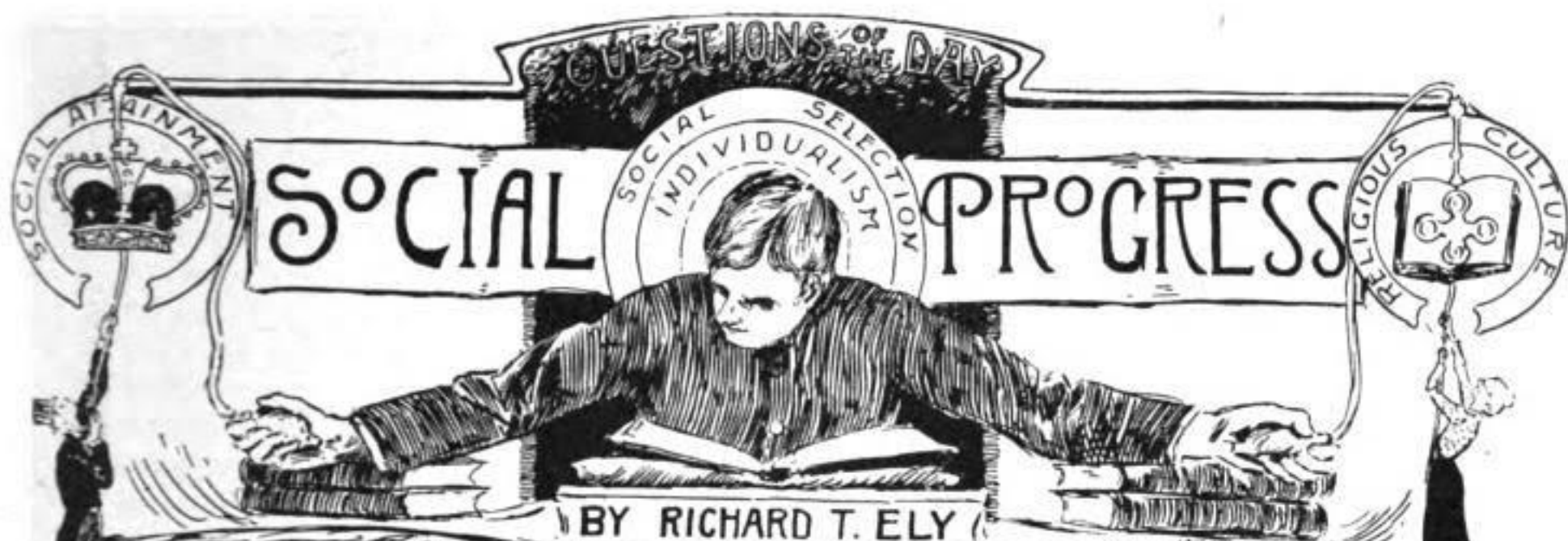
Drawn by Condl.

"TEARING IN, THE WHIP STICKING OUT OF HIS MOUTH LIKE THE WHISKERS ON A CAT."

scratches out a figure, or a ding-smished robin building her nest with a straw in her bill; and he come on with it that way like a house-a-fire, while old Humboldt begun to play off, and go slower and slower; and finally he got down to a *walk*, and at last *stopped*, and went to sleep at the quarter-post, and *snored* so we could hear him in the grand stand, though poor old Bowduke said language to him that you'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' understood, and pounded him with his fist, and took off one boot and walloped him with the leg till the 'lectric insole flew over into the field.

not any of us having had the good fortune to cut our eye-teeth and never having happened to notice that we didn't have 'em.

"But when another jayhawker come along with a game-cock next year, and wanted Bowduke to give him odds of ten to one because his rooster stuttered when he crowed, Bowduke chased him acrost the prehayrie faster—well, *nothing* ever went acrost the prehayrie faster except my hotel, with them cash boarders rattling inside, and me in the hole the cellar come out of and expecting *that* to go any minute, too."



AN examination of discussions concerning social progress reveals many interesting and curious social phenomena. We discover, for example, in the same social class both pessimism and optimism. With respect to present conditions and future progress, those who are satisfied with things as they are, because things as they are are favorable to them, speak optimistically about present society but are pessimistic concerning proposed social improvements. On the other hand, those who feel that existing institutions press heavily upon them, are often inclined to view the institutions which now mold our lives as wholly bad, while at the same time they esteem it possible to devise a new social order which will be almost if not quite wholly good. The extreme classes in society spring back and forth from optimism to pessimism in a surprising manner, but one extreme indulges in optimism at that point where the other sees only pessimism, and by the time the first extreme has reached pessimism the second has landed in optimism.

The race also has its movements back and forth between optimism and pessimism. The latter part of the eighteenth century was an era of optimism. The perfectibility of the human race seemed not only a possibility but even a near probability. The reaction from the French Revolution, together with the supposed tendencies of modern science, produced pessimism in the nineteenth century. The masses came to be politically distrusted, and science seemed to indorse an egoistic struggle for the desirable things in life, and to make the winner in the struggle, regardless of the means by which success was achieved, appear to pursue a socially beneficent course of conduct. The old religious ideals of kindness, gentleness, consideration for the needy, protection for the weak, et cetera, seemed to be quite inadequate. As science becomes more profound, its tone changes, and the conditions of progress appear again to take a new form. The pure, uncontrolled individualistic struggle for existence is seen to lead to alto-

gether undesirable results. Care for others as well as care for self has played its rôle in evolution, even biologically considered. Modern psychology at length discovers that altruism is as naturally a social product as egoism. Pure individualism is perceived to be a scientific absurdity, and it is at length discovered that the conditions of social progress are largely capable of social determination, and that they themselves come under social control. The great word is no longer natural selection, but social selection.

Religion, for a time neglected by scientists, is again reinstated as a condition of social progress. An educator like President Eliot makes this statement: "No educational system can be successfully carried on without education in morals, and no education in morals is possible without a religious life." About the same time, General Brinkerhoff, after having given a lifetime to the work of prison reform, uses these words in his last address before the National Prison Congress: "I want to put it on record with all the emphasis I can command that if we are to make any large progress in the reformation of prisoners, or in the prevention of crime, or in the betterment of mankind, we must utilize more fully than we have heretofore the religious element which is inherent in the universal heart of man." Religion is needed for enlightenment and for strength, and without the aid of religion there is little hope for social progress.

With religious culture must go hand in hand intellectual enlightenment as a condition of social progress. We need a revival of the old faith in education and the old enthusiasm for educational work. It is for education, by the adoption of improved scientific methods, to fit the individual for that kind of society in which he is to live. The only fault to be found with the earlier ideas concerning education is that they did not go far enough. It is a more and more difficult undertaking to fit the individual for complicated modern society, and what is needed is that socially we should undertake this with as great care as a powerful military nation like Germany devotes to the preparation of each individual soldier for warfare. Education must be improved, and it must be extended

over a longer period of life, in order to prepare men and women to take their part not only in maintaining but in advancing civilization. As our fathers undertook to provide education for every one, it remains for us to carry forward their work.

Similarly, our fathers indulged in the ideal of equal opportunities for all, and took important steps forward in the direction of equality of opportunity for all; now it remains for us likewise to carry forward the good work which they have begun. Had social and economic conditions remained as they were at the time our federal Constitution was formed, we should still have enjoyed an approximation to equality of opportunity, and the work remaining to be done to secure a still further approximation to equality of opportunity would be comparatively a light task. Changes brought about by the industrial revolution have not been accompanied by corresponding changes in institutions and laws, and we have had as a result an enormous increase in inequalities of opportunity. The growth of monopoly brings this before us most forcefully. Those who enjoy monopoly privileges have become a powerful privileged class. Franchises worth millions upon millions of dollars are bestowed upon a few who are selected out of the rest of the community as recipients of special favors. We have the old competitive field of industry, but there has grown up within the present century an enormous non-competitive field, and those within this field enjoy opportunities denied to the rest of the community. It is, then, a condition of social progress that the monopolies of all sorts should be brought under rigid control. The privileges enjoyed by those engaged in monopolistic enterprises should be reduced to a level with those enjoyed in the competitive field, so far as this may be accomplished without a violation of good faith. Vested interests must not be exaggerated, but they must be respected.

Closely connected with this problem of monopoly is the problem of wealth-distribution. Inequalities in wealth are not only necessary, they are desirable; human history appears to teach us this conclusively. At the same time, human history, as interpreted by the wisest men of all

lands and of all ages, teaches us that inequalities in wealth-distribution when they pass a certain point are disastrous and in the end destructive to free government. The one who would tell us anything different from this is setting up his own opinion against the wisdom of the ages. A condition of free government is a certain measure of fraternity among the citizens, and it is an indisputable fact, one which we can see with our own eyes about us daily, that inequalities in wealth when they become as large as they are at present break up fraternal relations. It is not to the purpose to say that this should not be the case; the truth is that, taking human nature as we find it, it cannot help being the case. We have no reason to expect that human nature will become such in the future that fraternal relations can be maintained between enormously wealthy classes and other social classes.

There is a social solidarity in this matter of wealth-distribution which has not hitherto been fully appreciated. It is absolutely false to say that it makes no difference to me how wealthy my neighbors may be. The social life in which we must all live is in part molded by the wealth-distribution which actually obtains. This can be seen in simple, every-day matters. A short time since, there was an auction-sale of rare pictures. It was reported in the press that the public art-galleries obtained very few of these because the bids of private parties were so high as to place them beyond the reach of the representatives of public institutions. Where there is a concentration of enormous wealth in a few hands, it becomes correspondingly more difficult for organized society to secure the treasures which it may desire. Similarly, a person who has millions upon millions may offer a price for the services of gifted individuals which is beyond the reach of city or state. It is very certain that an enormous concentration of wealth tends to bring into private service a disproportionate amount of the intellectual resources of the nation. As one among numerous other illustrations which might be afforded, take even the case of the use of gold for money. If wealth is widely diffused, so there are simply moderate differences and gradations between

various social classes, comparatively little gold will be used in the industrial arts, but if the number of enormously wealthy people is large the use of gold for ornamental purposes will become large, and this gold will be withdrawn from monetary purposes. It is altogether probable that, did we have a more equable distribution of wealth, extension of the use of gold money would be easier of attainment than it is at the present time. Of course, this statement has nothing whatever to do with the desirability or undesirability of gold monometallism, but is adduced merely as an illustration. A well-known religious weekly stated lately that Congressmen were afraid to call attention to alleged frauds perpetrated by powerful corporations. These words were used: "In the absence of a general demand from the public, relatively few Congressmen care to take their political lives in their hands by attacking an abuse which an omnipresent and almost omnipotent private interest supports." Is it not a bad state of things when private interests are so powerful that representatives of the nation have to take their political lives in their hands to call attention to the frauds and abuses which they perpetrate upon the public? Rightly or wrongly, it has long been the opinion of wise men in many nations that there is danger in giving to a class of individuals, however excellent they may be, the vast power which accompanies the ownership of wealth counted by tens of millions. It has been felt that they may even gain a disastrous control over the intellectual life of the nation.

A wise measure of reform, then, and one which is calculated to promote social progress, will be found in legislation aiming to bring about a greater approximation to equality of opportunities so far as wealth-distribution is concerned. The measures to be adopted are those which have been tested by experience. France has accomplished a great deal by laws distributing the bulk of property equally among the children of a family, and limiting greatly the right of testamentary disposition of property. England, France, Switzerland, the United States, and many other countries, are also moving in this same direction by taxing property as it passes from generation to generation. Laws and regulations con-

cerning the inheritance of property operate continuously and silently, year in and year out, generation after generation, and, even if moderate in character, exercise a vast influence upon wealth-distribution. What careful and prudent people will dread is excesses unless moderate reforms are begun in time.

Turning now to competitive businesses, what is required with respect to them is that sort of regulation which, without destroying competition, will raise its ethical level. If injurious adulteration of food products is prohibited and the prohibition rigidly enforced, then all engaged in the manufacture and sale of food-products are still competing with each other just as they did when adulteration was universal, but the competition has been raised to a higher plane. Regulated competition within its own proper sphere

is one of the conditions of social progress.

Finally, as a condition of social progress it is necessary that we should develop still further our labor legislation in order to protect the interests of the wage-earning population. The fiction of free and equal contract between wage-earners and their employers must be replaced by a recognition of actual conditions, and the abuse of power on the part of the employer as well as on the part of the employee must be prevented.

A large program has already been suggested. It must, of course, be worked out in detail before it can be practically applied, and great things have to be accomplished slowly. The principal thing is to make sure that we are moving in the right direction, and always to bear in mind the motto, "The next thing."

LIFE IS A PRIVILEGE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

LIFE is a privilege. Its youthful days
Shine with the radiance of continuous Mays.
To live, to breathe, to wonder and desire,
To feed with dreams the heart's perpetual fire;
To thrill with virtuous passions, and to glow
With great ambitions—in one hour to know
The depths and heights of feeling—God! in truth,
How beautiful, how beautiful is youth!

Life is a privilege. Like some rare rose
The mysteries of the human mind uncloze.
What marvels lie in earth, and air, and sea!
What stores of knowledge wait our opening key!
What sunny roads of happiness lead out
Beyond the realms of indolence and doubt!
And what large pleasures smile upon and bless
The busy avenues of usefulness!

Life is a privilege. Though noontide fades
And shadows fall along the winding glades,
Though joy-blooms wither in the autumn air,
Yet the sweet scent of sympathy is there.
Pale sorrow leads us closer to our kind,
And in the serious hours of life we find
Depths in the souls of men which lend new worth
And majesty to this brief span of earth.

Life is a privilege. If some sad fate
Sends us alone to seek the exit gate,
If men forsake us and as shadows fall,
Still does the supreme privilege of all
Come in that reaching upward of the soul
To find the welcoming Presence at the goal,
And in the Knowledge that our feet have trod
Paths that led from, and must wind back to, God.

GENERAL DE WET AND HIS CAMPAIGN.

BY ALLEN SANGREE.

THE appearance of Christian De Wet in South Africa was like the blast of a trombone in a deserted building. The grim and dogged Buller by constant battering had finally crossed the Tugela and pushed back the thin, dust-smeared line of burghers, who were sick to the soul with fighting against such odds. Ladysmith was relieved, and thirteen thousand men were liberated.

Kitchener—he of Khartoum—had swept northward with a big army and rescued Cecil Rhodes at Kimberley. Baden-Powell was displaying such clever resistance at Mafeking that this third beleaguered stronghold would soon have to be abandoned in order that the Boers fighting there could be withdrawn to tackle Lord Roberts' hosts encamped at Bloemfontein which threatened to encompass the downfall of Pretoria.

The situation was thoroughly distressing. Not only had the great nations—Germany, Russia, France and the United States—declined to interfere with England's program, as the burghers had been led to hope they would, but England was even permitted to land troops at Beira, a neutral port, and convey eight thousand men across Portuguese East Africa,

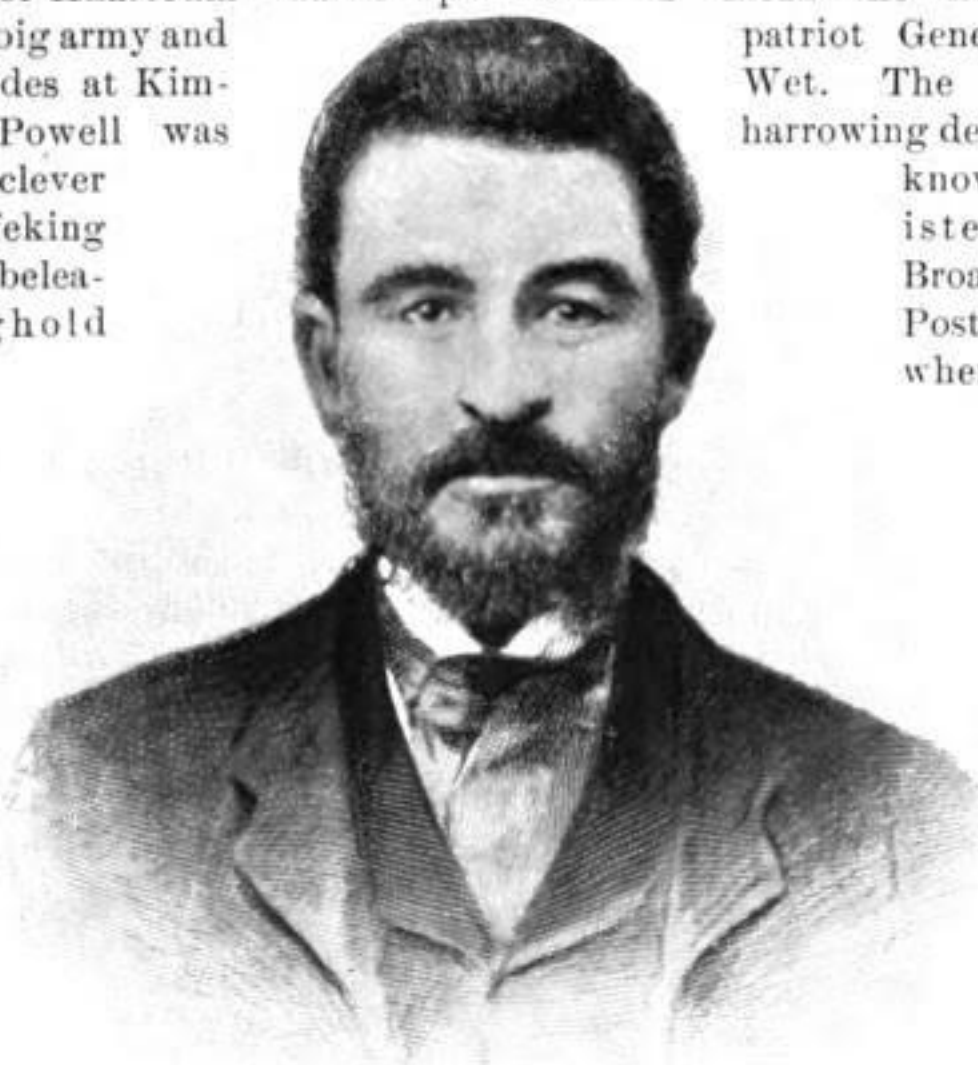
giving as an excuse that they were needed to keep the natives in subjugation. Against this violation of treaty, Mr. Krüger and Secretary Reitz appealed in vain. The whole world appeared to be in league to crush the little republic, and it is small wonder that many burghers lost heart.

In this hour of gloom there suddenly broke from an inky sky one piercing ray of sunshine that presently flooded the entire veldt—I

mean the homely, untutored, patriot General, Christian De Wet. The news of the first harrowing defeat which this unknown burgher administered to Colonel Broadwood at Sannah Post arrived in Pretoria when the Transvaal ar-

tillery was still encamped at Helpmakaar, guarding the Natal mountain-passes, and when half a dozen of the largest commandoes were sparring with General Kitchener at Fourteen Streams in the westerly Free State. No fight had been expected at that

place, where there were so few Boer forces, and when the detailed report reached Pretoria of how General De Wet had killed or wounded two hundred and fifty men, taken four hundred and twenty-five prisoners and captured seven cannon, it was observed that a quiet but ardent



GEN. CHRISTIAN DE WET.

Nothing which has appeared in THE COSMOPOLITAN for a long time will be received with as much interest as this authentic picture of General De Wet, the strategist, and his campaign.

Mr. Allen Sangree, who was with General De Wet in a large number of his campaigns, is one of the distinguished men who risked their lives to present to the world a vivid account of what many military men believe to be the most wonderful campaign ever fought in any age.

The broadest distinction which may be made between men is their division into two classes: the first class always have a good reason why the thing required cannot be done; the second class manage to DO. One cannot understand why, or how, they manage to accomplish such results. One simply knows that they have the power to conceive, the vitality to carry forward and the force which brings the desired end. General De Wet is one of the most notable men of this latter class who have ever appeared in history.—EDITOR.



Drawn by Gordon H. Grant.
A BOER SHARPSHOOTER.

joy dwelt in the capital. There were cheerful faces in the government offices, and Uitlanders who sympathized with Krüger swore that "this chap De Wet is the boy. Wish we'd had him at the start."

These persons expressed a common regret, and there is little doubt that had Christian De Wet begun his career in Natal at the head of thirty thousand burghers, fresh, vigorous and powerfully mounted, Ladysmith would never have been relieved nor the siege of Kimberley raised.

It is not kind to speak unpleasantly of the dead, but poor old General Joubert was entirely incapable of his heavy task. I have seen his own friends weep with remorse over the ill-fated Natal campaign of this aged leader.

At the battle of Colenso, when the British columns were staggering across the Tugela in deplorable defeat, he would not permit his burghers to fire on them. "It is not humane," he said. Again, in that same battle he for-



GENERAL FRENCH.

bade General Botha to attempt capturing the English naval guns. His reason was the one he usually gave when it was proposed to make some hazardous expedition: "I'm afraid that would be dangerous. Some of our men might be killed." General Joubert was continually being fooled, as, for instance, when one of Buller's staff officers traversed the entire Boer fortifications under the guise of escort to a

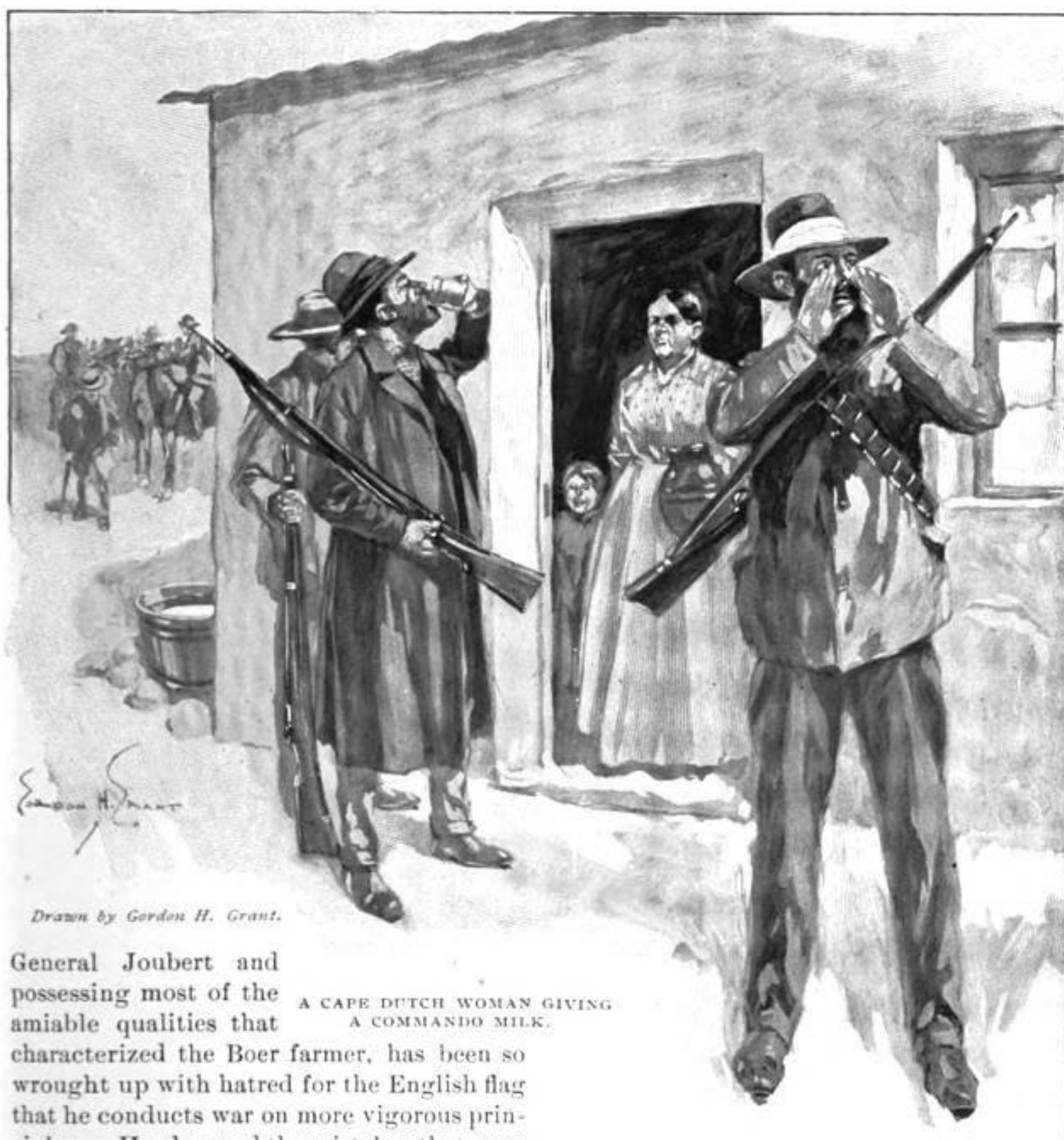
woman who lamented that her husband was dying in Ladysmith. The General also consistently declined to follow up a retreat, and when he saw the English running was wont to call the army together and ask them to join in singing a psalm.

These are not the methods of De Wet, who, though nourished under the same sun as



Drawn by Gordon H. Grant.

ENGLISH SCOUTS WATCHING A BOER COLUMN.



Drawn by Gordon H. Grant.

General Joubert and possessing most of the amiable qualities that characterized the Boer farmer, has been so wrought up with hatred for the English flag that he conducts war on more vigorous principles. He observed the mistakes that were made in the early part of the struggle, and when it came his chance to command he resolved to cut loose from all precedent. With a following that insists on independence or honorable death, he has succeeded in baffling the entire British army for nearly one year and a half, and has increased the war expense to six hundred million dollars and the loss in English soldiers to sixty thousand killed or wounded.

There is something almost miraculous about these continued exploits, and the Boers themselves ascribe De Wet's hairbreadth escapes to divine intervention. For six months this ex-potato-grower has fled hither and thither over the veldt, capturing one garrison here and avoiding another there, and all the time pursued by a com-

A CAPE DUTCH WOMAN GIVING
A COMMANDO MILK.

bined army of one hundred thousand men. His position is much as though he were in London with a few retainers and skipping from street to street with the whole metropolis trying to catch him.

To secure food on a barren prairie, to replenish his cartridge-belts, to keep his bases alive and to save his own head, under such perilous conditions, requires the strategy of a North American Indian, the fine courage of a George Washington and the greatest mental domination. General De Wet has these. More than this, his troopers know that he is fighting for liberty, nothing else, and that he is ready to give up his life at any moment. They therefore trust him implicitly.



GENERAL KITCHENER.

If this military genius were to appear on the streets of New York or Boston, he would not invite a second glance, except for his uncouth garments. Black hair and beard, high cheekbones, narrow eyes wide apart and twinkling with humor much of the time, a nose large and aquiline, a firm mouth and chin, make his face strong but not distinguished. He is six feet tall, with muscles of tempered steel, rides horseback like a centaur, and always carries a ridiculously small carbine.

At home, on his truck-farm in the Orange Free State, where he was quietly living when war broke out, he had some reputation as a practical joker—nothing else in particular. He had served one session in the Raad at Bloemfontein, but achieved no eminence as a statesman. Even after the war was well under way, De Wet remained in the background, and it was not until the enemy drew near his own homestead, bringing death and destruction, that his latent gifts awoke.

To-day De Wet is the most relentless patriot in South Africa. His farm has been looted, his house burnt to ashes, his wife and children deported to the shores of the Indian Ocean. He has sworn a solemn oath never to surrender, and the British do not want to take him alive.

The English folk seem to have missed the point in estimating the real spirit that

has actuated this man De Wet. After these long months of bloodshed and suffering, they now come forward to say that the Boers ought to give up because they have already caused enough trouble, or that, after all, England will furnish a better government than Krüger's. I even talked with one intelligent member of Parliament recently who averred it was a crime on the part of De Wet to continue killing poor old farmers "just to make a reputation for himself." The best answer to this was the remark a Pretorian mother made to her little son when he disobeyed her in some household command. "Johnny," she said, "from now on you must do exactly as I tell you, for when you get big you are to fight the English, and the first thing a soldier learns is to obey."

Another youngster—by way of illustrating the intense feeling against England—when saying his prayers the night after Lord Roberts entered Pretoria, suddenly turned to his mother and asked if Jesus Christ was an Englishman. "My child," said the mother, "I don't quite know what he was, but I feel pretty sure he wasn't English." "Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed the little chap with a sigh of relief.

General De Wet had had no experience in warfare previous to taking command of four hundred Free Staters in the fall of



GENERAL KNOX



Drawn by Gordon H. Grant.

GENERAL DE WET QUESTIONING A CAPTURED SCOUT.

1899. He had never heard of Kitchener or Roberts, had read little but his Dutch Bible, and knew nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte or Julius Cæsar. One afternoon in the latter end of March, 1900, after several months' campaigning, a scout rode into his camp with news that an English garrison occupied a place called Sannah Post. In two days this farmer won a victory that either of his two famous predecessors would have been proud of.

His opponent was Colonel Broadwood, an Indian veteran and a noted commander. He had with him two thousand five hun-

dred men. They had camped on a knob of rising veldt. De Wet came within firing distance at three o'clock in the morning. He had fourteen hundred burghers, and a battery of four Krupp guns and one Maxim mitrailleuse. The latter were dragged to a spot five thousand yards from the English, where four hundred riflemen lay down to wait for dawn. At another spot six hundred marksmen were stationed, and the remaining four hundred De Wet took with him to a dry river-bed that lay to the west, toward which he hoped the British might retreat. The horses were



GENERAL METHUEN.

concealed there, with their mouths tied shut to prevent their whinnying.

The sun rose at six o'clock, and from the post were heard the sounds of camp-life, rattling of coffee-cans and crackle of fires. There was not even one outpost or scout, and when the Boers on the north opened fire at 6:15, the English camp was thrown into a panic.

The British artillery soon got in position, however, and opened on the kopje. The duel kept up for half an hour, then the Boer artillery let loose with its Krupps and created havoc. Three hundred British mounted infantry rode out on the veldt toward De Wet, and then wheeling off, suddenly disappeared. They were not seen again in the fight. By nine o'clock the English were so demoralized that they began to retreat, and, as De Wet expected, they rushed toward the spruit. First in



GENERAL BULLER.



MAJOR-GENERAL GATACRE.

the long khaki line were one hundred and twenty wagons, scattered among which were many Cape-carts, or "spiders." But right in the

midst of the line De Wet spied twelve cannon, and these he planned to capture. The first Tommy to arrive at the spruit was driving an ammunition-wagon. De Wet rose up like a specter, with his carbine resting on his arm, and motioning with his finger said, "Come on, Tommy; I want you." The Tommy gulped down an oath and obeyed, never daring to signal his comrades. A dozen wagons had crossed the stream before word had passed to the rear and put the column into confusion. Broadwood sent three hundred men down to the spruit to see what was the matter. De Wet and his four hundred sharpshooters had not fired as yet. When the captain was within



A COMMANDO OF FREE STATERS KNOWN AS "DE WET'S BLACK WATCH"



GROUP OF DE WET'S SCOUTS AFTER CAPTURING AN ENGLISH PATROL NORTH OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

fifteen feet of De Wet, the latter stepped out from cover again and called out, "Stop! Put down your arms!" Some of the men obeyed, but the captain tried to get away and De Wet shot him through the head. Within a few square feet of that officer, Captain Allen, the Norwegian military attaché, told me that he afterward counted thirty-two dead Englishmen. The rattle of Mausers was like hail on a tin roof. Every strand on a wire fence across the spruit was shot away. Nearly all the artillerymen dropped dead with bullets through their heads. Every horse was shot down, and it was only by the most desperate bravery that Broadwood was able to extricate five of the twelve cannon. The triple fire of the Boers so demoralized the English that for a time it was thought Broadwood himself must surrender. Between ten and eleven o'clock, however, he managed to get his panicky troops in full retreat toward Bloemfontein, and to their heels clung three hundred Boers, who followed to within sight of the Free State capital, yelling like mad, jumping off to shoot, and then remounting to get another crack. When De Wet got his commando together at one o'clock to "take stock," he found his own loss to be four killed and twelve wounded. Of the Tenth Hussars, Roberts' Horse, Royal Field Artillery and Burmah Mounted Infantry—the troops that Broadwood commanded—two hundred and fifty lay dead or wounded and four hundred

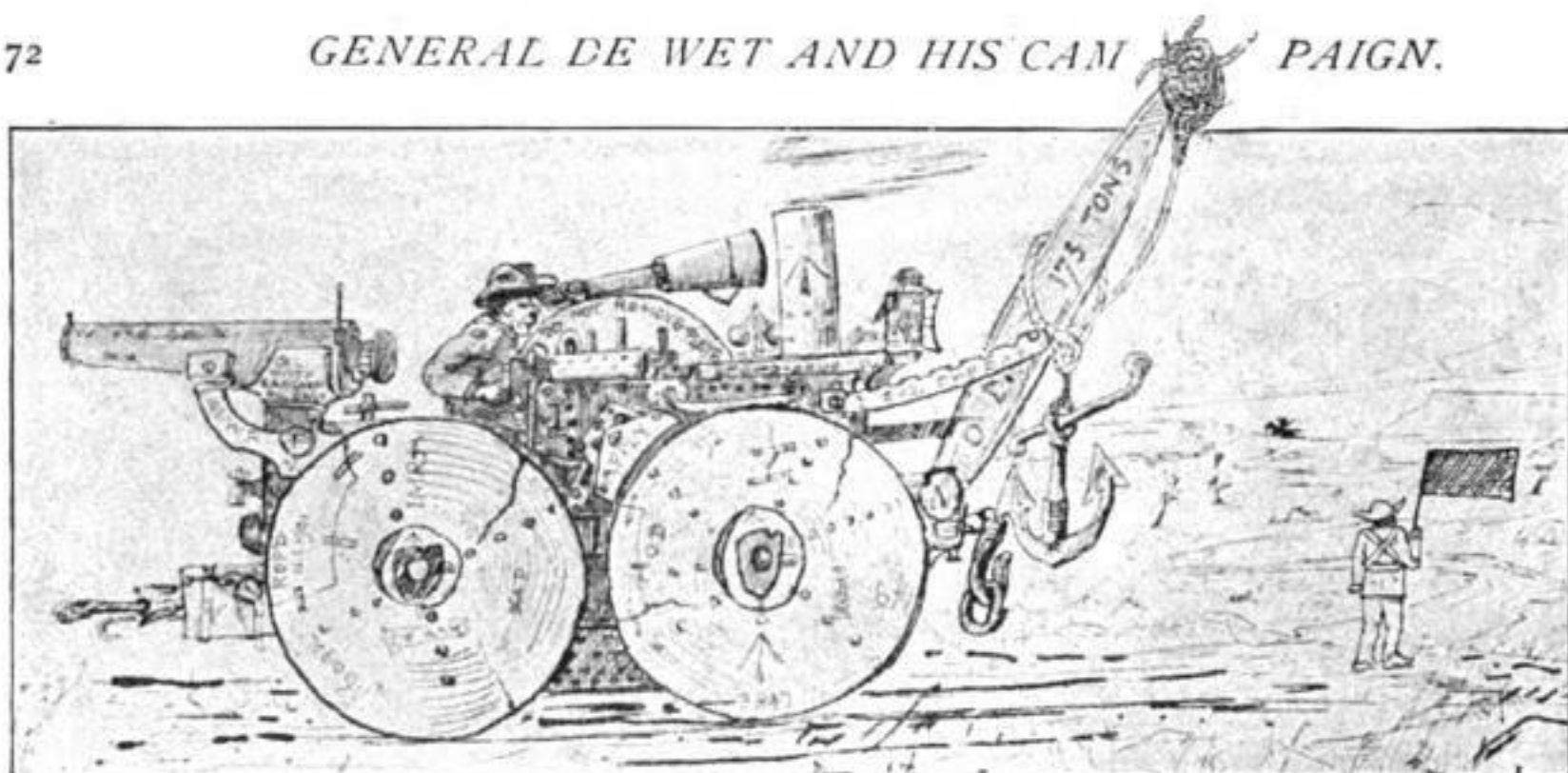
and twenty-five had been taken prisoners.

The seven cannon and one hundred and twenty wagons were put to instant use by the Boers, who in six days had made special shells in their factory at Johannesburg for use in the Armstrongs and sent them back to do good service against their former proprietors.

De Wet's army to-day presents a grotesque appearance. By constant capture of English baggage-trains, the old bewhiskered Tak Haar riflemen are enabled to go about togged up in



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.



Drawn by Rudyard Kipling.

From the London Illustrated News.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S ALLEGORICAL VIEW OF THE CHASE OF DE WET.

smart khaki clothes made for the King's officers. The ponies, many of which have been ridden two years continuously, are little more than skin and bones. Mauser rifles have long since been abandoned, and only the Lee-Metfords taken from the English are in use. Among the troopers may be found what few soldiers of the foreign legion have not been scared away, and a few score artillerymen. The pace has set too rapid for most of the venerable burghers, and their place has been taken by young men, who will go down in history as the bravest of the brave. Many of them are mere school-children, whose astonishing adventures will scarcely be believed by posterity. Secretary Reitz has a son, Denys, only fourteen years of age, who when last heard of was fighting by the side of De Wet.



GENERAL BOTHA.

According to the testimony of the foreign military attachés, De Wet is not only the most brilliant military genius that this war has produced, but the most able tactician of his generation. Like a skilful prize-fighter, he knows when to jump in and strike a fatal blow and he knows as well when to retreat.

Compared with his achievements, those of Baden-Powell or Kitchener are like a burning match dropped in the ocean. De Wet himself has not been out of the saddle in two years except to catch a

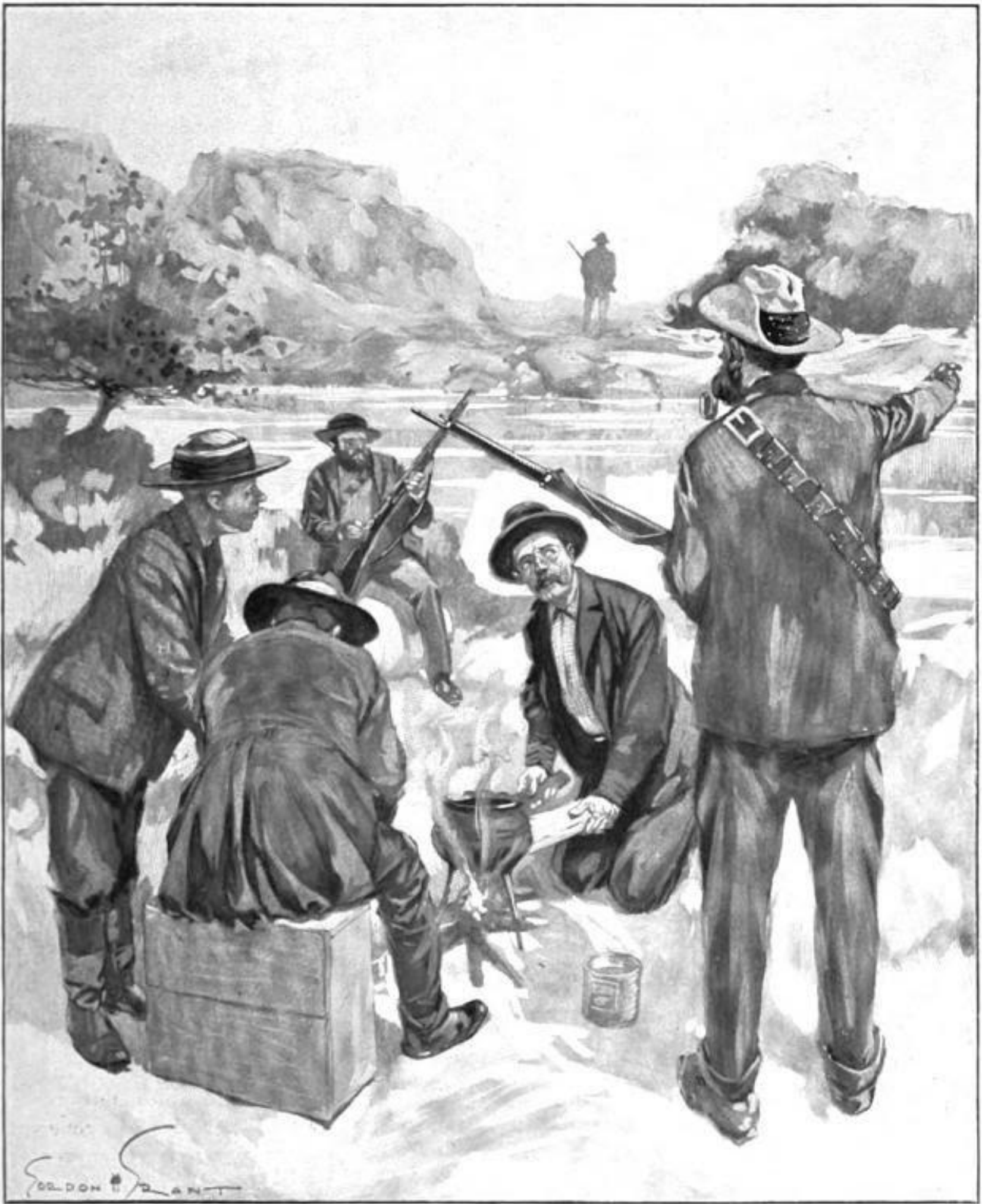
few hours' sleep every day. He has been surrounded a hundred times, with no apparent loophole to escape. In this emergency he gives a quick order and his alert though wearied troopers, with the cry of "Oop sa'el, oop sa'el, burghers!" (In the saddle, in the saddle, burghers!), leap to horse and scatter like



Drawn by Gordon H. Grant.

A BOER SCOUT HURRYING TO

REPORT THE ENEMY IN SIGHT.



Drawn by Gordon H. Grant

A GROUP OF BOERS AROUND A CAMP-FIRE.

a flock of birds. They ride right through the English lines, and emerge only to gather again at some appointed place. The artillery at the same time hitch up their mules and thunder away like madmen over some stony path that would seem impossible, get a good position, and annoy the British, while De Wet has concentrated his force upon a detachment that his gifted brain tells him is ill fitted to resist. His scouts are the most perfectly trained in the

world, and they bring him accurate information as to the enemy's position. When ammunition is nearly exhausted, De Wet makes a wide detour and falls unexpectedly upon a baggage-train, whence his troopers fill up their bandoleers with cartridges and their hampers with chocolate and Chicago tinned beef.

In the midst of this mortal embarrassment, this farmer-general finds time to joke and humor his men. While retreating



DE WET'S COUNCIL OF WAR BEFORE THE FALL OF PRETORIA.

with his commando north from Brandfort, we came across a Transvaal heliograph corps at sunrise one morning, that had intercepted signals between two English patrols. When De Wet had been told that the enemy intended attacking on the left flank, he ordered the heliographers to signal his thanks, as his men were about to have breakfast on the right flank and did not want to be disturbed.

Personally the man is kind-hearted, agreeable, and courteous to women. On one occasion, at the Sand

River, he was coming along at a gallop in full retreat with a troop following, when a well-known American woman who had been witnessing the battle halted him with a rebuke for running away. "You ought to be ashamed," she declared. "Why don't you stop and fight?" "Allemachte!" exclaimed the leader, when this had been interpreted to him, and looking the lady over cunningly, "would you have us all killed?" But he was greatly pleased, and expressed admiration for her gameness.

It is too early as yet to discuss the ethics of De Wet in the alleged shooting of so-called peace

envoys, for the information has come only through British sources. But inasmuch as the Boers in all this war have never killed a spy, though many were captured; never shot a Tommy trying to escape, though fifteen burghers were pierced with bullets at Cape Town prison in one week, and have never hanged a traitor, though many a one deserved it, we could not blame him if he did do this. When a man is fighting for all he loves best, he does not receive kindly the cringing overtures of a renegade.

Drawn by
Gordon H. Grant.

AN ENGLISH SCOUT REPORTING.



LIGHT ARTILLERY—A DETACHMENT OF GENERAL BRABANT'S HORSE.



IF we were asked to name the most striking characteristic of the English people, there is no doubt we should unhesitatingly say their love of hospitality. No people are so open-handed, so generous and kind in their welcome of friends, of any one to whom they are anxious to show their regard, as we, and the expression of that feeling finds its outlet in hospitality. An Englishman's first idea of showing kindness and friendship is to feed his friend.

We never feel that we are on any terms of intimacy unless we have bidden our friends and acquaintances to dinner. To break bread with them and let them eat our salt, is a real proof that we admit them to the innermost place in our regard. It is not so with other people, except with the Americans, who share our feelings to the full; for the hospitality of our cousins across the sea is a proverb.

For many years we did not live up to our reputation for hospitality as regarded Americans, for any Englishman or Englishwoman who crossed the Atlantic experienced a kindness and generosity quite unequalled; in fact, no Englishman had ever any occasion to go to a hotel, except on landing in New York, for as soon as he had presented his letters of introduction he was received as a member of the family, and handed on to other kind entertainers when each visit terminated, and many

English people spent months in the States without ever paying a hotel bill.

To our shame be it said, when our American cousins began first to visit our shores, we were woefully remiss in our recognition of the sacred duties of hospitality, and the majority of them who came to England spent their time in London at the Langham Hotel—then the paradise of the American tourist—and if they saw the inside of an English house it was only in a perfunctory way, such as at luncheon or tea. However, that is all changed now and no American can accuse us of not returning their kindness with interest.

The truth is that while hospitality has always been an English characteristic, it is one that has developed and increased during the last fifty years. Formerly it was considered that hospitality was the duty of the rich only, and could be done only on a great and lavish scale; now it is a pleasure every member of the community may participate in. The increase in the size of society, and the facilities for getting about, make it more of a necessity; for whereas formerly people saw their friends rarely and at long intervals, now they see one another constantly, almost daily, and all the amusements of life in England are somehow or other identified with food in some shape or other. Lawn-tennis requires a tea-party, so does croquet or any other outdoor amusement; and what locality is there, however small or isolated, that has not its croquet or tennis or cricket club? Evening amusements entail supper. Hunting is inaugurated by a meal. But the acme of hospitality is the



*Drawn by
Thomas Mitchell Peirce.*

THOMAS
MITCHELL
PEIRCE

WAITING FOR THE GUESTS TO ARRIVE.

dinner; and that form of entertainment is becoming more and more the really recognized outward and visible sign of English hospitality.

Fortunately for our purses, the modern dinner now dispenses with nearly all the solidity and formality which it originally possessed. We have said good-by to the groaning table, with its two soups, two fishes, five entrées, and endless joints and entremets, which not only were impossible to dispose of, but made the meal interminable; and the long time after dinner, when the women waited patiently in the drawing-room till the men had consumed their wine, has now given way to the short interval which it takes to smoke a cigarette and drink perchance one more glass of champagne. The claret and port of former days no longer appear nor are asked for.

Those of us who are old enough to remember the dinner-table of the past cannot in a way help missing the profusion of magnificent plate with which the table was garnished, for now one never sees it. The plate-room of most English houses is full of beautiful specimens of gold and silver plate which never leave its custody, and though the luxe of flowers which is now the fashion is beautiful and fresh-looking, still it is poor in comparison with the silver and glass which caught back its brilliancy from the polished mahogany table, the pride of the butler and the glory of the dining-room.

But it is not so much with the departed glory of the English dinner-table that we have now to deal, as with the question of entertainment.

Entertaining in these days is much more complex, and yet easier, than it used to be: more difficult because the circle of our friends is much larger, and simpler because food, flowers, wine, and all the other minutiae of hospitality, are cheaper and more varied.

The most difficult part of a dinner is to select the guests, and it is always a problem whether it is better to invite people who know one another well, or to vary it by inviting one or two who do not belong to any clique or set, but who are interesting and worth meeting from personal reasons. Education is so general and so much im-



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

GOING OUT TO DINNER.



THOMAS
MITCHELL
PEIRCE

Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

READY FOR THE THEATER-PARTY.

proved that there is never likely to be any one at a dinner-table who does not know about the career of any distinguished guest, and that at once makes a mixture of people profitable.

Long ago, in the exclusive days of English society, no man or woman, however remarkable, who did not belong to society would have passed a pleasant evening at a smart dinner-table. The other guests would probably know nothing about what the person had done, or was remarkable for, and would regard him only in the light of a sort of wild beast—to be looked at from a distance, but on no account to be viewed from any more intimate point of view. Now there is no one remarkable in politics, art, literature or science who is not always an honored guest. Then, in London one meets the greatest variety wherever one goes, and the more cosmopolitan is its composition the pleasanter the party will be.

It is curious how recent this change is, for twenty years ago, or less, the old exclusive dinner-party was the rule, and the more daring entertainers who mixed their guests and had intellectual salads were quite the exception. Lady Molesworth, Lord Houghton and Lady Waldegrave were the three great people in London to break up the social ring, and though people shrugged their shoulders and talked of a bear-garden, they soon pocketed their pride and accepted their invitations.

The great difficulty of entertaining in these days is the size of society. It is impossible to invite all one's acquaintances; one's time, the



Drawn by
Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

THOMAS
MITCHELL
PEIRCE

AFTER A DANCE.



Drawn by
Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

IN A CHILLY CONSERVATORY.

hospitality, and by adhering to it one does clear a few difficulties out of one's path. But not all, for they accumulate as a snowball. One's hospitality is also limited by the size of one's table; and then the question arises, not how many people does one's table hold, but how many people can be squeezed in. I know of two people who lay down opposite rules about invitations. One of them never at the beginning asks as many guests as the number her table will hold, as

size of one's house, one's strength, would not admit of it, and the ideal life of never going oneself but being always at home to receive is a dream.

The difficulty of dividing one's guests is also great. One would like to ask all one knows and likes, to dine, but then again one is confronted with the problem, how is it to be accomplished? The first rule to be laid down and rigidly adhered to is, never to dine or call at the house of any you do not intend to ask in return, and always to begin by returning the hospitality of those who have extended it to you. That must be the golden rule of

she maintains that nearer the day she always meets more whom she wishes to invite. The other always invited more than her table would hold, because at the last moment so many people, for various causes, failed her.

And on the whole, I am inclined to think the latter course is the better. Some people make themselves very anxious and unhappy by inviting an equal number of men and women, for by a strange perversity, it is almost sure to be men who fail one at the last minute, and then one, if not two, unhappy women have to go down to dinner alone. There is no mistake

greater than this. The hostess, of course, says, "Oh, men so hate going down alone," and it may be they do so; but surely a man would prefer sitting beside some pleasant man, and taking his chance of finding an agreeable and pretty woman on his other hand, to being sent down and forced to devote himself during dinner to some old, middle-aged or stupid woman! At any rate, I should advise a hostess always to have two surplus men; and if she is, as I conceive, a pleasant, popular woman who gives good dinners, she will never find any man she invites refuse to go to her because he may probably have to go down to dinner alone. She can always contrive, by a little diplomacy, to arrange that he may have the society of half a woman during that time. In America there are often given what are known as "hen parties," where the male element is entirely banished; and one can say from experience that they are very pleasant. To dine in the company of eight or ten agreeable, clever women, who know one another well, is a novel, entertaining amusement, and it would be good for the lords of creation if, unseen and unobserved, they could be present at such a symposium. But these parties are not a recognized form of entertainment in our country.

The increasing influence of the younger generation on life and society is accepted now in England, and they take their part in the hospitality and entertaining of to-day with as much aplomb as their older sisters, and society is more amusing and brighter for their presence. The better education and intelligence of girls make them a very interesting element, and their freshness and beauty add luster to the scene.

For those who entertain much, it is necessary to have wealth, and if so, the expense and worry of entertaining are considerably lessened, for the anxiety, friction and uncertainty are diminished by the knowledge of the perfect smoothness with which the machinery will work. But there are the smaller homes of England where the love of hospitality also prevails, and in these it means great physical fatigue, apprehension and anxiety; and we have a deep sense of pity for the poor hostess who really makes a victim of herself on the shrine of her friends' enjoyment.

So many people are impressed by a false sense of the duties of hospitality, and conceive it to be incumbent on them, because they are invited out, to repay that hospitality in kind. Many of these are people who confer an honor on their host by accepting his hospitality, and it is generally those who are entertained with pride and delight who feel the obligation, which is quite superfluous, of returning it in some form or other. We conceive it is not because they do not realize the relative positions, but because of the English love of hospitality itself. Simple sorts of entertainment are the most enjoyable; but unluckily it is so much the fashion now to spend vast sums of money in the superfluities of life, such as flowers, decorations, et cetera, that it makes it more difficult every year for people of small means, who wish to emulate their richer neighbors, to entertain at all.

It is because society is so huge, and time is so much occupied, that the most pleasant form of society, the small dinner of ten or twelve people, knowing one another well and coming only for the pleasure of an intellectual feast, is a thing of the past, and it is only on rare occasions that such an enjoyment is offered to us.

There are recollections, however, of such events, and the ones which rise with greatest vividness to one's memory are the Sunday "high teas" at Professor Huxley's house in Marlborough Road, where a very few friends were permitted to have the rare delight of listening to his bright, forceful conversation with those he collected around him, and where the friendliest welcome was always forthcoming. That, and one or two of the same kind, are oases in the dreary round of humdrum dinners, with their fatigue and doubtful enjoyment.

If we could only realize that, as abroad, food and feeding is not the desideratum of entertainment, then it might become more of a pleasure and less of a labor than at the present moment. But we shall never attain to that ideal condition, so we must needs be content with our old-fashioned conception of the duties of hospitality. If the position held now by young people in society is maintained, some more simple way may become the fashion, and as they

are now so powerful an influence in every question of social life, it is more than possible that they may effect a revolution in even so conservative a matter, for they care less for the superfluities of entertainments than their elders, and the quantities of flowers, choice wines and many elaborate delicacies do not appeal to their sense of enjoyment.

The French still follow the old custom of receiving on a given night—once a week, or less often—and there is no formality of any kind. The friends they expect simply drop in, evening dress not being obligatory, and after a short visit they go away and the party is over. A little tea, some “*eau sucrée*” or the most simple refreshment is all that is expected or given.

If we contrast this with the ordinary English evening party, one realizes how much greater an affair the one is than the other. At an English party the crowd is so great that any attempt at conversation is out of the question; the heat and the noise are often unbearable, and if the house is a fine one, or the host popular, it is often impossible to get up the stairs, and then, packed like herrings in a barrel, people are driven to get through the crowd, but never attempt to see or converse with their friends.

A party at the Foreign Office on a royal birthday is a beautiful sight, but an entertainment in which very few of the guests can find much enjoyment. A few favored people or officials are admitted by the private entrance, but the rest of the company have to struggle through a crowd of carriages and then crush slowly and painfully up the great staircase, conscious that they are the butt and object of amusement to the fortunate guests who have already arrived. When, after much agony and struggling, the guests arrive at the banqueting-room, it is only to find a larger and more hungry crowd fighting for refreshments.

It is said that a Foreign Office party costs two thousand pounds; and the pleasure it represents must fall very far short of what that sum should represent. It is, however, an interesting occasion, for there is generally gathered together the most brilliant society in the world. The polit-

ical, military and official classes are represented, the royal family is always present in large numbers, while the leaders of society, and beautiful, well-dressed women, form a picture as dazzling as can be conceived, and the flowers which decorate the grand staircase are a fine background to a remarkable and unique scene.

The most painful duty that can fall on a hostess in London is without doubt that of ball-giving. Her list is enormous, and she is a most hospitable woman. All her friends have grown-up daughters who are dying to be invited, and who know perfectly well that it is impossible for her to ask all.

The giving of a ball is a task no one should undertake lightly, for it is almost impossible to give one without offending half your friends. When a hostess sits down to write her cards, her heart must sink within her as she adds up the names of her guests, family friends or acquaintances who must be asked as a matter of course, and she reflects with a sigh of regret that nearly all the people she would like to invite must be omitted for want of space and other equally unhappy reasons. It is for that reason that it is now so much the fashion to hire some large public room and give a ball there. One offends fewer people, because one can ask more. But a greater charm in the entertainment is gone when it is given elsewhere than in one's own house, though no one is prevented by that fact from accepting the invitation.

The cost of a ball is very great, and in a hired room with the supper and band it amounts to nearly a pound a head; in one's own house it can be done for much less and quite as well, and those people are indeed lucky who make up their minds to entertain in a smaller way and give their dances at home.

The difficulty in London is the uncertainty of the number who will come. As a rule, the women guests answer their invitations, and there is no difficulty on that score, but the men rarely reply, and as the success of a ball depends on there being plenty of dancing men, the hostess is in a quandary. It is said that if you ask one hundred girls you must invite between four and five hundred men, of whom a hundred and fifty will probably

appear; then your ball is a success. It is by no means certain that the biggest hostesses have the best balls, for often men vote them dull and will not go, and rows of wallflowers stand round the rooms, anxiously looking for the errant partners who never appear.

The best balls are those where the hostess attends to the invitation list herself, for if, as is often the case, the cards are sent out by a secretary, or by the hall porter, who copies the names out of the visiting-book, many are overlooked, people who are dead or gone away are invited, and then the ball is a failure. In entertaining, as in all other matters, the master hand is the important one, and should direct and see to all those details which are sure to go wrong if left to others.

There are such a variety of ways of entertaining in this country, and especially in London. There are the breakfast and tea in the Park, the tea and dinner at Hurlingham or Ranelagh, the tea and skating at Princes' and Niagara, and the ball dinner-party at the restaurants, which are doing more to alter the dinner and English society than everything else.

Twenty years ago there were no restaurants in London where a respectable woman could dine, or where even in company with her father, husband or brothers she could venture to be seen. Now there are restaurants on every side; and it is becoming old-fashioned and out of date to dine anywhere except at the Savoy, Carlton, Chambers and Princes'. People give their dinners there, and are invited in return, and the former prejudices and objections as to being in a mixed company have entirely disappeared. Duchesses and Princesses rub shoulders with actresses, the aristocratic mingle with the demi-monde, and nothing adds greater zest or interest to a dinner than the presence of some well-known man or woman who has been occupying public attention, not necessarily in a desirable direction. The large, brilliantly lighted room, the hum of conversation, the number of well-known persons and the strains of music are attractions no one can withstand. And so all the great people in the land are flocking to restaurants and dining there, while their own fine houses are empty and their chefs are biting

their finger-nails with disappointed rage.

The whole charm and compliment of a dinner is, to our ideas, lost when it takes place at a restaurant, in the middle of a company of which one knows little and wishes to know less. But it is all part of the way in which we all live out-of-doors nowadays. The old-world hospitality which was dispensed at home, either in the ordinary English home or in the great homes in London, has disappeared, or is disappearing, and with it all the grace and charm which distinguished that hospitality; for there is surely no comparison between the compliment that is paid by inviting guests to one's house and inviting them to that which for the moment is considered equivalent. To compare the large dining-room, with its subdued lights, and beautiful flowers and plate, the quiet servants, the background of pictures and decoration, and the sense of the dignity of home, to what a London restaurant is, would be impossible. Our idea of hospitality is to give our friends the best we can, and in the best surroundings we can provide, and there can be no doubt that we find all that in our own houses and nowhere else.

The custom of entertaining at restaurants has another, and a very serious, drawback—it is enormously expensive; and when we remember that the hospitality people dispense there is often in addition to the cost of carrying on a large and expensive house, one does not wonder at the stories which tell of the difficulties people land themselves in who indulge in this new hospitality.

Probably enough, the fashion will change and the fancy wear itself out, as rinking, bicycling and many other amusements have done; but one cannot help regretting even its temporary sway, for it at present causes the disappearance of one of the most delightful characteristics of our English life.

Our American cousins have much to answer for in the influences which they have brought to bear on us, and which are changing and modifying so much in our lives. We must keep in touch with the times, and be prepared to see much that we revere and appreciate swept away. But let us hope that some mercy will be shown to customs and traditions which are still very dear to many of us.

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON.

BY H. G. WELLS.

XXII.

THE ASTONISHING COMMUNICATION OF MR. JULIUS WENDIGEE.

WHEN I had finished my account of my return to the earth at Littlestone, I wrote "The End" with a sort of flourish and threw my pen aside, fully believing that the whole story of "The First Men in the Moon" was done. Not only had I done this, but I had placed my manuscript in the hands of a literary agent, had permitted it to be sold, had seen the greater portion of it appear in *THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE*, and was setting to work again upon the scenario of the play I had commenced at Lympne, before I realized that the end was not yet. And then, following me from Amalfi to Algiers, there reached me, it is now about six weeks ago, one of the most astounding communications I have ever been fated to receive. Briefly, it informed me that Mr. Julius Wendigee, a Dutch electrician who has been experimenting with certain apparatus akin to the apparatus used by Mr. Tesla in America, in the hope of discovering some method of communication with Mars, was receiving day by day a curiously fragmentary message in English which was indisputably emanating from Mr. Cavor in the moon.

At first I thought the thing was an elaborate practical joke by some one who had seen the manuscript of my narrative. I answered Mr. Wendigee jestingly. But he replied in a manner that put such suspicion altogether aside, and in a state of inconceivable excitement I hurried from Algiers to the little observatory upon the St. Gothard in which he was working. In the presence of his record and his appliances, and above all of the messages from Mr. Cavor that were coming to hand, my lingering doubts vanished. I communicated at once with the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE*, warning him of the necessary prolongation of my tale, and remained with Mr. Wendigee, assisting him to take down the record from day to day, and endeavoring with him to send a mes-

sage back to the moon. Cavor is not only alive but free, in the midst of an almost inconceivable community of these ant-like beings, these ant-men, in the blue darkness of the lunar caves. He is lamed, it seems, but otherwise in quite good health—in better health, he distinctly says, than he usually enjoyed on earth. He has had a fever, but it has left no bad effects. But, curiously enough, he seems to be laboring under a conviction that I am either dead in the moon crater or lost in the deep of space.

His messages began to be received by Mr. Wendigee when that gentleman was engaged in quite a different investigation. The reader will no doubt recall the little excitement that began the century, arising out of an announcement by Mr. Nikola Tesla, the American electrical celebrity, that he had received a message from Mars. His announcement presented in a popular form a fact that had long been familiar to scientific people, namely that, from some unknown source in space, waves of electromagnetic disturbance, entirely similar to those used by Signor Marconi for his wireless telegraphy, are constantly reaching the earth. Besides Mr. Tesla, quite a number of other observers have been engaged in perfecting apparatus for receiving and recording these vibrations, though few would go so far as to consider them actual messages from some extraterrestrial sender. Among that few, however, we must certainly count Mr. Wendigee. Ever since 1898 he has devoted himself almost entirely to this subject, and being a man of ample means, he has erected an observatory on the flanks of Monte Rosa in a position singularly adapted in every way for such observations.

My scientific attainments, I must admit, are not great, but, so far as they enable me to judge, Mr. Wendigee's contrivances for detecting and recording any disturbances in the electromagnetic conditions of space are singularly original and ingenious. And, by a happy combination of circumstances, they were set up and in operation about two months before Mr. Cavor made his first attempt to call up the earth.

Consequently, we have fragments of his communications even from the beginning. Unhappily, they are only fragments, and the most momentous of all the things that he had to tell humanity, the instructions, that is, for the making of Cavorite, have, if indeed he has yet transmitted them, throbbed themselves away unrecorded into space. So far no one has succeeded in getting a response back to Mr. Cavor. He cannot tell, therefore, what we have received or what we have missed, nor indeed does he certainly know that any one on earth is really aware of his efforts to reach us. And the persistence he has displayed in sending over a dozen long descriptions of lunar affairs—as they would be if we had them complete—shows how much his mind has been turned back toward his native planet since he left it two years ago.

You can imagine how amazed Mr. Wendigee must have been when he discovered the record of electromagnetic disturbances interlaced by Mr. Cavor's straightforward English. He knew nothing of our wild journey moonward, and suddenly—this English out of the void!

It is well the reader should understand the conditions under which it would seem these messages are being sent. Somewhere within the moon, Cavor certainly has access to a considerable amount of electrical apparatus, and it would seem he has rigged up—perhaps furtively—a transmitting arrangement of the Marconi type. This he is able to operate at irregular intervals, sometimes for only half an hour or so, sometimes for three or four hours at a stretch. At these times he transmits his earthward message, regardless of the fact that the relative position of the moon and points upon the earth's surface is constantly altering. As a consequence of this, and of the necessary imperfections of our recording instruments, his communication comes and goes in an extremely fitful manner; it becomes blurred; it "fades out" in a mysterious and altogether exasperating way. And added to this is the fact that Mr. Cavor is not an expert operator, he has partly forgotten the code in general use, and as he becomes fatigued he drops words and misspells in a curious manner.

Altogether, we are probably missing quite half of the communications he makes,

and much of what we get is damaged, broken and partly effaced. In this abstract that follows, the reader must be prepared therefore for a considerable amount of break, hiatus and change of topic. Mr. Wendigee and I are collaborating on a complete and annotated edition of the Cavor record, which we hope to publish, together with a detailed account of the instruments employed, beginning with the first volume in January next. That will be the scientific report of which this is only the popular first transcript, which my relation to the publisher of THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE has necessitated. When the last volume of the ampler account will appear, depends upon Mr. Cavor much more than it does upon us.

XXIII.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE SIX MESSAGES FIRST RECEIVED FROM MR. CAVOR.

The two earlier messages of Mr. Cavor may very well be reserved for that larger volume. They simply tell with greater brevity, and with a difference in several details that is interesting but not of any vital importance, the bare facts of the making of the sphere and our departure from the world. Throughout, Cavor speaks of me as a man who is dead, but with a curious change of temper as he approaches our landing on the moon. "Poor Bedford," he says of me, and, "this poor young man"; and he blames himself for inducing a young man, "by no means well equipped for such adventures," to leave a planet "on which he was indisputably fitted to succeed" on so precarious a mission. I think he underrates the part my energy and practical capacity played in bringing about the realization of his theoretical sphere. "We arrived," he says, with no more account of our passage through space than if we had made a journey of common occurrence in a railway-train.

And then he becomes unfair in his account to an extent I should not have expected in a man trained in the search for truth. Looking back over my previously written account of these things, I must insist that I have been altogether more fair to Cavor than he has been to me. I have extenuated little and suppressed nothing. But his account is:

"It speedily became apparent that the entire strangeness of our circumstances and surroundings—great loss of weight, attenuated but highly oxygenated air, consequent exaggeration of the results of muscular effort, rapid development of weird plants from obscure spores, lurid sky—was exciting my companion unduly. On the moon his character seemed to deteriorate. He became impulsive, rash and quarrelsome. In a little while his folly in devouring some gigantic vesicles, and his consequent intoxication, led to our capture by the Selenites—before we had had any opportunity of properly observing their ways."

(He says, you observe, nothing of his own concession to these same "vesicles.")

And he goes on from that point to say that "we came to a difficult passage with them, and Bedford, mistaking certain gestures of theirs"—pretty gestures they were—"gave way to a panic violence. He ran amuck, killed three, and perforce I had to flee with him after the outrage. Subsequently we fought with a number who endeavored to bar our way, and slew seven or eight more. It says much for the tolerance of these beings, that on my recapture I was not instantly slain. We made our way to the exterior, and separated in the crater of our arrival, to increase our chances of recovering our sphere. But presently I came upon a body of Selenites, led by two who were curiously different even in form from any of those we had seen hitherto, with larger heads and smaller bodies, much more elaborately wrapped about. And after evading them for some time, I fell into a crevasse, cut my head rather badly and displaced my patella, and finding crawling very painful, decided to surrender—if they would still permit me to do so. This they did; and perceiving my helpless condition, carried me with them again into the moon. And of Bedford I have heard or seen nothing more; nor, so far as I can gather, has any Selenite. Either the night overtook him in the crater, or else, which is more probable, he found the sphere, and desiring to steal a march upon me, made off with it—only, I fear, to find it uncontrollable and to meet a more lingering fate in outer space."

And with that Mr. Cavor dismisses me and goes on to more interesting topics. I

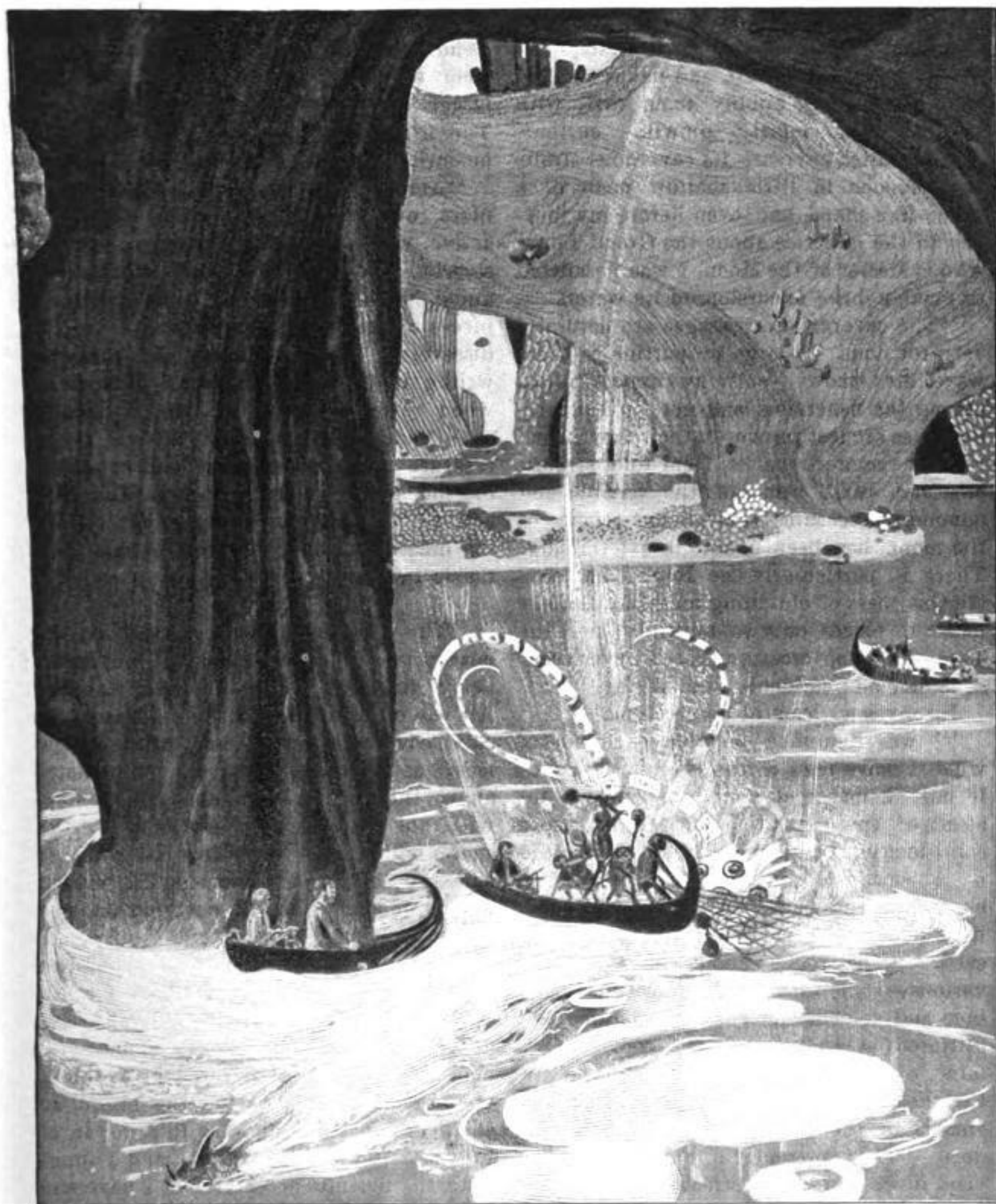
dislike the idea of seeming to use my position as his editor to deflect his story in my own interest, but I am obliged to protest here against the turn he gives these occurrences. He says nothing about that gasping message on the blood-stained paper in which he told, or attempted to tell, a very different story. The dignified self-surrender is an altogether new view of the affair that has come to him, I must insist, since he began to feel secure among the lunar people; and as for the "stealing a march" conception, I am quite willing to let the reader decide between us on what he has before him. I know I am not a model man—I have made no pretense to be. But am I *that*?

However, that is the sum of my wrongs.

From this point I can edit Mr. Cavor with an untroubled mind, for he mentions me no more.

It would seem the Selenites who had come upon him carried him to some point in the interior down "a great shaft" by means of what he describes as "a sort of balloon." We gather from the rather confused passage in which he describes this, and from a number of chance allusions and hints in other and subsequent messages, that this "great shaft" is one of an enormous system of artificial shafts that run, each from what is called a lunar "crater," downward for very nearly a hundred miles toward the central portion of our satellite. These shafts communicate by transverse tunnels, they throw out abysmal caverns and expand into great globular places; the whole of the moon's substance for a hundred miles inward is a mere sponge of rock. "Partly," says Cavor, "its sponginess is natural, but very largely it is due to the enormous industry of the Selenites in the past, the enormous circular mounds of the excavated rock and earth they have expelled forming those great circles about the tunnels which the earthly astronomers, pursuing a false analogy, have identified as volcanoes."

It was down this shaft they took him, in this "sort of balloon" he speaks of, at first into an inky blackness and then into a region of continually increasing phosphorescence. Cavor's dispatches show him to be curiously regardless of detail for a scientific man, but we gather that this



Drawn by E. Hering.

"'AMONG THEIR CATCH WAS A MANY-TENTACULATE, EVIL-EYED THING, FEROCIOUSLY ACTIVE.'"

light was due to the streams and cascades of water—"no doubt containing some phosphorescent organism"—that flowed ever more abundantly downward toward the Central Sea. And as he descended, he says, "the Selenites also became luminous." And at last, far below him, he saw as it were a lake of heatless fire, the waters of the Central Sea, glowing and eddying in strange perturbation, "like lu-

minous blue milk that is just on the boil."

"This Lunar Sea," says Cavor in a later passage, "is not a stagnant ocean. A solar tide sends it in a perpetual flow around the lunar axis, and strange storms and boilings and rushings of its waters occur, and at times cold winds and thunderings that ascend out of it into the busy ways of the great ant-hill above. It is only when the water is in motion that it gives out light;

in its rare seasons of calm it is blue. Commonly when one sees it, its waters rise and fall in an oily swell, and flakes and big rafts of shining, bubbly foam drift with the sluggish, faintly glowing current. The Selenites navigate its cavernous straits and lagoons in little shallow boats of a canoe-like shape, and even before my journey to the galleries about the Grand Lunar who is Master of the Moon, I was permitted to make a brief excursion on its waters.

"The caverns and passages are naturally very tortuous. A large proportion of these ways are known only to expert pilots among the fishermen, and not infrequently Selenites are lost forever in their labyrinths. In their remoter recesses, I am told, strange creatures lurk, some of the terrible and dangerous creatures that all the science of the moon has been unable to exterminate. There is particularly the *Rapha*, an inextricable mass of clutching tentacles that one hacks to pieces only to multiply; and the *Tzee*, a darting creature that is never seen, so subtly and suddenly does it slay. . . ."

He gives a gleam of description:—

"I was reminded on this excursion of what I have read of the Mammoth Cave; if only I had had a yellow flambeau instead of the pervading blue light, and a solid-looking boatman with an oar instead of a scuttle-faced Selenite working an engine at the back of the canoe, I could have imagined I had suddenly got back to earth. The rocks about us were very various—sometimes black, sometimes pale-blue and veined, and once they flashed and glittered as though we had come into a mine of sapphires. And below, one saw the ghostly, phosphorescent fishes flash and vanish in the hardly less phosphorescent deep. Then presently a long ultramarine vista down the turgid stream of one of the channels of traffic, and a landing-stage, and then perhaps a glimpse up the enormous crowded shaft of one of the vertical ways.

"In one great place, heavy with glistening stalactites, a number of boats were fishing. We went alongside one of these and watched the long-armed fishing Selenites winding in a net. They were little hunchbacked insects with very strong arms, short bandy-legs and crinkled face-masks. As they pulled at it, that net seemed the heaviest thing I had come upon

in the moon. It was loaded with weights—no doubt of gold—and it took a long time to draw, for in those waters the larger and more edible fish lurk deep. The fish in the net came up like a blue moonrise—a blaze of darting, tossing blue.

"Among their catch was a many-tentaculate, evil-eyed, black thing, ferociously active, whose appearance they greeted with shrieks and twitters, and which with quick, nervous movements they hacked to pieces by means of little hatchets. All its dis severed limbs continued to lash and writhe in a vicious manner. Afterward, when fever had hold of me, I dreamed again and again of that bitter, furious creature rising so vigorous and active out of the unknown sea. It was the most active and malignant thing of all the living creatures I have yet seen in this world inside the moon. . . ."

"The surface of this sea must be very nearly two hundred miles (if not more) below the level of the moon's exterior. All the cities of the moon lie, I learned, in such cavernous spaces and artificial galleries as I have described, immediately above this Central Sea, and communicate with the exterior by enormous vertical shafts which open invariably in what are called by earthly astronomers the 'craters' of the moon. The lid covering one such aperture I had already seen during the wanderings that had preceded my capture.

"Upon the condition of the less central portion of the moon, I have not yet arrived at very precise knowledge. There is an enormous system of caverns in which the mooncalves shelter during the night, and there are abattoirs and the like, for in one of these it was that Bedford and I fought with the Selenite fletchers, and I have since seen balloons laden with meat descending out of the upper dark. I have as yet scarcely learned as much of these things as a Zulu in London would learn about the British corn supplies in the same time. It is clear, however, that these vertical shafts and the vegetation of the surface must play an essential rôle in ventilating and keeping fresh the atmosphere of the moon. At one time, and particularly on my first emergence from my prison, there was certainly a cold wind blowing down

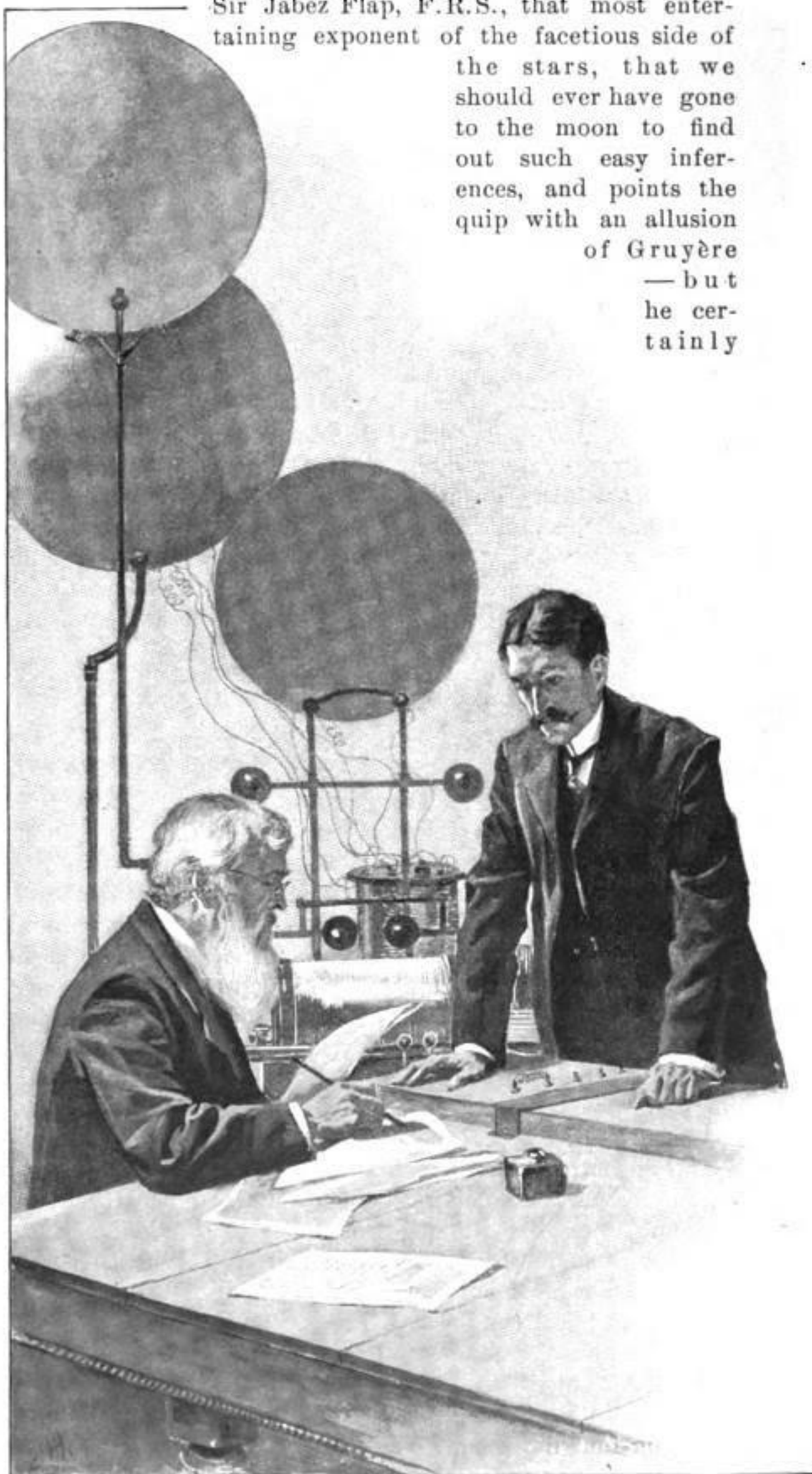
the shaft, and later there was a kind of sirocco upward that corresponded with my fever. For at the end of about three weeks, I fell ill of an indefinable sort of fever, and in spite of sleep and the quinine I had in my pocket, I remained ill and fretting miserably almost to the time when I was taken into the palace of the Grand Lunar who is Master of the Moon.

"I will not dilate on the wretchedness of my condition," he remarks, "during those days of ill health." And he goes on with great amplitude with details I omit here. "My temperature," he concludes, "kept at over a hundred degrees for a long time, and I lost all desire for food. I had stagnant waking intervals, and sleep tormented by dreams, and at one phase I was, I remember, so weak as to be earth-sick and almost hysterical. I longed almost intolerably for color to break the everlasting blue."

He reverts again presently to the topic of this sponge-caught lunar atmosphere. I am told by astronomers and physicists that all he tells is in absolute accordance with what was already known of the moon's condition. Had earthly astronomers had the courage and imagination to push home a bold induction, says Mr. Wendigee, they might have foretold almost everything that Cavor has to say of the general structure of the moon. They know now pretty certainly that moon and earth are not so much satellite and primary as smaller and greater sisters, made out of one mass, and consequently made of

the same material. And since the density of the moon is only three-fifths that of the earth, there can be nothing for it but that she is hollowed out by a great system of caverns. There was no necessity, says Sir Jabez Flap, F.R.S., that most entertaining exponent of the facetious side of

the stars, that we should ever have gone to the moon to find out such easy inferences, and points the quip with an allusion of Gruyère — but he certainly



Drawn by E. Hering.

IN THE OBSERVATORY OF JULIUS WENDIGEE.

might have announced his knowledge of the hollowness of the moon before. And if the moon is hollow, then the apparent absence of air and water is, of course, quite easily explained. The sea lies, of course, inside at the bottom of the caverns, and the air travels through the great sponge of galleries in accordance with simple physical laws. The caverns of the moon, on the whole, are very windy places. As the sunlight comes round the moon, the air in the outer galleries on that side is heated, its pressure increases, some flows out on the exterior and mingles with the evaporating air of the craters (where the plants remove its carbonic acid), while the greater portion flows round through the galleries to replace the shrinking air of the cooling side that the sunlight has left. There is therefore a constant eastward breeze in the air of the outer galleries, and an upflow during the lunar day in the shafts, complicated, of course, very greatly by the varying shape of the galleries and the ingenious contrivances of the Selenite mind.

XXIV.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SELENITES.

The messages of Cavor, from the sixth up to the one that was recorded by us yesterday, April 19th, are for the most part so much broken, and they abound so in repetitions, that they scarcely form a consecutive narrative. They will be given in full course in the scientific report, but here it will be far more convenient to continue simply to abstract and quote, as in the former chapter. We have subjected every word to a keen critical scrutiny, and my own brief memories and impressions of lunar things have been of inestimable help in interpreting what would otherwise have been impenetrably dark. And naturally, our interest as that of living beings centers far more upon the strange community of lunar insects in which he is living, it would seem as an honored guest, than upon the mere physical condition of the world.

I have already made it clear, I think, that the Selenites whom I saw resembled man in maintaining the erect attitude and in having four limbs, and I have compared the general appearance of their heads and the jointing of their limbs to that of in-

sects. I have mentioned, too, the peculiar consequence of the smaller gravitation of the moon on their fragile slightness. Cavor confirms me upon all these points. He calls them "animals," though of course they fall under no division of the classification of earthly creatures, and, he points out, "the insect type of anatomy had, fortunately for men, never exceeded a relatively very small size on earth." The largest insects, living or extinct, do not, as a matter of fact, measure six inches in length—"but here, against the lesser gravitation of the moon, a creature certainly as much insect as vertebrate seems to have been able to attain to human and ultrahuman dimensions."

He does not mention the ant, but throughout his allusions the ant is continually being brought before my mind, in its sleepless activity, in its intelligence and social organization, in its structure, and more particularly in the fact that it displays in addition to the two forms, the male and the female form, that almost all animals possess, a number of other sexless creatures—workers, soldiers and the like—differing from one another in structure, character, power and use, and yet all members of the same species. But of course these Selenites are not only colossally greater in size than ants but also, in Cavor's opinion, in respect to intelligence, morality and social wisdom, on the same scale are they greater than men.

There are almost innumerable sorts of Selenite. I have endeavored to indicate the very considerable difference observable in such Selenites of the Outer Crust as I happened to encounter. The differences in size, hue and shape were certainly as wide as the differences between the most widely separated races of men. But such differences as I saw fade absolutely to nothing in comparison with the huge distinctions of which Cavor tells. It would seem that the exterior Selenites I saw were indeed mostly of one color and occupation, moon-calf herds, butchers and fletchers and the like. But within the moon, practically unsuspected by me, there are, it seems, a number of other sorts of Selenite, differing in size, differing in form, differing in power and appearance, and yet not different species of creatures, but only dif-

ferent forms of one species. The moon is indeed a sort of vast ant-hill, only instead of there being only four or five sorts of ant—worker, soldier, winged male, queen and slave—there are many hundred different sorts of Selenite, and almost every gradation between one sort and another.

It would seem the discovery came upon Cavor very speedily. I infer, rather than learn from his narrative, that he was captured by the mooncalf herds under the direction of those other Selenites who "have larger brain-cases [heads?] and very much shorter legs." Finding he would not walk, even under the goad, they carried him into darkness—crossed a narrow, plank-like bridge that may have been the identical bridge I had refused—and put him down in something that must have seemed at first to be some sort of lift. This was the balloon—it had certainly been absolutely invisible to us in the darkness—and what had seemed to me a mere plank-walking into the void was really no doubt the passage of the gangway. In this he descended toward constantly more luminous strata of the moon. At first they descended in silence—save for the twitterings of the Selenites—and then into a stir of windy movement. In a little while the profound blackness had made his eyes so sensitive that he began to see more and more of the things about him, and at last the vague took shape.

"Conceive an enormous cylindrical space," says Cavor in his seventh message, "a quarter of a mile across perhaps, very dimly lit at first and then brighter, with big platforms twisting down its sides in a spiral that vanishes at last below in a blue profundity; and lit even more brightly—one could not tell how or why. Think of the well of the very largest spiral staircase or lift-shaft that you have ever looked down, and magnify that by a hundred. Imagine it at twilight and seen through blue glass. Imagine yourself looking down that—only imagine also that you feel extraordinarily light and have got rid of any giddy feeling you might have on earth—and you will have the first conditions of my impression. Round this enormous shaft imagine a broad gallery running in a much steeper spiral than would be credible on earth, and forming a steep road

protected from the gulf only by a little parapet that vanishes at last in perspective a couple of miles below.

"Looking up, I saw the very fellow of the downward vision; it had, of course, the effect of looking into a very steep cone. A wind was blowing down the shaft, and far above, I fancy, I heard, growing fainter and fainter, the bellowing of the moon-calves that were being driven down again from their evening pasturage on the exterior, and through long transverse tunnels toward the next available crater. And down on the galleries were scattered numerous moon people, pallid, faintly self-luminous insects, regarding our appearance or busied on unknown errands.

"Either I fancied it, or a flake of snow came drifting swiftly down on the icy breeze. And then, falling like a snowflake, a little figure, a little man-insect clinging to a parachute, drove down very swiftly toward the central places of the moon.

"The big-headed Selenite sitting beside me, seeing me move my head with the gesture of one who saw, pointed with his trunk-like 'hand' and indicated a sort of jetty coming into sight very far below; a little landing-stage as it were, hanging into the void. As it swept up toward us, our pace diminished very rapidly, and in a few moments, as it seemed, we were abreast of it and at rest. A mooring rope was flung and grasped, and I found myself pulled down to a level with a great crowd of Selenites who jostled to see me.

"It was an incredible crowd. Suddenly and violently there was forced upon my attention the vast amount of difference there is amongst the people of the moon. Indeed, there seemed not two alike in all that jostling multitude. They differed in shape, they differed in size. Some bulged and overhung, some ran about among the feet of their fellows, some twined and interlaced like snakes. All of them had a grotesque and disquieting suggestion of an insect that has somehow contrived to mock humanity. All seemed to present an incredible exaggeration of some particular feature. One had a vast right fore-limb, a huge antennal arm as it were. One seemed all legs, poised as it were on stilts. Another protruded an enormous nose-like organ beside a sharply speculative eye that

made him startlingly human until one saw his expressionless mouth. One has seen punchinellos made of lobster-claws—he was like that. The strange and (except for the want of mandibles and palps) most insect-like head of the mooncalf-minders, underwent astounding transformations: here it was broad and low, here high and narrow; here its vacuous brow was drawn out into horns and strange features, here it was whiskered and divided and there with a grotesquely human profile. There were several brain-cases distended like bladders to a huge size. The eyes too were strangely varied—some quite elephantine in their small alertness, some huge pits of darkness. There were amazing forms with heads reduced to microscopic proportions and blobby bodies, and fantastic, flimsy things that existed, it would seem, only as a basis for vast, white-rimmed, glaring eyes. And oddest of all, as it seemed to me for the moment—two or three of these weird inhabitants of a subterranean world, a world sheltered by innumerable miles of rock from sun or rain, *carried umbrellas* in their tentaculate hands—real, terrestrial-looking umbrellas! And then I thought of the parachutist I had watched descend.

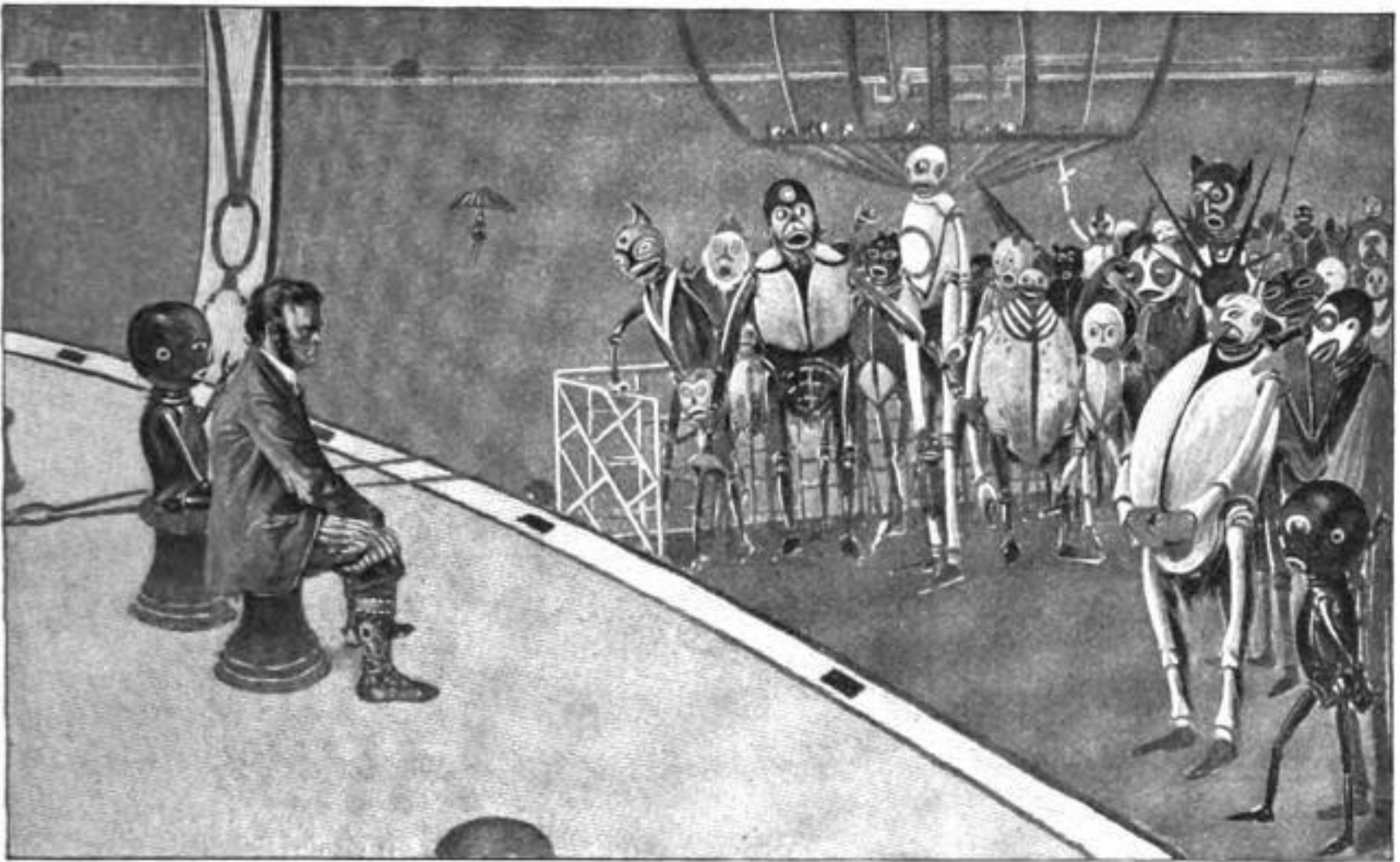
“These moon people behaved exactly as a human crowd might have done in similar circumstances: they jostled and thrust one another, they shoved one another aside, they even clambered upon one another to get a glimpse of me. Every moment they increased in numbers, and pressed more urgently upon the disks of my ushers”—Cavor does not explain what he means by this—“every moment fresh shapes forced themselves upon my astounded attention. And presently I was signed and helped into a sort of litter, and lifted up on the shoulders of strong-armed bearers and so borne over this seething nightmare toward the apartments that were provided for me in the moon. All about me were eyes, faces, masks, tentacles, a leathery noise like the rustling of beetle-wings, and a great bleating and twittering of Selenite voices.”

We gather he was taken to a “hexagonal apartment,” and there for a space was confined. Afterward he was given a much

more considerable liberty, indeed almost as much freedom as one has in a civilized town on earth. It would appear that this mysterious Being, the central intelligence of the moon, has appointed two Selenites with large heads to guard and study him, and to establish whatever mental communications are possible with him. And, amazing and incredible as it may seem, these two creatures, these gigantic men-insects, these beings of another world, are even now rapidly mastering the English tongue.

Cavor speaks of them as Phi-oo and Tsi-puff. Phi-oo, he says, is about five feet high; he has slender legs about eighteen inches long, and slight feet of the common lunar pattern; on this rises a little body, which throbs with the pulsations of his heart. He has long, soft, many-jointed arms ending in a tentacled grip, and his neck is many-jointed in the usual way, but exceptionally short and thick. His head, says Cavor—apparently alluding to some previous description that has gone astray in space—is of the common lunar type, but strangely modified. The mouth has the usual expressionless gape, but it is unusually small and pointing downward, and the mask is reduced to the size of a large, flat nose-flap. On either side are the little hen-like eyes. The rest of the head is distended into a huge globe, and the chitinous leathery cuticle of the mooncalf herds to a mere membrane through which the pulsating brain movements are distinctly visible. He is a creature, indeed, with a tremendously hypertrophied brain, and with the rest of his organism both relatively and absolutely dwarfed. In one passage Cavor compares the back view of him to Atlas supporting the world. Tsi-puff, it seems, is a very similar insect, but his “face” is drawn out to a considerable length, and the brain hypertrophy being in different regions, his head is not round but pear-shaped, with the stalk downward. There are also litter-carriers, lop-sided beings with enormous shoulders; very spidery ushers; and a squat food-attendant, in Cavor’s present retinue.

The manner in which Phi-oo and Tsi-puff attacked the problem of speech was fairly obvious.



Drawn by E. Hering.

"THERE SEEMED NOT TWO ALIKE IN ALL THAT JOSTLING MULTITUDE."

They came into this "hexagonal cell" in which Cavor was confined, and began imitating every sound he made, beginning with a cough. He seems to have grasped their intention with great quickness and begun repeating words to them and pointing. The procedure was probably always the same. Phi-oo would attend to Cavor for a space, then point also and say the word he had heard. The first word he mastered was "man," and the second "Mooney"—which Cavor on the spur of the moment seems to have used instead of "Selenite" for them. As soon as Phi-oo was assured of the meaning of a word, he repeated it to Tsi-puff, who remembered it infallibly. *They mastered over one hundred English nouns at their first session.*

Subsequently, it seems, they brought an artist with them to assist the work of explanation with sketches and diagrams—Cavor's drawings being rather crude. He was, says Cavor, "a being with an active arm and an arresting eye," and he seems to draw with incredible swiftness.

The eleventh message is undoubtedly only a fragment of a longer communication. After some broken sentences the record of which is unintelligible, it goes on:—

"But it will interest only linguists, and

delay me too long, to give the details of the series of intent parleys of which these were the beginning, and indeed I very much doubt if I could give in anything like the proper order all the twistings and turnings that we made in our pursuit of mutual comprehension. Verbs were soon plain sailing—at least such active verbs as I could express by drawings; some adjectives were easy; but when it came to abstract nouns, to prepositions, and the sort of hackneyed figures of speech by means of which so much is expressed on earth, it was like diving in cork jackets. Indeed, these difficulties were insurmountable until to the sixth lesson came a fourth assistant, a being with a huge football-shaped head, whose forte was clearly the pursuit of intricate analogy. He entered in a pre-occupied manner, stumbling against a stool, and the difficulties that arose had to be presented to him with a certain amount of clamor and hitting and pricking before they reached his apprehension. But once he was involved, his penetration was amazing. Whenever there came a need of thinking beyond Phi-oo's by no means limited scope, this prolate-headed person was in request, but he invariably told the conclusion to Tsi-puff, in order that it might be remembered; Tsi-puff was ever the

arsenal of facts. And so we advanced again.

"It seemed long, and yet brief—a matter of days—before I was positively talking with these insects of the moon. Of course, at first it was an intercourse tedious and exasperating, but imperceptibly it has grown to comprehension. And my patience has grown to meet its limitations. Phi-oo it is who does all the talking. He does it with a vast amount of meditative provisional 'M'm—m'm'; and he has caught up one or two phrases, 'If I may say,' 'If you understand,' and beads all his speech with them.

"Thus he would discourse. Imagine him explaining his artist: 'M'm—m'm—he—if I may say—draw. Eat little—drink little—draw. Love draw. No other thing. Hate all who not draw like him. Angry. Hate all who draw like him better. Hate most people. Hate all who not think all world for to draw. Angry. M'm. All things mean nothing to him—only draw. He like you if you understand—new thing to draw. Ugly—striking. Eh?

"'He'—turning to Tsi-puff—'love remember words. Remember wonderful more than any. Think no, draw no—remember! Say'—here he referred to his gifted assistant for a word—'histories—all things. He hear once—say ever.'

"It is more wonderful to me than I had dreamed that anything ever could be again, to hear these extraordinary creatures—for even familiarity fails to weaken the inhuman effect of their appearance—continually piping a nearer approach to coherent earthly speech, asking questions, giving answers. I feel that I am casting back to the fable-hearing period of childhood again when the ant and the grasshopper talked together and the bee judged between them."

And while these linguistic exercises have been going on, Cavor seems to have experienced a considerable relaxation of his confinement. The first dread and distrust our unfortunate conflict aroused is being, he says, "continually effaced by the deliberate rationality of all I do. . . . I am now able to come and go as I please, or I am restricted only for my own good. So it is I have been able to get at this appa-

ratus, and, assisted by a happy find among the material that is littered in this enormous store-cave, have contrived to dispatch these messages. So far, not the slightest attempt has been made to interfere with me in this, though I have made it quite clear to Phi-oo that I am signaling to the earth.

"'You talk to other?' he asked, watching me.

"'Others,' said I.

"'Others,' he said. 'Oh, yes.'

"And I went on transmitting. That was the little break in yesterday's communication."

Neither Mr. Wendigee nor myself can as yet identify that break.

Cavor is continually transmitting corrections to his previous accounts of the Selenites, as fresh facts flow in upon him to modify his conclusions, and accordingly one gives the quotations that follow with a certain amount of reservation. They are quoted from the ninth, the thirteenth, and the seventeenth message (which is, up to the date of writing this, the last received), and they seem to express his present knowledge of the moon-folk.

"In the moon," he says, "every citizen knows his place. He is born to that place, and the elaborate discipline of training and education and surgery he undergoes fits him at last so completely to it that he has neither ideas nor organs for any purpose beyond it. 'Why should he?' Phi-oo would ask. If, for example, a Selenite is destined to be a mathematician, his teachers and trainers set out at once to that end. They check any incipient disposition to other pursuits, they encourage his mathematical bias with a perfect psychological skill. His brain grows, or at least the mathematical faculties of his brain grow, and the rest of him only so much as is necessary to sustain this essential part of him. At last, save for rest and food, his one delight lies in the exercise and display of his faculty, his one interest in its application, his sole society with other specialists in his own line. His brain grows continually larger, at least so far as the portions engaging in mathematics are concerned; they bulge ever larger and seem to suck all life and

vigor from the rest of his frame. His limbs shrivel, his heart and digestive organs diminish, his insect face is hidden under its bulging contours. His voice becomes a mere squeak for the stating of formulas; he seems deaf to all but properly enunciated problems. The faculty of laughter, save for the sudden discovery of some paradox, is lost to him. His deepest emotion is the evolution of a novel computation. And so he attains his end.

"Or again, a Selenite appointed to be a minder of mooncalves is from his earliest years induced to think and live mooncalf, to find his pleasure in mooncalf lore, his exercise in the tending and pursuit of this creature. He is trained to become wiry and active, his eye is indurated to the tight wrappings, the angular contours, that constitute a 'smart mooncalfishness.' He takes at last no interest in the deeper part of the moon; he regards all Selenites not equally versed in mooncalves with indifference, derision or hostility. His thoughts are of mooncalf pastures, and his dialect is an accomplished mooncalf technique. So also he loves his work and discharges in perfect happiness the duty that justifies his being. And so it is with all sorts and conditions of Selenites: each is a perfect unit in a world-machine.

"These big-heads form a sort of aristocracy in this strange society, and at the head of them, quintessential of the moon, is that marvelous gigantic ganglion, the Grand Lunar, into whose presence I am finally to come. The unlimited development of the minds of the intellectual class is rendered possible by the absence of any bony skull in the lunar anatomy, that strange box of bone that clamps about the developing brain of man imperiously insisting 'Thus far and no farther' to all his possibilities. They fall into three main classes, differing greatly in influence and respect. There are the administrators, of whom Phi-oo was one—Selenites of considerable initiative and versatility, responsible each for a certain cubic content of the moon's bulk; the experts, like the football-headed thinker, who were trained to perform certain special operations; and the erudite, who were the repositories of all knowledge. To this little class belonged Tsi-puff, the first lunar professor of

terrestrial languages. With regard to these latter, it is a curious little thing to note that the unlimited growth of the lunar brain has rendered unnecessary the invention of all those mechanical aids to brainwork which have distinguished the career of man. There are no books, no records of any sort, no libraries or inscriptions. All knowledge is stored in distended brains, much as the honey-ants of Texas store honey in their distended abdomens. The lunar Somerset House and the lunar British Museum Library are collections of living brains.

"The less specialized administrators, I note, do for the most part take a very lively interest in me whenever they encounter me. They will come out of the way and stare at me, and ask questions, to which Phi-oo will reply. I view them going hither and thither with a retinue of bearers, attendants, shouters, parachute-carriers, and so forth—queer groups to see. The experts for the most part ignore me completely, even as they ignore each other, or notice me only to begin a clamorous exhibition of their distinctive skill. The erudite for the most part are rapt in an impervious and apoplectic complacency, from which only a denial of their erudition can rouse them. Usually they are led about by little watchers and attendants, and often among these there are small and active-looking creatures, small females usually, that I am inclined to think are a sort of wife to them; but some of the profounder scholars are altogether too great for locomotion and are carried from place to place in a sort of sedan tub, wabbling jellies of knowledge that enlist my respectful astonishment. I have just passed one in coming to this place where I am permitted to amuse myself with these electrical toys—a vast shaven shaky head, bald and thin-skinned, carried on his grotesque stretcher. In front and behind, his bearers, and curious, almost trumpet-faced, news-disseminators, shrieked his fame.

"I have already mentioned the retinues that accompanied most of the intellectuals: ushers, bearers, valets—extraneous tentacles and muscles, as it were, to replace the abortive physical powers of these hypertrophied minds. Porters almost invariably accompanied them. There are also ex-

tremely swift messengers, with spider-like legs and 'hands' for grasping parachutes; and attendants with vocal organs that could well-nigh wake the dead. Apart from their controlling intelligence, these subordinates are as inert and helpless as umbrellas in a stand. They exist only in relation to the orders they have to obey, the duties they have to perform. Their interests are limited by their necessities.

"The bulk of these insects, however, who go to and fro upon the spiral ways, who fill the ascending balloons and drop past me clinging to flimsy parachutes, are, I gather, of the operative class. 'Machine hands' indeed some of these are in actual nature—it is no figure of speech; the single tentacle of the mooncalf herd is replaced by huge single or paired bunches of three or five or seven digits for clawing, lifting, guiding; the rest of them no more than necessary subordinate appendages to these important parts. Some, who I suppose deal with bell-striking mechanisms, have enormous rabbit-like ears just behind the eyes; some whose work lies in delicate chemical operations project a vast olfactory organ; others, again, have flat feet for treadles, with ankylosed joints; and others—who I have been told are glass-blowers—seem mere lung-bellows. But every one of these common Selenites I have seen at work is exquisitely adapted to the social need it meets. Fine work is done by fined-down workers, amazingly dwarfed and neat. Some I could hold on the palm of my hand. There is even a sort of turnspit Selenite, very common, whose duty and only delight it is to supply the motive-power for various small appliances. And to rule over these things and order any erring tendency there might be in some aberrant nature, are the finest muscular beings I have seen in the moon, a sort of lunar police, who must have been trained from their earliest years to give a perfect respect and obedience to the swollen-heads.

"The making of these various sorts of operative must be a very curious and interesting process. I am still very much in the dark about it, but quite recently I came upon a number of young Selenites confined in jars from which only the forelimbs protruded, who were being compressed to become machine-minders of a

special sort. The extended 'hand' is stimulated by irritants, and nourished by injection, while the rest of the body is starved. Phi-oo, unless I misunderstood him, explained that in the earlier stages these queer little creatures are apt to display signs of suffering in their various cramped situations, but they easily become indurated to their lot; and he took me on to where a number of flexible-limbed messengers were being drawn out and broken in. It is quite unreasonable, I know, but this glimpse of the educational methods of these beings has affected me disagreeably. I hope, however, that may pass off and I may be able to see more of this aspect of this wonderful social order. That wretched-looking hand sticking out of its jar seemed to have a sort of limp appeal for lost possibilities; it haunts me still, although of course it is really in the end a far more humane proceeding than our earthly method of leaving children to grow into human beings and then making machines of them.

"Quite recently, too—I think it was on the eleventh or twelfth visit I made to this apparatus—I had a curious light upon the lives of these operatives. I was being brought through a short cut hither, instead of down the spiral and by the sea jetty. From the devious windings of a long, dark gallery, we emerged into a vast, low cavern, pervaded by an earthy smell and rather brightly lit. The light came from a tumultuous growth of livid fungoid shapes—some indeed singularly like our terrestrial mushrooms, but standing as high as or higher than a man.

"'Mooneys eat these?' said I to Phi-oo.

"'Yes—food.'

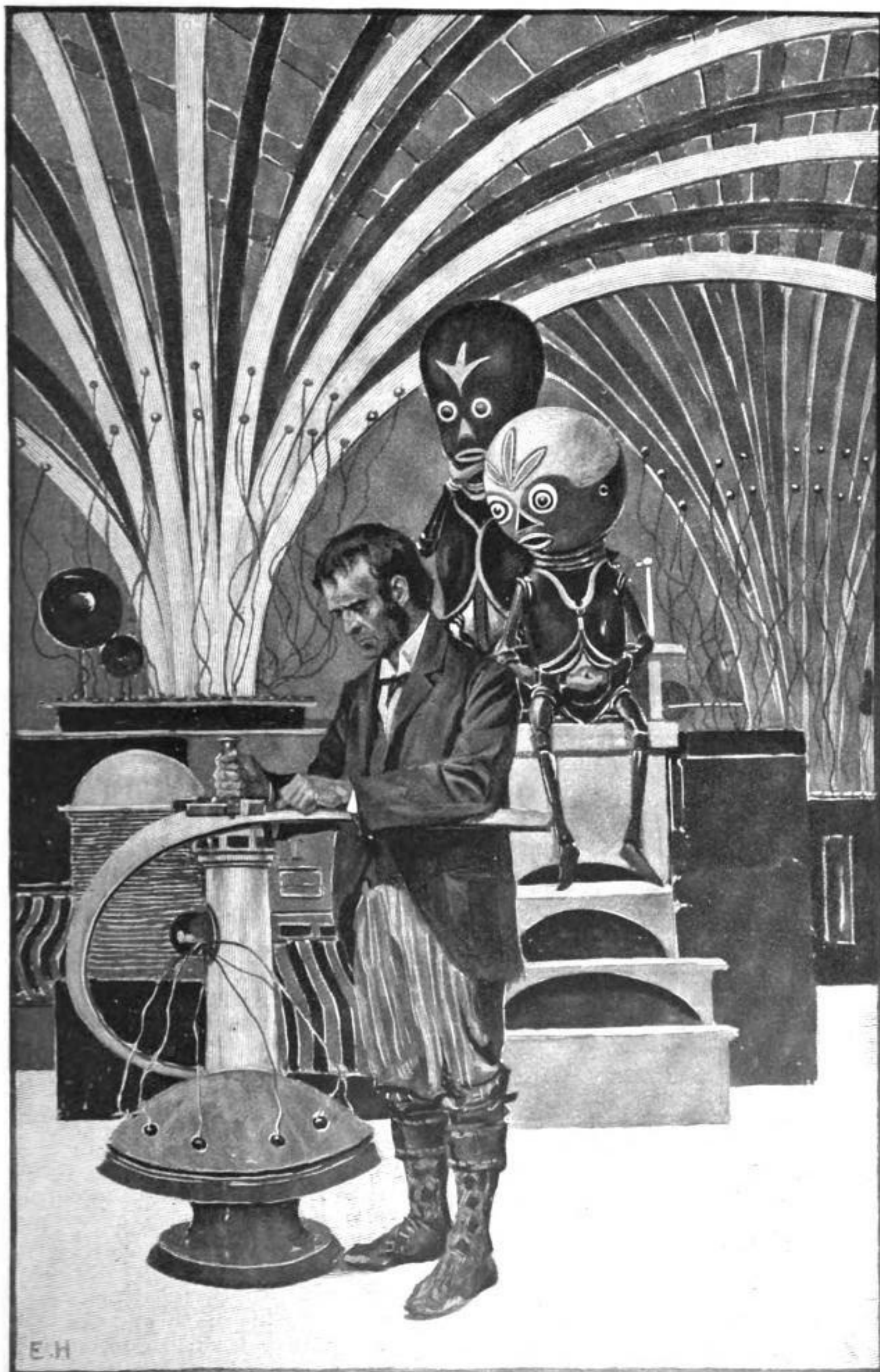
"'Goodness me!' I cried, 'what's that!'

"My eye had just caught the figure of an exceptionally big and ungainly Selenite lying motionless among the stems face downward. We stopped.

"'Dead?' I asked. (For as yet I have seen no dead in the moon and I have been growing curious.)

"'No!' exclaimed Phi-oo. 'Him—worker—no work to do. Get little drink then—make sleep—till we him want. What good him wake, eh? No want him walking about.'

"'There's another!' cried I.



Drawn by E. Hering.

"SO FAR, NOT THE SLIGHTEST ATTEMPT HAS BEEN MADE TO INTERFERE WITH ME."

"And indeed all that huge extent of mushroom ground was, I found, peppered with these prostrate figures sleeping under an opiate until the moon had need of them. There were scores of them of all sorts, and we were able to turn over some of them and examine them more precisely than I had been able to do previously. They breathed noisily at my doing so, but did not wake. One I remember very distinctly; he left a strong impression, I think, because some trick of the light and of his attitude was strongly suggestive of a drawn-up human figure. His fore-limbs were long, delicate tentacles—he was some kind of refined manipulator—and that pose of his slumber suggested a submissive suffering. No doubt it was quite a mistake for me to interpret his expression in that way, but I did. And as Phi-oo rolled him over into the darkness among the livid fleshiness again, I felt a distinctly unpleasant sensation, although as he rolled the insect was confessed.

"It simply illustrates the unthinking way in which one acquires habits of thought and feeling. To drug the worker one does not want and toss him aside, is surely far better than to expel him from his factory to wander starving in the streets. In every complicated social community there is necessarily a certain intermittency in the occupation of all civilized labor, and in this way the trouble of an unemployed problem is altogether anticipated. And yet, so unreasonable are even scientific minds, I still do not like the memory of those prostrate forms amidst those quiet luminous arcades of fleshy growth, and I avoid that short cut in spite of its longer, more noisy and more crowded alternative.

"My alternative route takes me round by a huge shadowy cavern, very crowded and clamorous, and here it is I see—peering out of the hexagonal openings of a sort of honeycomb wall, or parading a large open space behind, or selecting the toys and amulets made to please them by the acephalic, dainty-fingered jewelers who work in kennels below—the mothers of the moon-world, the queen-bees, as it were, of the hive. They are noble-looking beings, fantastically and sometimes quite beauti-

fully adorned, with a proud carriage and, save for their mouths, almost microscopic heads. . . .

"Of the condition of the moon sexes, marrying and giving in marriage, and of birth and so forth among the Selenites, I have as yet been able to learn very little. With the steady progress of Phi-oo in English, however, my ignorance will no doubt as steadily disappear. I am of opinion that, as with the ants and bees, there are a large majority of the members in this community of the neuter sex. Of course, on earth in our cities there are many who never live that life of parentage which is the natural life of man. Here, as with the ants, this thing has become a normal condition of the race, and the whole of such replacement as is necessary falls upon this special and by no means numerous class of matrons, the mothers of the moon-world, large and stately beings beautifully fitted to bear the larval Selenite. Unless I misunderstand an explanation of Phi-oo's, they are absolutely incapable of cherishing the young they bring into the moon; periods of foolish indulgence alternating with moods of aggressive violence, and as soon as possible the little creatures, who are quite soft and flabby and pale-colored, are transferred to the charge of a variety of celibate females, women 'workers' as it were, who in some cases possess brains of almost masculine dimensions."

Just at this point, unhappily, the message broke off. It is the last so far that has come to hand. We are, however, hourly expecting others, and so soon as we receive them they will be placed before the reader. Fragmentary and tantalizing as this portion is, it does nevertheless give a vague, broad impression of an altogether strange and wonderful world, a world with which our own must now prepare to reckon very speedily. This intermittent trickle of messages, this whispering of a record needle in the darkness of the mountain slopes, is the first warning of such a change in human conditions as mankind has scarcely imagined heretofore. In that planet there are new elements; new appliances; new traditions; an overwhelming avalanche of new ideas; a strange race with whom we must inevitably struggle for mastery; gold, as common as iron or wood.

THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK II. (*Continued*).—THE EVENING OF THE DAY.

"And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron."—*Deuteronomy*.

XV.

THERE was a general sensation.

Total upon one side, the Duke upon the other, advanced together, according to rule, to lead in the lady, who, in a voluminous garment of purple silk and floating veils of black lace that exhaled faint odors of lavender and pepper, looked more imposing than ever.

Her first glance was, as usual, a masterpiece of comprehensive disfavor upon the company at large. It took in the solid figure of her first son, who made no attempt to advance to her aid. Indeed, unless he had contented himself with propelling her from behind, there was nothing left for him to do in that respect. It next withered Favereau, first for the indecency of his existing at all, secondly for his exalted position in the government of an odious Republic. Neither Joy nor Nessie was forgotten; old scores were looked, with interest, at the latter; while in the dart of displeasure vouchsafed toward the former there was a vivacity called forth by the freshness of a new grievance.

"I trust you are more rested, dear aunt," said Helen, gently.

Under her guidance, the process of establishing the majestic relative in the arm-chair was accomplished without a hitch.

"There is no rest for me in this world," responded the high dame, sepulchrally. "I thank you, Charles-Edward," placing a still handsome foot, clad in a flat slipper, upon the proffered footstool. "Anatole, my shawl."

When the dutiful son had carefully enveloped his mother, he was peremptorily shown a high chair at her side. Having thus strategically divided him from the dangerous proximity of Madame Rodriguez, the Marquise, with a sigh, folded her hands and prepared herself with an air of deep resignation for whatever conversation might be inflicted upon her.

Feeling that the little figure seemed somewhat abandoned, Helen turned and boldly drew the girl into the firelight circle.

"We have yet to thank you, aunt," said she, "for your kind care of this young traveler. I fear she is still too timid to speak for herself."

"It did not strike me," responded the Marquise, without deigning to lift her heavy lids—"it did not strike me, Helen, during our weary journey to-day, that mademoiselle's decided lack of conversation arose from timidity."

"Ah!" cried Helen, gaily, "if you had seen her as I did just now. Fancy, aunt; listen, Nessie; a cruel godmother actually left this unhappy child alone for five minutes with two great ogres of men!"

The Duchess sat down on the sofa as she spoke, and drew Joy by her side. Madame de Lormes closed her eyes and leaned rigidly back upon her chair, everything in her attitude conveying that, benevolent as she was, she could not be expected to listen to this sort of thing. But Helen pursued, smiling:

"If I could, I would show you the faces of the trio as I came in. She, this creature, was just like some poor little rabbit caught in a trap. And they, Favereau and Cluny, oh"—merriment overflowed her sweet lips—"I told them they looked more alarmed even than she."

"My!" commented Nessie, sarcastically; "you don't say!"

Leaning on the back of the sofa, she had propped her chin upon her hands, and from this coign of vantage could not only exchange audacious grimaces with the Marquis across his mother's deliberately unseeing countenance, but was also enabled to keep an alert eye upon the movements of the three men, who, in undertones, were conversing in the distance.

The more, however, her intimate circle seemed disposed covertly to snub her pro-

tégée, the more was Helen determined to carry off the situation in her own way. Feigning not to hear Nessie's jeer, she now continued to address the silent girl beside her in the former strain of tender gaiety. "Though men are such great big creatures, dear," she said, "and wear hair upon their faces, and have such strange, ugly clothes, when you come to know them you will really find that they are good, kind, simple beings."

"And they are always particularly kind to little girls," interposed Madame Rodriguez, mimicking Helen's tone; "bless their simple hearts! And they never, never want to eat them up, if they are good."

Looking like a pretty Puck, she had thrust her face between her friend and Joy. This time Helen was forced to take notice of her.

"Hush, Nessie! Remember, if you please, that Joy has probably never seen a gentleman to speak to, except perhaps the chaplain or the school doctor."

"Quite Eve before the fall, in fact," said Mrs. Nessie, drawing back to exchange a glance of meaning with the Marquis Totol.

The latter could find no better way of expressing his delighted appreciation of her wit than by cracking all his finger-joints in turn—a token of admiration which, for want of a better, was sufficient to stimulate Nessie to further sparkles.

"Quite Eve before the fall," she reiterated, "isn't it? Beg pardon, though, Eve had been introduced to Adam, I believe. But mademoiselle didn't seem to be so offish, just now, with your cousin Mr. George P. Dodd."

"Nessie," cried Helen, flushing, "you really must not."

Here Madame de Lormes opened her eyes as suddenly as a mechanical doll that is patted on the back.

"Pray, Madame Rodriguez," she interpolated, "be good enough not to drag the name of any son of mine into this foolish discussion."

Upon this she immediately relapsed into her feint of slumber. Joy, immovable, save for the plucking fingers, suddenly shot a glance from the elder lady's large, repressive profile to Nessie's small face, quivering with mischief. Madame de Lormes

sustained it, of course, with serene unconsciousness; but Nessie started with a little cry that was more than half genuine. "My!" she exclaimed, "don't!" and put up her fan as if for a screen. "I say, Helen, the new pet seems like the celebrated old parrot: if it doesn't say much, it thinks a deal more. Her eyes are eloquent enough, anyhow."

Helen, glancing down at the girl, saw nothing but long lashes trembling on small, pale cheeks. She flung her arm protectingly round her. In her gentle heart she was now as angry with Nessie as she could be angry with any one; but she was still resolved not to betray it, her one desire being to keep the poor little stranger from any suspicion of unwelcome.

After noting the action, Madame Rodriguez proceeded in her high, nasal tone of irony:

"But we must not tell her that, must we? Or she would never dare to raise them again. She's so shy, you know." Glancing round, she caught Cluny's intent look upon the group; and, inspired by a fresh imp, she hailed him. "Say, Duke, come here a minute. Seems you've frightened a bashful lamb. Come right here, you bad wolf, and tell her that you never harmed youth and innocence in your life; and that you just love to watch the dear little white-woolly darlings gambol on the green."

Cluny stood a moment, and felt as if turned to lead. He heard his wife's rebuking voice, "Nessie, Nessie, you're too bad!" and then the exquisite caress of her tone to Joy, "You must not mind her; she's only a wicked tease." Then she spoke to him. There was in her voice a special accent reserved for him only. It pierced him now to the marrow.

"Yes, come to us, Cluny," she was saying, "and make amends. You did frighten her, you know."

He came forward, his limbs moving, it seemed, independently of his will.

"How can I make amends?" he asked, his eyes, dark with trouble, fixed on his wife's face. The hoarseness of his own accents frightened him, but he pulled himself together by a strenuous effort. With a semblance of gaiety, that factitious merriement which to this naturally light-hearted

man seemed perhaps more hideous than it would to any other, he repeated, "How can I make amends?"

It surprised him that no one seemed to notice anything peculiar in his manner.

Helen smiled back at him.

"Look up, Joy," she said. "Speak, darling; answer the Duke."

The girl's restless hands became suddenly still. "What do you wish me to say, madame?" she asked, after a marked pause, in her small, measured voice.

"Why, tell him that you bear him no malice, that you and he are going to be the best of friends."

Cluny's smiling lips twitched. There was a moment's expectant pause. Then Nessie broke it with a laugh.

"I reckon," said the little lady, while her mocking eyes scanned her host's countenance, "that you were in the right of it just now, Helen. It's the Duke that's the frightened one."

Joy looked up swiftly. The Duke burst into a jarring laugh.

"What is this?" exclaimed Favereau, breaking off his conversation with Mr. Dodd in an unwontedly abrupt manner and advancing toward the fireplace. "You seem all very merry here. Let me join in the joke."

"They have put me on the stool of repentance," said Cluny, still with laughter absurdly in excess of the humor of the situation. "'Tis a trying ordeal for a retiring and—aha, innocent man."

Here Joy startled them all by suddenly breaking into shrill merriment, which she as suddenly stifled with her handkerchief pressed to her mouth. Madame de Lormes aroused herself sufficiently from her inner meditation to throw her a look of scathing reprobation.

But Helen was delighted. So, too, was Mr. Dodd, who promptly turned round from his renewed contemplation of the famous Vandyke, with a broad, sympathetic smile on his countenance.

"So she can laugh; the monkey," said the Duchess, and patted the frail shoulder beside her. "Ah, how sweet it is to hear the laugh of a young thing! Don't be ashamed of it, *ma petite*. That is a sound I shall often want to greet my ears. There, peace is signed, is it not?"

Cluny had recovered his self-control. He now advanced a step, and addressed Joy with formal courtesy.

"Let me assure you most solemnly, *mademoiselle*," said he, "that while I have the privilege of receiving you in my house, I, as your host, have no desire but for your welfare."

The girl seemed to revolve these words in her mind before answering. Then she murmured, her head bent, her eyes cast down in her favorite attitude:

"Thank you."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Helen, half amused, half vexed, "how formal we are!"

XVI.

In bustled Doctor Lebel, with his frock-coat neatly buttoned up and a brand-new tie—his notion of dinner-dress never went further—rubbing his hands and diffusing a strong odor of scented soap.

"Eh, eh! I thought I was the last, but our friend the canon," cried he, "is late, as usual, I perceive. Ah, *Monsieur le Duc*! Is that the face you bring us back from Paris? Better have stopped at home! *Madame la Marquise*, your servitor."

The lady made him a regal bow—a bow the graciousness of which was tempered by the consideration that, though he understood her digestion to a nicety, she could not blind herself to the fact that his political opinions were generally reprehensible.

"Ah, and do I see my young friend, the Marquis?" Lebel went on. "Positively, my dear madame, he has not changed since I was called in to save his life the day of his first cigar. Do you remember, *Monsieur Totol*? Eh, eh, eh!" Doctor Lebel rubbed his hands again. "Rose is doing capitally—capitally," said he, in a professional undertone, to Helen. Then he wheeled his sharp eye upon Dodd. "Aha, the famous cousin!" The voluble little man clasped the American warmly by the hand and shook it up and down, the while, from his inferior level, he gazed at him with critical, scientific scrutiny. "What a type of the Anglo-Saxon! Ah, the fine race! *Madame*," said he, wheeling his tubby figure once again to the dowager, "I congratulate you."

There was a tone of real respect in his voice. He had not, in truth, believed the

lady capable of producing anything so sensible. Helen was burning to show off her new acquisition.

"But my child, Doctor, my child," she began. "I have to be felicitated too."

Even as she spoke, the folding-doors into the hall were ceremoniously thrown open.

"The canon, Monsieur le Duc," announced the majordomo, scarcely less majestic himself than the personage he was ushering in. "Monsieur le Duc, dinner is served."

Bland, dignified, sure of himself and of his hosts, the canon entered.

"Am I late, my dear child? What a happy gathering! Madame la Marquise!"

"Monsieur le Chanoine!"

George Dodd, looking on, smiled to himself as he watched the ceremony of greeting between the two dignitaries. It was as good as a play, he told himself. And what tickled him most was the earnestness of both the actors. The canon bowed. The lady, who had risen to meet him, swept him one of those courtesies that are a revelation to the younger generation. Here she could conscientiously bestow unreserved approval, not only upon the churchman, but upon the man of family. She next extended her hand. As he took it with a second inclination:

"I trust I see Madame la Marquise in good health," said he.

"Alas, Monsieur le Chanoine—— But I do not complain."

The hands parted, and upon the parting a gracefully retiring courtesy and *congé* were duly enacted. Cordially then the good canon shook hands with the master of the house. Indulgently he received the introduction of the heretic American. Patronizingly he nodded to Totol.

"Madame," said he to Nessie, "we have met before."

Then Helen was able to draw his attention to Joy.

"But here is one you have not met before, Canon. This is Gioja."

Instantly the canon dropped his man-of-the-world air, and became the priest. Benevolently, yet searchingly, he examined the little figure thrust, shrinking, forward to his notice. And as he looked, approval began to beam from his eyes.

On the other side, the doctor, both thumbs hooked into his trousers pockets (an attitude which entailed a somewhat curious arrangement of frock-coat), his scrubby, bearded chin sunk in his breast and his eyes very keen under their bushy brows, was engaged in the same scrutiny. But apparently with less satisfaction, for the lines of perplexity on his face grew deeper every moment.

"So this is the child?" said the canon. "I have heard of you, my dear. Come, let us make acquaintance."

He took her by both hands and drew her toward him. She hung her head, a shy maiden. After his pause of investigation, the priest looked at Helen, and both these worthy, innocent-minded people exchanged a silent, smiling look. The work of charity seemed indeed to have been pleasantly rewarded. Then he laid his hand for a moment upon the girl's head.

"The good God," said he, "who loves the young, has dealt very tenderly with you, my child. Have you thought of thanking Him for His extraordinary protection?"

The little head, with its wealth of curls, was bowed still deeper.

"That is well," went on the priest. "Your name, the Duchess tells me, is Gioja. Gioja—Joy, a pretty name! May it be an omen of what you will bring to this house, and what you will find here for yourself. God bless you!"

The doctor turned upon his heel with a hideous grimace, and, rubbing his chin, produced a quite audible crackle. He looked round the room, irresponsively passing Nessie's eager, interrogative gaze, his glance resting finally upon Favereau's tired face. Then the two elderly men, who knew the world, had a swift interchange of thought.

Said the doctor's eye: "What have we here?"

Said Favereau's in a sort of agony: "Don't ask me."

Then exclaimed the eyes of both: "Ah, diable!"

"Helen," inquired Madame de Lormes, blandly, "is it intended that we should dine to-night?"

Helen started, blushed and laughed.

"My dear aunt, my dear guests, indeed I must beg pardon."

Cluny, with alacrity, offered his arm to his formidable relative. Nessie, avowing that she was "that hollow she couldn't have held up another moment," fluttered to Favereau's side.

"Now, Canon," cried the Duchess, gaily, "I claim your arm."

Then she hesitated, looking at Joy and the three remaining men. Totol glanced askance over his shoulder, and endeavored to hide his minuteness behind the doctor's breadth.

"So long as they don't glue me to the school-girl," he whispered. "Ah ça, Doctor, my friend, how I do hate a bread-and-butter miss!"

Helen noted her younger cousin's retreat, and the simultaneous involuntary step forward of the elder. She smiled.

"George," said she, "you will escort Joy." Then, under pretense of settling the girl's lace, she bent over and whispered in her ear: "This gentleman, dear, will give you his arm to take you in to dinner. Why——" Her fingers had fallen on the string of pearls. She drew it out, amused. "Ah, little Miss Vanity, what is this?" Her amusement changed to deep surprise. This, in sooth, was no school-girl's jewel. "Pearls, if you please! And such pearls! Who could have given you such pearls, child?"

Cluny at the door of the room stopped involuntarily; Favereau, second in the procession, turned round with desperate deliberation, ready for emergencies. Joy looked full from one man to the other, then turned to her godmother.

"One who loved me, as I was told, sent them to me, madame," she answered at last, slowly and distinctly.

"Ah!" cried Helen, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "I am doing nothing but stupid things this evening," she went on, in an undertone to the canon. "The poor mother! I might have known. Come, Canon, let us dine."

"Pray," said Nessie, in a vicious undertone, to the doctor, as she settled into her seat at the farther end of the rose-decked table—"pray, what is your opinion of the Duchess's new daughter?"

"Madame," said Doctor Lebel, good-

humoredly, while he tucked his napkin under his chin, "the young lady would seem to me to belong to a type sufficiently rare to be interesting as a curiosity to a medical mind, but not otherwise, since vivisection is not allowed on the human subject. There is one, if you like, who will never be ill unless she were to take poison. Red blood she has, that one! And nerves—oh, ma'am, nerves of steel!"

"Red blood!" ejaculated Nessie, contemptuously. "With that whey face?"

"A thick skin, yes. Creamy-white," said the doctor with conviction. "That is of the type."

He sucked in his first spoonful of soup with every symptom of appreciation.

Nessie pondered for a moment, marking across the table how Dodd's sea-blue eyes kindled and how soft his voice grew as he turned to address his impassive partner.

"Then you don't think it is such a timid, fragile soul?" she said spitefully.

The doctor finished his last mouthful of soup, laid down his spoon with a sigh, and polished his mouth with his napkin.

"Eh, ma'am," said he, "you must not come to me with questions about souls. Inquire for this article over the way. Ask our friend the canon yonder. The body of my neighbor gives me quite enough to think about."

XVII.

The dining-table was a large one for the comparatively small party. But Helen, who since she had entered this noble house had had but one thought, that of keeping up its dignity; who spent her time like some vestal virgin, continually feeding the sacred fires of her temple, would have thought it desecration to replace the great carved oak by any modern, if more convenient, board.

On the rare occasions when she and Cluny were quite alone in the castle, they had their meals in a gay little Chinese room looking on the conservatory. There, unless detained by their spiritual or temporal duties, the canon and the doctor invariably found their places laid as a matter of course, at a table just large enough to hold them all four round a silver bow of flowers. But when there were other guests, the dining-hall was roused from its slum-

berous antique solemnity. And though the guests were rather too far from one another for the stimulation of conviviality, the huge board was as harmoniously gay as flowers and fruit and the accumulated silver treasure of the house could make it.

This night, to any one not gifted with the powers of Asmodeus, in this rare old-world room, between the dark walls hung with historic tapestry, under a ceiling where, round the central quasi-royal arms of the first Duke, were blazoned all the subsequent honors the race had gathered to itself, the company assembled would have seemed, if somewhat incongruously matched, in the highest possible humor. Most of the diners, after the genial French way, talked at the top of their voices, at the same time, and with much gesticulation.

A flush had risen to Cluny's cheek; his eyes were bright. The almost hysterical reaction after the moment of mortal peril successfully escaped, was upon him, together with the recklessness, the joy of his despair, if one may use so paradoxical a phrase. The conflict with conscience was over, that was one thing.

He was, he reflected, going to the devil, and the devil was making it easy for him at last; he would not fail to continue to show the way. The girl had accepted the situation, it seemed. The moment when, by a word, she could have blasted him, was over forever. Who would believe her now? He had but to go on as he had begun, "to lie like a man," and Helen, his Helen, would never know.

His laugh rang out. Never had his wit been more pointed, his illustration more apt. Even Madame de Lormes, who, as was said, regarded Cluny with the peculiar favor her lofty mind could have accorded to no lesser star of the "Almanach de Gotha"—even Madame de Lormes' spirits began to react against the depression caused by the strange action of a ruling providence in permitting the reappearance of her American son. As for this latter, he found, as the minutes passed by, that the personality of his quiet little neighbor was affecting him in a more and more troubling manner.

He had first been drawn to her out of a natural instinct of manly championship

evoked by his mother's ungenerous attitude on the one side, and his brother's undisguised, impertinent aversion on the other. She had seemed so small, so white, so childish a thing, that he would have liked to call her "my dear," and throw his strong arm round her in protective, brotherly fashion. But now, by some magnetic influence that seemed to emanate even from her very reserve, by the curious fluttering glances she flung at him from time to time, by the dimple that a little secret smile, caused by some chance remark of his, printed in the half-averted cheek, by the stirring of his own blood, he felt that this child was very woman after all.

As the meal progressed, who shall say what conflicting thoughts, what emotions, were revolving in the girl's own busy mind? She would not have been, as she was, human of elemental humanity, had she not felt the intoxication of the luxury and the beauty around her—luxury such as in her most ambitious dreams she could not have conceived; beauty which awoke every dormant artistic passion in an extraordinarily passionate nature.

"He is master here. He is a Duke. A King's son. How I hate him! He laughs! What beautiful teeth he has! How I love him! We shall live in the same house, and it is I who will hold him. My God, how her eyes devour him! She is beautiful—but she is stupid. He looks at me. He did love me. I made him love me once. And this great American, he loves me too, and I never thought of it, or of him. How good these flowers, this champagne. He gave me champagne that day—ah, that day! If I think of it, perhaps I can make him think of it too."

"Look at the dear little one," said Helen, whispering to the canon; "it is like a blossom opening out to the warmth and the light."

But here the doctor's voice rose with sudden rasping insistence. He had heard the Marquis drop the fatal word, "Dreyfus." He thumped the table with the handle of his knife.

"But you can't condemn a man if you can't prove him guilty: no honest man can get out of that."

"For me," Madame de Lormes was saying, as she spread out her white hands,

"the man is a criminal. I bow to the decision of the tribunals of my country."

"What, aunt," cried Cluny, mockingly, "bow to Republican tribunals?"

"My dear Charles-Edward," said the lady; "why, the man is a Jew!"

"Aïe, aïe, aïe!" interrupted Totol, in an acute voice. He thrust his fingers into his ears and waggled his wizened face from side to side in comic despair. "How can any one still talk of this weary business? Who cares, who did ever care, whether the wretched creature did or didn't? I am sure if anybody in France had a penn'orth of wit and go, he would have put a ball through his head long ago—sent him to some Devil's Island whence he could not have come back in such a hurry, to bother us all to death."

The doctor, who had been craning his neck forward with angry intentness and rolling his ensanguined eye from one speaker to the other, here opened his mouth as if for the passage of a roar. He changed his mind, however, and closed it again with a snap. The American, who, although well acquainted with French, had not yet an ear attuned to the rapid assimilation of table-talk, was just a minute behind in the following of the conversation. Then, a fine flush of indignation mounting to his brow, he in his turn looked round the table to see if the doctor was to be the only representative of common fairness of judgment.

Favereau was wrapt in garments of official reserve. The Duke, as he met the inquiring eye, said, over the edge of his glass:

"A dirty business altogether;" but left his guest to elucidate for himself on which side cleaved the dirt. From the contemptuous indifference of his manner, it was probable that he referred impartially to both.

"Poor France!" cried the doctor at last, his pent-up feelings bursting out irrepressibly. "If she were a person, one would have to say that she was very ill—very ill."

As the doctor spoke, Dodd saw that he instinctively addressed himself to the Minister. The latter jerked his head with an affirmative melancholy that seemed beyond words.

"Ah, tenez," said Doctor Lebel, gesticulating with a silver fork on which was stuck a large piece of pine-apple; "I am a doctor, I, and I ought to know something of diagnosis. France has had some very ugly symptoms—enough to warn those who love her. Oh, I'll pass over the surrenders—Sedan and Metz, and the horrors of the Commune; over the decoration business, over the Panama business, all that belongs to the now mature generations. Take the last couple of years only. You want to know what's the condition of the youth of France—the gilded youth—the educated, the wealthy youth, that ought to be regarded as the hope of the nation, the class that ought to lead the others? Well, then, see it put to the test: take the Bazar de la Charité."

A low murmur of horror ran round the table. Cluny drew his brows together sensitively.

"But I think," said Madame de Lormes, addressing space with an air of grandiose rebuke, "that we great ladies of France were not behindhand in giving an example of heroism to the populace."

"Because, madame," said the canon, "you had the courage of religion, which, alas——"

"Wait, wait, my friend," interrupted the doctor, who, having triumphantly masticated his piece of pine-apple, was ready to speak again; "I am coming to you and to the priesthood in France presently. The women stuck to their post upon that day of shame, for the simple reason that the one section not totally corrupt in our country to-day is woman. Woman—God bless her!—as we doctors know, is ever the last to fail in great emergencies. Self-sacrifice is ingrained in her very nature. It will be a bad day for France when that last rope of salvation breaks. Yet even that——" He made an expressive grimace. "There was a day, when I was young, when Mme. George Sand was supposed (by well-thinking people) to be a baneful writer." He laughed angrily. "Now, your favorite woman writer, mesdames of the Faubourg St. Germain, is—'Gyp'!"

He thrust out his underlip with huge contempt.

Totol burst into a delighted cackle.

"Famously droll, all the same, Madame 'Gyp,'" he cried.

Nessie gave a guilty little giggle, conscious of having found some amusement in such books. Madame de Lormes rinsed her fat, taper finger in the Venetian bowl with a detached air.

"But, Doctor," said Helen, trying to follow the arguments with her earnest, sweet, but somehow slow mind—"but, Doctor, you are diverging from the question. I do not know 'Gyp's' books, but I know how good, how charitable, my French friends are, and surely, surely it is not fair to blast all our aristocracy because of the cowardice of a few worthless young men"—here, all unconsciously, her tender lip curved into scorn. "If Cluny had been there on that horrible day"—her eye seemed to say proudly, "my Cluny"—"(and it is but a chance we were not, I had actually promised the poor Duchesse d'Alençon), you would have had another story to tell."

"Ah, if Cluny had been there," interrupted Favereau, with the first warm look he had given his host that night—"if he had been there, with you, he would have done the impossible to save you. But as you would not have been saved alone—I know you—you would both have remained to perish."

"Well, as for me," yelped Totol, his face crinkling, with the most good-natured, cynical frankness, "I don't go in for pose, not I. I go in for raw truth. If people don't like it, so much the worse. I was not at the bazaar. They bore me, bazaars do. Wasn't it lucky now?" He looked round amiably for congratulation. "But, faith, if I'd been there, I'd have looked after Number One, you know. Come, come," he went on, shrilly crying down the chorus of exclamations, derisive and otherwise, "I'm only saying what every reasonable man thinks. Come, Doctor, aren't you the apostle of materialism? Aren't we all animals, and isn't it animal instinct to save one's skin, to shun pain? Oh, eh? If one goes in for free-thinking, you know, one should be consistent. Let us be consistent."

"Hear, hear!" said the canon, softly, and flung a triumphant look at the doctor.

"Poor Totol," sighed Helen, indul-

gently. "Who would believe, to hear him, that it is the kindest little heart in all the world?"

Nessie, who had laughed openly and delightedly at the little *décadent's* pronouncement, now voiced the general opinion of her world to the doctor.

"My word," said she, "what a face, Doctor! Don't you know by this time that nobody ever minds the Marquis?"

"A lucky thing, madame," responded the other, with his prompt, incisive humor. "But for that, one would have had to kill him long ago."

"It's all right," the young man was pursuing, charmed to find himself for once the center of attention. "It's all very well for abbés and women to stand still and be frizzled for the sake of a lot of people they don't care a cent about; I'd have used my legs and arms to save my own skin—*et v'la!*"

Doctor Lebel spread out his square hand with an inimitable gesture.

"My friends," said he, "the noble Marquis Anatole de Lormes has so well illustrated the first part of my thesis that I have not a word to add."

George Dodd had completely turned round in his chair to survey his brother, with the air of one who examines a totally unknown species of beast, wonder for the moment superseding all other emotion.

"Why, the little cuss isn't even ashamed of himself!" thought he.

"The whole business," said the Marquise, somewhat acidly, "has been grossly exaggerated."

"Well, now," said the undaunted doctor, removing his napkin from under his chin and holding it stretched out in both hands, preliminary to a final scrub of beard and mustache, "so much for the upper class at the hour of test. What about the lower? If the aristocracy is, or ought to be, the head, the people are, or ought to be, the heart. That's what we are told. What about the people—again at the hour of test? Take the foundering of the 'Bourgogne'?"

Having thrown his second bomb, he paused, and proceeded vigorously with the napkin operation.

"That was another bad business," said Dodd, gravely.

"The doctor is determined not to spare us his diagnosis," said Favereau, with a rather weary smile.

How this man's heart had bled for his France; how ceaselessly had he striven to work at the task of reparation, of uplifting! How hopelessly, none would ever know but himself. The doctor was a sanguine man. That he could still see a use in such indictments was because he could still hope. Deep in a sacred silence, Favereau, the devoted servant of his country, had hidden the fact that he had no illusions left.

"A bad business!" cried Lebel, jovial even in his indignation. "*Les deux font la paire!* The two match each other." He balanced his hands expressively. "The little aristocrat stamps the delicate fine ladies of his acquaintance back into the flames with heel and cane; and your rough, honest matelot hits the drowning women and children on the head with oars as they would cling to his boat. Yes, they match quite nicely. It is on record," he added, dropping his satiric emphasis for a perfectly even voice, "that neither a single young swell was shriveled in the flames, nor a single horny-handed son of toil perished in the ocean wave, whatever may have happened to the rest."

"Ah, you forget," said Helen, earnestly. "Monsieur de Rothschild's groom——"

"English, madame — Anglo-Saxon!" said the doctor, laconically.

The canon folded his beautiful hands over his finger-bowl. He had bided his time, but now he was going to speak.

"I would point out to my friend the doctor," he began, in his gentle, deliberate voice, "that the Marquis made just now a remark pregnant with truth. In a word, he gave the reason for the whole deplorable state of affairs. Why, said he, should the materialist think of others? Why, indeed? If a man does not believe that 'he who loses his life shall gain it,' why should he depart from the common animal instinct of self-preservation, no matter at what cost to others? Alas, if our France is ill, is it not because she has thrust health from her, the health of the soul—religion? Religion, which made the heroines and martyrs in that catastrophe we have just spoken of."

There was a moment of impressive silence. Every eye was turned upon the doctor. Even the most skeptical felt that the canon's arguments seemed at least supported by facts.

The doctor, however, was too true a fighter to be otherwise than stimulated by a direct attack.

"Aha, I expected you there, my friend," he cried; "but I'm ready for you. I'm not denying that religion, as a human institution, is a remarkably useful thing for the morals of the people. But, like all other human institutions, canon, I'll make you observe that it is as much subject to the nation's corruption as any other. Let us look at your religion in France. What has it done for you? Has it upheld justice? How have you good priests come out of the Dreyfus case?"

Total again gave his dismal howl, and again put his fingers in his ears. Nessie supported him with a series of little shrieks. Even the Duke and Favereau raised their voices. But the doctor had a powerful organ, and he outbellowed them all.

"What about your holy brothers of 'La Croix'? What about your Christian attitude toward the Jew? What doctrines of peace, of justice, of the charity that thinketh no evil, have been preached to the most ignorant hamlets in the country? Where would the priest have led France to-day?"

Every question was emphasized by the darting of a stubby forefinger, as if the speaker were thrusting a rapier under the well-covered ribs of his friend. Helen threw toward Cluny a look of comical despair. The inevitable battle began in earnest.

Without any further loss of placidity, without heeding her aunt's shocked gestures of utter reprobation, she waited the canon's defense to this violent counter-attack.

"My good Doctor," he began, as soon as he could make himself heard—and his placid, well-bred accents were in marked contrast to the other's broad vehemence—"far be it from me to deny that injudicious things have been said and pernicious advice given from quarters from which no teaching but that of the Gospel should have

been heard. But that, my friend, is because, if the teaching is divine, the ministry of the church is yet human, and *errare humanum est*. The errors of humanity, of the believer, of the priest, do not affect the divinity of the principle, any more than the corruptness of the judge can alter the inherent quality of justice. It is not for me to pronounce upon my colleagues—thank God! I do not either impugn or defend them. All I maintain is that if you take away from man the belief in his soul, that is, in his ideal, that is, in his God, you take away from him all motives for righteousness. Nay, the only logical conclusion, then, is that of *Monsieur le Marquis*—every man for himself."

"There you are," cried the doctor, who, finding himself beaten upon the frontal attack, with the fighter's instinct nimbly leaped upon another breach. "Listen to him: 'It is not for me to pronounce—thank God!' Even you—even he"—appealing to the table—"is suffering from the universal disease. There is not one of you who can face the truth. The Duke has already shown that he cannot." Cluny started. The doctor proceeded inexorably.

"Yes, even you, Duke, from the height of your chivalrous honor, all you can find for your unhappy country is contempt: 'I wash my hands of it. These things are too dirty for me to touch.'"

Cluny smiled, smiled to hide a horrible return of invading misery: Alas, his chivalrous honor! And that girl's eyes upon him, and Helen's worshiping glance ever seeking him across the table!

"So much for you," pursued the doctor. "You're one type. There's *Monsieur Favereau*, that's another. He folds himself up in his leaves; you'll never get at the thought of him. 'Respect my silence, respect my sorrow.' Useful, is it not?"

Favereau laughed with some bitterness. "Wrong in your diagnosis for once," said he, dryly. "I take things philosophically, my good *Esculapius*."

"But surely, Doctor," said Dodd, in his sound, if rather labored, French, "if a man cannot help his country by speaking, the best he can do is to keep silence."

"But cannot every man help his country by speaking?" inquired the doctor, ex-

plosively. "What help is there for a nation if all its honest men preserve the policy of dignified silence, and so leave the rogues, the cranks and the *décadents* to speak for her, to rule her? What is to become of a country that has no moral courage?"

"For me," declared Madame de Lormes, in the tone of one putting an end to a discussion, "I am amazed at the patience with which you all listen to *Monsieur le Docteur*. I should call that man a bad patriot who takes part with the enemies of his fatherland."

Doctor Lebel looked at her with his jaw on one side and much humor in his eye.

"Third type," said he quietly; "*Madame la Marquise* represents the class of the wilfully blind. 'It is impossible that our army should go wrong; it is impossible that so holy a paper as '*La Croix*' should mislead us.' But your generals have admitted forgery, fear of the enemy, false witness.'" Then, drawing himself together and answering himself with an air of great dignity, unconsciously mimicking the Marquise's manner: "'Monsieur, if our generals committed forgery, it was from the noblest of motives.'—And '*La Croix*,' madame? That rag that you, an intelligent woman, know to be propagating lies under the cloak of the monk, lies that would plunge this country into a war for which we were never worse prepared, provided that such a war secured the overthrow of the government?'"

"Sir," interrupted the Marquise tartly, opening her eyes to throw a severe glance at the speaker, "it is not from you, free-thinker, that I should expect justice toward ministers of my holy religion."

"I am answered," said the doctor, irrepressibly.

"It is strange to me," said Dodd, who had been following this unexpected indictment of his host's own country with great interest, "that such a state of things as you describe can coexist with such marvelous prosperity, such scientific advance, as I have seen manifested since my return to Paris, which struck even me, a member of the richest, of the most scientific country in the world."

"My young friend," said the doctor, and planted his forefinger on the table,

"you have hit it. France is prosperous, extraordinarily prosperous, but it is only material prosperity, and every Spartan virtue is dying out. Is it because of her very riches? I know not. Will our wealth yet help us out of our ditch? I know not. Riches, when used for patriotism, as, by the way, England is using hers just now——"

"I felt," said Madame de Lormes, audibly enough, to the Duke, "that Monsieur Lebel would come to taking the part of our enemies."

But the doctor proceeded without heeding. "But our science. Ah, young man, there is the salvation of our country, there alone do I see hope ahead! Science is great in France. Literature is debased, art is debased, the army is corrupt, politics are a sink, religion is not a guide but a tool. Science we have yet."

"What!" said the canon, in a loud voice, "is that all we have to hope in? Then it is indeed unhappy France!"

"Oh, Doctor," exclaimed Helen, "you know as well as I do how much good there is about us, even in this little corner of the world. How simple and brave and pious and charitable is our poor peasantry, how devoted their doctor, what an apostle their priest!"

The doctor turned his eyes upon her and the light of battle went out of them, to be replaced by an extraordinary tenderness.

"Ah, madame," he cried, "have I not already said that there are still good women?"

"And good men!" cried the Duchess, gaily. "Cluny, we have heard enough pessimism this evening: speak for your beautiful France. Speak!"

The Duke's blood rose at the call. Speak for France! Who could do it better than he? Who could love his France better than he? Not indeed the France of a corrupt, self-seeking oligarchy, nor yet the France of advanced thought and far-seeing science, but the France of the old traditions, the nation of all wit, of all elegance, of chivalry, of refinement! France of the gentilhomme, who did brave deeds with a jest; who bragged not, but did! In the return of this royal France it was part of his creed to believe, to believe that when her hour struck, from all over

the fair country his compeers would arise to uphold her and take their rightful place again by throne and fleur-de-lys. Words crowded to his tongue, fire sprang into his eyes. . . . Then, even as he opened his mouth, he felt upon him the gaze of Joy. A cold sweat broke upon him; he paused as if paralyzed. After a moment's painful silence, with a second revulsion the blood rushed to his face again.

"Speak for France!" he cried, with sudden anger, flinging his napkin on the floor; "I speak for France!" The bitterest laughter rose to his lips from the bottom of his sore heart. "What have I to say? Lebel is right. We are a worthless race."

XVIII.

"Saperlipopette!" said the doctor, genuinely disconcerted by this unexpected conversion to his views.

The color had faded from Helen's face as she rose and broke up the circle. Anxiously her eyes sought to meet her husband's, but in vain. Many times had Cluny listened to the diatribes of the country doctor, without manifesting any other emotion than gentle laughter. Many times indeed had he, boyishly mischievous, deliberately started the friendly antagonists upon one of their heated discussions. But the doctor had been unpardonable to-night. Evidently Cluny's endurance had its limits; even she, she told herself rebukingly, had not sounded all the depth, all the refinement, of that rare nature.

"Lebel was really beyond everything just now," said she to the canon, as they ceremoniously returned to the drawing-room.

"Alas, madame," said the canon, wistfully, "one must pardon all the same. Poor fellow, he knows not what he says."

A chill had fallen over them all—a chill which became accentuated on their return to the library. Helen, yearning to have her arm round her husband and lay tender fingers upon that hidden sore place she felt within him, had lost for the moment her usual power of drawing her guests into comfort and sympathy. Thus, after half an hour's ungenial, disjointed conversation, every one was glad to hear Madame de Lormes announce her intention of con-

veying her exhausted body and her sorely tried soul to retirement for the night.

Upon this relief, Totol skipped off with Nessie to the billiard-room.

Then the canon faded out of the company; it was his hour for the night visit to the chapel. And the doctor, after several noisy yawns, declared his intention of trotting home as soon as he had had a last glance at his patient, Rose.

Helen was suddenly struck by the wanness of Joy's face.

"Say good-night, my dear," said she, after kissing her on the forehead. "I shall take a peep in at you by and by."

"Good-night," said the girl, passively. Then she paused a second; the sailor was next to her.

"Good-night, Miss Joy," said he heartily, and extended his hand.

After a second's pause she slid her fingers into it, and felt them engulfed in a warm, close, protecting clasp. His eyes were vainly seeking hers. "What an ugly great hand!" she thought.

"Good-night, sir," said she to the Duke. And within herself: "And you, I love you, and now I shall again touch your hand."

Cluny was struggling with an absolutely physical repulsion.

In this moment of hardly perceptible hesitation, Favereau, the ever-watchful, stepped quite naturally between him and the girl.

"Mademoiselle, I wish you a very good-night," he said, in a tone that was admirably balanced between the paternal and the ceremonious.

She shrank in her turn, but could not avoid submitting to his handshake, which was at the same time so manœuvered as to dismiss her from the room.

"That horrid old man! That bad old man! How I hate him!" she said to herself all the way up the stairs.

When in the smoking-room the Duke sank into his chair behind his cigar, the strain of pretense was at length relaxed, and—for life is full of these ironical compensations—he welcomed the moment when he could give way and listen to his own pain.

Neither Favereau nor Dodd, each like-

wise extended on his lounge, seemed disposed to make any tax on his powers of entertainment. Silence therefore reigned in the room, a silence grateful to each in his own mood, broken only on occasions by the distant click of balls in the billiard-room beyond or a faint squeal from either or both of the light-hearted players.

At first Cluny smoked mechanically. Fragments of the evening conversation, echoes of the doctor's rough voice, mingled with the turmoil of his thoughts—thoughts by turn self-accusing and self-exculpating. By and by the red glow died away on the brown leaf, his hands dropped inertly on the long, cushioned arms.

"A worthless race! 'Even you, even you, Duke, from the height of your delicate honor—unhappy France!' Unhappy France, indeed!"

Was Lebel right? Was decay in their very blood? His delicate honor! "Oh, these things are too dirty for me to touch!" God help us! What! This affair where men, his countrymen, had lied for a good end—for a good end no doubt, as they thought—his "honor" had been too delicate even to speak of it. And yet how was he better to-day than the false witness, than the men who forged "for a good purpose," as they said? And Favereau, the upright, the benevolent, he had lied too—nay, had suggested the lie, for a good purpose—oh, for a good purpose! "The aristocrat thrusts the delicate fine lady with heel and cane back into the flames. The honest sailor clubs the drowning woman and the child back into the water with his oar." Why? Totol gave the reason: "To save themselves, *pardieu!*" Helen had cried, "If my Cluny had been there!" Oh, God! oh, God! oh, God!—oh, devil! Her Cluny! "You are brave gentlemen! Two men against a girl." Brave? Aye, "take them at the test, neither moral nor physical courage." What had he, the man of delicate honor, done with the woman—the child? Into what flames had he not thrust her, back into what waters of perdition and of despair? And why, why, why? Totol had screeched the infamous reason for him: "To save himself, *pardieu!*" Himself? Ah, no, not that! To save her, to save Helen!

The man's whole soul surged on the tide of passionate tenderness toward his wife. The vision of Helen, pure, simple, loving, rose before his mind, the most beautiful image of peace, of healing, surrounded with the perfume of all womanliness, all loveliness.

For a moment he saw himself on his knees, his head upon her lap, and he pictured to himself his own rapture of relief in confiding his trouble to her. Had she not always soothed away his difficulties? Had she not always understood him as nobody else ever did? Then his own cry to Favereau came back to him like the howl of the lost soul. No, Helen could not understand! She is not one of those women who could understand! Oh, less than ever now! If at one moment he had had a chance of redemption, now it was gone. Yes, Favereau had shown him the right road. Both had quailed from its steepness. And now they had wilfully entered on the descent, and the mire of it could never be brushed from their garments.

Luxuriously outstretched in his great leather arm-chair, George Dodd, delightfully at ease both morally and physically, his square head thrown back, his sea-blue eyes watching vaguely the opalescent spirals of a choice Havana's vanishing life, was seeing strange visions in the smoke.

"Why, the little creature has bewitched me! Who would have thought it?"

It was a revelation. There was humor also in the situation. He felt a vast astonishment at himself, but withal an extraordinary, warm expansion.

"I could crush her with one hand, and yet the little thing—one of those glances of hers, where the shy woman peeps from inside the heart of the child—makes me feel downright silly. George Dodd, man, what's come to you? You always said the sea would be your only mistress, your only bride. What, anyhow, has a sailor to do with a wife? . . . Unless she had eyes like that, and baby-hair——"

At this point there suddenly rose before his mind a picture of a small face, half child's, half woman's, under a bridal veil, and his strong heart began to thump.

"I'm bewitched; and—well, what in the wide world is to hinder me, if I

choose? Mighty Neptune! I believe I'd rather to-night kiss that little creature on the lips than sink the 'Merrimac.' In a bad way, George, my boy!"

A smile, however, hovered on the sailor's face. While he tried mentally to shake his head at himself, the deep delight evoked by the mere lover's dream invaded his whole being.

As Favereau mechanically smoked one cigarette after another and reviewed the events of the night in his clean, orderly mind, he was conscious, with that precision which accompanied all its operations, that this evening's work had brought him to a critical epoch in his life.

For years he had thought himself finally shorn of all illusions, for years he had looked upon life as an observer; emotions, whether pleasurable or the reverse, being to him merely objective. Life, he had believed, had ceased to have a personal meaning to him from the day when he had definitely given up all hope of those things that go to make a man's life—love, marriage, paternity. His work he gave to his country, not with any personal ambition, not even with any hope of lasting influence, but from the same sense of duty that ruled the rest of his actions—the duty of acting the part of an honest man while he still cumbered the earth.

Yet to-night he found himself separated by a gulf from the moral standpoint of this morning. And, by the pain he felt in the sense of loss, he realized how many illusions he had still unconsciously held, recognized how impossible it is for man to avoid his personal share in others' existence, in others' responsibilities. A profound conviction of the sorrow of the world had ever been with him, yet he had flattered himself as able to pass through this wretched masquerade they call life, not "gravely," as a certain thinker advises us, but as that highest type of philosopher, the true humorist. To-night, however, his whole system was crumbling around him. He had laid his foundations upon the certitude of his own moral strength, of his own personal worth. To him also the doctor's words recurred as an echo: "Take them at the test, they fail!" In a larger spirit than that of his unhappy accomplice,

and from a different standpoint, he viewed his own fall as part of the miserable inheritance of humanity, accepted it without a moment's weakening, even without remorse. But he was sad, sad to the soul.

"The chance of keeping that horror of disillusion from Helen? It was worth it. I would do it again for that. Poor Helen—my beautiful Helen! And I, who thought that I could direct her fate, thought that the greatness of my sacrifice must secure her happiness! 'What man could keep himself, year in year out, on Helen's level?' Thus her husband—the husband I gave her! What man? I could have done it—I! And he could not. I knew how to love her. She loved me always as a child does. I could have taught her to love me as a woman. What devil inspired me? I thought it was the voice of God, the voice of right, just because it was so hard. Monstrous selfishness, a crime, to unite my staid manhood to her bright youth! Oh, miserable world! oh, unhappy, groping humanity! Our greatest sacrifices are almost ever our greatest mistakes. Where is God in all this? Where is right? And yet—and yet! What was it Cluny said? Could I, could any other man but this Cluny himself, have given to that woman's face her aureole of joy? Youth calls to youth, beauty to beauty, brilliancy to brilliancy. Had she been mine, the poignancy of anguish which now threatens her soul could never have reached her—it never would; but neither could have reached her that poignancy of

bliss." He stroked his gray beard with a steady hand. "To-night how beautiful she looked! Oh, it shall not all be lost! Helen, if there be a ministering God and I must lose my soul for it, you at least shall keep your earthly paradise!"

He flung his final cigarette into the dish, and looked at Cluny, whose face was now compressed into lines of pain, whose eyes were closed. He rose from his chair, went over to his friend, laid a kind hand upon his shoulder, and said in his ear:

"Cluny, it is getting late. Helen will be waiting for you."

Cluny looked up. And astonishment first, then a wistful, incredulous questioning, came hungrily into his eyes.

"Go to her," repeated Favereau, and paused. "My God, man," he went on in a passionate whisper, "have you not the present still? He who knows how to hold the present must not fear the future. Go!"

Cluny sprang to his feet like one recalled to life. His was a nature that must utterly despond or buoyantly hope; but too eagerly will such natures seize upon hope again. He wrung Favereau's hands.

"God bless you," said he. "What should I have done without you? Ah, Favereau, if we get out of this, I shall be a very different man."

Favereau looked after him as Cluny hurried from the room, forgetting even to bestow a good-night word upon the dreaming Dodd, still sunk in his arm-chair; there was no lightening of the melancholy in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

A MORNING.

BY THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON.

SUMMER and sun and ecstasy of day,
Tremor of trees beneath the wind's swift kiss—
Sing, O my heart! the robin on the spray
Sends you a challenge in each note of his.





Drawn by
Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

AN EASY POSE.

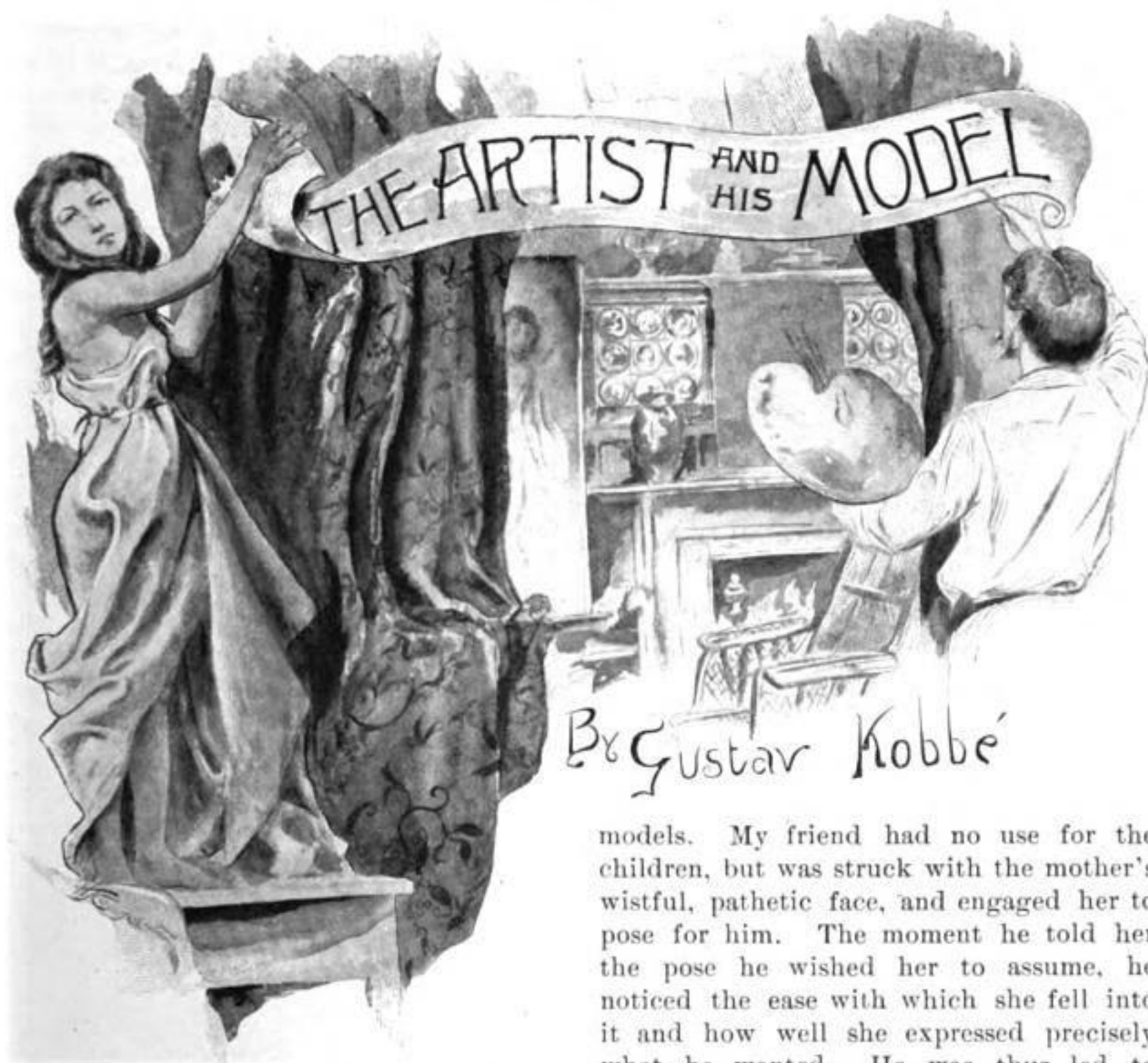
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From every man according to his ability : to every one according to his needs.

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By Gustav Kobbe

AS I stepped out of the elevator in one of the best-known New York studio buildings, there entered, in order to descend, a sad-faced, shabbily dressed woman. I went to the studio door of my friend, the artist, and when he had opened it for me and I had passed through the hall leading to his spacious and handsome studio, I saw on his easel a canvas from which looked out the sad face of the woman I had met at the elevator.

The artist told me her story. A few days before, she had come to the studio with three children, whom she offered as

models. My friend had no use for the children, but was struck with the mother's wistful, pathetic face, and engaged her to pose for him. The moment he told her the pose he wished her to assume, he noticed the ease with which she fell into it and how well she expressed precisely what he wanted. He was thus led to question her, and a few questions brought out the fact that she had been a favorite model in New York a quarter of a century ago, had married, drifted away from the city, had now come back impoverished, and, thinking of her oldtime occupation, the courtesy with which she had been treated by artists, and her pleasant life among the studios, had started out again with her children to seek employment for them as models.

Posing for artists seems to have a fascination for many women. The desire of the woman I have just mentioned to return

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R. HINTON PERRY AND HIS MODEL.

through her children to the occupation she had found so pleasant twenty-five years ago, is one of many instances of the charm posing appears to have for women. Sometimes they get away from it only to be drawn back, not from lack of means, but from sheer love of it. Like the stage, it acts as a magnet. There have been female models who have married happily and well, yet after a while have bothered the life out of their husbands for permission to resume posing—not for “the figure,” of course.

I was speaking with Mr. William T. Smedley, the well-known illustrator, about the attraction so many women find in posing. Mr. Smedley explained in the first place that a good model was apt to be treated more courteously in studios than she would be as a shopgirl. Consequently many of the better class of young women, obliged to make a living, took up posing. If proficient, they found plenty to do and could make fifty cents an hour or three dollars a day. He said that many young women supported themselves in this way while studying art or music or beginning literary work. One of the best-known New York models of a few years ago—she now is married—told me that artists found she had true artistic temperament, that she suggested in her poses the “feeling” they wanted to get from her figure. She under-

stood the effect that they wished to reproduce.

I think that explains largely the pleasure which some models take in their profession. They have the artistic temperament; they may not be able to paint, draw or carve, but they can gain artistic association through employment as models. The model I am speaking of was always careful to pose only for artists of unusual skill and reputation. She considered that there was a certain amount of reciprocal art-feeling between painter and model and that a good model would deteriorate if posed too often for a mediocre painter.

Artist and model sometimes become so absorbed in their work that the time during which a model is posing for an artist will often pass without a word being exchanged between them. A story is told of a sculptor who was working from an extremely well-shaped model. During the work, however, she talked. He never sent for her again. When asked the reason, he made the reply, “Statues never speak.”

Nor have artists any use for models who are in any way ashamed of their calling.



BEATRICE ST. CLOUD.

They regard it as an honorable one, and their attitude toward their models is as respectful as that of a reputable physician toward his women patients.

One of the best-known artists in the United States was discussing with me, only the other day, the question of feminine modesty or lack of modesty in posing for the figure. Female modesty is an everlasting problem, and one which, I suppose, every person will solve in his or her

own way. As regards models, however, it is a fact that good, competent models, who pose for the figure, are utterly unconscious of anything except that, in their own humble way, they are assisting in the creation of a work of art. All efficient models have this in common—they are unconscious. It is a fact that most of the models who pose for the nude would be more modest about wearing décolleté dress than many society women.



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EPHIMER LLOYD.

There are certain models who belong to certain epochs—to strain the meaning of the word. Artists always remember models of this, that or the other decade. In the early eighties and

for some time later, there was no better-known model in the United States than Maggie Keenan. She was a costume model, posed only for well-known artists, and had the knack of adapting herself to their individual style of work. She would seat herself on the model throne and ask, "Do you want a Beckwith this morning?" and then throw herself into a pose which immediately sug-

gested a Beckwith painting. She is to be seen on many well-known canvases—Beckwith's "Christian Martyr" and Chase's "Ready for the Ride" among them. Miss Keenan at one time occupied the rooms above the old meeting-place of the once famous Tile Club, in West Tenth Street, New York, where Hopkinson Smith laid part of the scene of his "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." She was highly respected, and married Frederick Freer, the artist.



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MAY CLARK.



THE NUN MODEL, POSED
NEAR J. H. DOLPH'S
STUDIO.

Speaking of marriages between artists and their models, I sometimes have heard it said that abroad when an artist finds a good model, he is apt to marry her in order to save the expense of hiring her. I can, however, recall one instance where the expense continued. For, after the artist married his model, she did not care to pose any more. Posing was

work and she hadn't married for that, so he had to hire another model.

Another well-known model was Miss Quinton, a young woman of refinement and education, and with a good art-sense. She had been educated in a Canadian convent, and in addition to her skill as a model, she was an exquisite lacemaker and had a great knack for suggesting the right kind of material to be used for costumes. This accomplishment made her valuable to artists, who often employed her, in addition to her posing, to prepare the costumes for her own and for other models' use. A friend of mine was painting a Puritan subject. "Want a Puritan cap?" Miss Quinton asked him. "Just the thing for that is butcher's linen." She seemed to know intuitively the exact purpose for which each kind of fabric was best suited. The artist never had heard of butcher's linen before, but he had her make the cap of it, and it turned out, as she had said, "just the thing."

Miss Howe, now dead, was a beautiful and popular model.

A family of models who are well known in New York studios are the Thills. The face and figure of Stanley Middleton's "The Lotus Flower" were painted from one of the Thills. There originally were three sisters, but one of them met a tragic end. She was murdered by an insane actor who was in love with her.

There is a very handsome model who poses chiefly for sculptors. Though her coloring is superb, and her poses are fine and suggestive artistically, she is not such a favorite with painters, because she does not keep a pose long enough. Every change she makes equals in beauty, or surpasses, the previous pose, so that the artist finds himself entangled in a maze of beautiful suggestions. As one of the artists for whom she posed expressed it to me, "She is a bewilderment of beauty."

Sometimes one hears pathetic instances of the home life of models. One of them supported by her earnings a father, who drank, and two little sisters. The youngest of these was clubfooted, and one time the priest, who was remonstrating with the father for being addicted to liquor, told him that his child's deformity was inflicted by God as a punishment for his failing.



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EDA VIOLET.



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POSING AS SPRING.

A few hours later, the model, on returning from the studio in which she had been posing, found her father sitting in front of the baby sister, holding her deformed feet in his hands and weeping bitterly as he bent over them.

A very well-known model of the present day is noted for her fine, classic figure, which commends her especially to sculptors. She is a serious, quiet, intelligent girl, and poses only for the leading artists. She will be found in several important works of sculptors at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition.

A very pretty and striking model at present in New York is a dark-haired, dark-eyed Swedish girl. A brunette Swede is rare, and the artists believe her when she tells them that she was much sought for by painters in Stockholm. She sings prettily, and is said to appear in vaudeville and to pose only when she is out of a theatrical engagement.

It is not unusual for models to seek to earn money for some special purpose. One model is so clever that three artists practically take up her entire time. She is studying

for Vassar; and, as she goes to school, she poses for two of the artists on alternate afternoons from Monday till Thursday, and for the third artist only on Saturday and Sunday. He states that he has found her a perfect mascot, having sold every picture he has painted from her.

Another well-known young model came here only a short time ago from Pittsburg. Another is a dancer, and still another a snake-charmer. The latter two pose only when out of other engagements.

The model whose figure when posed for painters presents "a bewilderment of beauty," posed for several of the figures on the Dewey Arch. She is a favorite with sculptors, who, of course, work "in the round," instead of on a flat surface, like canvas.

Another model who frequently, even within recent years, has posed for painters



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ADELAIDE LA SALLE.

and sculptors, and who has sat for many important mural decorations and sculptures, is married and no longer poses. She was one of St. Gaudens' models. It is a saying among artists that nine out of ten models who come to their doors seeking employment say they are the original "Gibson girl" or the "Diana of the Garden." As a matter of fact, the model to whom I just referred is the real and only "Diana of the Garden." She posed for St. Gaudens not only for the statue of Diana which now graces the tower of Madison Square Garden, but also for the former one, which was eighteen feet high and was removed because it was considered too large in proportion to the height of the tower. The present statue is only thirteen feet high.

For the first Diana—the eighteen-foot one—this well-known model posed just as she would for a painter or for the usual work of sculpture, and St. Gaudens made a small model from her figure. This model was then sent to the foundry and enlarged to the requisite size. For the second Diana, however, the modeling was very different. A plaster cast was actually made from the model's figure, and it took six workmen four or five hours to get the cast. The first figure was done in the usual way, because the statue was to be so large that much detail would not be required. But the second being only thirteen feet high, it was thought best to get an actual plaster cast from the model as she posed. Of course, she was not covered with plaster all over at once, and was not

obliged to stand that way four or five hours, with the stuff hardening on her. She was cast in sections. In posing it is usual for the model to take at the start the full pose, in order to get what is called the "torse"—the hang of it—but the pose for the Diana was a peculiar one. The "Diana of the Garden" is poised on the toes of one foot. The other leg extends gracefully backward. No model could have stood on the toes of one foot all day long, probably not five minutes. Yet when the plaster once was applied, the slightest motion from the model would have spoiled the mold.

To obviate this difficulty, the sculptor had two ladders put in position so that the model was propped up on them. The model at once took the full pose—arms placed just as if she were going to send an arrow whizzing from a bow, the toes of one foot lightly touching the floor, the other leg extending back—but she thrust her arms between rungs of the ladders for support. She



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MAY HOWARD AND A SPANISH MODEL.

posed just as the statue is now—without, however, the bit of drapery which floats gracefully back from the figure. This was modeled afterward by the sculptor.

When the sections of the cast were finished and it was set up in the studio, the whole stood five feet six inches, which is the exact height of the young woman who posed, and it was an absolutely perfect reproduction of her figure in plaster. From this it was enlarged to the size of the statue—thirteen feet. In one of the New York hotels is a ceiling decoration representing a Diana draped and with a hound.



CARL J. BLENNER AND HIS MODEL.

This was painted by Robert Reid from the same model who posed for the "Diana of the Garden." Owing to the location of the hotel in which this decoration is placed, the model sometimes calls herself the "Diana of Fifth Avenue." There are few of the famous American artists and sculptors of the present day for whom this model has not posed. She illustrates perhaps better than any other model the variety which is required of these young women. That is one reason why I am giving so many details concerning her. Another reason is that there is hardly an artist in New York who has not heard of her, even if she has not posed for him. She has been pretty much everything under the sun that a human being can be; and can throw herself into any pose for any subject, from a cherub coming out of a cornucopia to Science seated on a throne; from Diana high up on a tower and discharging her arrow into thin air, to a tennis girl, sulking because another girl has come into the set and demonstrated the truth of the old saw that "Two's company, three's a crowd"—which is the title of the first picture for which she ever posed.

She posed for Abbey when his decorative panels in the Boston Public Library were first put in place. One of his "Holy Grail" series was injured either in transportation or in the putting up. In order to repaint it properly, he first made a drawing of the pose from this popular model. T. W. Dewing's picture, "The Carnation," a girl in white with white carnations, is from this model.



MISS RICE IN HERBERT LEVY'S STUDIO, DRAPED BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

She has sat on more thrones than any royal personage. In the Congressional Library at Washington, she is enthroned by Kenyon Cox as the central figure in his decoration, "The Arts," and she represents Poetry. When in very good humor she quotes from the catalogue of the library decorations this description of the figure of Poetry—"A young and beautiful woman, seated in an attitude of inspiration"; and adds, "Nice, isn't it?" She also sat for several other figures in the decoration—Architecture, Music, Sculpture and Painting. She has been Astronomy, Botany, and Physic—"but not a dose, I hope," she says.

This model has been all the five Senses at once—Taste, Sight, Smell, Hearing and Touch. As the Senses, she was octagonal in shape, but when she represented Wisdom, Understanding, Knowledge and Philosophy, she became circular. These are only half-length figures, and in commenting on them she says, "I suppose it

would be impossible for a whole woman to be wise or philosophic." In another series of the Congressional Library decorations, she is several of the Muses. In several decorations the Muse, as represented by this model, is accompanied by a number of geniuses. "You see, I haven't genius enough of my own to go it alone."

Ordinarily a model poses on what is known as a model stand or model throne; this is simply a platform. But in the figures of a ceiling decoration a great amount of foreshortening is required, and if an artist were to paint from a model seated upon a model stand of ordinary height, the figure, when put up on the ceiling, would look as if it were going to

drop down. To avoid this, an artist who is painting on a ceiling decoration constructs a model stand very much above the ordinary height, and thus obtains the requisite foreshortening. When Edwin H. Blashfield painted his flying figures for the ceiling ornaments of the late Collis P. Huntington's house on Fifth Avenue, New York, the manner of posing the model was quite unusual. Models are highly competent and versatile; they have not, however, learned how to fly. Yet in order to catch the right outline, it was necessary for Mr. Blashfield's model to be posed in air. A studio not being a gymnasium, there were no trapezes to suspend her from, so she was propped over the

back of two or three chairs, and thus posed for the flying figures.

A curious feature of a model's occupation is her posing for an artist who is painting someone else. Wealthy people are capricious, and often do not care to give long sittings. Therefore, after the artist has



STANLEY MIDDLETON AND HIS MODEL.

caught the expression of the face, he will call in a model to pose for the figure. If the subject happens to be a wealthy woman, it is just as well for the artist not to let her know that she has ugly points. So, when he comes to the neck or shoulders, he engages a model who is well developed in these parts of the body, to sit for them. Some models do not care to do this, as part of their enjoyment of their occupation consists in seeing themselves reproduced on canvas; but there are others who are quite willing to help fill out.

Various models have various points of excellence, and often a painter will employ at different stages in the progress of his

work from three to four models for one figure on his canvas. One model is known for her coloring; another for her hands; another for her hair. An artist generally notes in his address-book the characteristics of a model after her name. These quotations are taken at random from an artist's address-book: "Fine young Jewess"; "English, tall and slim, blonde, costume"; "Good back"; "Good figure, short legs, ivory tone."

At one time there were few artists' models in New York; but in those old days there was considerable posing on the sly. Women would pose for their friends among the artists—not for the figure, or, to use the expression since made famous by *Trilby*, "in the altogether," but for an arm or a shoulder; for the hair, face or head; or for drapery. Among their friends, artists thus secured some excellent models under promise of not telling—and doubtless all of them kept their word, for they are very conscientious in not revealing the identity of their models, when they know it would be distasteful to the latter.

One reason why models like to pose as



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AMELIA BURNS.

much as possible for well-established artists—besides the fear of deteriorating in their posing if employed by inferior members of the guild—is because well-established artists have learned that by treating their models fairly they get the best work out of them. If you address a woman as

a woman, it has great effect. Some models are highly sensitive, and on the slightest criticism burst into tears.

An artist—and a very charming man he is, too—to whom models, seeking employment in one of the art-schools, are obliged to apply, told me that one of these models had begun sobbing before the entire class because he had remonstrated with her for taking another engagement before the school was likely to have finished drawing from her figure.

To this artist, many women models come to find out whether he thinks them able to pose for the figure. It saves them the mortification of being obliged to go from studio to studio and be rejected. While always giving a candid opinion, because he is asked to, and, moreover, because he considers it his bounden duty



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BONNIE MAGINN.

to, he often has to sacrifice his reputation for kindness for the sake of the candor which alone will save a girl the weary tramp from door to door.

"You may dress yourself."

"How about the figure?"

"Don't pose."

Then a flood of tears and such pitiful exclamations as, "What am I to do?" "I am down to my last dollar!" "I don't know any other way of making a living!" My friend only too often is obliged to witness the pathetic side of model life.

There are various ways of getting effective work from a model. Some artists treat models objectively, others treat them subjectively. The objective artist has his picture thoroughly composed in his mind, possibly even sketched out or grouped on his canvas, and when he calls in the model, makes her take the exact pose he himself has thought out. To the subjective artist, the pose of the model means more. He has an idea of what he wants to do, but it has not yet taken definite shape. He gets a model, sets her up, gives her a general suggestion of what he has in mind and waits to see how she will express it. If she is a girl of artistic temperament, she will as likely as not drop into the right pose at once. A good model evidently contributes in an important way to the subjective artist's canvas. The artist sets her up and gives her a chance to



ETHEL DANCOURT.

act—for in expressing his idea the model for the moment is acting. Yet, although posing is, within these limits, acting, the average actress makes a poor model. She is much too artificial in her attitude. It lacks the spontaneity which artists require even in a difficult pose.

That is another matter which young women who start out to earn money by posing do not realize. They think a pretty face or figure will do it all. Nothing could be

further than this notion from the real conditions of model work. Posing certainly requires intelligence, and often genuine artistic temperament and a rapprochement between artist and model. The model must feel instinctively just what it is the artist wishes her to pose for, and fall naturally, and I may say artlessly, into position. Some models have the knack of this; and their time is, of course, always taken up. Sculptors or painters of large mural decorations often employ the same model for all the figures in their design—like the model, I spoke of, who was all five Senses—and in this way a model sometimes obtains an engagement for an entire season with one painter or sculptor.

A good model is so important to an artist that it is singular there are not more marriages between artists and their models. There are, however, other well-known cases besides the one I already have mentioned. A noted



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EPHIMER LLOYD

American artist, now dead, married his model; and since his death, she has taken to posing again.

Aside from the intelligence and temperament required of a model, it is a strain to pose. This is a point not at all understood by those who start out to seek employment as models merely on the strength of their beauty. It is with posing as with every other line of work. There are clerks who shut down their desks at the stroke of five; there are others who have pride in their work and remain to finish up the task of the day. Similarly, there are models who are out only for the money there is in posing; and others whose heart is in their work and who have regard for its esthetic aspects. There are, in fact, models and models; just as there are artists and artists, clerks and clerks, and bootblacks and bootblacks. The usual periods of posing are three-quarters of an hour, with fifteen minutes for rest, at fifty cents an hour for the figure and one-third less for draped.

The Paris "Figaro" some time ago paid a high tribute to the American type of beauty, and asked if it is not destined to be the model of the future Venus, adding that many Paris artists believe the American type to be, in some particulars, the most perfect known. This statement from the "Figaro" I showed at the time



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POSING AS WINTER.



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AGNES WINSTON.



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LENA BRUNNER.

to a number of distinguished American artists whose experience had specially fitted them to express an opinion on the comparative merits of American and foreign models. These artists—among them Dielman, Ward, Wenzel, Blashfield and Wiles—added to the "Figaro's" their own tribute to the high attributes of the American model. Their consensus of opinion seemed to be that the lines of the Ameri-

can model's figure are more indicative of good breeding than those of foreign models. They are more symmetrical, and also cleaner in the joints, with a good suggestion of underlying muscle. It is especially to be noted that the American figure does not run to heavy ankles and bulky feet—another indication of refinement.

Too much cannot be said for the face, or rather for the face types, which form the crowning glory of the American girl's physical make-up. The faces of American women carry out to a remarkable extent the suggestion of combined grace and independence indicated by the figure. Refinement is coupled with a breezy "get there" expression, especially valuable to illustrators, and which, like the figure, conveys the impression of grace and buoyancy coupled with dignity and self-reliance.



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MINNIE KEURN.



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POSING AS MUSIC.

Add to this beauty of figure and feature an intelligence which acts upon the slightest suggestion from the artist regarding the pose, and it is not difficult to understand why the American model is considered the finest in the world.

Then, again, the choice of models is much greater here than in any foreign country. Better women models are found here than anywhere else, because all nations are contributing to our population. I do not mean that we find combined in one type the characteristics of several of the nations which go to make up our population. For a real type is superior to a mixed one. I do mean, however, that we have here types of all countries—English, French, Irish, German, Scandinavian—each with the highest



MISS PIERSON RESTING IN HENRY MOSLER'S STUDIO.

charm of the race. For the foreigners who come here almost immediately improve their condition. They get better food and lead an easier life; and, as a result, the best physical points of their race are developed and emphasized. This is especially the case in their children who are born and grow up here.

The foreign model usually belongs to the lowest classes. Her people, as a rule, are very poor, and she has been badly cared for and poorly nourished. These conditions have naturally affected the figure injuriously. She earns little by posing, as compared with the American model, and, as she cannot spend so much on herself, her appearance is not so attractive. She is usually lacking in the air of good breeding which is a characteristic of the Amer-

ican model. In fact, the American racial type in both men and women is higher than any foreign type.

Certainly a better class of women pose for artists here than abroad. The fact that models are treated with respect in our studios induces many girls to prefer posing to working in stores, because it is more remunerative, a model earning in a day as much as some girls can earn in a week by working in a store. Many highly respectable girls who, through financial straits of

their parents or for other reasons, are obliged to support themselves, but who do not care to do so in a public or semi-public way — by going on the stage or attending behind the counter — offer themselves as models. This type of girl has had a better bringing up than the professional foreign model, has taken better care of her-

self and is in every way superior. A girl like that may pose for only three or four artists and yet be able to earn a fair livelihood.

"When I returned to New York," said an artist who had studied for several years in Paris, "and models began applying at my studio, they were so superior in manner, bearing and dress to those to whom I had become accustomed abroad that I at first mistook them for visitors. Abroad, an artist knows on the instant whether he has

opened his door to a visitor or to a model. For the latter either is flashily dressed or has the manners of the lower class.

"The high quality of the American model lies in her general aspect—her fine proportions, her striking carriage, her grace of movement. We are a democratic nation. Yet the American girl is the most aristocratic woman in the world. She is a finer type of model because she is brought up in better surroundings. Her education is superior to that of the foreign model.

Hence her mind is finer, and the body responds to the mind.

"I don't want to be understood as asserting that one does not sometimes find exquisite models abroad. I remember while I was studying with Gérôme that he came into the class one day and asked us to come into his studio to see a model, whom he considered one of the most perfectly made

women who had ever posed for him.

"He was at that time painting a picture which is now considered one of his finest works—the 'Slave Market,' and when we entered his studio we saw the beautiful girl who forms the central point of interest in that picture.

"But, as a rule, the French figure is not so good as the American. The latter type is more refined. Our models suggest in their bearing a higher order of girls."

One sometimes hears talk about the ideal



EMILY P. FULTON.



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 POSING AS A GIPSY.

measurements of the human figure. An artist has no use for them. Ideal measurements are like a rhyming dictionary. A genius does not require either.

There seems to be no dearth of models, or would-be models, in New York, but those who go into the work seriously and comprehendingly are comparatively few. I

have heard artists variously estimate the number of these from ten to one hundred. It is believed that the children of foreigners when born or brought up in this country have so much better care, better surroundings and better nourishment than people in the same circumstances abroad, that these foreign types are more perfectly developed here, consequently many excellent models of different types are to be found in this country. It is difficult, however, to get Italian women to pose. The Italian men are too jealous of them to allow them to do so—for which reason, perhaps, the Italian women are model, if not models.



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POSING AS ONE OF THE FIVE SENSES.



HOW TO CHOOSE A CHILD'S PONY.

BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN.

“THE old pony that taught me how to ride” is one of the pleasantest memories of many a life. That pony may have been some tricky, stubborn, tangle-footed old rascal with only one idea on earth outside of his feed-box, but he lives in memory with a most unmerited halo surrounding his shaggy head. The good horses of later years are forgotten in their turn, but a niche is kept for the old sinner that opened the pleasing vista of possibilities in horsemanship.

Far be it from me even to seem to say that all ponies are rascals. Many of them are most meritorious, though humble, members of the equine community, and, especially in England, where the pony is far commoner and held in greater esteem than here, he often plays a most important part in the support of his master and his family. From the pampered pet of the millionaire's household to the patient little slave that vies with the long-eared “moke” as furnishing the locomotive power for the costermonger's barrow, is a long drop in the social scale, but a pony is always a pony, no matter what his surroundings. He does not lose caste from humble circumstances, as the horse does. Plenty of ponies have graduated from the butcher's cart to the polo-field or even Rotten Row.

But the especial purpose of this article is to give would-be purchasers a few hints as to buying ponies suitable for children, and this at once opens up a number of points that need explanation. The “Sheltie,” generally accepted as the special steed of the tiny tot, is as different from the high-mettled specimens of Devonshire, Welsh and Irish ponies as the cart-horse is from the thoroughbred race-horse. An Exmoor pony will carry a man of one hundred and seventy pounds or over all day, even to hounds, though the legs of the rider may very nearly trail upon the ground, and when he gets back to his stable he will not miss an oat any more than if he had been out for a pipe-opener in the park. One reason why we on this side of the Atlantic have made so little progress in improving our ponies or in encouraging the breeding of them, is that no type has been se-



A LIVELY LITTLE FELLOW.



A TEAM OF TROTTERS.

lected in the show-ring, and the miniature hackney is brought into competition with bloodlike Welshmen, galloping Irishmen and amiable little Shetlands with a promiscuousness that is absurd. These miniature hackneys are not ponies, though often useful little harness-horses, and the acceptance of them as a pony type is mischievous.

It is particularly wrong in that the first essential of a good pony is that he be able and willing to do whatever is asked of him. You buy one horse for a hunter, another for a brougham-horse, and so on, and just so long as the animal fills the particular billet for which he has been selected, nothing more is asked of him. The "general utility" horse, the poor man's friend, does not even, as a rule, have to combine so many rôles as the pony. For example, very seldom are horses asked to go in harness and under saddle, and scarcely ever is a harness-horse that is being used as such sent into the hunting-field. But the ideal pony is quiet enough to carry the panniers for the babies, steady enough to draw a spring-cart to the station for light baggage, lively enough to teach Master Reggie to stick on, and fast and bold enough to do a "bit of pottering" in the hunting-field and give the youthful mind its first idea of how to negotiate a jump.

It is scarcely necessary to say that such a phenomenon as this is

seldom to be found. Children, without meaning to be so, are generally hard on ponies—not cruel actually, but rough and unsympathetic. They want to be the masters in every particular. Unlike the majority of their elders who aspire in any degree to horsemanship, they do not know what it means to humor a horse and let him believe that "he's doing it all." So it happens that most ponies which have been used

regularly by children have mouths like cast-iron and, while seldom vicious, are full of tricks to make life easier and more amusing for themselves, quite regardless of the comfort of their small masters and mistresses. And the amount of obstinacy that an eleven-hand pony can muster under his hide is simply appalling.

Hence one maxim in buying a pony for children is to avoid animals that have seen considerable service in such a capacity, at any rate without sufficient trial to satisfy you that they have not acquired the regu-



A STURDY ABERDEEN.



THE SPECIAL STEED OF THE TINY TOT.

lation pony tricks. The pony that gave me my first ideas of riding, "Bran," a funny little old Welshman, had already performed that function for three elder brothers, and what he did not know about making life miserable for the young idea was not worth knowing. So mulish had he become that, when called upon to draw a small cart, he would positively refuse to budge until he had had ocular, and sometimes more convincing, proof that the driver had not forgotten to bring along with him a certain very robust dog-whip.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the Shetland has the call as a child's pony, but it may be questioned whether he is fully entitled to it. Of course, very few boys of ten or less could be trusted on, say, a Connemara pony, but I never see a well-grown youngster, with a good idea of riding, seated on the back of a "doddering" little Sheltie and vainly scrambling to keep up with his elders' horses, without feeling sorry that he is not mounted on one of the lovely miniature horses that Wales, Ireland and various other parts of the British Isles produce.

Of a genuine native breed of ponies, we have none. The cow-pony of the West is no pony at all, but a horse stunted, and often rendered vicious and unsafe, by generations of privation and "hustling" for a scant living. The outcrossing of the cow-pony with the thoroughbred is succeeding, but the product is primarily not a child's pony but material for the polo-field and work of that class.



A SPIRITED ROADSTER.



A GOOD SADDLE-PONY.

From the pannier-bearing Shetland to the boy's hunter is a big step, and, as a rule, it is impossible to fill it all with one animal. There are Shetlands and Shetlands. A pair of well-trained, high-stepping ponies of this breed has fetched as much as three hundred and fifty guineas in London to my personal knowledge, but as a rule the Shetland has no action, poor shoulders and a heavy head, so that a lad capable of piloting a pony of more life and style is little likely to have his horsemanship improved by riding him. Rather, a boy is apt to develop rough hands and a slovenly seat on account of the lack of ease and "poetry of motion" afforded by his mount.

To put the matter in other words, the pony makes the horseman. He is the tutor of the youngster, and the parent who is anxious to have his boy excel in horsemanship should be just as careful in proportion, when he picks a pony, as he would be in the selection of a tutor. A careless tutor makes a careless

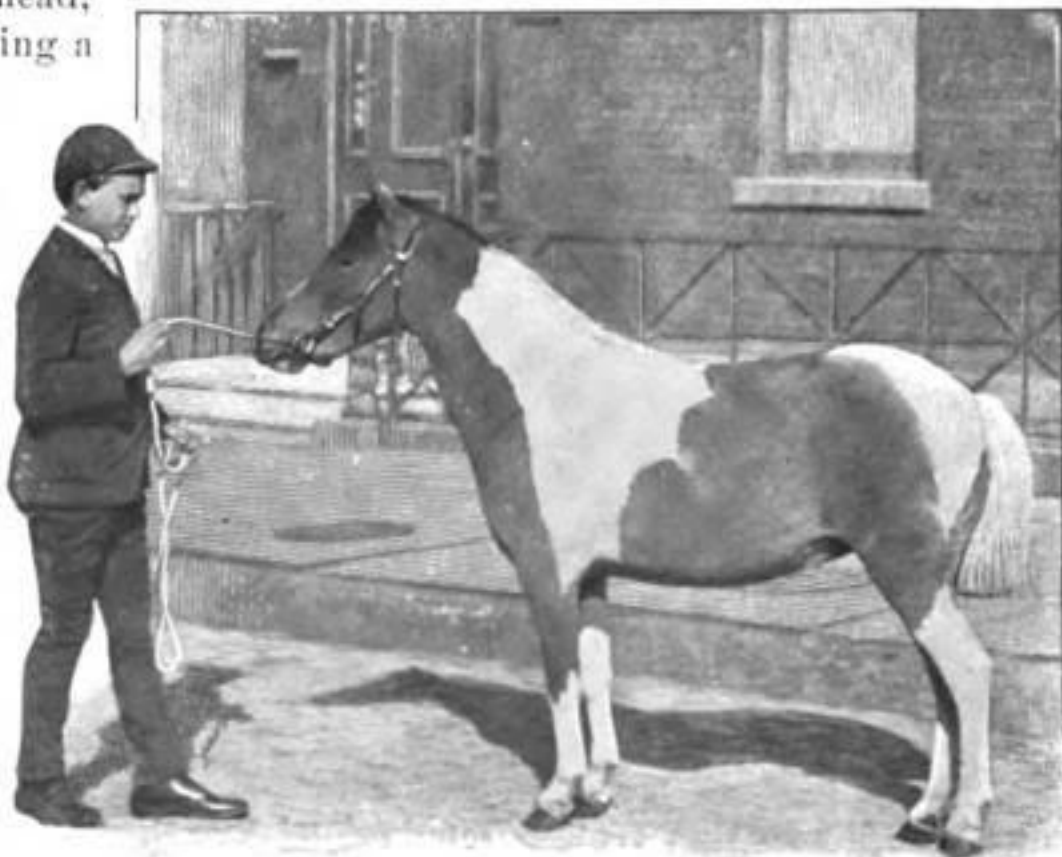
pupil, and starts to mold the youthful character on altogether wrong lines. Horsemanship is not so important as mental and moral training, but indulgence in healthful and manly sport goes far toward inculcating the qualities that make a successful man. The memory of the "Iron Duke" should be revered as much for what he said about the effect of riding to hounds on the character, as for many of the more notable deeds contained in his record. The Duke, it will be remembered, was speaking of his ideal among cavalry officers, and the sum and substance of his remarks was that he wanted a fox-hunter, a man whose courage had been fostered through trying exploits by flood and field, and upon whom the

necessity for quick decision had been impressed by the exigencies of the hunting-field.

You can hardly suppose that the ambitions of a boy who wants to "go" at all with hounds will be satisfied by a mount on an obstinate old Sheltie who will do as much as he pleases and no more. Put such a lad on a lively little Exmoor, as good a horse for his inches



"A PAIR OF WELL-TRAINED, HIGH-STEPPING PONIES."



THE CHILDREN'S STAND-BY.

as his father's best hunter, and you give him a fair chance to learn the best lessons derivable from the game. Of course, such a pony cannot be picked up at random, but no more can a five-hundred-guinea hunter be bought every day, and the selection of such a pony should be as thorough as that of the high-priced hunter. In other words, a pony not only should be sound in wind, limb and eye, and kind in every particular, but should for such work be as carefully chosen for points as a high-priced horse. And the points of a pony are not different from those of a horse, though to see the shapeless, shoulderless, neckless, shambling little

bundles of horseflesh that some rich men are content to have in their stables one would think otherwise. A pony to gallop and jump must have the fine, sloping shoulders that are the prerequisite of a high-class hunter, clean bone and lots of it, free stifle-play, a straight hind-leg, and all the other attributes of a good hunter or steeplechaser. Only, if the pony is as perfect an individual as I have endeavored to picture, you will find that he will do a good deal more to earn his oats than his bigger brother, and almost surely will be just as good in all kinds of harness as under the saddle.

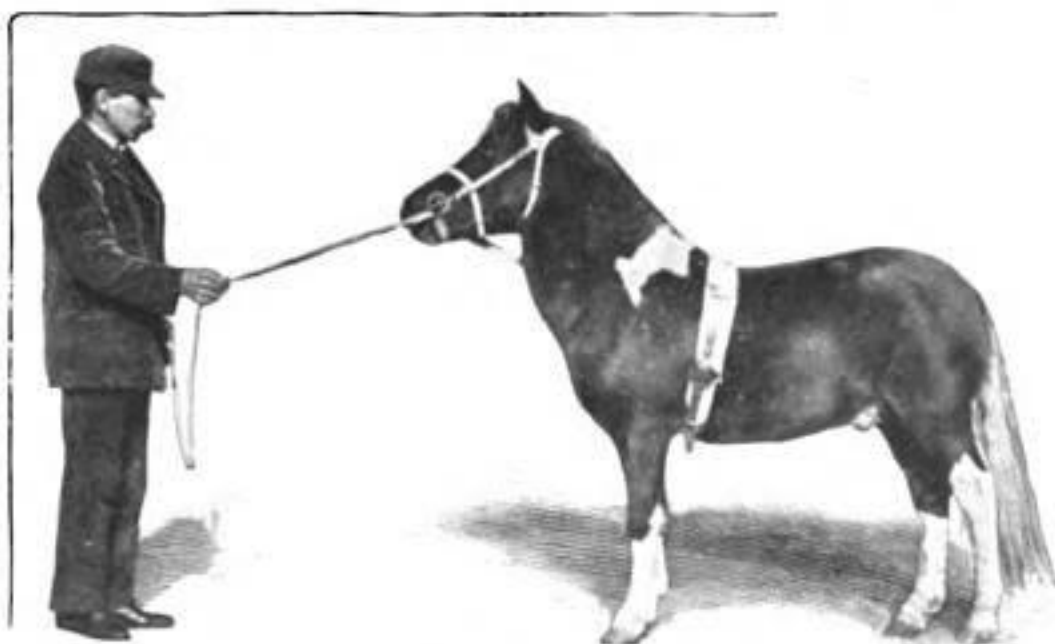
The obvious objection to this eulogium of the pony is that such animals are scarce. They are scarce, but they are not obsolete. It is only a few years since the average carriage-horse of New York and our other big cities was a thing for the visiting European to scoff at. The man who wanted a good hunter or polo-pony never dreamed of getting it nearer than England. The case is very different now, and the production of first-class polo-ponies opens up a great chance for the young folks, as some of the ponies are bound to run too small for polo and not up to a man's weight. Still, until the production of ponies has been better systematized and the type thor-



A REALLY "BREEDY" PONY.

oughly defined and recognized, a man who can afford it is likely to do better by importing Exmoors from their native moors. A few breeders in the East, and more in the West, are doing good work in furnishing a high quality of pony with a large infusion of thoroughbred, and in some cases Arab, blood. It will be only a few years before the American pony is as well recognized as the trotter or the thoroughbred.

The elder children provided for—for a girl who takes at all kindly to the saddle is just as capable as a boy of doing justice to such a breedy pony as has been described—consideration must be given to the tots. Here is where the Sheltie is at his best. There is a good deal of the sheep about the average Shetland, and in his

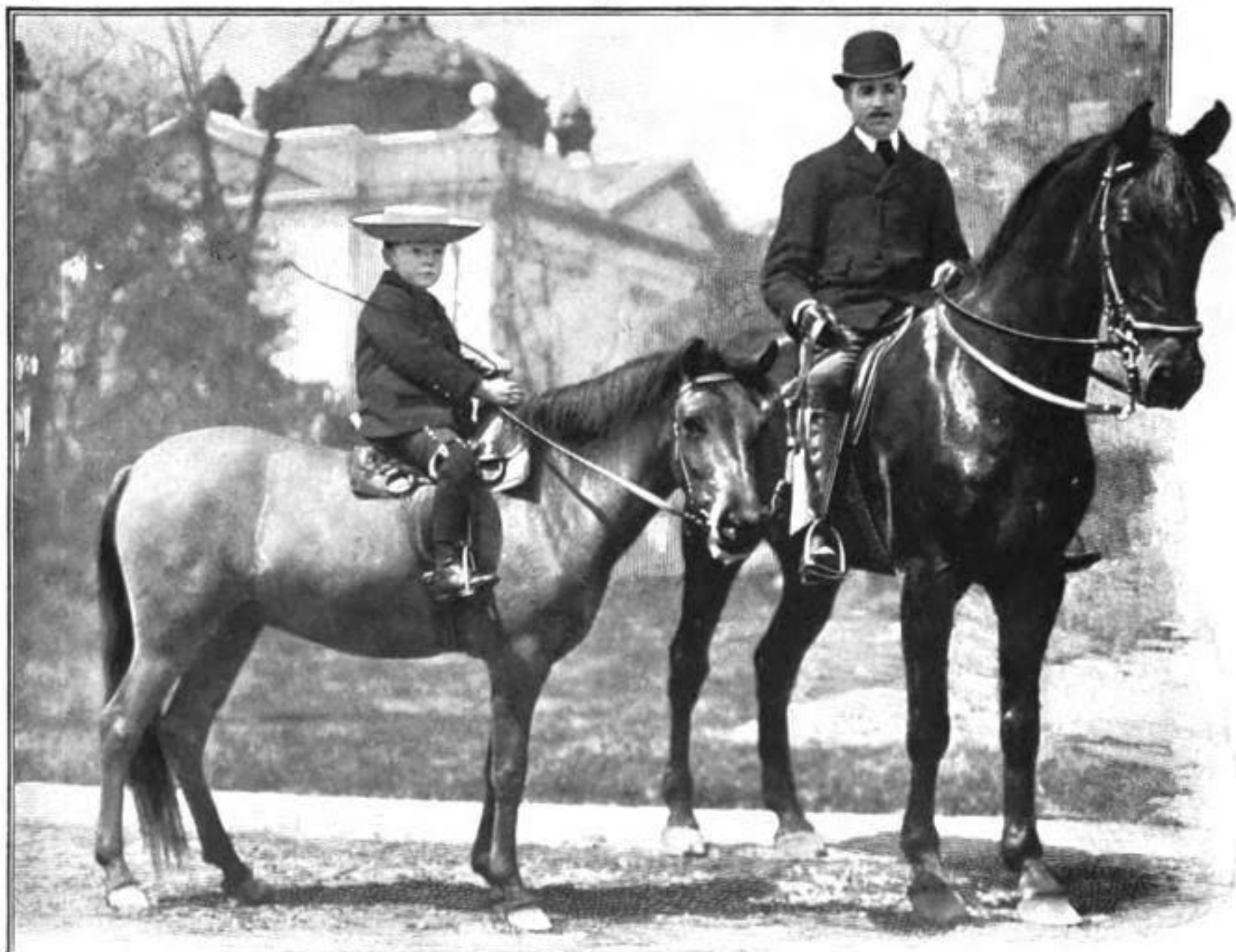


A VETERAN

natural, long-coated condition he is about as impossible to judge on points. His cardinal virtue is a placid slothfulness that would be accounted anything but a virtue in most varieties of horseflesh, big or little.

I have no desire to be unduly critical of this favorite breed, but the calm assumption that the Shetland is the only pony for all sizes of children is irritating, when one considers his almost absolute lack of all the qualities that other specimens of horseflesh are valued for. The point can perhaps be best illustrated by the fact that the

a steed for the juveniles, but the donkey has not and never will have the same vogue. Shelties, too, can be made useful in very many ways. Within the past year it has become a common thing in the streets of New York to see a Shetland drawing one of those low, two-wheeled basket-carts, with side-seats, generally known as "governess-carts," and such a conveyance is most useful for carrying children to and from school, and such jobs. There is, moreover, plenty of light work around the grounds of every country house which a



SAFE FOR THE YOUNGEST BOY.

happiest day in a school-boy's life is when he is at last permitted to have a mount on a "real horse." The desire to acquit himself well arouses everything that is virile in his nature, and the circumstance that he has at last a horse, and not a pony, beneath him gratifies his budding manhood.

The Shetland really belongs in the utility class. He is quaint and interesting to children, and fits exactly into the picture of rural life. The donkey is a serious rival to him as a pannier-carrier or even as

Shetland can do, and for which his docile disposition renders him peculiarly adapted.

In short, the Shetland may be taken as the first educator of youth, but there is a gap between the Shetland and the full-sized horse which should be bridged if the education in horsemanship is to be made complete. In this article I have tried to bring out this point, which is generally overlooked, and if success be scored in even a few cases, I feel that the thanks of a percentage of our future horsemen and horsewomen will be due.

THE WELL-GOWNED WOMAN.

BY MARY C. BLOSSOM.

WHATEVER the chances and changes of the dawning century may be, the earth will probably rotate in the same direction as before, and the feminine instinct of adornment be undiminished. If ever defenseless man was left without a bulwark, it is now, in the presence of beauty combined with "that fund of gay frippery" which operates like discharging a twenty-four-pounder at a humming-bird. Women have always refused to heed the poet's caution—

"Flash not God's
truth on blinking
eyes
With reckless inspira-
tion."

and just now the modiste happens to aid nature. There are grace of outline and beauty of fabric, and plenty of opportunity for a woman to make the most of her type and yet be in the mode. It is the day of picture-dressing, if you please, and a girl may be Early Florentine, or First Em-

pire, or one of a host of other things, as suits her best.

In America's provincial days, the fine people had a few canons in the matter of dress to which they clung as long as possible. Everything must be genuine of its kind; no pinchbeck or stage jewelry was permitted, cotton lace was mentioned with bated breath, and a real lady might be

out of the fashion and yet easily recognized as a person of good taste. There was "an order and a mode of beauty" all her own, and the feverish changes of the present time would have excited suspicion in some of the stately dames of the past, as being undignified and bespeaking an ill-poised social condition. To-day the picturesque effect is sought, bringing cotton lace and imitation jewels to its aid; and the result is justified from the point of view of the artistic.

Every spring and autumn we transform or renew our wardrobe as our purse permits; truly, "cares and joys abound as seasons fleet," and even Shakespeare, who noted it, would feel some amazement at the extraordinary change that occurs from year to year. Only twelve short months ago (and it is lingering still) we observed a very scant condition of skirt, which was adopted



A DINNER-GOWN OF EMBROIDERED NET.

with the utmost recklessness by very well-intentioned and proper persons. They seemed "like puppets led about by wires," and made us wish that we might have numbered, like the author of "Walden," a tree among our ancestors; for all sorts and conditions of women waddled about with strained drapery drawn tightly over hips of all sizes and proportions. The wearers



A DINNER-GOWN OF EMBROIDERED NET.

seemed to "go antickly, and show outward hideousness." These skirts reminded one of the Irishman's idea of church architecture in America—

"They put up a front to the street
Like ould Westminster Abbey;
But thin they thinks to chate the Lord,
And builds the back part shabby."

We looked upon them and longed for a middle state that Mallet prayed for. But times change, and now we are often ruffled to the waist. We must not be thought to undervalue the beauty of the closely clinging skirt which is so much worn at present, and which is more graceful in its lines than any we have had in a long time; it is truly beautiful. But it is now gradually gaining sufficient fullness in the back to make it becoming and elegant.

With our increased prosperity and more luxurious living, it is no longer necessary for great dames to send abroad for the triumphs of the dressmaker's art—these come to us. An army of modistes of the highest class is in New York, furnishing the apparel of the well-dressed. These costumers are not all women. "It is fair to derive instruction even from enemies"

—presumably also from the vanquished; and, especially in Paris, many of the most successful costumers are men. Your true artist, if a woman, is usually Irish or French, although there are sporadic cases of the master-hand among other nationalities.

Some one has said that when you see a woman always well-dressed, you see a very hard-working woman. True it is that infinite vigilance is her part who would achieve distinction in her gowning. She must cavil on the ninth part of a hair, grovel before the powers that be; and no woman has ever passed an hour in a fashionable dressmaking establishment, with only a screen between herself and her fellow-victims, without receiving some enlightenment as to the importance of plumage. "Fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train," becomes a real personage when one hears her votaries prostrating themselves before a supercilious dressmaker, begging her kind offices and fawning upon her favor. All this self-abasement notwithstanding that a large price is paid. Bulwer says "the mate for beauty should be a man, and not a money-chest"; alas, the ambitious being who wishes to be proud of his well-dressed wife too often offers not only himself as a money-chest, but the



A GARNITURE OF CHIFFON AND BEADS.



COSTUME OF CHIFFON WITH APPLIQUE.



A TEA-GOWN OF CHIFFON WITH APPLIQUÉ.

stand their own good points, and manifest "a clear *because* to a clear *why*." They are "chaussée et gantée," and convey an impression of being, some way, just right. It were idle to attempt to discover the method by which they arrive at this happy issue; it seems to be only remotely a mental process, for very often they seem to know nothing outside of this one royal accomplishment. Nor is it necessary that they should; for to be the crowning touch in the landscape on a summer's day, or to make the firelight more cheerful on a winter's eve, is it not enough?

Of those others who put on, regardless of their persons, all that the gaudy heavens could drop down; who are cheerful and chirrupy under a mountain of mistakes, what can be said? They are the living embodiment of Smollett's grievance of "ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance and adopted by folly." They go about with a serene complacency, and, having copied a fashion-plate, often remain forever unconscious of absurdity. They make one long for a simple universal costume, or any rational way out of the difficulty. In the mind of the average American woman, any discussion of a costume without whalebones would seem "a compound of rage and lunacy," yet there is a word to be said in behalf of those shapeless

sweet dignity of the lady into the bargain.

There are women who have a heaven-born gift for dressing well and who never perpetrate a mistake. They show no sign of slavery to modes, under-

garments which never conceal beauty; and doubtless there are degrees of coquetry and art in the Japanese lady's use of her adornment.

Instead of four times a year remodeling and arriving at "endless devices, bottomless conclusions," how fine it would be to have fabric and design so rich and beautiful that they would last a bit and give us more time for other things. If a certain uniformity and simplicity of dress based upon beauty of color, design and fabric could be arrived at, we might no longer be slaves of the modiste. It may be we are going toward such an end; for seldom has design played a larger part than now, and we are using appliqué and embroidery in a way which, with a little more sincerity, would arrive at art. In every experimental science there is a tendency toward perfection, and since we must be clothed, we may some day learn the value of simplicity, with a true appreciation of form and color which will be restful and beautiful and leave us less "tired with vain rotations of



A PARISIAN HOUSE-GOWN.



A BALL-DRESS OF EMBROIDERED SATIN

the day." Care is certainly an enemy to life.

The woman of the Occident seems to fear that the adoption of a beautiful universal costume would afford too little scope for the exercise of her genius.

She feels that there can be too much of a good thing—like Doctor Chalmers when he called upon the shoemaker, who, in enumerating his blessings, mentioned that his family had lived thirty years without a single quarrel. The good doctor struck his cane on the floor and surprised them by exclaiming, "Terribly monotonous, man, terribly monotonous!"

In this year of 1901 there is probably more latitude in fashion than there has been for many a decade past, and per-

haps more than ever before. The costumes of several periods are suggested in the modes, and the refinements of color are allowed free play, while a certain amount of individuality in dress is admired rather than scoffed at. Better even than a universal adoption of beautiful fabrics of somewhat uniform shape, would be the exercise of a sensitive and personal play of imagination, resulting in individual expression. The esthetic sense would grow with use, and home and costume would be "a final revelation of yourself," a manner of "supplementing your own visions."

" 'What's fashionable, I'll maintain
Is always right,' cries Sprightly Jane"—

and it is pleasant to see how easily Jane can prove her point in 1901. First, the fabrics are wonderfully beautiful. All the soft, clinging mate-



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

A DINNER-GOWN OF TULLE AND LACE

rials like crêpe de chine, chiffon, and old-fashioned silk barége daintily flowered, are in use. Many semi-transparent fabrics are used with silks under them so as to produce celestial and unheard-of colors. Changeable silks, of plume de pigeon, chameleon, and shimmery opalescent effects, are quite as charming as their names would suggest.

The designs used are of a most enchanting delicacy—flowers and vines that suggest even the perishable morning-glory in their elusiveness; dainty embroideries of buds and leaves and trailing branches, more of a real tribute to Mother Nature than we have worn for many a long day. Skirts give the effect of the extremely slender and svelte, because of the clinging materials, notwithstanding that they are much trimmed.

The Frenchy combination of delicate pink and blue

is used once more, as much as the duller and heavier colors which have been in vogue of recent years. In more than one respect the present fashions are described in the costuming of Mrs. Grimes and Peggy, old Grimes's wife and daughter. Accompanying the

"old blue coat,
All buttoned down before,"
went Peggy—

"Her dresses ne'er were tight or loose,
Nor very long or short";

also Mrs. Grimes, who

"Wore a dress of pink and blue,
The stripes ran all around."

Without the escort of Grimes, which would be superfluous in these days, Mrs. Grimes and Peggy would shine by reason of their up-to-date toilets.

Lace is much used, especially in flat bands, and "let in." One bit of realism was seen on a beautiful gown set with deep cream lace in medallions, on which were two little scenes, one a barnyard with a chanticler in the foreground, and the other a house. Another rich gown was trimmed with sunflowers and yellow velvet bands.



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

A DINNER-GOWN OF WHITE SATIN.

There often are ruffles to the waist in the latest Paris gowns, making a costume so unapproachable that we are reminded of the little girl who asked, "Mama, will that lady go to heaven any sooner than you because she has got a pew all to herself?" The ruffled skirt is said to be a forerun-

ner of the hoopskirt, but we turn a deaf ear to even the possibility. We have lived in comparative comfort too long to resign our privilege easily.

That reminds us of the tailor-made costume, a most important adjunct of our civilization. We recognize in these days, more than ever before, the need of suiting the costume to the occasion. Frenchwomen have always had the advantage of us in heeding this monition of good taste. We are just beginning to give it due weight. Nothing can exceed the perfection of utility, and trimness of appearance, that goes with the intention, well carried out, of the tailor suit. It is no longer crudely suggestive of masculine attire, as when it was first introduced—women have endowed it with a quality all their own. The Dublin journal which announced that "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend," would find no justification now in the appearance of the tailor-made woman. The strictest canons of beauty can-

not be complied with in a gown that is for street and office wear, for holding the ribbons over a spirited pair, or for passing in and out of shops or trains; but in suitability itself exists a



INDIA MUSLIN WITH INSERTION OF MECHLIN LACE AND EMBROIDERED FLOWERS APPLIQUÉD.



A TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

very potent attraction, and no one doubts the efficiency of these simple and useful gowns. Their lack of ornament is a test of skill in itself, and they demand a correctness of line and a fine workmanship which afford ample scope to the best craftsman.



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

A BLACK VELVET DINNER-GOWN.

Rather than listen to evil mutterings in regard to the reappearance of the hoopskirt, we will turn to the cheerful prospect of the picture-hat. All fashionable milliners predict that the recovery of the lost portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire will bring the Gainsborough hat for next winter; and luckily, there are enough pretty faces to put under it. So pray you, ladies, unless you be possessed of youth and beauty, resign this headgear with a smile. For under those sweeping plumes youthful beauty finds its completeness, while the ravages of time are made more noticeable; and a pug-nose becomes like the little boy's which "was growing puggier every day."



A CHARMING HOUSE-GOWN.

Whatever may have been predicted, as yet we feel no salutary shame about wearing long dresses in the street. It is impossible to make the present skirts, many of them close-fitting and sheath-like in effect, look well if they are off the ground. We have resigned ourselves to still further martyrdom, though well we know that

"No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground,"
and the rainy-day skirt is our consolation.

In another matter, the saner thought is making its way. The fact that all England is in mourning, and that mourning dress is so universal that even the little children wear a black band on one arm, calls our attention to the point that in our country the costume of heaviest black and the mourning veil

are not so universal as they were. It must be that our profession of faith is becoming more real to us, and forbidding us to put on the badge of hopeless woe—

"To wear long faces just as if our
Maker,
The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In Sorrow's dismal crape or bombazine."

No wonder the little girl, on hearing her mother say she was going into half mourning, inquired if any of her relatives were half dead! It is refreshing to think that violet and white, those spiritual and beautiful notes, are becoming as expressive of our attitude toward the absent as the somber and crushing black which was formerly so rigidly the custom.



A STUDY IN APPLIQUE.

In all ways this is essentially a year of decoration. Instead of the plain skirts and trimmed bodices worn a short time ago, we now have all that skill can devise in the way of ornament used over the entire gown. Raised trimmings of flowers, leaves and rich medallion designs, formed of lace, ribbon, beads and imitation stones, are used upon Parisian gowns. Embroidery is greatly in demand, worked into the fabric in a way that would delight Ruskin. He criticized the insincerity of our ornamentation, trimmings laid on instead of worked into the fabric.

The smaller artificial flowers are sparingly used as garniture in preference to the larger flowers. The sleeves of evening gowns are the merest bands of velvet or passementerie; and with the curves of the

waist passing into the long, simple, graceful lines of the skirt, the effect is very artistic and beautiful.

One characteristic of the year has been and will be the combination of materials strangely unlike in their nature. Fur and chiffon have been near neighbors, and much that is perishable goes to form the new evening wraps, that are made even of crêpe



BALL-GOWN OF WHITE CHIFFON WITH STRIPES OF SILVER AND APPLIQUÉD FLOWERS OF PALE-GREEN LACE.



A BALL-DRESS OF BLACK JETTED NET.

de chine combined with velvet and lace and much-plaited chiffon.

Without doubt, the perfect finish to a dainty toilet is in the hat, where one is worn; many times a gown not new may be redeemed and made inconspicuous by excellence in the hat, boots and gloves of the wearer. All the world over, it is understood that the magic of the mil-

liner's art may command its own price and make its own distinction. More even than in the gown may the hand of the expert make itself felt in the hat, giving that final touch which

every one recognizes and which so few are able to achieve.

It happens that at present very different styles of hats are in vogue, so that all kinds of faces may be suited. There is the wide flat effect, which the long-faced woman may avoid with discretion, and there are toques of different heights and sizes, which she may adopt. The dexterous use of the most transparent and perishable materials is a charm of this summer's millinery, and flowers are being made more cleverly every year. They are used in profusion, and if we wear artificial flowers at all, it is well to be willing to pay for those carefully devised, and natural and beautiful in construction and colors.

Although it must be admitted that money plays an important part in the art of dress, it is not all.

It is evident that taste and discrimination are still more important factors. Often a simple home-made dress is really

admired where a rich and expensive gown is only wondered at. Taste sees to it that the gown is not only appropriate to the hour of the day, to the season of the year and to the age of the wearer, but also that its color scheme is harmonious and its effect pleasing to the eye.

Often fashion has been accused of laying down too rigorous rules and compelling a woman to dress in a style unbecoming to her type of beauty. But this cannot be said of recent fashion, for its tendency has been broad enough to allow each individual type of woman to pick a becoming style of dress and nevertheless be fashionably gowned.

Taking it all in all, the tide of fashion is set in this year 1901, not

toward the luxurious only, but toward the rational, the beautiful, the artistic, also. Individual taste is freer than ever. It is hardly probable that in the coming years Dame Fashion will compel us to accept a lower standard.



SORTIE DU BAL TRIMMED WITH CHIFFON AND LACE.

OLD FRENCH ROMANCES.

I.—AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THOUGH the song-story—"cante-fable"—"C'est d'Aucassin et de Nicolette," has long had an antiquarian interest for scholars, it is only during the last twenty years or so that it has taken its place in the living literature of the world, and given two of the most fragrant names to the mythology of lovers. Monsieur Bida in France, and Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. F. W. Bourdillon in England, are to be thanked for rescuing this precious pearl from the dust-heaps of philological learning. In England Mr. Bourdillon was first with a very graceful and scholarly translation. Walter Pater in his famous essays on "The Renaissance" early directed to it the attention of amateurs of such literary delicacies; but practically Mr. Lang is its sponsor in English, by virtue of a translation which for freshness and grace and tender beauty may well take the place of the original with those of us for whom Old French has its difficulties. Nine years before, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman had introduced the lovers to American readers in "A Masque of Poets." There in a single lyric Mr. Stedman has so skilfully concentrated the romance of the old story that I venture to quote from it, particularly as Mr. Stedman has done readers of his poetry the mysterious unkindness of omitting it from his collected poems:

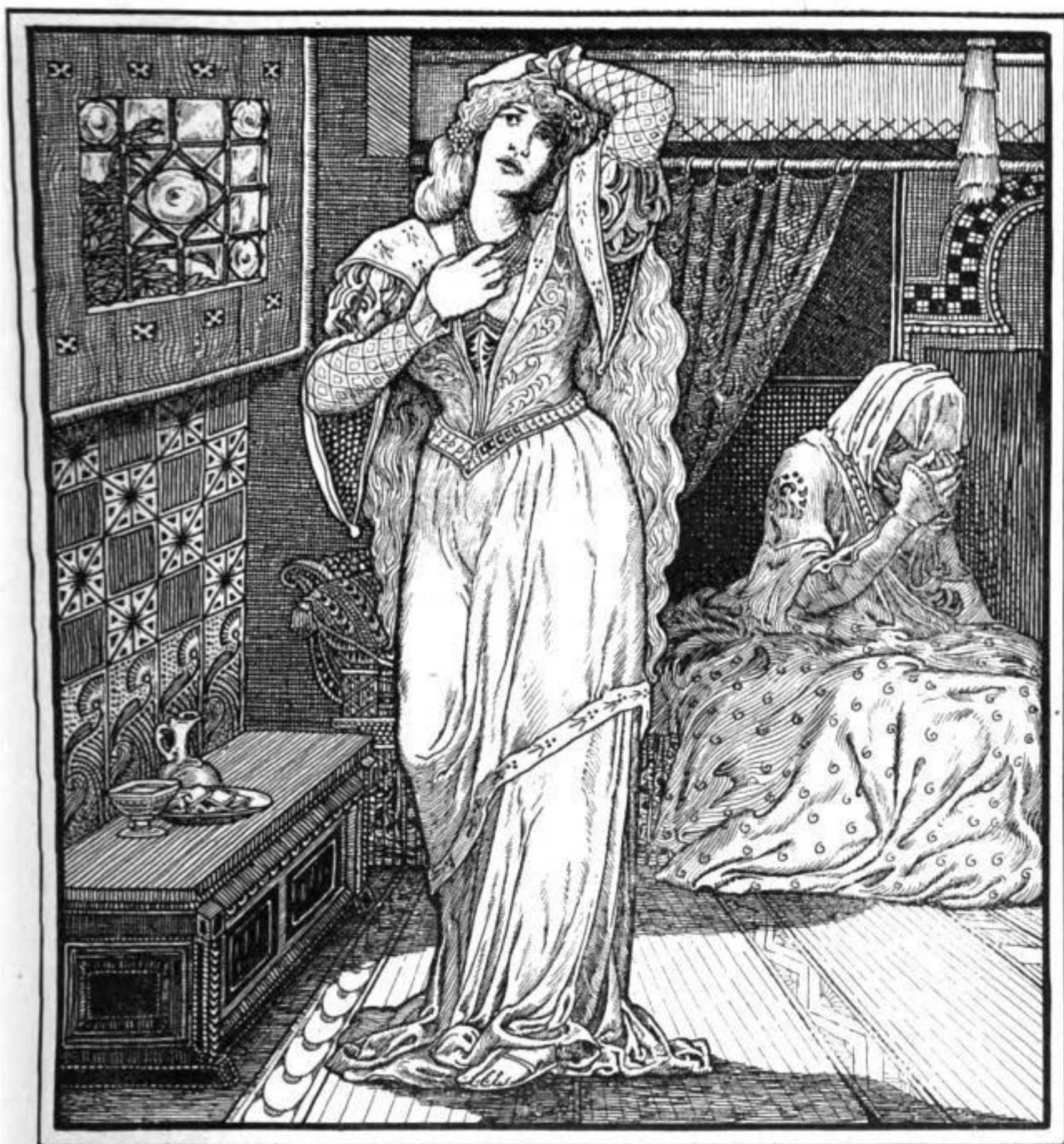
" Within the garden of Biaucaire
He met her by a secret stair,—
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin, 'My love, my pet,
These old confessors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell
Unless I give you up, ma belle,'—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

" Now, who should there in heaven be
To fill your place, *ma très-douce mie*?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the droning priests are met;—
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling,
To filch the Peter-pence we bring;—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

" To purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know,
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
The men of valor and degree:
We'll join that gallant company,—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

" Sweet players on the cithern strings
And they who roam the world like kings
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, *ma douce mie*!
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below,—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette."

Here the three notes of the old song-story are admirably struck: the force and freshness of young passion, the troubadourish sweetness of literary manner, the rebellious humanity. Young love has ever been impatient of the middle-aged wisdom of the world, and fiercely resisted the pious or practical restraints to its happiness; but perhaps the rebelliousness of young hearts has never been so audaciously expressed as in "Aucassin and Nicolette." The absurdity of parents who, after all these generations of experience, still confidently oppose them-



Drawn by Louis Rhead. NICOLETE WEIGHS HOW SHE MAY ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER.

selves to that omnipotent passion which Holy Writ itself tells us many waters cannot quench; the absurdity of thin-blooded, chilly old maids of both sexes who would have us believe that this warm-hearted ecstasy is an evil thing, and that prayer and fasting are better worth doing—not in the most “pagan” literature of our own time have these twin absurdities been assailed with more outspoken contempt than in this naïf old romance of the thirteenth century. The Count Bougars de Valence is at war with Count Garin de Biaucaire. The town of Biaucaire is closely besieged and its Count is in despair, for he is an old man, and his son Aucassin, who should take his place, is so overtaken with a hopeless passion that he sits in a lovesick dream, refusing to put on his armor or to take any part in the defense of the town. His father reproaches him, and how absolutely of our own day rings his half-bored, half-impatient answer. “‘Father,’ said Aucassin, ‘I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolette, my true love, that I love so well. . . .’

“‘Father—*can’t* you understand? How strange old people are! Don’t you see how it is?’ ”

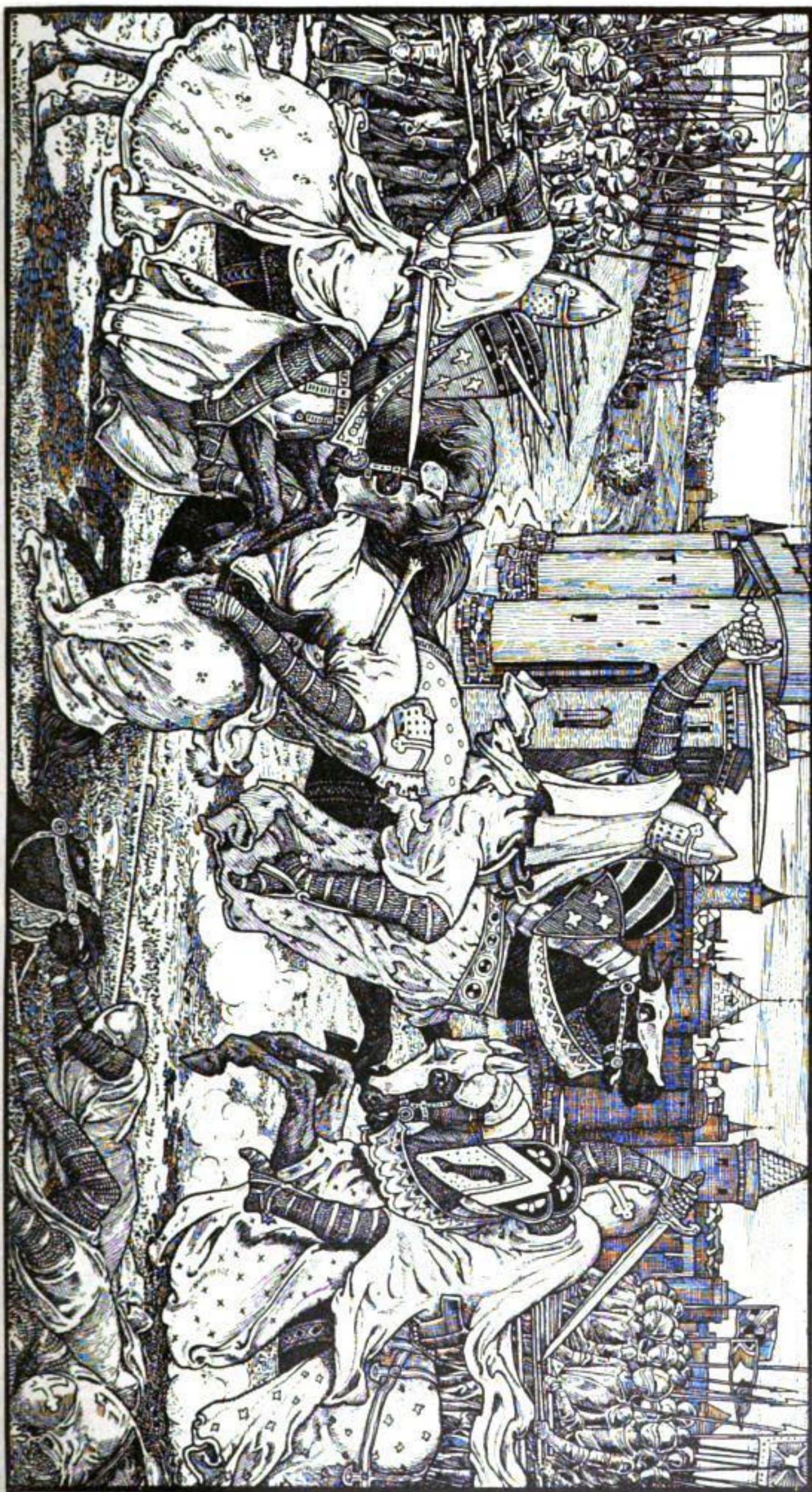
"Father, I marvel that you will be speaking!" It is the eternal exclamation, the universal shrug, of youth confronted by "these tedious old fools!"

Now Nicolette is no proper match for Aucassin, a great Count's son—though, naturally, in Aucassin's opinion, "if she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her"—because she is "the slave girl" of the Count's own Captain-at-arms, who had bought her of the Saracens, reared, christened and adopted her as his "daughter-in-God." Actually she is the daughter of the King of Carthage, though no one in Biaucaire, not even herself, knows of her high birth. The reader, of course, would naturally guess as much, for no polite jongleur of the Middle Ages, addressing, as he did, an audience of the highest rank, would admit into his stories any but heroes and heroines with the finest connections.

Father and son by turns have an interview with the Captain. The Captain promises the Count to send Nicolette into a far country, and the story goes in Biaucaire that she is lost, or made away with by the order of the Count. The Captain, however, having an affection for his adopted daughter, and being a rich man, secretes her high up in "a rich palace with a garden in face of it." To him comes Aucassin asking for news of his lady. The Captain, with whose dilemma it is possible for any one not in his first youth to sympathize, lectures Aucassin not unkindly after the prescribed formulas. It is impossible for Aucassin to marry Nicolette, and were he less honest, hell would be his portion and paradise closed against him forever. It is in answer to this admirable common sense that Aucassin flashes out his famous defiance. "Paradise!" he laughs—"in paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into paradise, with them have I naught to make. But into hell would I

Drawn by Louis Rhead.

ACCASSIN DOES MIGHTILY AGAINST THE ENEMY.



fain go; for into hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men-at-arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither go the gold, and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers, and makers, and the princes of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

Aucassin's defiance of priests as well as parents is something more significant than the impulsive utterance of wilful youth. It is at once, as Pater has pointed out, illustrative of that humanistic revolt against the ideals of Christian asceticism which even in the Middle Ages was already beginning—a revolt openly acknowledged in the so-called Renaissance—and a revolt growingly characteristic of our own time. The gospel of the Joy of Life is no mere heresy to-day. Rather it may be said to be the prevailing faith. Aucassin's spirited speech is no longer a lonely protest. It has become a creed.

Finding Aucassin unshaken in his determination, the Count his father bribes him with a promise that, if he will take the field, he shall be permitted to see Nicolete—"even so long," Aucassin stipulates, "that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss." The compact made, Aucassin does so mightily "with his hands" against the enemy that he raises the siege and takes prisoner the Count Bougars de Valence. But the father refuses the agreed reward—and here, after the charming manner of the old story-teller himself, we may leave prose awhile and continue the story in verse—the correct formula is "Here one singeth":

"When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he wailleth in his woe,
Crying thus as ye shall know:



Drawn by Louis Rhead. AUCASSIN FINDS NICOLETE IN A BOWER IN THE WOOD.

" " Nicolette, thou lily white,
My sweet lady, bright of brow,
Sweeter than the grape art thou,
Sweeter than sack posset good
In a cup of maple wood

" " My sweet lady, lily white,
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
And the mirth of thy replies,
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thy embrace,
Who but doth in thee delight?
I for love of thee am bound
In this dungeon underground,

All for loving thee must lie
Here where loud on thee I cry,
Here for loving thee must die
For thee, my love. ' "

Now Nicolette is no less whole-hearted and indomitable in her love than Aucassin. She is like a prophecy of Rosalind in her adventurous, full-blooded girlhood. When her master has locked her up in the tower, she loses no time in making a vigorous escape by that ladder of knotted bedclothes

without which romance could hardly have gone on existing. Who that has read it, can forget the picture of her as she slips down into the moonlit garden, and kilts up her kirtle "because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass"?—

"Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tiptoe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden."

As Nicolette steals in the moonlight to the ruinous tower where her lover lies, she hears him "wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loves so well." The lovers snatch a perilous talk, while the town's guards pass down the street with drawn swords seeking Nicolette, but not remarking her crouched in the shadow of the tower. How Nicolette makes good her escape into the wildwood and builds a bower of woven boughs with her own hands, and how Aucassin finds her there, and the joy they have, and their wandering together in strange lands, their losing each other once more, and their final happy finding of each other again—"by God's will who loveth lovers"—is not all this written in the Book of Love?—

"Sweet the song, the story sweet,
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woful, worn and sad,
But is healèd, but is glad,
'Tis so sweet."

The story is simple enough, of a pattern old and familiar as love itself, but the telling of it is a rare achievement of artistry, that artistry which is so accomplished as to be able to imitate simplicity; for, roughly connected as are certain parts of the story, "Aucassin and Nicolette" in the main is evidently the work of one who was a true poet and an exquisite literary craftsman. The curious, almost unique, form of it is one of its most characteristic charms; for it is written alternately in prose and verse. The verse sometimes

repeats in a condensed form what has already been related in the prose, sometimes elaborates upon it, and sometimes carries on the story independently. The formula with which the prose is introduced is: "So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale," and the formula for introducing the verse, as already noted, is: "Here one singeth." These formulas, and the fact that the music for some of the songs has come down to us on the precious unique manuscript preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, lead critics to think that the romance was probably presented by a company of jongleurs, with music, and possibly with some dramatic action. The author is unknown, and the only reference to him is his own in the opening song:

"Who would list to the good lay,
Gladness of the captive gray?"

M. Gaston Paris suggests that the "viel caitif" lived and wrote in the time of Louis VII. (1130), and Mr. Lang draws a pretty picture of the "elderly, nameless minstrel strolling with his viol and his singing-boys . . . from castle to castle in 'the happy poplar land.'" Beaucaire is better known nowadays for its ancient fair than for its lovers. According to tradition, that fair has been held annually for something like a thousand years—and our lovers have been dead almost as long. Still, thanks to the young heart of that unknown old troubadour, their love is as fresh as a May-bush in his songs, the dew is still on the moonlit daisies where Nicolette's white feet have just passed, and her bower in the wildwood is as green as the day she wove it out of boughs and flowers. As another old poet has sung, "the world might find the spring by following her"—so exquisitely vernal is the spirit that breathes from this old song-story. To read in it is to take the advice given to Aucassin by a certain knight. "Aucassin," said the knight, "of that sickness of thine have I been sick, and good counsel will I give thee . . . mount thy horse, and go take thy pastime in yonder forest, there wilt thou see the good flowers and grass, and hear the sweet birds sing. Perchance thou shalt hear some word, whereby thou shalt be the better."

The reader will do well to take the knight's advice, and follow into the woodland "the fair white feet of Nicolette."

THE BAILIE'S DOUBLE.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

MUIRTOWN is not a large city from end to end, and boys of high principle and domestic habits used to go home in the dinner-hour and take the meal with their anxious mothers, who seized the opportunity of repairing the rents made in their clothes since morning, and giving them good advice on their behavior. Thoroughly good boys who had been tossed to and fro, much against their will, in the tempest of morning play, were glad to go into harbor, and came back at two o'clock not only revictualled, but also refitted and repainted, for the troubled voyage of the afternoon; and boys not so entirely good as the Dowbiggins, and other models of propriety, still appreciated the home trip, because, although there might be an embarrassing review of garments, and awkward questions might be asked about a mark on the face, there was always a toothsome dainty for a growing laddie, weary with intellectual work and the toils of a snow-fight. As the business of a horse-dealer took Mr. McGuffie senior in various directions, and as in no case were the arrangements of his house, since Mrs. McGuffie's death, of an extremely regular character, there was no meal to which his promising son—the Sparrow—could return with any confidence, and therefore Peter did not make a practice of going home at one o'clock unless there was a special event at the stables, such as the arrival of a new horse, in which case he invited a few friends to an inspection with light refreshments, or unless, having racked his brains to the utmost for four hours, he was still in sheer despair of mischief. With one or two young friends of a like mind, he was accustomed to spend the hour in what might be called extramural studies—rowing over to the island below the bridge against the tide and coming back gloriously with the current; assisting the salmon-fishers to draw their nets and gather the silver spoil; in the happy snow-time, raiding the playground of a rival school when the boys were away and leaving insulting remarks wrought in snow; or attending the

drill of the cavalry on the South Meadow. Like other guerrillas, he carried his bil-tong and mealies with him, and took his meal anywhere and by preference when on the run. Perhaps that was one reason why the Sparrow in after years made one of the best of South African fighters.

When the Sparrow was disinclined for active occupation, and desired to improve his mind by contact with the greater world, he took a cab or hotel 'bus (the box-seat of every one in Muirtown was at the Sparrow's disposal, and his edifying conversation was much enjoyed by the driver), and went to spend his hour at Muirtown Station (which, as everybody knows, is at the shooting-season a spectacle to be classed with Niagara or the Jungfrau for interest, and at any time is worth seeing). It pleased the Sparrow, whose interests were varied and human rather than classical and literary, to receive the English express (or even one from Edinburgh) as it swept into the station, or to see the Aberdeen fast train fairly off; to watch a horse safely entrained, and if necessary to give understanding assistance; and to pass the time of day with the guards, ticket-collectors and carriage-cleaners, the last of whom would allow him as a favor to see the inside of the huge mail-carriage, with its pigeonholes, and its ingenious apparatus for delivering letters at roadside stations while the train passed at full speed. It was an hour of what might be called irregular study, but one never knows what he may pick up if he only keeps his eyes open (and the eyes of Sparrow were as open as a savage's); and it was on a visit to Muirtown Railway Station that Peter found the opportunity for what he ever considered his most successful achievement at the Academy, and one on which the recollection of his companions still fondly dwells.

When a cab passed the Muirtown Arms 'bus at the entrance to the station, and the cabman signaled to Peter on the box-seat of the 'bus, and referred to the contents of the cab with an excited thumb, and great joy on his face, Peter knew that there

would be something worth seeing when the cab emptied at the ticket-office, but he could not have imagined anything so entirely satisfying. First Bailie MacConachie emerged dressed in the famous frock-coat and gray trousers, in the high collar and magisterial stock, but without his usual calm and dignity. His coat was only half buttoned, his tie was a little awry, and although his hat had been slightly tilted to the side on getting out from the cab he was too much occupied to set it right. Instead of clearing his throat as he alighted among the waiting porters, and giving them, as it were, the chance of honoring a live Bailie going forth upon his journey, he did not seem to wish for any public reception, or indeed for any spectators, and in fact had every sign of a man who desired to be incognito.

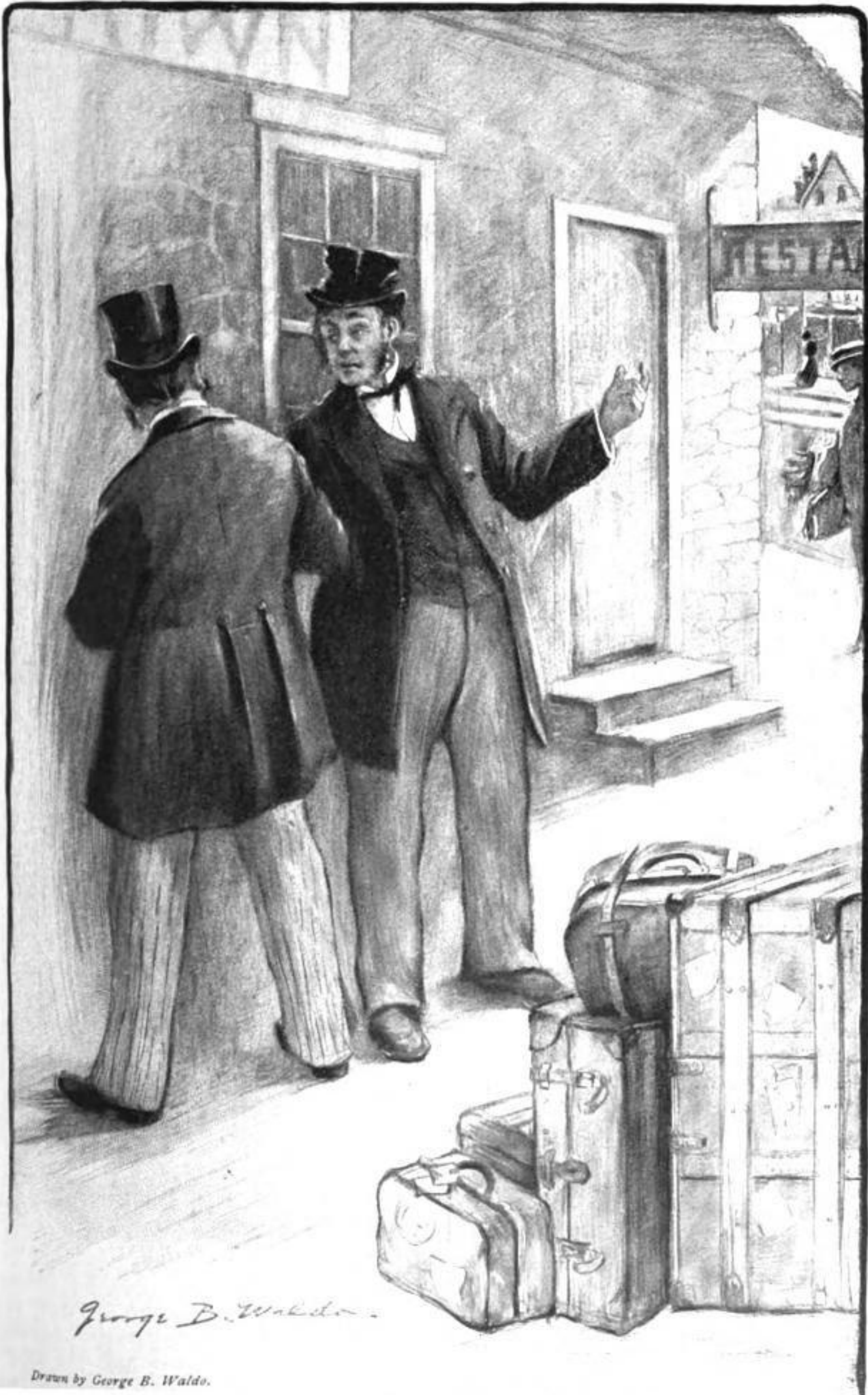
"No, no, I've no luggage to-day," the Bailie hastily explained to an obliging porter, and he stood between the man and the cab so as to block all vision. "Just running down to Dundee on business and—seeing a friend off."

As the embarrassed magistrate endeavored to disperse the porters, the driver, leaning over the roof of the cab, winked with much unction to Peter and indicated to that ingenuous youth that it would be worth while for him to wait and see the mysterious friend. The Sparrow, in fact, understood from all this telegraphic communication that there were going to be circumstances of a quite remarkable character, and in which he—Peter McGuffie—was expected to be personally interested. He dragged Jock Howieson, who was spending the hour with him, behind a pile of luggage, and from this hiding-place they saw, to their utter amazement, a second Bailie come slowly and gingerly, but yet withal triumphantly, out of the cab. The same height as the great man himself, and built after the same pattern, a perfect reproduction also in dress, except that the trousers were baggier, and the coat shabbier, and the collar frayed at the edge, and the hat had the appearance of having been used either as a seat or as a pillow, or perhaps for both purposes at different times. And the air of this second, but by no means ghostly, Bailie was like that of the first—as confident, as mighty, as

knowing, with the addition of a certain joviality of expression and benignant humanity, and a certain indifference to all the trials and difficulties of life which is characteristic of a man who has been "tasting" not wisely but too well.

"Lean on me, James," said the Bailie nervously, as the figure came with a heavy lurch on the pavement. "The faintness may pass off. Take care of your feet," and the Bailie shouldered his double to the ticket-office and propped it against the wall while he went to take the tickets.

It might have been ill and the remarkable walk might have been due to weakness of the heart, for you never can tell and one ought to be charitable, but there was no sign of an invalid about this new Bailie, nor was he at all too exhausted for genial conversation. He explained during the other Bailie's brief absence, to all who were willing to listen, in a style that was rather suggestive than exhaustive, that he had been paying a visit to Muirtown for the good of his health, and that he felt better—in fact, very much better; that where he lived the supply of liquid refreshment was limited, and that in consequence he had suffered through weakness of the heart; that he had intended to stay longer in a place where there was every comfort of life, and that nothing would have induced him to leave but the immoral conduct of his twin brother; that Bailie MacConachie—he was sorry to say, being his brother—was fearfully given to drink, and that he, James MacConachie, could no longer stay with him; that he, his brother, was not fit to be a Bailie and that he was a hypocrite whose judgment would not tarry, and indeed, as he put it, was already pronounced. He also gave a certificate of character to the refreshment to be obtained at the Black Bull, Muirtown, and cheerfully invited any person who had a friendly heart to go with him there and then to drink the Queen's health. On seeing his brother returning, the figure concluded his address—which had been mightily enjoyed by three porters, a couple of Highland drovers, a Perth loafer who had once passed through the police-court when the Bailie was on the bench, and an elderly lady who was anxious that a doctor should be sent for—by explaining once more that his



Drawn by George B. Waldo.

"THE TWO BAILIES LEFT THE TICKET-OFFICE TOGETHER."

brother was a gentleman beside whom the Pharisees were straightforward and honorable members of society.

As the procession was again formed and the two Bailies left the ticket-office together—one of them waving a regretful farewell to his sympathetic congregation—the boys executed a war-dance of triumph, because the contrast between the twin brethren afforded just that kind of comedy which appeals to a boy's heart, and because they had an instinct that the incident would be of service in the war between the Bailie and the Academy, which had gone on for a year and showed no signs of closing.

"The Bailie keeps him oot o' sight somewhere in the country, I'll warrant," said Sparrow to Jock, in great spirits, "and there's naebody in Muirtown kens he's got a twin brother. Dod, Jock, he's juist the very eemage of him, and he's got a suit o' his auld clothes on. It would take Doctor Manley himself, or the chief constable, to tell the one from the ither. Jock Howieson! If you and me could get the use o' that lad we would have a mighty time. I would give my four rabbits and—and my Skye terrier-pup, just for an hour of him." And although they had no hope that circumstances would deal so kindly with them, yet they went on to the platform to see the last of the two Bailies.

Under the influence of the chastening conversation of the senior Bailie, who at first reminded his brother of a drunkard's end, which had no effect, and then threatened to cut off his modest weekly allowance, which had an immediate effect, the figure consented to be taken along the platform, and might even have been safely deposited in its carriage, had not the words, "Refreshment Room," printed in absurdly large type, attracted its attention.

"Div ye see that, man?" said the figure, pointing jubilantly to the board. "I declare it's juist a providence. It's no that I'm thirsty, Bailie, and I canna bear drinkin'; that's never been a fault of mine, though I doubt ye're fallin' into the habit yirsel'. No, I'm no thirsty, but I've a sinkin' at the heart. Ye'll come in and we'll taste together afore we part. I forgive ye onything ye said—I bear no grudge and I'll let ye pay, Bailie." And

the figure had the Bailie almost at the door of the refreshment-room before he could make a stand.

"Mair than I can carry already, Bailie, did ye say? Gude forgie ye. I wonder ye're not black ashamed to say sic a word, and me draggin' ye along the platform and holdin' ye up juist to cover yir character. Well, well, I canna fecht wi' ye, for I'm no the man I was once. The fact is, I havna strength to go another step, and if ye'll no let me get a cordial I'll juist have to sit down on the platform." And the horrified Bailie had to accept the assistance of a porter to support his exhausted brother and to guide him to his carriage.

From an adjacent third-class compartment where the Sparrow and Jock promptly secreted themselves, they heard the senior Bailie's exhortation to his frail kinsman—that he must on no account come out of the carriage; that he must hold his tongue and not talk nonsense to his fellow-travelers; that he must not mention his—the Bailie's—name nor claim to be connected with him; and that he must not come back to Muirtown again until the Bailie sent for him, and all this he must lay to heart as he valued his weekly allowance. The Bailie also expressed his deep regret, which indeed seemed to be very sincere, that he had to leave by the Dundee train before the departure of the slow Fife train by which his double traveled. And when this fact emerged—that the other Bailie was to be left even for five minutes at their disposal—Sparrow threw Howieson's bonnet to the end of the compartment, with his own following, in a rapture of joy.

"Dinna be afraid," said the figure in the compartment to the Bailie on the platform, who was torn between his profitable business engagement at Dundee and the fear of leaving his brother to his own devices. "After the way ye've treated me and put me to shame afore the platform, I wouldna stay another day in Muirtown for a thousand pounds. I'm no angry, Bailie," the figure continued with mournful dignity, "for that's no my speerit, but I'm hurt at yir conduct. Weel, if ye must go ye must and I hear the Dundee engine whistlin', but for ony sake dinna be tastin' in Dundee and disgracin' the family. Drink is an awfu' failin', but ye

canna say I havna warned ye." And as the Bailie hurried to catch the Dundee train the figure shook its head mournfully with the air of one who hopes for the best but who has had too good reason to expect the worst.

"Bailie," said Sparrow, presenting himself with a fine mixture of haste and importance before the figure, which was still moralizing to itself on the evils of drink, "div ye no mind that the Rector o' the Academy is expectin' ye to address the laddies this afternoon, and they'll be waitin' this very meenut in the Latin class-room?" and Sparrow made signs that he should come at once, and offered to secure a cab. The figure could only shake its head, and explain that on account of the disgraceful conduct of a relative who had given way to drink, it had no heart for public appearances, but the idea of a return to the enjoyment of Muirtown was evidently filtering in.

"Are ye no Bailie MacConachie?" demanded Sparrow. "A porter threipit [insisted] that he had seen the Bailie in the Dundee train, but naebody can mistake Bailie MacConachie. The school will be terrible pleased to see ye, Bailie."

"Who said I wasna Bailie MacConachie?" and the figure was plainly roused. "Him in the Dundee train? Laddies, there's a black sheep in every family and that man is a poor, helpless brother o' mine that's taken to bad habits, and I've juist to support him and keep him oot o' sight. It's an awfu' trial," and the figure wept, but immediately brisked itself up again. "Of course I'm Bailie MacConachie. Laddies, wes't at the Black Bull they're expecting me?"

"The very place, Bailie, but ye maun say juist a word at the Academy in passin'," and Sparrow signaled to a ticket-collector who had just come upon the scene. "Would ye mind helpin' Bailie MacConachie oot o' the carriage, for he's forgotten an engagement at the Academy and he's juist a wee thingie faint with the heat."

"It's no the heat, man," as the amazed collector helped the magistrate onto the platform; "it's family trouble. Are ye connected with the Black Bull? Well, at ony rate ye seem a well-behaved young

man, and these are two fine laddies." And outside the station, surrounded by a sympathizing circle of drivers who were entering into the spirit of Sparrow's campaign, this astonishing Bailie warned all men to beware of strong drink and urged them to take the pledge without delay. He also inquired anxiously whether there was a cab there from the Black Bull, and explained that the Rector of the Academy with his laddies was waiting for him in that place of hospitality. He added that he had been on his way to the General Assembly, where he sat as a ruling Elder, and he warmly denounced the spread of false doctrine. But at last they got him into the cab, where, after a pathetic appeal to Sparrow and his companion to learn the catechism and sing the Psalms of David, he fell fast asleep.

By a happy stroke of strategy, Howieson engaged the attention of the sergeant in the backyard, who considered that Jock was playing truant and was anxious to arrest him, while the cabman, fortunately an able-bodied fellow, with Sparrow's assistance induced the Bailie to leave the cab and convoyed him upstairs and to the door of the Rector's class-room. At this point, the great man fell into low spirits and bemoaned the failure of a strenuous life in which he had vainly fought the immorality of Muirtown, and declared that unless he obtained an immediate tonic he should succumb to a broken heart. He also charged Sparrow with treachery in having brought him to the county jail instead of to the Black Bull. It was painfully explained to him that he was now in the Academy, and within that door an anxious school was waiting for him—Bailie MacConachie—and his address.

"Who said I wasna Bailie MacConachie? and that I was a drunken body? I'll teach them to smuggle me oot o' Muirtown as if I was a waufie [disreputable character]. He thinks I'm at Leuchars, but I'm here," with much triumph, "and I'm Bailie MacConachie," with much dignity. And the Bailie was evidently fully awake.

"Losh keep's, laddies, what am I saying?—family trouble shakes the mind. Take the pledge when you're young, laddies, and ye'll no regret it when you're old. I've been an abstainer since the age of ten.

Noo, laddie," with much cunning, "if I am to address the school, what think ye would be a fine subject, apairt from the catechism, for it's a responsibility, especially me being a Bailie. If ye can mind onything, laddie, I'll give ye sixpence next time we meet."

Although Sparrow was reticent in the class, for reasons that commended themselves to his practical judgment, he had a rich wealth of speech upon occasions, and he fairly drilled into the head of Bailie MacConachie's double that it had been a very foolish thing for him—the Bailie—to quarrel with the Academy about their playground upon the meadow, and an act of unchristian bitterness to strike him—the Sparrow—upon the head and nearly injure him for life, but that he—the Bailie—was sorry for all his bad conduct, and that he would never do the like again as long as he was Bailie of Muirtown. And Sparrow concluded, while the cabman stood open-mouthed with admiration, "Ye nicht juist say that ye have an awfu' respect for me—Sparrow, ye know."

"I'll be sure to do that," said the delighted Bailie, "for it's a fact. You're a fine laddie and have a fearsome power o' the gab [mouth]. I expect to see ye in the pulpit yet, but, keep's a', it's time I was at the Black Bull, so ye nicht juist slip in and tell the Rector I'm at the door—Bailie MacConachie, of Muirtown."

Had it been the class-room of Bulldog, master of mathematics, arithmetic and writing—and, it might also be added, master of discipline—the Sparrow would as soon have ventured into his presence on such an errand as into the lions' den of the traveling menagerie which had recently visited Muirtown and at which he had spent many an unlicensed hour. But the Rector was that dear delight of boys, a short-sighted, absent-minded, unsuspecting scholar, who lived in a world of his own with Homer and Horace, and could only be fairly roused (to sorrow) by a false quantity or (to joy) by a happy translation.

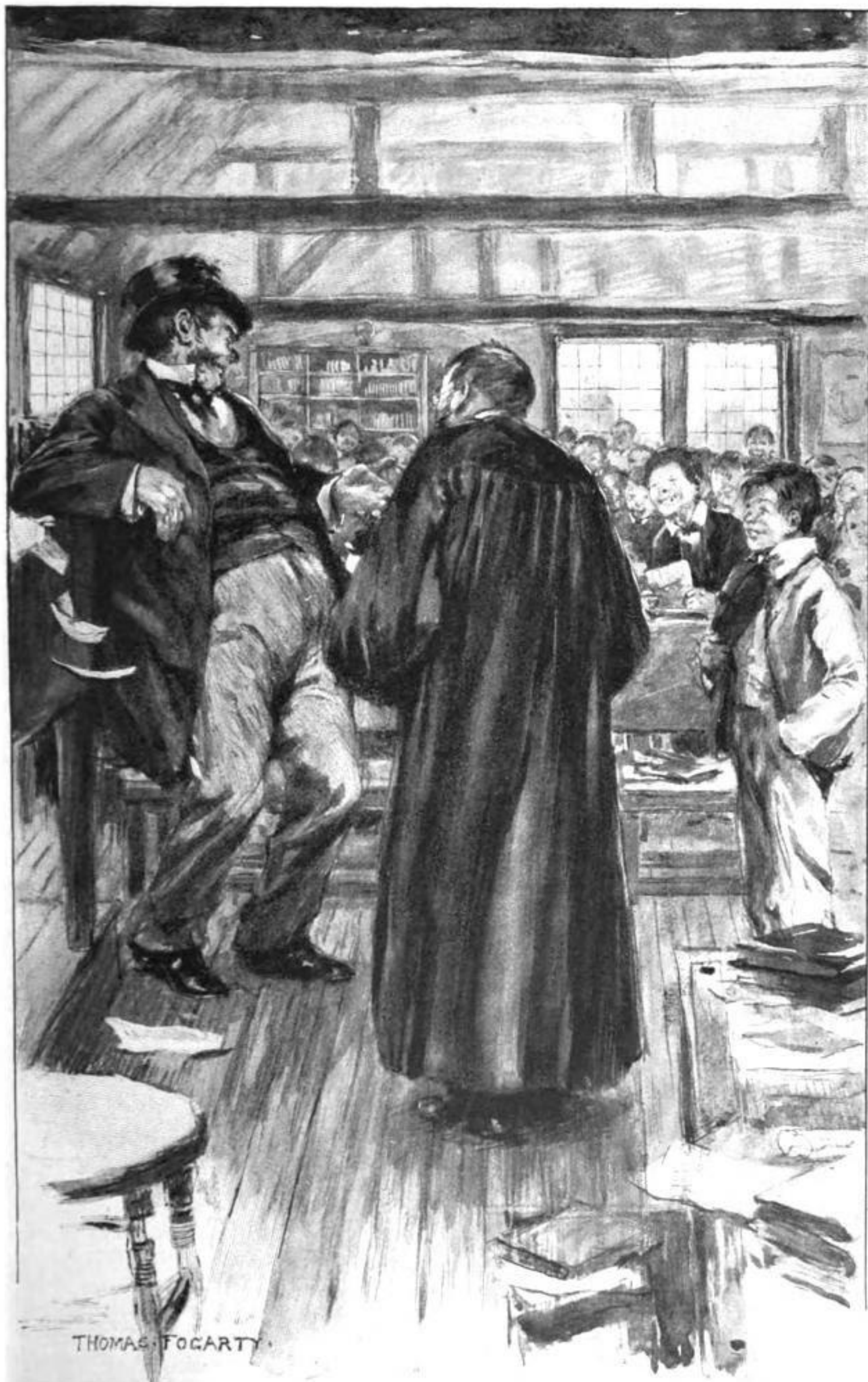
Muirtown Academy had an inexhaustible confidence in Sparrow's genius for mischief and effrontery of manner, but the Rector's class sat breathless when Peter came in with an unshaken countenance and politely intimated to the Rector that a

magistrate of Muirtown had come and desired to speak to the school. Before the Rector could fairly withdraw himself from a cunning phrase of Horace's, or the school had energy to cheer, the wonderful Bailie was launched into the room, with almost too much vigor, by the cabman, who remained in the shadow and whispered a last direction to "Keep up your head and hold to the right." They had forgotten—Sparrow's only oversight—to take off the Bailie's hat, which was set jauntily on the side of his head, and the course which he took through the room was devious and mainly regulated by the furniture, while his expression was a fine blend of affable dignity and genial good humor. "Gosh!" exclaimed Bauldie, and he liberated the feeling of the class, who understood that their enemy had been delivered into their hands, and that Peter McGuffie—their own Sparrow—had been the means thereof. Yet could it be the case? Yes! It was the very countenance line by line, and the very clothes piece by piece, though looking a trifle shabby, of the premier Bailie of Muirtown, and it was evident that he had been "tasting," and that very freely.

"I am—eh—proud to bid you welcome, Mr. Bailie," said the Rector, bowing with old-fashioned courtesy, and not having the faintest idea what like was the figure before him. "We are always delighted to receive a visit from any of the magistrates of the city, who are to our humble school" (and here the Rector was very gracious) "what Mæcenæ was to Horace, whose 'Curiosa Felicitas' we are now studying. Is it your pleasure, Mr. Bailie, to examine the school?"

During this courteous reception the Bailie came to rest upon a desk, and regarded the Rector's flowing gown with unconcealed admiration, which indeed he indicated to the school by frank gestures.

"It would be a great sateesfaction to hear the laddies answer 'The Chief End of Man' and to say just a word to them aboot good conduct, but you and me has an engagement and ye ken where we're expected. I juist looked in to say——" and here the worthy man's thoughts began to wander, and he made an indistinct allusion to the Black Bull, so that Sparrow had to prompt him severely from behind.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"YOUR MAISTER HAS AN ENGAGEMENT WI' ME, AND HE'LL NO BE BACK FOR AN HOUR."

"Aye, aye, we're all poor frail creatures, and I'm the last man to hurt the feelings of the Academy. Academy laddie myself, prize medal Greek. Bygones be bygones! . . . No man in Muirtown I respect more than . . . Sparrow, an honorable tradesman," breaking away on his own account with much spirit, "a faithful husband and an affectionate father. What? All a mistake from beginning to end. Family trouble did it, conduct of a relative——" and the Bailie wept. Bailies and other municipal dignitaries were a species of human beings so strange and incalculable to the Rector that he was hardly amazed at anything they might say, and having some vague idea that there had been a quarrel between the Academy and some Bailie or other about something or other, some time or other, he concluded that this was an official intimation that the quarrel was over, and that it was in style and allusion according to the habits of municipal circles.

"It is," he responded, bowing again, "my grateful duty as Rector of the Academy to thank you for your presence here to-day—the Mercury of the Gods, if I may so say—and for your courteous intimation that the—eh—controversy to which you—eh—have delicately alluded is healed. Any dispute between the Council and the Academy could have only a favorable issue. 'Amantium iræ amoris integratio' has had another illustration, Mr. Bailie. But it would please us that you should hear the class translate the ode we have in hand, which happens to be 'Ad Sodales.' " And a boy began to translate "Nunc est bibendum."

"Time to drink, did ye say?" and the Bailie, who had been taking a brief nap, was immediately conscious. "Man, ye

never said a truer word. Work hard at your lessons, laddies, and for ony sake dinna forget the catechism. Your maister has an engagement wi' me, and he'll no be back for an hour. Come awa', man," in a loud whisper to the amazed Rector, "it's time we were off." And the Bailie, making a hurried rush for the door, found himself in the arms of the school sergeant, who had caught the sound of the uproar in the class-room and suspected trouble.

"Preserve us a', body and soul," cried the Crimean veteran, as he brought the Bailie to an equilibrium. "Could onybody have expected this?" And then, with much presence of mind, he closed the door of the Latin class-room and conducted the Bailie downstairs to his cab, while the magistrate remonstrated that the Rector was coming with him, and that both were going to discuss the higher education of youth at the Black Bull.

"Na, na, Bailie," said the sergeant. "It's no to the Black Bull, or ony other bull, ye're to go this afternoon, but back to yere ain hoose. If ye maun taste, would it no have been more respectable to keep indoors instead of making an exhibition of yereself afore the Academy? It's no becomin' in a magistrate, and it's mighty bad for the laddies."

It was the sergeant who delivered the astonishing figure at the blameless home of Bailie MacConachie, although it is right to say that this visit was not at all in the plan and called forth a vigorous protest from the Bailie's substitute. And to the day of his death the real and proper Bailie spent his spare time in explaining to an incredulous public that he had never "tasted" in his life, and that on the day in question he had been transacting private business in Dundee.





By HARRY THURSTON PECK

THERE used to be a perennially recurring gibe directed against amateurs in writing, and especially against women amateurs, to the effect that the "copy" which they sent to editors was usually in the form of manuscript written on both sides of the paper and tied with a blue ribbon. In these days, even amateurs know better than to do a thing like that; yet neither they nor many professional writers and makers of literature consider with sufficient care the value and the very serious importance of the external form in which their thoughts, their narratives, and their descriptions are laid before the editor and, after him, the public. The subject is not a trifling one; and an analysis of it and of some of the elementary principles that underlie it is well deserving of attention.

To go back to the very beginning, why is it better, in submitting anything to an editor or to the reader for a publishing-house, to have it typewritten rather than to send it in the form of manuscript? Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred will answer immediately: "Oh, because typewriting is easier to read than handwriting; and very likely an editor won't bother over a manuscript, where if it had been typewritten he would be quite willing to examine it." That theory has no truth in it, at least according to the meaning which it is intended to convey. An editor or a publisher's reader examines everything that

is submitted to him; in the first place, because it is his business to do so, and in the second place, because he is always on the alert for something original and striking, and he never knows before reading it whether even the roughest scrawl may not contain something that is worth his while. The real advantage of the typewritten copy over the manuscript is one that depends upon a principle to which Herbert Spencer was the first to call attention and upon which Professor Brander Matthews is very justly fond of laying a great deal of stress. This is the principle of the Economy of Attention, and its relation to the subject now under discussion ought to be well weighed by everyone who writes for publication. When this is done it will be apparent why it is more advantageous for an author to have his copy read in a typewritten form rather than in his own handwriting. In examining any piece of literary work with intelligence and critical judgment it is greatly to be desired that the mind should not be distracted from the real task before it, and that it should be directed wholly to the thought, the style, and the feeling of the writer and to nothing else whatever. Now, in reading a manuscript written in almost anyone's chirography, the mind cannot possibly concentrate its whole attention on the only things that really count. First of all, some little time is necessary to adjust one's eye to the ordinary peculiarities of the writing; and this, at the very outset, divides the attention and makes necessary a conscious effort which is unfavorable to

concentrated thought. Then, again, there are always special peculiarities which occur and re-occur; and every time that one of these is met, it checks to some extent the current of thought and, if often repeated, results in giving a blurred impression in place of one that is clean-cut and distinct. Of course, when the handwriting is very bad, this is all very much intensified; and it often happens that when the reader has laid down the manuscript, he can remember very little about its contents because his attention has been so greatly divided that he has really given the larger part of it to the purely mechanical difficulties of his task.

But there is something else which is less obvious than what has just been described, though fully as important. In reading manuscript, you necessarily and because of the reasons already mentioned, read it line by line—sometimes almost word by word; whereas if it is set forth in printed letters you get a certain perspective and a certain completeness as you read, so that you see not only the isolated expressions and the separate phrases, but also their relation to what goes before and to what comes immediately after. In other words, you can criticize the writer's sense of unity and harmony and proportion. Reading anything in manuscript is like judging an army by inspecting each soldier individually; while reading a printed page is like seeing an army in the field and watching its evolutions, which exhibit not only the individual soldiers, but the formation and the inter-relation of companies, battalions, regiments, and brigades. It is, indeed, impossible to judge accurately any piece of literary work until you read it with a perfect unconsciousness of everything that is external to the writer's thought and his expression of it. The typography, the mechanical means by which thought and expression pass through the eye into the brain, ought to be like a sheet of flawless crystal, so clear that you can gaze through it without ever being conscious that it is there. To my mind, indeed, the innermost soul of any literary creation can never be seen in all its clarity and truth until one views it through the medium of the printed page, in which there must be absolutely nothing to divide attention, to interrupt

the thought, or to offend one's sense of form.

This last remark inevitably opens up another phase of the subject that we have been considering, and it takes us into a wider and more interesting field. In the printed page, apart from typographical errors (which, as they are mere accidents, need not be mentioned), what is it that may enter to divide attention and to offend our sense of form? And moreover, if the typographical arrangement can interfere with one's pleasure and can do something to mar the effect of what we read, may it not be possible, on the other hand, that there are certain principles of typographical arrangement which if properly observed may augment that pleasure and heighten the satisfaction of the reader without his ever being conscious of the cause, just as some of Mr. Swinburne's concealed alliterations charm the ear and give to the lines a hidden harmony whose source we do not recognize until we come to analyze the verses scientifically? Or, to put the question more directly, can an author by taking thought about the typographical arrangement of his printed work give to that work a greater power to interest and attract than it would possess were its arrangement left to the mercies of the proof-reader and compositor who follow blindly an "office system"? I think decidedly that he can. In fact, I would go still further and say that while a really interesting book cannot be made dull nor a dull book interesting, even by a psychological typographer, it is entirely possible to print an interesting book in such a way that at first sight it shall seem to be a dull one and in like manner to print a dull book in such a way that at first sight it shall seem to be interesting. Every one of us has many times picked up a book and turned its pages over in a casual sort of way and then put it down with the remark, "That looks like a tiresome sort of book," or again, "That book looks readable." How is it that we form such judgments as these? Why does one book look tiresome and another look attractive? For either opinion there is always a good and sufficient reason, and it would be well if authors, in their own interest, would try to learn just what the reason is. A book is like a human

being. You meet a person for the first time and your immediate impression of him is necessarily based upon what is wholly superficial. You judge him by his face, his manner, his voice, and even by his clothes; and you are attracted or repelled by the combination of all these purely extraneous attributes. Further acquaintance may show that your first impression was incorrect. The man whose eye is dull, whose manner is awkward, and whose appearance is slovenly, may turn out to have an interesting mind and a heart of gold. Another, whose face attracts you, whose manners are perfect, and whose personal appearance is immaculate, may have an empty head or an evil heart. But just as it would be better if all of us could possess not only internal merit but external polish, so is it also with a book. In what way, then, can the typography of a printed page contribute to the reader's interest without dividing his attention? There enter here two principles, of which the first is the principle of Variety, and the second the principle of Fitness. Both of them in part subserve the principle of Economy of Attention.

The principle of Variety is first involved in the division of the text into paragraphs. This is the first step toward making the printed page take on an interesting look. A solid unbroken mass of words is of all things the most repellent to the person who takes up a volume and looks it over; for here solidity of appearance is taken as synonymous with heaviness and even dullness of content. This effect is largely eliminated and the page is noticeably lightened as soon as it is judiciously paragraphed. We then feel that our author is not wearily pursuing a single train of thought, but that he possesses the mental mobility which allows him to shift his ground before he becomes monotonous. The division into paragraphs, however, should be very carefully made, and not in any arbitrary fashion; since the perfect paragraph contains the development of a single idea, and it ought not to end until that development has been fully rounded out. There is, however, almost always a slight transition in the thought as one develops it, from one phase to another, and at this point of transition a new paragraph may always

very properly begin. Too short paragraphs are quite as bad as paragraphs that are too long; for while the latter make the page seem heavy, the former make it seem scatterbrained and scrappy, as though the writer had dashed from one idea to another without giving adequate treatment to any one of them. This is a great defect in many of the books that are printed in France, which sometimes commence a new paragraph almost with every sentence. I fancy that this practice began with the *feuilletonistes* of the Parisian journals, who are paid by the line and who, in paragraphing liberally, eke out a few more francs by splitting up their text without any reference to unity or continuity. In writing novels, a solid paragraph is a bad thing to begin with. The reader has not as yet become interested; and when he meets at the outset a long piece of description or a diffuse preliminary explanation he feels that he is being compelled, as it were, to work his way into the story and to submit to a certain amount of boredom before his interest is aroused. This is a terrible defect in Sir Walter Scott's first novel, *Waverley*, wherein the real action of the story does not commence until one reaches the end of about forty pages of almost irrelevant discourse. That was a leisurely and easy-going age, and the traditions of Mademoiselle de Scudéry still lingered in it. Were *Waverley* to appear to-day for the first time, it is doubtful whether any one would ever have the patience to get far enough along in it to discover that it is, after all, a work of genius. The novel which commences with a conversation is the novel which commences best. When you take it up, you see that there is no preliminary penance to be exacted of you, but you can plunge at once into the middle of the action; whereas the long introductory paragraph gives you the same feeling that you have whenever you make a call and are kept for half an hour waiting in the drawing-room, with this additional disadvantage in the case of the novel that you are not even aware in advance whether the person on whom you are calling is one whom you will really care to see after all.

Variety and lightness are still further gained by the judicious use of capital letters, of italics, of quotation-marks, and some-

times, though sparingly, of a line or two of verse which requires the use of a smaller type. Capital letters, of course, come in mainly through the employment of proper names. In novels and stories this, from the nature of the case, adjusts itself. In other kinds of writing, however, as for instance in essays and exposition, the author ought to bear the point in mind. Lest some one should say that this is an absurdly mechanical way of looking at literary composition, I would point out that the principle involved rests upon a very sound psychological basis. Why, in an essay, for example, does a page appear to be more readable when it contains a number of words commencing with capital letters? It is not merely because these letters afford variety to the eye, but it is because they indicate that the writer is not indulging in generalities or in abstractions, but that he is giving concrete instances, illustrations, and examples—in other words, that he is interesting. For in all writing, the strongest effects are produced by the citation of specific instances, since these come home with the greatest force to the reader's mind—a principle laid down by Horace when he said that the story-telling Homer was a more effective teacher of moral philosophy than was the abstract reasoner, Chrysippus. Italics, here and there employed, are another very useful means of securing the effect of variety. Used to indicate the title of a book, the name of a ship, or the introduction of a foreign word or phrase, they give the impression of vivacity and color and never fail to catch the eye as one looks along the printed page. Quotation-marks are even more valuable as a means to the same end. They embody a suggestion of something piquant, unexpected, or unusual, because they imply that the writer has quoted something that is particularly worth the attention of the reader. By all these devices, therefore, a printed page may be transformed, in appearance at least, from one that is characterless and tiresome into one that has the outward indications of attractiveness and interest.

Some one may say, of course, that the principle of Variety seems on the face of it quite contradictory of the principle of Economy of Attention. Does not variety

itself imply an attention that is divided? Hardly; for the variety which interests and which is an essential part of an impression as a whole is one of the most powerful factors in riveting attention upon the work in hand. Indeed, there are few things more fatal than monotony to continuous and undiverted mental effort. Take down a volume of Lucretius and read three pages of his poetry aloud. His hexameters have the same majestic roll and cadence that mark the later lines of Vergil; but in Lucretius this roll and cadence soon take on a certain sameness, so that presently you discover that your thoughts are wandering from his argument to other things, and that you are conscious only of the sound. With the hexameters of Vergil this is not the case, since he has introduced into them the principle of Variety by contriving with consummate art so many delicate changes of rhythm, so many shiftings of the *cæsura*, and so delightful a diversity in the division of his lines, as to destroy monotony and thereby keep the mind intent upon what he is saying, while the ear is still ravished by his harmonies.

The principle of Fitness is the principle which controls and subtly limits the principle of Variety, and in doing so subserves, as I have said, the principle of the Economy of Attention. Its essence is good taste and a sensitive appreciation of what is allowable. For, while variety is always to be sought, it must be discreetly sought and in a way that will gently stimulate the attention and not distract it. For example, in the use of capital letters, apart from proper names in the strictest definition of that term, there are many words regarding which diversity prevails. Shall we capitalize such titles as "Czar," "Mikado," "King"? Yes, when they relate to a specific czar, mikado or king, but not when they are otherwise employed. In the first instance they are truly proper names and they bring to the mind a distinctly personal and definite conception. Hence, to capitalize them gives variety to the appearance of the printed page, thus not only catching the attention of the reader, but retaining it; whereas to print "the czar," "the mikado" and so forth, since it is not what one is looking for, gives us pause and checks, if ever so

slightly, the general train of thought. So with certain other words that stand out as important. There is a newspaper that I have in mind which is guilty of such anomalies and crudities as "Park row," "Maiden lane," "Grand street," "War office," and "Land league"—expressions in which the last word is just as much a part of the name as is the first—and also "dreibund," "treaty of Paris," and "declaration of independence." These last are quite as specific, as important and as individual as the names of persons; so that when you find a neglect to capitalize them properly, you stop for the moment in your reading, your thought wanders from the subject, and you feel a little stirring of resentment which puts you, half unconsciously, out of sympathy with the writer. On the other hand, to use capitals lavishly, as a German does and as Carlyle did, is an affectation which equally offends you; for it also hinders mental concentration.

As to the use of inverted commas, or quotation-marks, a whole treatise might be written, but the general principles can be summed up briefly. The misuse of quotation-marks is the surest sign of the amateur in writing. It is the hall-mark of the literary novice. Let me cite a passage written by me on this subject a year or two ago:—

Apart from their principal function of indicating actual quotations of what some one else has said, quotation-marks may be made to serve two distinct purposes. The first is the purpose of indicating that the writer has used a word or a phrase that is a little unusual and of showing that he is perfectly aware of the fact. The unusual word or phrase may be one that has just come into use and is not yet generally known; or it may embody an allusion that is a little abstruse; or it may perhaps be just a bit undignified. In the first two instances the quotation-marks mean that the writer desires to avoid the responsibility of the quoted words; in the third instance they explain that he is well aware that he is unbending a little too much, and wishes to have it known that he does not usually employ that sort of diction. In all these cases they convey a tacit apology. Now the literary amateur shows his amateurishness by not knowing precisely what words and phrases fall under these several heads. If he is the editor of a country newspaper, he will write (with quotation-marks) of "the wee sma' hours" in which the surprise party to the village pastor terminated; and he will describe the local tavern-keeper as "our genial host." If he is a somewhat less rudimentary person, he will perhaps quote such expressions as "survival of the fittest" and "new woman" and "fin de siècle," and "epoch-making." To say that a thing is epoch-making is, of course, entirely proper;

but an experienced writer knows that all cultivated men and women are now perfectly familiar with this importation from the German, and so he would not dream of setting it off by quotation-marks, since it is already naturalized in our every-day vocabulary.

The second use of quotation-marks is to convey a sort of contempt when one employs an expression which is rather usual and by amateurs regarded as allowable, but which the professional person wishes to discredit. Such are the words "brainy," "talented," "locate" and a host of others. Mr. E. L. Godkin is a master of the art of making a current phrase ridiculous by this typographical device. Such political expressions as "point with pride," "jamming it through," "visiting statesmen," "something equally as good" and "a friend to silver" have been so pilloried by him in this way that only an amateur can now ever dream of using them with any serious intent.

A regard for the principle of Fitness will take all these things into careful account and will never dismiss them as of slight importance. Side by side also with other typographical matters is the question of punctuation, which most writers unwisely leave wholly to the compositor and proof-reader in the belief that punctuation is a purely mechanical and formal thing for which there exist definite, rigid rules which can be applied by any one. There never was a more egregious error. There are rules for punctuation as there are rules for painting and rules for elocution; but these rules are for the guidance of the ignorant beginner in his earliest attempts. They do not guide the finished artist or the consummate orator. And so with punctuation. Its rules are general rules, and at the best are only roughly true. The higher punctuation has an unrecognized, yet in its way an important share in aiding the perfect utterance of recorded thought. It rests wholly upon psychological principles, since it is a device to make the writer's meaning absolutely unmistakable, and hence it, too, is an expression of his personality.

The summing up of the whole subject is that the arrangement, the typographical system, and the punctuation of the printed page, if studied carefully and with discrimination, can do very much for any author. A knowledge of them cannot mar the fortunes of a book that ought to live, nor can it save a book that ought to die. But it may secure for the first a quicker recognition, and it may sometimes preserve the latter from that severest condemnation of the critic which takes the form of an impenetrable silence.



THE TRAVELS OF PRINCE WEARY-HEART.

BY O'NEILL LATHAM.

Illustrated by the author.

ONCE upon a time, a charming Prince (and the Muse of Fairy Tales forbend that one should write of any other sort while these are to be had for a dip in the ink), while riding from the jousts where he had, incognito, punished forty-two objectionable knights in single combat and strewn the lists with helmet plumes (and let us have 'em valiant or not have 'em at all!), was strangely sunk in ennui and disaffection.

The gentle squire that, alone, attended him, with scrupulous deference maintained a nice distance between his humble bit of horseflesh and his liege's noble animal, from whose haughty flanks depended housings of velvet and cloth-of-gold which swept the wayside flowers. He was not unaware of the force and precision sometimes suddenly discovered in an ennuié, mailed and royal toe.

On they sped through green glades and

forgotten by-paths until they had left the noise and triumph of the tourney far behind; for hours they had been seen by no one more important than a jack-rabbit who blinked, embarrassed by the princely bravery; and the lowly spirit of the squire, observing the fall of even, began lingeringly to dwell upon the mental image of a haunch of venison and a pot of ale.

His reverie, however, was broken in upon by his princely master's abruptly flinging at his head his crested casque and shaking out his crushed and shining ringlets to the wind. The buckler and lance followed, and as the astonished varlet was picking them from the ground, a full purse fell beside him and he heard himself dismissed from service by a rapidly disappearing royalty whose horse's hoofs seemed scarcely to bend the daffodils o'er which they flew.

The mild squire rode gently back to the



QUEEN GUINEVERE AND THE FAIRY SEXTONS.

nearest town, and after having spent all that the purse contained, pawned the buckler and helmet, which were beautifully embossed and inlaid with the precious metals, and had what he called "a perfect time."

The Prince had ridden long and it was quite dusk when he came upon a fairy urchin sitting on a stone, who in a sociable way asked him where he was going.

"To Oblivion," replied the Prince.

"Well, well, how painful; my goodness me!" said the sprite, "you quite bring the tears; and you so good-looking, too, in your way—though I prefer blond princes, myself—they're no end jollier as a rule."

"Can you point me the best way?" sternly demanded his Highness, shaking his ebon locks in the face of criticism.

"Why, of course I can, but I warn you it's an extremely long trip back. What on earth are you so set upon it for?"

The other leaned upon his horse, gloomily replying:

"I'm weary of the wars, (quoth he) the joust is deuced slow.

I'm weary of the sweetest dame that makes the bravest show;

The fairest damsels bore me so, though fair as damsels go.

"Erstwhile, I fought for this and that, as valiant as my sires;

Erstwhile, I sought the Holy Grail and woke the minstrels' lyres—

But now quite out are all my fires and stilled are my desires.

"The splendor of those old desires, I must confess, I rue;

It irks me that my snowy fame admits—a shade or two.

In fact, good sir, I'm blue as blue—but what is that to you?"

As he finished, the sprite, yawning behind a wild-rose leaf, with all his heart pointed down a shadowy path to the west.

"That way till you come to the Field of Red Flowers," he said, "and perhaps you would better hurry along"; then, in a lower voice, emphatically added, "Blond princes for me *any* day!" And the Prince, without further delay, although he really had three more stanzas up his sleeve, put spurs to his horse and rode away, straight into Fairyland.

The moon was high when he arrived,

and straightly shone upon the Flowers of Oblivion, which hung heavy with their dews, and when he stooped, in spite of that pallid light, he saw they were glowing red—great reaches of them that seemed to bleed—and *calling, calling him to sleep.*

He stood musing a moment, then loosed his horse with a caress; it paused with wistful looks, but at the command moved slowly off, and he listened to the retreating hoof-beats till they were too remote, then wrapping his mantle about him, above his silver hauberk, he flung himself down among the tangled poppies.

Now, what the Prince had failed to observe about the Field of Red Flowers was that it was nothing more nor less than an enchanted fairy cemetery, and, in point of fact, he was sleeping among the graves and in imminent danger of being discovered by the business-like little Fairy Sextons and made to get up and buy a grave for himself like a respectable Prince instead of dying just anywhere, in that haphazard fashion, like a June-bug.

Fortunately, however, he was not discovered, although they were bustling about all night, attending to new-comers. It was toward morning, and the moonlight had grown oblique upon the poppies, when one of these, a mournful lady, and her train of maidens, accosted one of the little Sextons.

"Oh, yes, you are looking for a nice grave, madam," he blandly said. "I am sure we can suit you; we have a great variety—all excellent—attractive upland graves where the winds stir the flowers constantly, or, as some prefer, we have those still, low, valley graves, very prettily situated, with a rivulet, et cetera. Your name, please?"

"It is her Majesty Guinevere," whispered one of her attendants.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the fairy.

"I am looking for his grave," said the poor Queen, in a voice so low as scarcely to be heard above the faint night-wind that stirred the robe about her lovely feet.

"Sir Launcelot's? Why, of course. Just step this way, please," and the jaunty little Sexton started briskly down a certain path. It was a moment before he observed that she had not moved to follow him, when

"SHE MEERLY OBEYED, AND LIKE A WREN, BEGAN IMMEDIATELY TO PIPE."



he came trotting back, muttering something rather forcible about queens and women in the fairy language.

"It is not Launcelot's, but the King's she seeks," again whispered one of her women.

"What! Well, the inconsistency of women!" he cried, but in an instant resumed his professional air. "Step this way—step this way. You will observe, in passing, ladies, the perfect order and precision of our arrangements here." He waved his little lantern here and there down several paths and sections of the grounds, adding:

"You see, all neatly classified
With how and why and where they died—
All quite exact, you see.
Here lie some dead of love despised,
Of joy too deeply realized,
And some of calumny—
And here poor lovers wearied sore,
Who sued in vain, now sue no more:
Well loved in dreams they be—"

"How very nice," exclaimed one of Guinevere's attendants, feeling some polite comment rather called for, and their guide, looking very haughty in a fairy way at the interruption, now paused perilously near to the spot where our charming Prince lay sleeping with dew upon his face.

"Here is Arthur's place, madam," the Sexton said. "See, among the 'Love Despised.' But I am very much afraid you will not be permitted to have your grave here. We are very particular about their not being disturbed. They need their rest so, poor souls! However, I shall inquire."

He made a call like that of a night-bird, and there came, trooping with noiseless feet, all the cemetery fairies, fair as flowers, and swinging little lanterns among the tall and clustering poppies. They were very gentle and tender sprites, but it seemed as if nothing the hapless Guinevere could say would move them to give her place beside the sleeping King. Their voices were as low and plaintive as her own, so that their discourse lulled the weary sleepers underground, like a cradle-song. With a long sigh, she began:

"Lay, oh, lay me softly by his side,
For I was his bride.'
'Nay, oh nay, too sweet, too sweet a bed.'
'Then I'll lie crosswise just above his head
Spirits, lay me there and have an end—
Once I was his friend.'

"No, ah no, for thou wouldst vex his sleep—
There young flower-roots creep.'

'Low, ah, low I'll rest me by his face,
Sweet, so sweet, where sitteth God's fair grace.'

'That cannot be a bed for thee—
It is a holy place.'

"Doom, ah doom, then put me at his feet;
Yea, that would be meet.

Tomb, ah tomb, entomb me where they rest,
Pale, pale and cold—ah, lay them in my breast.'

'Nay, not there; 'twould break his peace for sure—
His feet were pure.'

"Woe, ah woe, says, let me depart.
Lay me on his heart.

Slow, ah, slow, lower, and let me be,
For his great heart hath forgiven me.'

'Twould thrōb from its sleep to ban thee away.
Nay, oh nay, nay, nay!'

"Grieve, soul, grieve! Under the high-road wide
Where the horsemen ride,

Leave, oh, leave me, then, 'neath the passing
feet,

Where my breast shall feel the iron hoofs beat,
For I'm 'feared to lie alone in my bed
When I'm dead!'

By this time, almost all the Sextons were weeping into their lanterns, and as they pityingly conducted the distressed lady to the cemetery gates, they told her to come again on the morrow and "they'd see what they could do about it." As she went away, looking really quite cheerful again (I can't permit this tale to grow too dismal! Dear me!), it was unobserved that one damsel was missing from her train, a dancing, joyful creature, scarcely more than a child, who had spied the Prince among the flowers and stolen near to look with lovely eyes and mischievous.

Until the moon went down and the dawn began to whisper in the east, she patiently sat beside him, now drawing his cloak more closely about him with the tips of bashful fingers, now "ducking" her lovely head, as some careful Fairy Sexton flitted by, and now bending low, very low, to scrutinize those heavy eyelids and the sadly folded lips, so weary and so beautiful. Very low, she bent, but we are pleased to chronicle, in the face of whatever other historians may say of it, that she did not—she positively did not. Had it been otherwise, we should have been compelled to lay down a decorous pen.

When the morning had come, however, and the birds had begun splendidly to shout above the enchanted graveyard, she



"PRESSING BOTH HANDS TO HIS BOSOM, IN WHICH THE HEART WAS BROKEN."

permitted herself sundry little drawings of his cloak and callings to awake, which, nevertheless, though repeated several times, had no effect upon those entranced slumbers, in character so near, so very near to death, and she grew almost faint with waiting and half inclined to lay her head on that inhospitable breast and sleep, too. She began a little song, which ran something like this:

"Where young Weary-Heart low lieth,
There the long grass, moving, sigheth,
There red flowers make death fair-seeming,
There dim dreams are his in dreaming—
Where the mateless love-bird crieth,
And some butterfly slow flieth,
Short-lived, lovely, golden gleaming,
On his bosom, fainting, dieth—
Where young Weary-Heart low lieth."

As she finished, the Prince awoke and addressed his drowsy eyes to hers.

"You have an extremely penetrating voice, my dear young lady."

"It has been often complimented," she modestly replied, at the same time discreetly concealing her delight at his awakening.

"Nevertheless, I should advise you to abstain from using it in these early morning hours. It's really bad for it—bad, very bad," and with great sang-froid he turned upon the other side, composing himself for further slumber; but again she timidly plucked him by the cloak.

"I've waited for you so long," she said, "and brushed the dew away, and sat by you through the chilly night and I might have caught a dreadful cold—and all to be your playmate!"

"If you had known, you couldn't have had the heart to wake me!" he desperately cried. "By the Rood, girl, you don't know what I was forgetting!"

"Some people do wake up so ill-natured!" she complained, then added: "Ah, come on and play. See, what a lovely place for tag and leap-frog," and with a charming spring, she began innocently dancing upon the graves, at which the hearts of the sleepers below beat for a moment with a certain dim pleasure.

The Prince, with a scarcely perceptible gleam of interest, raised himself upon his elbow and shook the night-damp from his locks.

"That is all very nice, my dear young creature," he said at length, with great

reserve, "and at another time I do not deny that I might have found it entertaining, but permit me to say that as yet your mind has not apparently grasped the fact that this place was peculiarly designed for but one purpose—repose, and with your permission, I shall now resume my slumbers."

"In sleep there are dreams. I will be your dream," she suggested with fine amiability.

"Dreams are my abomination!" he muttered, momentarily forgetting his court manners (ordinarily exquisite, I assure you), and with a marked abruptness flinging himself upon the ground.

"Dear me, how very embarrassing!" she murmured; then very hesitatingly adding, "Good-morning," began to tiptoe softly away—but chancing to glance over her shoulder, which, it may be mentioned, was a very pretty thing in the way of a shoulder, she became aware that the Prince's eyes were resting upon her with somewhat less of austerity than before, which development confused her purposes and rendered her departure a little more difficult. She paused, considered, then tripped innocently back for a kerchief, the loss of which she suddenly became aware of, and before going once more, it seemed no more than decent to venture some little apology.

"Dear Prince," she began, "I trust you will not feel my waking you quite inexcusable. It is true, I should have known better, for my dear papa, at home, when disturbed invariably threw things. But"—here she paused and exquisitely blushed—"but, you were so beautiful!"

"Was I, really?" said the Prince with delicate irony, but at the same time smoothing his heavy curls and assuming a somewhat more social expression.

"Ah, you were beautiful," she pursued, "and you really looked like such a *pleasant* Prince, though so tired and so sad. Young Weary-Heart was what I called you, and I pitied you, and sang——"

"Um—yes. Well, I should think so," her companion interjected.

"I really intended it to be very low and soft," she pleaded, "and afterward, I danced to make you smile."

"That is quite impossible, my dear," he said, with great decision, as if to imply "hardly *that* far, I *hope*!"

"I think you would be very handsome

when you smile," she thoughtfully replied, and studied his mouth as if considering it as a quite dispassionate person of an inquiring mind.

"Go away, child, go away," said he, looking in the other direction, "unless, indeed," he added, "you would prefer to sit down and sing me another little song. As I am quite awake now, I think I shouldn't mind it."

She meekly obeyed, and like a wren, began immediately to pipe:

"Blossomed boughs are white above.

Love me.

It is spring and you must love.

Love me.

Boughs are white against the blue.

White my cheek for love of you.

Why not love me?

"If you weary of the skies,

Love me.

Seek the heavens of my eyes.

Love me.

Who loves to-morrow, no man knows;

Love to-day, as loves the rose.

Why not love me?"

"My poor child, those sound very much like the stanzas we used to write in our Friendship Albums in early youth," said her listener, very paternally.

"But why not?" she asked.

"Why not what?"

"Love me?" she finished, and engaged his look with bashful eye.

He peevishly plucked a poppy to pieces, aware that this must be done somewhere in the story.

"Why?" she persisted.

"I suppose you would not care to be the occasion of my death," he said, looking at the broken flower in his hand, and unprepared for the cry of pain with which she received his words. He took her tender hand to reassure her.

"You are a very nice, kind little girl," he said, "but I cannot conveniently love you, for the reason that I have loved too much already. So much have I loved that, in fact, to be frank, I fear another essay would be perilous—fatal. Even the most vigorous hearts can't love on indefinitely, you know——" He was interrupted by the anguish in her innocent countenance, full of solicitude and wonder, and as he paused, she rose and began to steal away.

"Oh, are you going?" he cried.

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "I must go to save you. Why, you *almost loved me!*"

"Oh, no," he very nonchalantly rejoined, forgetting his habitual gallantry in his eagerness to stay her. "Oh, no, indeed; no danger, at all, my dear. Come and sing me some more Autograph Album stanzas."

Before he was aware of it, he had smiled; and half convinced, she flitted back; but in his pleasure at her return, he inadvertently encircled her in his arms and committed the fatal error of pressing her childlike bosom *to his heart*.

Instantly realizing the peril, she sprang away with a piteous cry. "Now, I have done for you!"

"Not at all, not at all. I do not love you, sweet!" he thundered, but she looked at his eyes, from which the sadness and fatigue had strangely vanished, and at his beautiful face, which shone vivid and joyous beneath his clustering hair. Her conscience smote her, and she retreated before him with trembling limbs.

As she did so, he blindly followed, suddenly pressing both hands to his bosom in which the heart was broken, and fell at her feet, among the waving poppies.



THE UMBRELLA OF JUSTICE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE old Judge leaned wearily upon his desk, listening with a quizzical expression to the impassioned summing-up of counsel for the prisoner. Though it was a murder case, there was no direct evidence to fix the crime upon the accused; and his counsel was conscientiously going through the time-honored argument against circumstantial evidence—an argument his honor had heard many, many times.

Anticipating each step, the Judge knew exactly when the jury would be reminded that it was "better fifty criminals should escape than that one innocent man be condemned," and when they would be called upon to consider that if they "had the slightest reasonable doubt, they were under oath to acquit the prisoner."

Use had dulled the magistrate's sympathies, but there was a straightforward look in the eyes of the man on trial that affected the Judge strongly. While the counsel rehearsed the long array of judicial mistakes, the jurist on the bench was rehearsing mentally the points he meant to make in his charge to the jury. As it took form, the Judge felt that it would be clear, logical and convincing, and would make the lawyer's plea seem foolishly emotional—unworthy of serious consideration by hard-headed men of the world.

Yet—there was something disturbing in the clear eye of the wretched man in the dock. Was he innocent? But the Judge dismissed the thought as unworthy of the legal intellect. He had always believed in the trustworthiness of circumstantial evidence. "Give me," he would say, "the incorruptible testimony of facts, cold facts—that cannot be silenced, confused by a browbeating counsel, or otherwise controverted." His face assumed its usual judicial severity as the counsel for the prisoner closed with an impassioned appeal.

The hush of the court-room was broken as the audience awoke from constraint. The Judge glanced at the clock, and saw with relief that he might adjourn the morning session.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "the court is adjourned. Be promptly in your seats at half-past two."

It was one o'clock, and the usual adjournment had been for one hour, but the Judge had extended the time, that he might execute a little commission intrusted to him by his wife. The day was rainy, and she had decided that she would not need to go downtown if the Judge could do an errand for her during the luncheon hour.

The Judge's wife was coquettish for a lady of her years, and had found that the curling-iron was an adjunct to her toilet-table, and an aid to her charms. To buy a new one was the Judge's commission.

He regretted now that he had undertaken the trust, since he was at times absent-minded, and in remembering the curling-iron, he had forgotten his umbrella—a protection without which he never liked to expose his dignified silk hat to the weather. He made his way on foot to the hairdresser's shop—a shop in a part of the city seldom visited by him—and bought the curling-iron.

To escape the shower, the Judge decided that he would take his luncheon at the first restaurant he came to, in the hope that the rain would be over by the time he had finished eating.

He soon saw a modest restaurant, and deciding, after a hasty glance, that it would do, he entered, walked toward the rear of the room and took his seat at a table by himself.

While the Judge was eating, his mind reverted to the case on trial before him, and he resumed the composition of his charge to the jury. He paid the amount of his check to the waiter—forgetting to give a tip—and then put on his overcoat.

Looking about to see whether he had left anything, the Judge's eye fell upon an umbrella leaning against the wall. It was a nice, new, black-silk, close-rolling umbrella, with an ordinary bamboo handle. In short, an umbrella that might have been the twin brother of the Judge's own, then reposing in the rack in the Judge's hallway at home. The absent-minded jurist, absorbed in his legal problems, recognized the umbrella as his own, picked it up, and started for the door.

The true owner of the umbrella was sitting with his back to the Judge, and saw nothing of this; but his guardian

angel must have warned him. Just as the Judge had reached the door, and paused to open the umbrella, the owner turned—saw the umbrella was gone—recognized it in the stranger's hand—and cried aloud for justice.

"Here, you! Hold on, there! Where are you going with my umbrella? You impudent scamp!"

The Judge turned as the other came hastily toward him. Such words addressed to one used to the greatest deference, were doubly insulting.

"Your umbrella!" he replied, with dignified and withering scorn. "Sir, this is not your umbrella. It is—"

But the words died on his tongue, as he suddenly remembered that he had left his own umbrella at home. Yet he went on, hardly realizing what he was saying.

"If this is yours, where is mine? It's just like it."

"It's nothing to me where yours is," said the other, while the Judge was wondering whether he had told a lie in his confusion.

"Come, drop that," the owner insisted, losing his temper. "This umbrella-stealing is too popular for my taste. You may think yourself lucky I don't call the police!"

"Shall I get an officer?" asked the waiter the Judge had forgotten to tip.

"No, I'm too busy this afternoon. I'll let the rascal go," answered the owner.

"But, my dear sir——" the Judge began.

"Don't 'my dear sir' me!" was the answer. "I hate a sneak."

"I'm a respectable man," the Judge broke out. "Do you know the name of Judge——"

Before the magistrate could give his name, the aggressive owner broke in, derisively:

"You may be respectable, as you call it, but you can't carry off my umbrella, all the same. I'm not giving silk umbrellas as premiums for respectability. And as for your friend the Judge, he's probably some peanut politician who'd pick up an umbrella himself if he got a fair chance. No doubt *you* are a 'professor' or 'doctor' or 'judge' yourself. All

scamps are, nowadays. My advice to you, old man, is to drop the subject, and skip out of this—lively!"

A group of customers and waiters were looking on, grinning and chuckling with approval. The Judge saw that public opinion was against him; and he could not deny that the "cold facts" were against him, too. If it had been anything but an umbrella!



Drawn by Gustave Verbeek.

"TO ESCAPE THE SHOWER, THE JUDGE DECIDED THAT HE WOULD TAKE HIS LUNCHEON AT THE FIRST RESTAURANT HE CAME TO."

He saw that there was a question of making an afternoon of it—or of instant flight. Suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Sir," he remarked, with hauteur, "I will give you my card."

This sobered the group for an instant, and they looked on respectfully as the Judge took out his pocketbook and drew forth a bit of pasteboard—the prima-facie proof of respectability.

But—fate was against him. As the Judge drew forth the only card the pocketbook contained, a single glance showed him that he was lost. It read:—

"Raoul von Leczynski
Hair-Dresser."

It was the address-card given him by his wife that morning. He hastily replaced it in his pocket-book, and looked blankly at his accusers.

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the owner of the umbrella administered the coup de grâce by the remark:

"Bluff didn't go, did it, old Skeezecks? Come—clear out, quick!"

There may be heroic souls who would have risen to the occasion. But the Judge did not. His temper was at boiling-point, and he saw he must punch the fel-

low's head or leave at once. He turned and fled, asking only to escape.

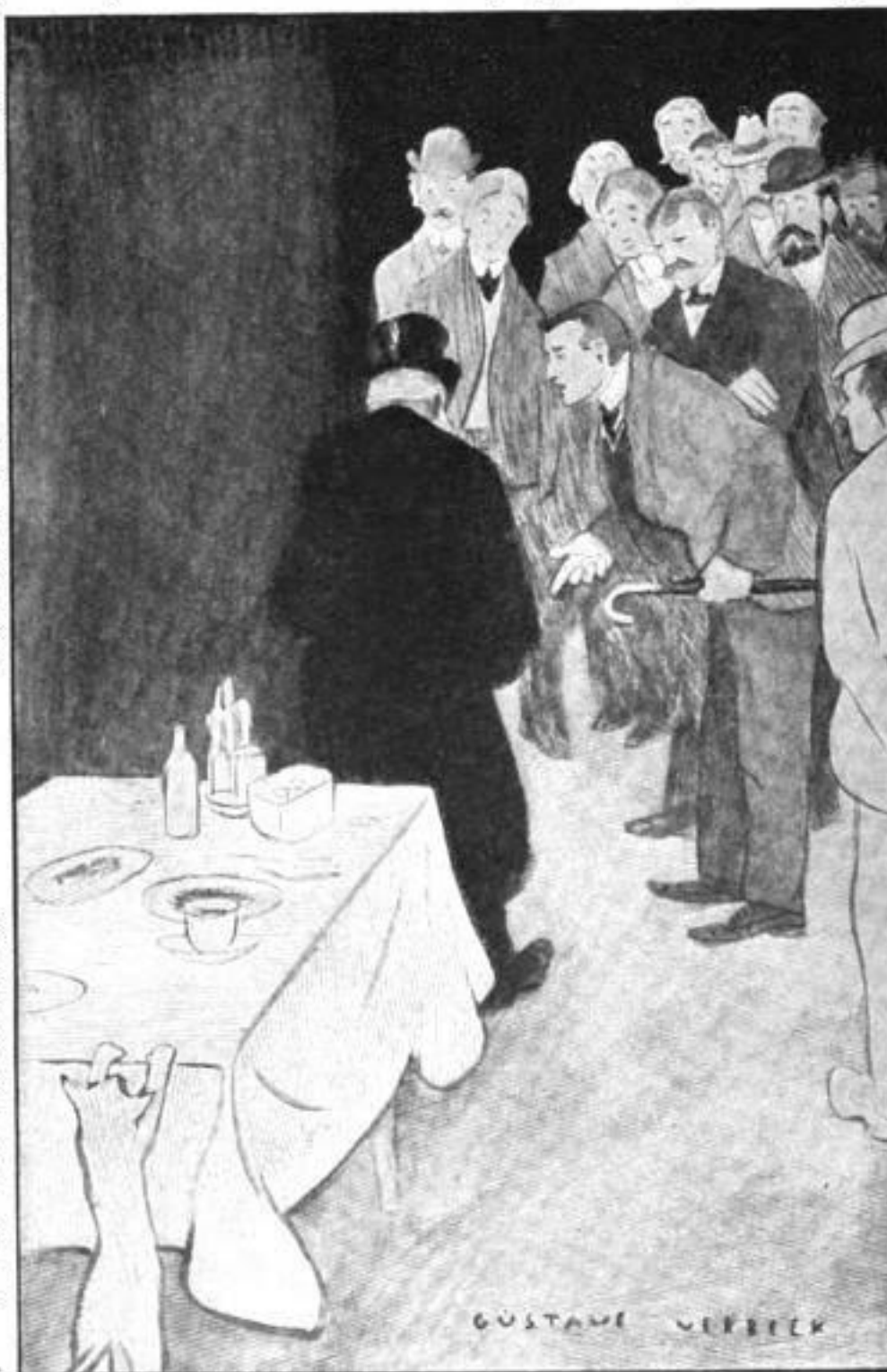
When the court was again in session, the Judge—who had been a little late—proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury. It was a forcible plea against being misled by appearances, a warning against precipi-

tation in judgment. Though the form of impartiality was maintained, the spirit of mercy informed and inspired every sentence.

The prisoner listened with amazement. Some subtle magnetism conveyed to him the assurance that the Judge favored an acquittal. The lawyers, the jury, the lookers-on in the courtroom, felt the turn of the tide. The Judge instructed the jury that previous good character was entitled to much weight as against

circumstantial evidence; and though his words were beyond exception, every soul within hearing glowed in the fervor of his eloquence, and all looked for an acquittal.

"Not guilty!" said the foreman, when the jury returned from a short absence—and the life of an innocent man was saved. Only an umbrella had been between him and the sentence of death.



Drawn by Gustave Verbeek.

"THE JUDGE SAW THAT PUBLIC OPINION WAS AGAINST HIM."

A VIEW OF PIERPONT MORGAN AND HIS WORK.

BY E. C. MACHEN.

A PAPER in the April COSMOPOLITAN commenting upon the latest developments in financial and business consolidations, closes with the inquiry, "What is the meaning of money after it has reached a few millions?" To this the writer adds, with a touch of grim humor, "It has no significance to its owner." Perhaps not, I remark, any personal use or significance, but very much indeed in the collective force and representative sense of—*power*! This is the modern attribute at least of possession.

This answer fits the issues which the writer presented with such lucidity and force. It is the only answer, too, that meets our American and business demand for reply, upon either side of such issues as are bound up in the making of trusts and the progress of combination. I prefer to term the latter "coöperation." Certainly, no American financier or capitalist will dare assume as his own, the conception by which an Englishman is made to declare that the pleasant factor in the possession of five millions is that the owner "can bid the rest of the world to go to the devil," if he so chooses. Pounds sterling remain the Englishman's unit, and that "five millions" will mean to us at the present rate of exchange above twenty-four million dollars. But can even John Bull do that? Most certainly John Pierpont Morgan will not think so, and most certainly he will never express such a vulgar solecism. He may be assumed with entire modesty to possess personally twice the large sum which fixes the alleged Englishman's view of social irresponsibility, but the American is not a fool or a snob, and has never been charged with being purse-proud.

I am asked by the editor of this magazine to give a more careful and extended presentation of what I have meant in declaring current consolidations of capital to be in reality a step forward toward more genuine *coöperation*. I am not a public writer, but a plain business man, who believes in the Republic to which he is native-

born, and has full faith in the saving grace of the civilization by which he is surrounded.

A large part of the equation now in the scales of human endeavor must find a present reply in the personal characteristics of a man—the most notable financier and organizer that the modern business world has yet produced. A marked degree of safety will be found, I believe, in the fact that Banker Morgan is an American, compounded, too, of the sturdiest and most democratic New England and New York stock. I shall make no apology for the analysis I present. It is made by one who has long studied this man and his operations from the point of view which Wall Street affords, combined, too, with what a wide business experience has offered. Mr. Morgan's exceptional position is closely associated with a unique personality. If I am correct in the deductions to be made thereon, the latter will assume a singular and beneficial potency. My opinions are not the result of special intimacy or based upon claims of any occult powers of divination, but stand solely on the ground of interested and intelligent observation. John Pierpont Morgan dominates individually—a thing that cannot be said of either Rockefeller or Carnegie, however great their moneyed influence or mental power has been or may continue to be. The Rothschilds shroud their influence to-day with a deliberate avoidance of direct individual action. As financial persons they are almost impossible of access to the world's eye; as social forces they deliberately confine themselves to the limited region of class and privilege wherein their vast wealth and intellectual growth have given them a slow entrance and a respectable eminence. Mr. Morgan is essentially American and therefore personally democratic—the reverse of all that veils the Rothschilds. He is exclusive only from the force of business conditions and their restraints on speech and action. His immediate horror is not the people but the speculators. The keynote of the situation

as to the demands of capital, fixed and fluid, and whether permanently invested or mobile, is found in one word—security. The growth and force of this demand is illustrated by one example. Within the generation that now is rapidly passing, we have seen the greatest wrecker of railroad stocks and systems become the most cautious of their conservators. Successful investments compel constructive control as well as productive administration.

The United States owes its towering industrial place to the occupancy by modern and human forces of an undeveloped continent. As yet, it has been but little more than scratched. That place has been won through a large freedom from old statecraft and class tradition, that has left its growing millions the spur and lash of industrial ambition in a degree never before known to history. Whenever that freedom has been obstructed, conflict has ensued. Hence all our national issues and struggles in peace or war have been founded essentially on industrial growth, with the increase of wealth through the development of natural resources and the economic agencies these have demanded. Unexpressed in set terms, to any large extent, it has yet grown to be a paramount idea that the making of wealth is the insurance of civilization. And to this has come also the conviction that the security of wealth is also the safety of industry.

There are limits, however. Naturally, possessors of wealth who are not all or necessarily the true makers thereof, hold that security is found mainly in the total absence of questioning discussion or organized attack, by either speculation or discontent. Yet both have their value.

We can now face the splendid fact that discontent may be eliminated by coöperation. That is, that the peaceful approach to equity in the distribution of industrial results will bring harmony. It is a long leap forward. The growing acceptance of this truth, which even a few months past has shown quite widely, is almost wholly due to the light given by a sudden growth—one that is almost amazingly sudden to the general mind—of recent industrial trusts and financial consolidations.

Financial consolidation is in my judgment a long step forward to the clearer

recognition of industrial coöperation. Trusts, so called, carried a destructive aspect until met by this formidable front. They sought mainly to sweep away opposing pursuits and smaller enterprises. But financial consolidation, of which Mr. Morgan is now the guiding brain and representative leader, must aim perforce to conserve the interests that build, while restraining or destroying those that pull down either in rivalry or from the more predatory spirit alone of "get there."

Security, then, is the keynote of prevailing operations. The demand is that business shall be free from passion, safeguarded against speculative assaults. Some people who ought to know better, indulge, even yet, in the folly of supposing that suppression is a remunerative proposition to place, for instance, in front of organized labor. "When the cat's away, the mice will play," and so we see how the staff officers of allied capital may deny to captains of labor the right of recognition, which long service and forceful sagacity entitle both themselves and their organizations to receive.

Organized labor is not the enemy of capital, corporate or individual. In truth, labor, being creative or preservative in its grain, is of conservative disposition. Its margins are too narrow for willing conflicts. Under prevailing conditions it must be found willing to compromise, if met face to face. And there is never an employer but knows that it is the meanest man in his line that proposes to cut wages or breed a row by arrogance of manner and act. Moreover, labor wins in the long run, though the laborer often falls in the fight. Defeat with the laborers often costs life and hunger, and always with the employer it costs capital and credit. It is cheaper to starve than lose money.

Financiers who, like Morgan, manage the employers rather than the employed, can estimate this cost and will have no pride in avoiding the loss by insuring coöperation.

The defeat of competition by consolidation is designed automatically to grind out unneeded middlemen and crush the dangerous speculator. The brokers alike of pit and curbstone are more to be dreaded than labor leaders or those who follow them.

Panics are more disastrous than strikes, and inflations are worse than lock-outs. Labor is reasonable and wants only fair treatment. The greed of gain—won, too, with honest toil—is more deadly to business security than the breath of the upas-tree could be to the traveler sleeping beneath its branches. The day of large operations compels both consolidation and conservation. Competition is the conflict of small business. It has never won but one thing for civilization, and that was a place for struggle. The holding has been done by coöperation. Just now in the business world, it is achieved through the form we call consolidation—the name for its selfish side. In the world of labor it is gained by organization. The two forms are the constables of security.

I think Mr. Morgan will yet be the largest personal factor, the chief agent, of harmony between capital and labor. I think so because he is the statesman in business circles. Doubtless he will “pooh-pooh” such a designation, and yet it is one that is both correct and exact. He is not a poseur, but a man big enough to be chief in a mighty quadrilateral. All the shifting forces of life finally become political—that is, Societarian.

Wealth has often been vaunting, but ends always by avoiding or yielding. Labor schemes not; it works that it may live. The capitalist is greatest only when he recognizes the title-deed that wins him control. Why not definitely recognize, then, the power he wields, and hold him to its responsibility? Foremost is the recognition of the source from which all wealth springs—LABOR. Some critics dread Mr. Morgan because his relations have been so close to London influences. On the other hand, I see this as an element of security. He must know the broad distinction between life bred from law-made privilege and caste, and that which claims civic equality and social equity in opportunity as a natural source of human growth. Like most strong men, who rely upon themselves only, he will chafe at the angles and facets this presents, but he knows that self-respect has a market value and that the united intelligence it trains, commands a place in the ledger of daring and doing.

A sturdy man, then, is this bank “king” who is willing to be “citizen” Morgan. His face has a mind behind it. The strong jaw has something perhaps of the iron set and clinch that befits the treasure-vault. It is a resolute face, marked with the bulldog quality, but it has the sagacious directness of the kindly mastiff also. The eyes are keen, even piercing; the chin is square; the forehead possesses a full curvedness. There is autocracy and drive enough in the strong neck, the sway of the broad shoulders, the poise of the big-set head, which is yet trustful in repose. This man masters, but does not mean to oppress. He compels obedience, because he can do the thinking needed. There are no details in the myriad operations that center around him that he does not understand and would not, if needed, undertake. If he has limits, it is in the direction of doing too much and trusting too little.

General Sherman used to say that he never recommended a captain for a field commission who desired to be his own orderly sergeant. Mr. Morgan can throw the orderly’s report over his shoulder, but he seldom fails to detect the least blunder or omission. Every one in the bank is kept on the alert by knowing that fact. He has found it harder to understand or respect the politician than he does to conquer the biggest financial rivals. He has learned the rôle, at least, because as to the first he has felt the touch of public opinion and grown to respect its intelligence, and as to the last he has been taught sharply that “give and take” is the law in business as well as in church. So the man who is said to have plainly told him of certain opinions that he once put forth regarding the public mind, that if he should say those things on the street or where they might be heard by men, he would be quickly told that the choice for having promulgated them might be made by him between lying in the graveyard at one end of Wall Street or in the river at the other, is now regarded by the masterful banker as one worthy of personal respect for the courage, at least, of unqualified speaking.

I hold then, as Mr. Morgan is genuinely American, that he is also sincerely democratic in purposes. In other words, he is

human, and not a mere scrub or adding-machine. If I am right, he really has the law of love in his heart and will prove the one safe leader among men whom he sagaciously leads, directs or drives. He goes to the center of things. Aiming for security in his realm of investment, that fact must make him accept the recognition of the only social, economic force he cannot drive and may never master—Organized Labor. On the selfish side he knows this; on the human side he will accept and grow in respect and esteem therefor. He has both kindness and humor, and I think sincerely that he believes his own aims to be for the country's good, as he understands the same. His sagacious desire for general security transcends love of power, and even of the wealth that commands it. He is a man of rugged health and physical qualities, yet his brain is cultivated and his tastes are intellectual and keen. He is not carnivorous, for he loves peace and well-doing. War is horror to him personally, as well as because it disturbs values and upsets exchange. It is wasteful and cruel. If for a purpose he has sat below the British salt, he has probably done so with the calmest of Yankee confidence that wheresoever he sat was, like Rob Roy MacGregor's place, "the head of the feast." Morgan is an idealist without acknowledging it. A utopian, too, who would scorn the designation. He does not either invite personal antagonism or brook opposition. The power that does not bend, he will be found to meet half-way. He sees things therefore with broad simpleness—not from the point of view of selfishness alone, but from that also of human contact and endeavor. In no sense is he a quarrelsome man, however masterful a one. He scorns a toady and despises a lickspittle. Speculation as such he contemns, and has a sweeping contempt for the "scrubs" of the street and exchange corsairs of the market and clientele that need only to be ordered. Perhaps this has become the vanity that with him "grows by what it feeds upon."

I have an idea that Mr. Morgan would like above all things to lead in harmonizing possession and struggle—Capital and Labor. This is why I write of him as a utopian. For it is doubtful as yet if he

comprehends that Labor has an equal right to equal legal protection with its products. This is now denied. The power to make has no place in law, if it comes by toil alone and through trained skill and muscle only, and yet all property pivots thereon. The center of our jurisprudence is that it aims to protect what man achieves. But it has never voluntarily sought to protect the man who makes. That has been won only by force of struggle and in the face of fierce contention. "Things are in the saddle," and their maker is too often but the groom that tightens the girth. Law must yet recognize that there is direct property to be guarded and defended in human labor, and in human skill also, which makes it most useful. In the efforts of financial force to insure security, there must come also, and without question, the social equity and civic justice which insure freedom and create content within the commonwealth. A public wrong is always the incitant of fierce conflicts. Hence, readjustment of labor conditions will become also the essential subjective in the crystalization of financial security, through the safety of investment, the removal of wasteful go-betweens and the destruction of the wolves of the market, the prowlers of the street. Labor must be met and dealt with on lines of righteousness. No one can fairly assume that such is the case to-day. And men of the mold of Mr. Morgan must swing the pendulous weight upon the arc of fair dealing. They can do this only by coöperation—the next and the nobler step toward which financial consolidation may wisely lead, or it leads only to a wilderness more tangled and a desert more arid than the one that mere competition has molded so maladroitly.

The wastes of economic efforts under the ordinary ways have been so frightful that computations which would fit are beyond figures and surpass available metaphors. Combination by the trust, as well as by the consolidations of finance, for security alone, is therefore perfectly justifiable. We must recognize this, but ere long we shall see, in the still greater strides it will take, that a long leap toward genuine civilization—reaching the freedom which alone makes security—has been achieved. Mr. Morgan's name for sagacity will be irrevoc-

cably identified with this massive result. It depends largely upon him whether it moves swiftly forward or only clears the way for a greater struggle. Wealth does not flourish by struggle alone.

No one who thinks while he sees, can escape this conviction. Labor grows in its organized capacity and range. Middlemen when driven out will be forced in a large degree into its ranks. They will bring what it now lacks most—administrative skill and trained knowledge of credit and its capabilities. *Somewhere and somehow, the American who has such power and skill, denied advancement by consolidations in the capitalist realm, will find an aggressive peace in the Republic of Labor.* The life of every healthy workman is valued by statisticians at five thousand dollars for productive purposes alone. Capitalize this into credit under coöperative direction and the road to control will be swiftly won. The small trader, the shrewd vendor, the keen-witted office-man, the sharp commission merchant or broker, whose services consolidation dispenses with, will find a way by organization to realize place on planes other than mere traffic. *They will above all, and at once, proceed to create fresh sources of property and remold industrial power.*

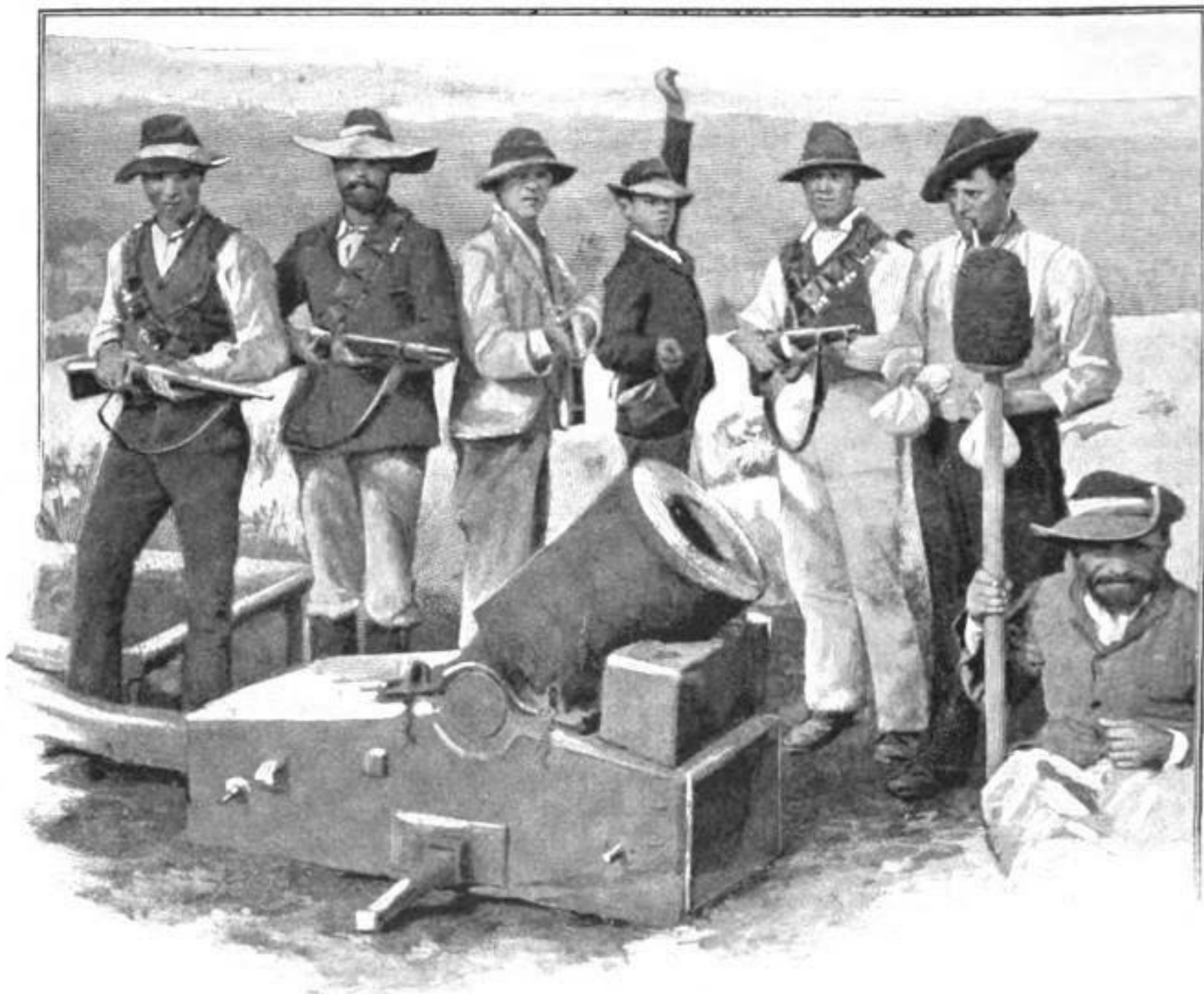
The continent has hardly begun to expand. Take the greater West and Southwest, with the far mountain region. It is known that abundance of coal and iron remains untouched, that fertile lands are still idle, that timber is available and unused waters offer power, while knowledge of past mistakes and costly errors that incapacity or greed achieved will make the coöperative development more sure and the results far safer and less costly. They can be won without wars, and benefit all the people, not merely dealers and shippers of goods for export alone. There are other

railroads to be built. It is not to be anticipated that the leaders of present consolidation will deny the needed aid to enterprises that can make clear their claim. That aid will come. The laws that govern credit are not the sacred cant alone of the present capitalist régime.

The marvelous powers which march in unison with man's mastery of nature's forces are moving steadily from the ponderables to the imponderables; from the visible and tangible to the intangible and unseen agencies of God's world and the abode of Man. The "little red school-house" and the marble-fronted laboratory stand side by side. It is but one short step to their coöperation, and this truth Mr. Morgan, above all his confrères, must be the quickest to perceive and swiftest to utilize. His predominant demand for business security will lend wings to his brain and put spurs upon the heels of his interests.

He now knows or can be made to comprehend, in its business significance at least, that the land which has educated fifteen million children during the past year in its public schools, and increases that great Grand Army of the Republic by a million recruits a year, is not to be run alone by a score or less of men, however vivid in brain and weighty in purse, because they may have the present ability to command one-tenth of the accumulated wealth of the land. There is a stronger bank, a vaster accumulation, to be reckoned with. The ability to "read and cipher" covers all possibilities, evil as well as good. It touches the farther stars and reaches to the nethermost hells. It is to be reckoned with. Will Mr. Morgan comprehend that it is coöperation, and not competition therewith, that is needed? I, for one, believe he will.





MORTAR USED IN BOMBARDMENT OF LADYSMITH, JOUBERT REITZ AT THE LANYARD.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD.

BY ALLEN SANGREE.

IN a little hotel at Brandfort, one summer evening, soon after Lord Roberts began moving north toward Pretoria, gathered a company of foreigners. They were commenting, and rather unfavorably, on the ability of English officers. "One good charge by an Imperial Regiment," declared an aristocratic German Lieutenant, as he bit the end off his cigar, "would have scattered the whole British army, there, to-day. They were just ready to run."

"All I was wishing for," earnestly remarked an American soldier of fortune, "was to see one thousand of our regular army boys get at them. We'd have chased 'em back to Bloemfontein."

"That's what you think, now," replied Colonel Gourka, the Russian military attaché, "sitting in this hotel, but if you were facing the fire of these Boer farmers, particularly their artillery fire, perhaps you'd be less sanguine. By the way," he

added for the benefit of those who had just arrived at the front, "if the Boer artillery gets here to-night from Natal, as is expected, you will see a good fight to-morrow, and incidentally the most remarkable thing in warfare that this century has to show—school-boys holding back a veteran English army!"

The next day found General Maxwell's corps of thirty thousand men advancing toward the Vet River bright and early. Dragoons and lancers protected either flank, and Colonial scouts peered, with restless eyes, into the rock-gnarled kopjes, where lurked the burgher riflemen.

Slowly and impressively the British column approached, as though on parade at Aldershot. Among the Boers there was no sound. Seventy-five of the Johannesburg Police had concealed themselves in a spruit at the foot of the kopje, where George W. Rogers, a newspaper artist, and

myself had taken position. They were lolling there smoking until the English should come within rifle-range. The rest of the Boers were scattered along the two miles of front.

Suddenly, just as we had focused our glasses on General Maxwell's staff of officers, a smart, angry report sounded directly above us, and a shell cried its way toward the British legion. A first impulse was to duck hastily as the missile brushed past, and then we rose in astonishment, for the kopje was half a mile high, steep as the side of a tent, and jagged with protruding boulders. "Alemachte!" exclaimed an old burgher, as he grabbed up his carbine; "those artillery boys again." He spoke as though they might have been playing leap-frog in the parlor or cutting initials on the dining-room table.

We clambered over the hill-top, and saw about twenty young fellows manipulating two Creusot field-guns from which the mule teams had just been detached. How they managed to drag cannon up that mountain still remains a mystery to me. But there they were, the mules tied together and held by Kaffir boys, the guns pointing Englishward, and neatly planted behind natural fortifications. Evidently these gunners had well learned their lesson in the cañons and plateaus of Natal.

More amazing to a stranger, however, than the sudden apparition of cannon on a mountain-top was the childish appearance of those who handled these death-dealing implements. A beardless face was the common attribute, and but few, in this country, would have been entitled to a vote. Some were but fourteen or fifteen years of age; the Lieutenant alone showed maturity. He carried a pair of French field-glasses, the very latest model, but he seldom used them. Every lad in the company could arrange a sight equally well with the naked eye.

The first shot had evidently gone wild,

for when we arrived, one comrade was being unmercifully chaffed because of a misjudgment. "Why, he only sighted for five thousand yards," exclaimed a little chap quite mirthfully, "and it's five thousand three hundred easy. Oh, my! what a shot!"

"Bet you it ain't," sung out another, as he pushed a shell into the breech; "it's just five thousand two hundred yards, to the inch."

A cheer went up when a puff of dust right in the midst of the English advance-guard showed that the second artilleryman had judged rightly, and ambulance wagons galloping to the front denoted that serious damage had been accomplished. At this moment a lad, who looked to be no more than twelve years old, screamed from the top of a parapet, "I see lancers!"

The others ran to his side, and the guns were trained in a different direction. The Boers have never forgotten Elandslaagte, when the English horsemen speared kneeling burghers with their long lances and twirled them in the air; the youngest Transvaaler would gladly give up his life to kill a lancer.

For two hours we watched the artillery duel at Vet River, and then English shrapnel began to rake our position so thoroughly that it was worth one's life to poke one's head above the rock. All this time, the artillery boys continued to harass the enemy, though shells

landed frequently at their very feet. Twice we saw the cannon upset. But, with the exception of killing two mules, no damage resulted.

Long after the burgher riflemen had abandoned their position and English cavalry had flanked us on both sides, these lads remained on that kopje dealing out death with the happy carelessness of children playing in a school-yard. At night I met them as they were going into camp and observed to the Lieutenant, "You have had a narrow escape to-day!" "Yes,"



JAN BOTHA, THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.



BANDOLEER MADE BY J. PRETORIUS FROM INSIGNIA OF BRITISH SOLDIERS WHOM HE CAPTURED.

he replied, "the boys wanted to catch a couple of lancers."

In this struggle for independence, about one-third of the troops are mere children. One sees them in every commando, in every patrol, in every scouting party, in every artillery company. The schools in Pretoria, Johannesburg and Bloemfontein furnished many. Nearly every family has given up its last-born as well as its first. The British opponents are constantly amazed at the youth of their adversaries. "We were out looking after the wounded at night," related an officer to some correspondents, "when I came across an old, white-bearded Boer. He was lying behind a bit of rock supporting himself on his elbows.

"When I got near I saw that he was too far gone to raise his rifle. He motioned me that he wanted to speak, and I bent over him. He asked me to go and find his son—a boy of thirteen who had been fighting by his side when he fell.

"Well, I did as he asked me, and under a heap of wounded I found the poor lad, stone-dead. I'm not chicken-hearted, and I've seen a bit of fighting, but I had to turn away when the old Boer saw his lad and feebly hugged the body to him and moaned over it. Until that very moment I had never thought how horrible war is. I never wanted to see another shot fired. When I looked round again, the old Boer was dead, clasping the cold hand of his dead boy."

The Transvaal youngsters partake of all the qualities that make their fathers such

efficient fighters. Although not so good in marksmanship at the beginning, they have now learned, by constant practice, to make allowance for wind and shoot accurately at one thousand five hundred or two thousand yards with a Mauser. As for courage and ready wit, there is no distinction. In an engagement south of Kroonstad, a boy named Jan Botha, belonging to the South African Cavalry Corps, was lying on his stomach among some bushes, taking pot-shots at the English scouts, when a rhingold snake wormed alongside him. A bite from this serpent usually proves fatal in an hour's time, and it attacks without provocation. When it was about to emit its deadly poison, Botha discovered the reptile, and grabbing its neck, twisted it about until it cracked, after which he coolly returned to sniping Britishers.

But perhaps the most dramatic illustration of boy-life in the Boer army may be had from reading the appended letter written by sixteen-year-old Deneys Reitz to his father, then Secretary of State. The names Joubert and Hjalmar refer to younger brothers. When I left Pretoria, a still more youthful Reitz child was clamoring to go to the front, and Mrs. Reitz promised that his wish should be gratified. "If I had a dozen boys," she said, "all of them should go." The engagement Deneys tells of took place in December, 1899, before he was fifteen, on a spot called Gun Hill, near Ladysmith. The British succeeded there in partially blowing up a Long Tom with dynamite, but they were badly punished, and the gun was afterward repaired. The letter stands just as it was penned in the Boer laager:—

"DEAR FATHER:

"Joubert and I are still safe and well. I see in the 'Standard and Diggers' News' that the English had stormed Lombard's Kop, but it was not stated that they damaged two of our guns. On the following morning they came past us, but were soon driven back. But now comes the worst. We were on outpost duty last night, about six hundred yards from the hill on which stood a howitzer. Below this hill lay other outposts which, either through treachery or carelessness, allowed the English to pass. About one o'clock

we heard the English on the top of the hill crying 'Hurrah!' We sent word to Zeederberg, the Field Cornet, but before he could arrive the howitzer was damaged. The English again cheered, and we were so enraged that we immediately ran through the bushes to stop them when they should come down again; there were only eight of us.

"It was, of course, pitch-dark. When we had gone a short distance, we heard, 'Halt! who goes there?' from a body of English who

had remained in the bushes. We fired a volley in their direction, and ran as fast as we could to a ditch behind us. After waiting some minutes, we again advanced among the bushes, and after having marched about a mile we reached the creek which runs below the hill. Here a body of English who had remained behind fired volleys at us. We lay against the bank of the creek and replied to their

fire. It became so hot, however, that we retired round the corner of the bank. Here Sampie Van Zyl was shot; he was just about a yard ahead of me. He was struck by two bullets—one in the throat, the other through the lungs. We are very sad to-day on account of his death, for he was the life and soul of our camp. He did not die immediately. We placed him against the bank and gave him water. We were then obliged to leave him, for some of the English were behind us, whilst those who

had been on the top of the hill were in front of us. We ran to the opposite bank, and then an Englishman rushed down toward me and was going to stab me with his bayonet; but he was a little too high up so that he could not do it. He said, 'Throw down your gun and I won't shoot'; but I said, 'Throw down yours, or I shall shoot,' and so I would have, but he threw his gun down. Then he fumbled with his hands in his breast, probably to loosen his cartridge-pouch, but I thought he meant to take out

a revolver. My comrades shouted out, 'Shoot him, Reitz, shoot him,' but I had not the heart to shoot a man at two paces' distance, so I said, 'Put up your hands or I'll shoot,' which he accordingly did. I then took his gun, and shall send you his bayonet.

"In the meanwhile, the English were approaching; we could hear what they said. They were in high spirits, and they were quite unaware of our being in front of



PRETORIA HIGH-SCHOOL BOY IN CHARGE OF CAPTURED HELIOGRAPH. SIGNALS BY THIS CORPS BROUGHT THE BOER ARTILLERY THAT COMPLETED THE BRITISH ROUT ON SPION KOP.

them. We waited till we could see them. They marched in close order, about three hundred in number. They were then about ten yards away from us. We then fired amongst them. They stopped and called out, 'Rifle Brigade.' They must have supposed that we belonged to their people. Then one of them said, 'Let us charge.' One officer, Captain Paley (I am writing this letter with his silver pencil-case), advanced, though he had two bullet-wounds already. Joubert gave him another shot, and he fell

on top of us. Four Englishmen got hold of Jan Luttig and struck him on the head with their rifles, and stabbed him in the stomach with a bayonet. He seized two of them by the throat and shouted, 'Help, boys!' His two nearest comrades shot two of the nearest soldiers, and the other two bolted. But then the English came up in such numbers that we all lay down as quiet as mice along the bank. They came in single file, about eight hundred, along the footpath, only about six yards from where we lay. Had there been more of us, we should have continued firing, but the English would simply have trampled us down. We could, of course, see them well, and overhear all they said. One of them said, 'Who knows the way?' Another replied, 'Keep to the right,' and as I was sitting a few yards to the right, I felt somewhat uneasy, but they just then fortunately found the path again and did not see me.

"Whilst they were crossing the ditch, one of the English wounded cried out, 'Wounded man, wounded man to the right; I can't walk!' But one of them replied, 'Oh, you're only a Dutchman'; another cried, 'Go to hell.'

"When the Englishmen had all passed, the day was just breaking. We afterward found twenty-two of them killed and wounded. Captain Paley was still living, and we did for him what we could; but we had no water, and he died shortly after. The other wounded men cried out constantly for water, and we then sent one of the prisoners—there were five or six of them—with a white flag to Ladysmith to fetch doctors.

"One Englishman had been hit by seven bullets, one by four and one by three.

There was, I believe, not one who had less than two bullet-wounds, and considering that we were only seven in number, and continued firing for only about five minutes, you can see that it must have been pretty warm work. Besides that, the English carried off a couple of their wounded out of the ditch. All their guns had bayonets fixed to them, and I took four guns, but I gave two of them to the doctor to serve as splints for the broken legs of two of the wounded. Amongst the twenty-two were Captain Paley, one Major and one Corporal.

"Further on, the English killed three of our men with bayonets and wounded two. Higher up the hill lay ten dead of the English, and where we had been challenged by them also lay one.

"Isaac Malherbe has gone to Pretoria with the prisoners, and if you meet him he can tell you all about it. If Hjalmar is still in Pretoria, let him bring us a couple of water-bottles, for we have already suffered once or twice for having none.

"Tell Ati I have received Willie Brill's letters, and also tell him that he must not insist on coming to

the front, for it is no picnic.

"If my school-books have not been lost, please keep them in good shape for me.

"I shall now conclude, with love to all,

"Your affectionate son,

"DENEYS REITZ.

"P.S.—Joubert found a short Mauser lying by a dead English soldier, and if Hjalmar brings no gun along, he can have that one."

To display recklessness is accounted by the Boers not only nonsensical but culpable. They roundly condemn bravery of that sort. Captain Von Lossberg, the



BOER BOYS OF DE WET'S COMMANDO.



SHARPSHOOTERS, ALL UNDER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE, FIRING ON BROADWOOD'S BRIGADE.

German-American who performed distinguished services for the Free State Artillery with De Wet and Dela Rey, was once on the point of being shot by his own men when he insisted on their retaining an exposed position he had selected. The middle-aged and old burghers, I observed, could seldom be persuaded to stand when unprotected by rocks or trees.

Not so with the younger Boers, who take all sorts of chances. Just north of Bloemfontein, one afternoon, the Australian Light Horse and a company of dragoons came in sight of a Johannesburg patrol, consisting of a dozen young fellows, who were anxious to distinguish themselves. In spite of orders to retreat, these chaps lay concealed in a spruit and waited for the advance-guard to dismount.

A boy named Olivier opened the skirmish by taking aim at a dragoon who sat under a tree removing the wrapper from a stick of chocolate. The first shot knocked the chocolate into pieces, and a second mortally wounded the dragoon. The alarm being given, his comrades came on in considerable numbers, and galloping to the spruit, called out, "Hands up, or we'll kill you all."

In attempting to escape, two of the Boers were shot down, and a third was captured. Olivier scrambled up the river-bed and leaped on a horse, but fell to the ground tangled in a mackintosh. The latter he had captured from an English officer, and he did not care to lose it now.

With the bullets "zipping" on all sides and his pursuers hard upon him, Olivier leaped in the saddle again and was rapidly drawing away, when he happened on a fellow-Boer, shot through the back. This man implored to be taken along, and rather than see him fall into the hands of the English, Olivier gave up what seemed a last hold on life. Four bullets tore through the mackintosh while he was lifting the wounded man to the horse's back, and before they reached safety the garment had been pierced thrice more. Neither of the riders was touched.

Such is the spirit that dwells in the younger generation of Transvaal burghers, and Krüger, when he challenged the hosts of Great Britain, knew that in the children of his burghers he owned a resource of which neither might nor wealth could ever deprive him.



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A SCRIMMAGE AT BASKET BALL.

A GIRL'S COLLEGE LIFE.

BY LAVINIA HART.



PICKING DAISIES FOR THE
DAISY CHAIN.

THE difference between the life at girls' and at men's colleges, is just the difference between girls and young men.

It is not the difference in curriculum, or lecture-room, or gymnasium, or team and track athletics. It is a difference in tone, and this tone is the effect of two causes:—

First. The seriousness with which the college girl regards her course.

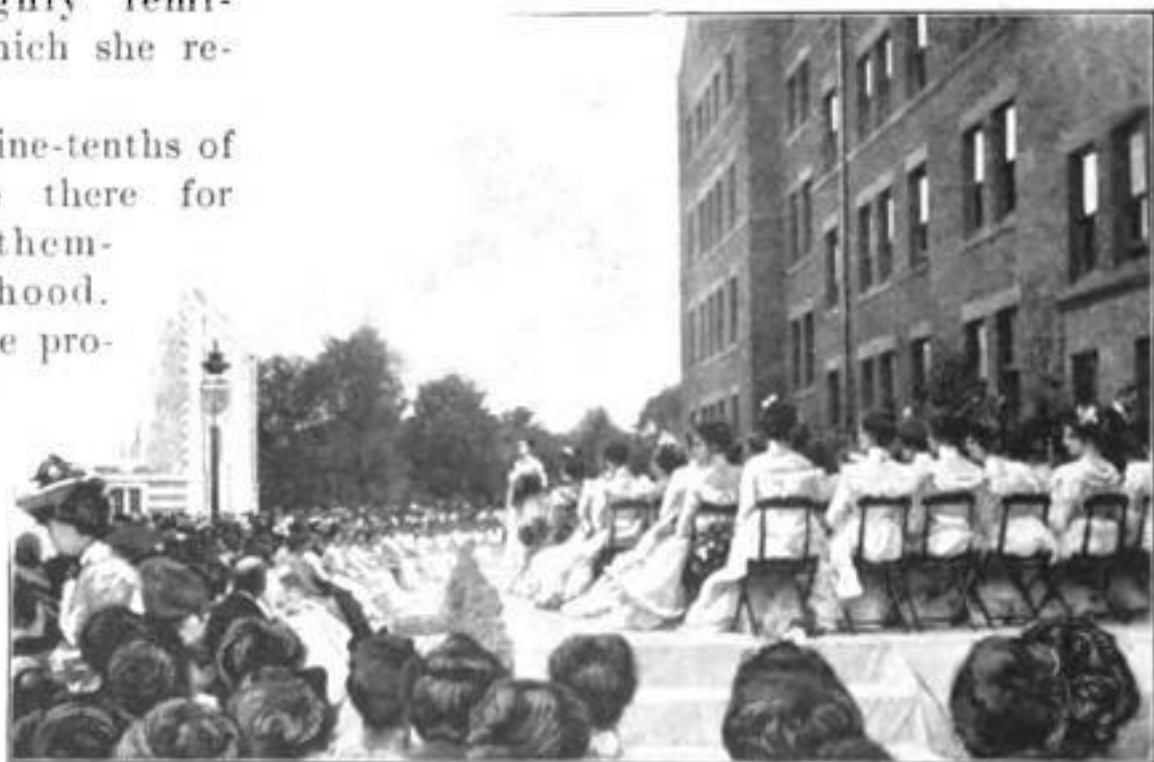
Second. The thoroughly feminine consideration with which she regards her fellows.

Regarding the former, nine-tenths of the girls at college are there for the purpose of fitting themselves to earn a livelihood. They are aiming to become professors, tutors, lawyers, doctors, littérateurs. They are not, generally, the daughters of wealthy parents. These go to a finishing school, and study the limitations, rather than the possibilities, of society. The

female college students are mostly drawn from those medium walks of life wherein ambition is given impetus by necessity.

The college girl does not give up four or five years of her life for the purpose of being called "college-bred," as many of her brothers do; nor to gain admittance to an exclusive university club, or those circles to which a college education is the open sesame; nor "to humor the governor," at a large cost per annum for indulging his whim.

The college girl takes up her course because she loves it, and because it is the means to a much-desired end.



COMMENCEMENT.

The spirit of restlessness prevalent in men's colleges is noticeably absent. There is no case on record where students from a girls' college have spent the night in the town lockup, as the result of reckless misbehavior. They have never been known playfully to smash mirrors in restaurants, make bonfires of farmhouse gates, steal the signs from the village shops or swap the tombstones in the near-by churchyards. This sort of reckless divertisement is the result of dissatisfaction with the legitimate advantages offered in college life. It is the result, not of sex and the more boister-

It is this consideration for the feelings of others that gives to the girls' colleges their distinctly feminine tone.

From the raw, self-conscious days of the sub-freshman to the passing out of the senior, the girl collegian finds cordial greetings and ready sympathy everywhere.

The "honor system" of self-government is in force at Vassar and several other colleges. According to this system, rules and regulations are abolished, and each girl pledges herself to retire at ten, with three exceptions each month if necessary; to attend chapel every day, and to take at



A FENCING LESSON.

ous nature of the male, but of choosing the college course for some reason less pertinent than the desire to acquire knowledge.

Neither do we find the students of a girls' college verging on riot over athletic victory. Yet the triumph of their class and colors is just as dear to them; "gym" and field events are just as much a part of their lives. But it is rather the beaten ones who cheer, and applaud their victors' grit and superiority. The winners argue it is sweet enough to win: crowing over the defeated ones will add nothing to their glory, but greatly increase the disappointment of the losers.

least one hour's daily exercise. The system is a complete success.

Hazing is unknown. The lower classman at a girls' college has no bad dreams of midnight duckings through the ice of the lake, or rides downhill in barrels, or straw hats in winter, or sandwich boards on the main street, or hand-springs, or eagles, or tabasco refreshment. On the contrary, she isn't allowed even to get homesick. Every provision is made for her welcome, in order that she may forget she is a long way from home, perhaps for the first time, confronting con-



THE DAISY CHAIN.

ditions with which she is thoroughly unfamiliar, amidst seven or eight hundred strangers. In all the large colleges, there are committees appointed to take charge of the new arrivals, each girl meeting her protégée at the railway station, attending to the details of her luggage, and not leaving her until she has seen her safely settled in the new quarters.

The seniors usually have first choice of rooms, preferring to be located along the senior corridor, into which no lower classman dares venture, unless accompanied by a senior.

Rooms are divided into suites of four sizes: fire walls, consisting of four bedrooms and parlor; parlors, consisting of three bedrooms and parlor; doubles, with two bedrooms and parlor, and singles, consisting of one room. The singles, however, are not popular. College girls are apt to be chummy and companionable. There's a great deal more fun sharing quarters with one or two other girls, who may be useful in hours of work or play; and there is the great advantage of a private parlor to which one's friends may

be invited—a necessary adjunct to the girl who is popular and hospitably inclined. When three or four girls who are congenial occupy a suite, their college association can be made most pleasant.

Fitting up her quarters will be regarded by the freshman as the most serious work of the term's beginning. She will catch glimpses of senior rooms, disclosing revelations on art from the college viewpoint—which has nothing to do with art by any other standard. Her own rooms—the bedroom containing bed, bureau, table and chair, the parlor a "parlor suite"—will look woefully barren; but she soon realizes how little is required to gain the popular effect—a few outré posters, inexpensive etchings and prints in dainty frames, flags of men's colleges, class colors, field pennants, tennis rackets, riding-whips, foils, orders of dance, college cushions, a tabaret,

an India seat, a tea-table, couch, spirit-lamp and chafing-dish. All these things may be purchased at a shop in the college town whose proprietor can tell the wants

of the freshmen better than they can themselves; or there will be advertisements on the bulletin-board, for sale or ex-



AT AN INTER-CLASS BASKET-BALL GAME.



MARCHING TO THE ATHLETIC FIELD.

change. Often the members of the graduating class leave their room furnishings with "self-help" girls, to be disposed of on commission to incoming freshmen, who are very glad to get bargains.

Meanwhile the freshman has chosen her hours for lectures and recitation—usually not more than four out of the eight hours, with two hours more for study. The hardest work of the college course comes in freshman year. Still there is time for relaxations and the forming of friendships. In September, or the early part of October, the sophomores formally welcome the freshman to college social life. The form of this entertainment varies at the different colleges.

At Bryn Mawr the year is opened by a series of informal teas in honor of the freshmen, which give good opportunities for new acquaintances to the girl socially inclined.

Next after these comes the "Presentation of Lanterns." This fête has become a tradition at Bryn Mawr, and is a very pretty one. Each freshman is presented with a lantern to light her on her way through college, and some of the presentation speeches are very clever and full of local wit. Six weeks later the freshmen reciprocate, entertaining the sophomores with return speeches and toasts, and singing their class song, which until this time has been closely guarded. It is on this occasion that the freshmen are mentally and socially gaged by the older fellows, who are looking out for worthy acquisitions to their societies.

Wellesley's "Floral Sunday" is an eloquent goodwill offering to the freshmen. The first Sunday after her arrival, each freshman finds at her breakfast plate a bunch of fragrant blossoms, tied with ribbons

of the sophomore class color, with an accompanying card bearing the inscription, "Love one another," or "God is love," or whatever like theme has been chosen for the chapel address. On this morning the chapel is fragrant with flowers, the decorations being the result of sophomore effort and good will.

Smith's "Freshman Frolic" is a very pretentious affair. The dance is held in the "gym," which has been transformed by boughs and blossoms, palms and vines, national flags and college emblems. Each soph constitutes herself a cavalier for the freshman to whom she is assigned. She sends her flowers, calls for her, fills her order of dance, introduces her partners, fetches ices and frappés between dances and takes her to supper. The whole method of procedure is apt to impress the freshman



READY FOR HOCKEY.



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A DIFFICULT PASS.

ludicrously at first, except that the soph fulfils her duties with so much dignified seriousness. Nor does the new order of things stop with the close of the dance. Every soph sees her partner home, begs for a flower and changes orders for souvenirs, and if the freshman has taken advantage of the opportunity and made the desired hit, there are dates for future meetings and jollifications, and a good-night over the balusters, as lingering and cordial as any the freshie has left behind her. And if the gallant soph who lives in another hall runs away from her shadow on the way back to her own dormitory, it's nobody's business but her own. Her duties in knight-errantry are at an end.

At Vassar the girls go a step farther, those who fill men's parts at the dances affecting bloomers, sack-coats disclosing a wide expanse of shirt-front, white lawn ties and buttonhole bouquets.



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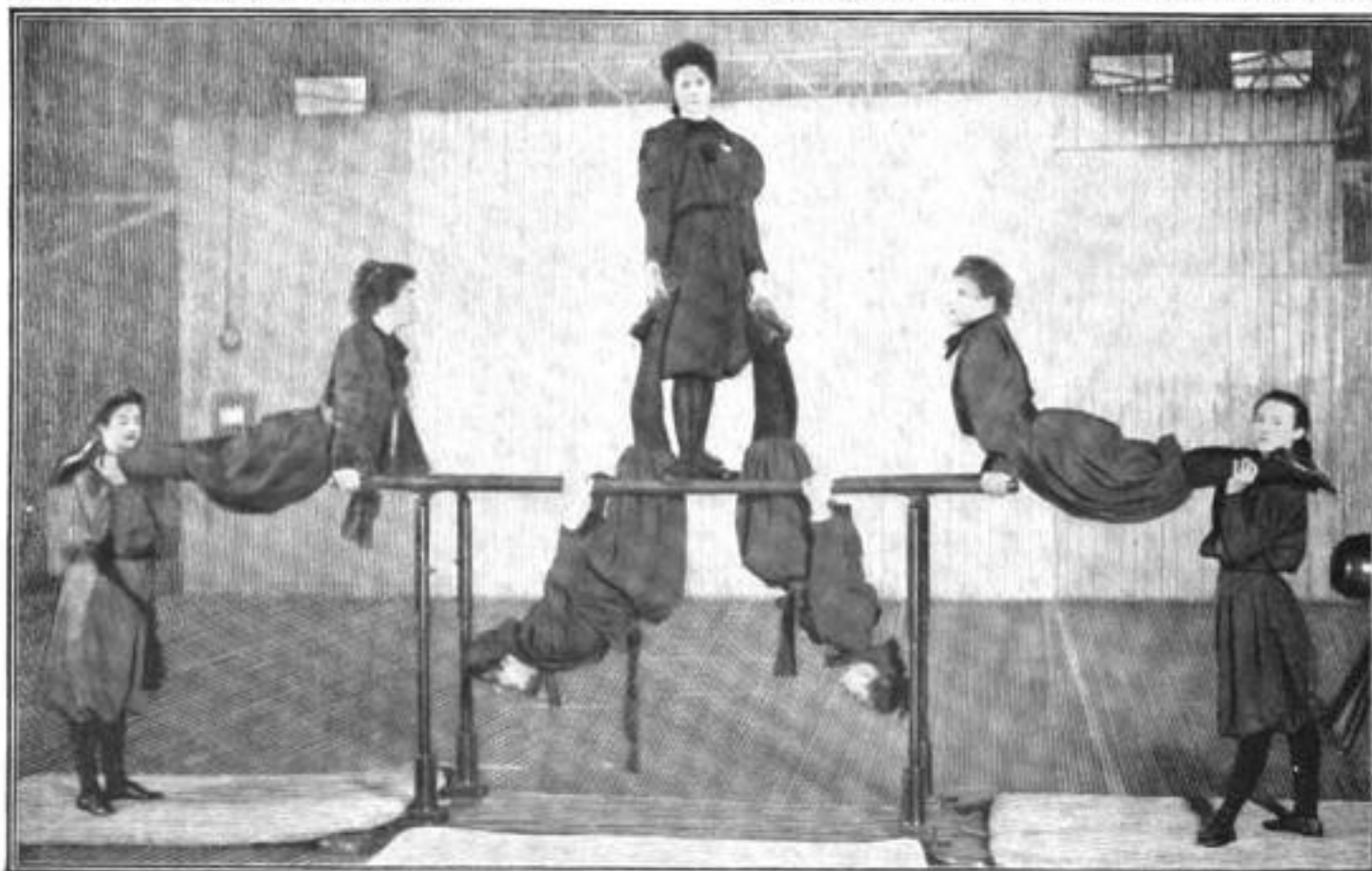
ON THE FLYING RINGS.

By the time the freshman festivities are over, the upper classmen have judged the new stock, and desirable acquisitions are sought for the societies.

These are legion, and they are the most fascinating phase of college life. First, but least exclusive, are the athletic societies; then the debating, literary, Shakespeare, dramatic, musical, historic, Greek letter; and, last but not least, the eating clubs.

These last are the most exclusive societies at the girls' colleges. They are purely social, and no one is admitted unless thoroughly desirable and unanimously elected. If a new girl is popular, several of these societies will try to get her. Hence there is considerable electioneering at the beginning of the term: dining-rooms, recitation-rooms and class corridors become stamping-grounds for fair lobbyists, and the more persevering become regular little ward heelers.

At the close of the first term, every one



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A GYMNASTIC TEAM.

is located, and social life is at full blast. On Sunday evenings the dining-rooms are deserted, and the eating clubs hold sway. Alternately in the rooms of their members, the Nibblers, the Grubbers, the Epicureans, the Swallows, the Gobblers, the Friars, the Munchers, do wonderful things with spirit-lamps and chafing-dishes, accomplishing results delicious, savory, and more or less digestible. These Sunday evenings are dear to all college girls.

At Wellesley, Monday is set apart as a holiday; but there is no record to show any connection with the eating clubs. Perhaps the faculties appreciate the clubs as much as the students, realizing that the haphazard knowledge derived from poring over cook-books and chafing-dish recipes in some measure compensates for the lack of this practical branch in the female college curriculum.

Some day, let us hope, the trustees of our female colleges will wake to the crying need of a course on House- and Husband-Keeping. A chair of Gastronomical Ethics will then be provided, training the female minds to the dignity of cooking, educating them in the science of it, and revealing to them the beauties of eating and catering as a fine art, affecting every other art, science, profession and trade in the whole human system. If engineers must be tutored in mathematics, chemists in chemistry, lawyers in codes and physicians in medical lore, why should not women, whose ultimate profession is the establishment and continuance of homes, be tutored in every branch of art and science that will help to make their life-work a success?

The "higher education" has done much for women; not only in the new spheres that have latterly opened for them, but as wives and mothers. However, it is not the "higher education" girls should seek so much as the "better education." Every girl who enjoys the privilege of education should select her courses with a perfect knowledge of her individual requirements and capabilities, and with a view to strengthening herself for whatever line of work her future is to cover. And while mathematics will be a very good thing for giving balance to her mind and poise to her conceptions generally, she can't feed them to the baby; and she can't talk

Greek to the cook. The curriculum in girls' colleges is not complete; but the "higher education" is still in its infancy.

Meanwhile the natural womanly instinct asserts itself, and the chafing-dish holds sway over all small entertainments. No book-shelf is complete without a cook-book, and the natural rivalry between hostesses encourages experiment. Vassar has gone so far as to build a kitchen with splendid equipments for the use of its students, but it is too large and too public to become popular. The cozy dormitory quarters give an added flavor to fudge, rarebits, newburgs and afternoon teas, the last being the most popular. There is little work during the late afternoon hours. Between four and five-thirty the dormitories hum with gossip, and the tea-kettles make a lively tune. It is the general hour for relaxation, for the college girl arises early. The usual hour for the first bell is six-thirty, with breakfast from seven to eight. At Mt. Holyoke the girls care for their own rooms, and in several of the dormitories at Smith's and Wellesley the girls devote an hour each day to this sort of work in part payment for their board. At eight-thirty recitations begin, and the mornings are invariably busy. The day is divided into eight "hours," and engagements made for first, second, third hour, et cetera, the time never being mentioned.

Luncheon is usually from twelve to one-thirty, after which the tension relaxes.

During the afternoons the upper classmen find plenty of time for recreation. All the girls' colleges have splendid gymnasiums, but they are not popular. Open-air athletics are greatly preferred, and there is no time in the year when some outdoor sport is not available. During the winter there are skating, tobogganing and long tramps, with basket-ball practice necessarily confined to the gymnasium. As soon as the frost is off the ground, however, the basket-ball teams revel in field practice, the rowing-machines are forsaken and the shells launched with a glad hurrah, and running records are broken and made on good turf track.

College girls are very enthusiastic athletes. Basket-ball is the universal favorite sport, and there is a general struggle to get on the teams.

This game takes the place of football at the men's colleges. Two baskets are hung on poles about eight feet high, forming goals. The girls wear bloomers and loose blouses, or sweaters, with their class year across the front. The costume is not an aid to beauty, but it is indicative of sense and comfort, and proves a wholesome lack of vanity. Basket-ball is approved by physical-culture experts as the best possible all-around development for girls. Besides improving their physical strength, it gives them poise, self-confidence and self-control. For no matter how high excitement may run, with the calls of their class spurring them on to victory, physical culture never blots out ethical culture, and the stranger is surprised, in the midst of the excited fray, by an anxious "Oh, pardon me, did I hurt you?" or "Excuse me, I think that's our ball."

Some years ago, several of the colleges started baseball nines; but they never became popular, and did not last the season out. That was before the divided skirt was accepted as a matter of fact; and the nines announced that it was an utter impossibility to "play ball" and attend to the train. No one has ever been heartless enough to probe deeper into the facts; but if all were known, the impossibility of finding a girl who could pitch might have a bearing on the case.

Some of the crews at the girls' colleges have done good work, and Wellesley, the first to establish this branch of athletics, has made some good records.

There could hardly be a prettier sight than the launching of one of the shells with eight strong, rosy girls at the oars, pulling away from the boathouse and skimming over the water. Surely these girls will never fail in their undertakings for want of confidence, or go under with their first trial for the lack of enduring power.

There are many other sports, and all have their devotees—tennis, golf, lacrosse, swimming, riding, cycling, vaulting, high-jumping and running events. Tramping, too, is a favorite pastime, and in many of the colleges "Mountain Day" is set apart for this purpose. At Mt. Holyoke the girls are great equestrians, and the objective points of their "little jaunts" and "constitutionals" are located eight and ten

miles from the college-grounds. As the Vassar and Smith girls look back to Chapter House dances and "Phil Proms," so the Mt. Holyoke graduate cherishes tender memories of the Bluffs, the Larches, Titans' Pier, the Pass of Thermopylæ, Paradise, and Bittersweet Lane.

"Field Day" at the colleges is the culmination of the year's athletic work. It is always a gala day, and class spirit runs high. Vassar's "Field Day," occurring in May, is the most exciting event of the year. She has always maintained high records in track events, and the record-breakers of "Field Day" are exalted and fêted by their colleagues.

At Bryn Mawr the annual tennis tournament takes first place. It occurs early in the autumn, and lasts a week. The whole college is decked in festive attire. Pennants, class colors and flags float from the windows, the lawns are gay with tea-parties; and class calls and the new cries of the freshmen are drowned in the general

"Hooray, hooray for the gray!
Hooray, hoorah, Bryn Mawr!"

which is the favorite college cry, having been dedicated to President Taylor, who belonged to the Society of Friends.

Besides these annual athletic celebrations, there are regular fête-days observed by every college. At Vassar there are "Founders' Day" and "Philolethian Day," terminating with formal dances in the evening, and there is the annual trip to Lake Mohonk, a treat provided by "Uncle Fred" Thompson, one of the trustees.

"Float Day" is a fête peculiarly Wellesley's own. The festivities begin at sunset, with the coming out of the floats decorated and fashioned in quaint design, sometimes suggestive of class jokes, sometimes bearing upon the eccentricities of the faculty, sometimes carrying out a theme in history or drama. Smaller craft follow the floats, until, as twilight deepens, Lake Waban is covered with a gay flotilla, hundreds of colored lights on the boats adding beauty to the scene. On shore, scores of lanterns hung in the trees transform the place to a veritable fairyland. The grounds are filled with guests, refreshments are served, fireworks make things brilliant, and then, in the first lull, the Wellesley college songs

break out over the moonlit stillness, and "Wellesley, Our Alma Mater," floats over the hills, eight hundred voices strong.

The "Freshman Banquet" is the event of the year at Wells College, the "Junior Promenade" at Smith's, and "Mountain" is sacred to Mt. Holyoke, when the whole college takes a holiday, the seniors monopolizing one of the mountain inns, where grinds and prophecies are read, old books burnt, toasts drunk over the bonfire in deep flagons of lemonade, and a pair of fiddlers engaged for a dance that lasts until midnight.

All the holidays of the year are celebrated at the colleges, and each class aims for novelty. Thanksgiving will bring forth ragamuffin dances. Hallowe'en is full of surprises carrying out popular superstitions and anonymous prophecies, with parties of ghosts slipping from room to room after the "all lights out" signal. St. Valentine's Day is usually monopolized by the seniors, who hang baskets outside the senior parlors all day long for missives, which are exhibited amidst great hilarity at night, and the inscriptions read.

Birthdays are another excuse for celebration. On each girl's birthday there are flowers, gifts and good wishes galore surrounding her breakfast plate; sometimes there is an extra course or two in her honor at dinner; her health is drunk deep in sparkling spring-water or English breakfast tea, and in the late afternoon there is apt to be one of those celebrations which, with all the merriment they create, have about them the suggestion of sadness. This is the opening of the box from home, filled with gifts from each member of the far-away household, and with home-made pies and cakes and goodies. And out of every corner of the box creeps the unspoken message of love and longing from home.

After the beginning of the second term, the seniors come into prominence. Preparations for commencement and class day exercises are put under way; farewell entertainments are given by the under classmen; the year's dramatics, which have been a very popular part of the entertainment—and sometimes dangerously fascinating—are drawn to a close, and the seniors prepare to leave their alma mater. Almost invariably they are sorry to go, for the associa-

tion of four or five years must result in ties and bonds not easy to break.

The senior supper, which is the last event of college life before the public exercises, is intended for a huge jollification; but it puts lumps in girls' throats not so easily swallowed as the goodies specified on the menu. Here speeches are made which, despite the bright quips and witty allusions to incidents of college life, strike chords of deep feeling.

In some of the colleges it is the rule for engaged girls to "own up" and receive the congratulations of their classmates; in others souvenirs are exchanged which will always remain treasured tokens; and at Bryn Mawr it is the custom of the lower classmen, who refuse to allow the occasion to be steeped in tears, to gather underneath the windows and sing class songs and shout class calls, until the seniors soften and pass out goodies through the windows. Then come class day and commencement exercises, with their attendant excitement and pleasure—the receiving of degrees, with a justifiable flush of pride and satisfaction; the parting with chums and familiar landmarks, with the inevitable gulp and struggle for self-control; and then——

Stern reality! Back to the old place, to take up the threads of life where departure interrupted them.

Has it paid? Has the college education better fitted them to accomplish their life's purposes? Perhaps not in all cases; but at least it cannot have hindered them. Some will go out into the arts and professions, and their college educations will be the foundation for fame and fortune; others will go out, and they will return, humbled by failure and bruised by the short, decisive battle. But the experience will do good; it will set them back in the right groove.

And others will not go out at all. They will have no ambition to conquer the world, or to carve their names on marble tablets in the Hall of Fame. These will be busy helping to make great another's name, and rearing sons to bear it. They will forget their Greek, and "trig," and the ways they took to reach the Q. E. D., and institute for themselves, within the confines of home, a postgraduate course on "The Science of House- and Husband-Keeping," which their alma mater omitted.

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON.

BY H. G. WELLS.

XXV.

IS MR. CAVOR DEAD?

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH.—Suddenly there has come a silence. For three weeks no message has reached us from Mr. Cavor. And the last of the two that have arrived is of a nature so sinister that we are weighed down by the gravest apprehension.

It would seem that Cavor, by an act of almost inconceivable recklessness, has thrown away his freedom and quite probably his life.

Let us, however, put the two messages that have arrived since the 1st of May before the reader, and then he will be able to judge of the quality of our apprehension.

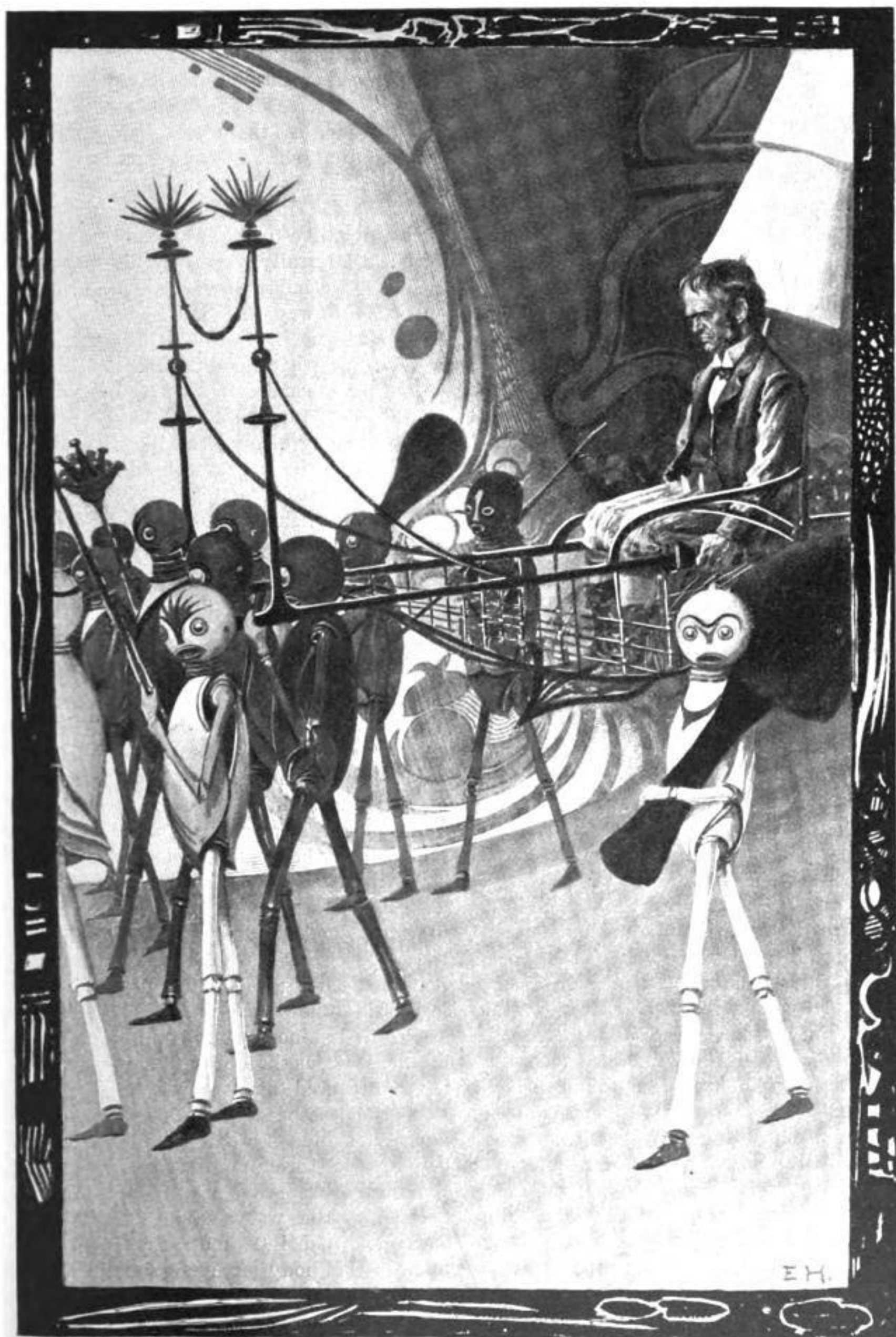
Of the two messages we have received, one is exceptionally long and the second a mere broken cry. The long one describes, with occasionally even elaborate detail, the encounter between Cavor and the Grand Lunar. He seems to have sent most of it without interference, but to have been interrupted in the concluding portion. The second came after an interval of a week.

The first message begins: "At last I am able to resume this——"; it then becomes illegible for a space, and after a time resumes in mid-sentence. The missing words of the following sentence are probably, "the crowd." There follows quite clearly: "——grew ever denser as we drew near the palace of the Grand Lunar—if I may call a series of excavations a palace. Everywhere faces stared at me, blank chitinous gapes and masks, big eyes peering over tremendous nose-tentacles, and little eyes beneath monstrous forehead plates. Below, an undergrowth of smaller creatures dodged and yelped, and grotesque heads poised on sinuous, swanlike, long, jointed necks appeared craning over shoulders and beneath armpits. Keeping a welcome space about me marched a cordon of stolid scuttle-headed guards who had joined us on our leaving the boat in which we had come along the channels of

the Central Sea. The flea-like artist with the little brain joined us also, and a thick bunch of lean porter-ants swayed and struggled under the multitude of conveniences that were considered essential to my state. I was carried in a litter during the final stage of our journey. It was made of some very ductile metal that looked dark to me, meshed and woven, and with bars of paler metal, and about me as I advanced there grouped itself a long and complicated procession.

"In front, after the manner of heralds, marched four trumpet-faced creatures making a devastating bray, and then came squat, almost beetle-like ushers before and behind, and on either hand a galaxy of learned Heads, a sort of animated encyclopedia, who were, Phi-oo explained, to stand about the Grand Lunar for purposes of reference. (Not a thing in lunar science, not a point of view or method of thinking, that these wonderful beings did not carry in their heads.) Followed guards and porters, and then Phi-oo's shivering brain borne also on a litter. Then came Tsi-puff in a slightly less important litter, then myself on a litter of greater elegance than any other, and surrounded by my food-and-drink attendants. More trumpeters came next, splitting the air with vehement outcries, and then several big Brains, special correspondents one might well call them or historiographers, charged with the task of observing and remembering every detail of this epoch-making interview. A company of attendants bearing and dragging banners and masses of scented fungus and curious symbols completed the procession. The way was lined by ushers and officers in caparisons that gleamed like steel, and beyond their line the heads and tentacles of that enormous crowd surged on either hand.

"I will own that I am still by no means indurated to the peculiar effect of the Selenite appearance, and to find myself as it were adrift on this broad sea of excited entomology was by no means agreeable. Just for a space I had something like what



Drawn by E. Hering.

"I WAS CARRIED IN A LITTER DURING THE FINAL STAGE OF OUR JOURNEY."

I should imagine people mean when they speak of the 'horrors.' It had come to me before in these lunar caverns, but never quite so vividly, when on occasion I have found myself weaponless and with an undefended back, amidst a crowd of these Selenites. It is, of course, as absolutely irrational a feeling as one could well have, and I hope gradually to subdue it. But just for a moment, as I swept forward into the welter of the vast crowd, it was only by gripping my litter tightly and summoning all my will-power that I succeeded in avoiding an outcry or some such manifestation. It lasted perhaps three minutes; then I had myself in hand again.

"We ascended the spiral of a vertical way for some time and then passed through a series of huge halls, dome-roofed and gloriously decorated. The approach to the Grand Lunar was certainly contrived to give one a sublime impression of his greatness. The halls—all, happily, sufficiently luminous for my terrestrial eye—were a cunning and elaborate crescendo of space and decoration. The effect of their progressive size was enhanced by the steady diminution in the lighting, and by a thin haze of incense that thickened as one advanced. In the earlier ones the vivid, clear light made everything finite and concrete to me; I seemed to advance continually to something larger, dimmer and less material.

"I must confess that all this splendor made me feel extremely shabby and unworthy. I was unshaven and unkempt; I had brought no razor; I had a coarse beard over my mouth. On earth I have always been inclined to despise any attention to my person beyond a proper regard to cleanliness, but under the exceptional circumstances in which I found myself, representing as I did my planet and my kind, and depending very largely upon the attractiveness of my appearance for a proper reception, I could have given much for something a little more artistic and dignified than the husks I wore. I had been so serene in the belief that the moon was uninhabited as to overlook such precautions altogether. As it was, I was dressed in a flannel jacket, knickerbockers and golfing stockings, stained with every sort of dirt the moon offered, slippers (of which the

left heel was wanting), and a blanket, through a hole in which I thrust my head. These clothes I still wear. Sharp bristles were anything but an improvement to my cast of features, and there was an unmended tear at the knee of my knickerbockers that showed conspicuously as I squatted in my litter; my right stocking, too, persisted in getting about my ankle. I am fully alive to the injustice my appearance did humanity, and if by any expedient I could have improvised something a little out of the way and imposing, I would have done so. But I could hit upon nothing. I did what I could with my blanket—folding it somewhat after the fashion of a toga—and for the rest I sat as upright as the swaying of my litter permitted.

"Imagine the largest hall that you have ever been in, elaborately decorated with blue and whitish-blue majolica, lit by blue light—you know not how—and surging with metallic or livid white creatures of such a mad diversity as I have hinted. Imagine this hall to end in an open archway, beyond which is a still larger hall, and beyond this yet another and still larger one, and so on. At the end of the vista a flight of steps, like the steps of Ara Cœli at Rome, ascends out of sight. Higher and higher these steps appear to go as one draws nearer their base. But at last I came under a huge archway and beheld the summit of these steps, and upon it the Grand Lunar exalted on his throne.

"He was seated in a blaze of incandescent blue. A hazy atmosphere filled the place so that its walls seemed invisibly remote. This gave him an effect of floating in a blue-black void. He seemed a small self-luminous cloud at first, brooding on his glaucous throne; his brain-case must have measured many yards in diameter. For some reason that I cannot fathom, a number of blue searchlights radiated from behind the throne on which he sat, as though he were a star, and immediately encircling him was a halo. About him, and little and indistinct in this glow, a number of body-servants sustained and supported him; and overshadowed, and standing in a huge semicircle beneath him, were his intellectual subordinates, his remembrancers and computators and searchers, his flatterers and servants, and all the

distinguished insects of the court of the moon. Still lower stood ushers and messengers; and then all down the countless steps of the throne were guards; and at the base, enormous, various, indistinct, a vast swaying multitude of the minor dignitaries of the moon. Their feet made a perpetual scraping whisper on the rocky floor, their limbs moved with a rustling murmur.

"As I entered the penultimate hall, the music rose and expanded into an imperial magnificence of sound and the shrieks of the news-bearers died away. . . .

"I entered the last and greatest hall.

"My procession opened out like a fan. My ushers and guards went right and left, and the three litters bearing myself and Phi-oo and Tsi-puff marched across a shining waste of floor to the foot of the giant stairs. Then began a vast throbbing hum that mingled with the music. The two Selenites dismounted, but I was bidden remain seated—I imagine as a special honor. The music ceased, but not that humming, and by a simultaneous movement of ten thousand respectful eyes my attention was directed to the enhaloed supreme intelligence that hovered above me.

"At first as I peered into the radiating blaze, this quintessential brain looked very much like an opaque featureless bladder with dim undulating ghosts of convolutions writhing visibly within. Then beneath its enormity, and just above the edge of the throne, one saw with a start minute elfin eyes peering out of the blaze. No face, but eyes, as if they peered through holes. At first I could see no more than these two staring little eyes, and then below I distinguished the little dwarfed body and its insect-jointed limbs shriveled and white. The eyes stared down at me with a strange intensity, and the lower part of the swollen globe was wrinkled. Ineffectual-looking little hand-tentacles steadied this shape on the throne. . . .

"It was great. It was pitiful. One forgot the hall and the crowd.

"I ascended the staircase by jerks. It seemed to me that the purple glowing brain-case above me spread over me, and took more and more of the whole effect into itself as I drew nearer. The tiers of attendants and helpers grouped about this

master seemed to dwindle and fade into the glare. I saw that the shadowy attendants were busy spraying that great brain with a cooling spray, and patting and sustaining it. For my own part I sat gripping my swaying litter and staring at the Grand Lunar, unable to turn my gaze aside. And at last as I reached a little landing that was separated only by ten steps or so from the supreme seat, the woven splendor of the music reached a climax and ceased, and I was left naked as it were, in that vastness, beneath the still scrutiny of the Grand Lunar's eyes.

"He was scanning the first man he had ever seen.

"My eyes dropped at last from his greatness to the faint figures in the blue mist about him, and then down the steps to the massed Selenites, still and expectant in their thousands, packed on the floor below. Once again an unreasonable horror reached out toward me. . . .

"After the pause came the salutation. I was assisted from my litter, and stood awkwardly, while a number of curious and no doubt deeply symbolical gestures were vicariously performed for me by two slender officials. The encyclopedic galaxy of the learned that had accompanied me to the entrance of the last hall appeared two steps above me and left and right of me, in readiness for the Grand Lunar's need, and Phi-oo's white brain placed itself about halfway up to the throne in such a position as to communicate easily between us without his turning his back on either the Grand Lunar or myself. Tsi-puff took up a position behind him. Dexterous ushers sidled quietly toward me, keeping a full face to the Presence. I seated myself Turkish fashion, and Phi-oo and Tsi-puff also knelt down above me. There came a pause. The eyes of the nearer court went from me to the Grand Lunar and came back to me, and a hiss and pipe of expectation passed across the hidden multitudes below, and ceased.

"That humming ceased.

"For the first and last time in my experience, the moon was silent.

"I became aware of a faint wheezy noise. The Grand Lunar was addressing me. It was the rubbing of a finger upon a pane of glass.

"I watched him attentively for a time, and then glanced at the alert Phi-oo. I felt amidst these filmy beings ridiculously thick and fleshy and solid; my head all jaw and black hair. My eyes went back to the Grand Lunar. He had ceased, his attendants were busy and his shining superficies was glistening and running with coolish spray.

"Phi-oo meditated through an interval. He consulted Tsi-puff. Then he began piping his recognizable English—at first a little nervously so that he was not very clear.

"'M'n—the Grand Lunar—wishes to say—wishes to say—he gathers you are—M'n—Men—that you are a Man from the planet Earth. He wishes to say that he welcomes you—welcomes you—and wishes to learn—learn, if I may use the word—the state of your world and the reason why you came to this.'

"He paused. I was about to reply when he resumed. He proceeded to remarks of which the drift was not very clear, though I am inclined to think they were intended to be complimentary. He told me that the earth was to the moon what the sun is to the earth and that the Selenites desired very greatly to learn about the earth and men. He then told me, no doubt in compliment also, the relative magnitude and diameter of earth and moon, and the perpetual wonder and speculation with which the Selenites had regarded our planet. I meditated with downcast eyes, and decided to reply that men too had wondered what might lie in the moon, and had judged it dead, little recking of such magnificence as I had seen that day. The Grand Lunar, in token of recognition, caused his blue searchlight to rotate in a very confusing manner, and all about the great hall ran the pipings and whisperings and rustlings of the report of what I had said.

"He then proceeded to put to Phi-oo a number of inquiries which were easier to answer.

"He understood, he explained, that we lived on the surface of the earth; that our air and sea were outside the globe—the latter part, indeed, he already knew from his astronomical specialists. He was very anxious to have more detailed information

of what he called this extraordinary state of affairs, for from the solidity of the earth there had always been a disposition to regard it as uninhabitable. He endeavored first to ascertain the extremes of temperature to which we earth-beings were exposed, and he was deeply interested by my descriptive treatment of clouds and rain. His imagination was assisted by the fact that the lunar atmosphere in the outer galleries of the night side is not infrequently very foggy. He seemed inclined to marvel that we did not find the sunlight too intense for our eyes, and was interested in my attempt to explain that the sky was tempered to a bluish color through the refraction of the air, though I doubt if he clearly understood that. I explained how the iris of the human eyes can contract the pupil and save the delicate internal structure from the excess of sunlight, and was allowed to approach within a few feet of the Presence in order that this structure might be seen. This led to a comparison of the lunar and the terrestrial eye. The former is not only excessively sensitive to such light as men can see, but it can also *see* heat, and every difference in temperature within the moon renders objects visible to it.

"The iris was quite a new organ to the Grand Lunar. For a time he amused himself by flashing his rays into my face and watching my pupils contract. As a consequence, I was dazzled and blinded for some little time.

"But in spite of that discomfort, I found something reassuring by insensible degrees in the rationality of this business of question and answer. I could shut my eyes, think of my answer, and almost forget that the Grand Lunar has no face. . . .

"When I had descended again to my proper place, the Grand Lunar asked how we sheltered ourselves from heat and storms, and I expounded to him the arts of building and furnishing. Here we wandered into misunderstandings and cross-purposes, due largely, I must admit, to the looseness of my expressions. I long had great difficulty in making him understand the nature of a house. To him and his attendant Selenites it seemed no doubt the most whimsical thing in the world that men should build houses when they might



Drawn by E. Hering.

" 'THROUGH A SERIES OF HUGE HALLS, DOME-ROOFED AND GLORIOUSLY DECORATED.' "

descend into excavations, and an additional complication was introduced by the attempt I made to explain that men had originally begun their homes in caves and that they were now taking their railways and many establishments beneath the surface. Here, I think, a desire for intellectual completeness betrayed me. There was also a considerable tangle due to an equally unwise attempt on my part to explain about mines. Dismissing this topic at last in an incomplete state, the Grand Lunar inquired what we did with the interior of our globe.

"A tide of twittering and piping swept into the remotest corners of that great assembly, when it was at last made clear that we men knew absolutely nothing of the contents of the world upon which the immemorial generations of our ancestors had been evolved. Three times had I to repeat that of all the four thousand miles of substance between the earth and its center men knew only to the depth of a mile, and that very vaguely. I understood the Grand Lunar asked why I had come to the moon, seeing we had scarcely touched our own planet yet, but he did not trouble me at that time to proceed to an explanation, being too anxious to pursue the details of this mad inversion of all his ideas.

"He reverted to the question of weather, and I tried to describe the perpetually changing sky, and snow and frost and hurricanes. 'But when the night comes,' he asked, 'is it not cold?'

"I told him it was colder than by day.

"And does not your atmosphere freeze?'

"I told him not; that it was never cold enough for that, because our nights were so short.

"Not even liquefy?'

"I was about to say 'No,' but then it occurred to me that one part, at least, of our atmosphere, the water vapor of it, does sometimes liquefy and form dew, and sometimes freeze and form frost—a process perfectly analogous to the freezing of all the external atmosphere of the moon, during its longer night. I made myself clear on this point, and from that the Grand Lunar went on to speak with me of sleep. For the need of sleep that comes so regularly every twenty-four hours to all things, is

part also of our earthly inheritance. On the moon they rest only at rare intervals and after exceptional exertions. Then I tried to describe to him the soft splendors of a summer night, and from that I passed to a description of those animals that prowl by night and sleep by day. I told him of lions and tigers, and here it seemed as though we had come to a deadlock. For save in their waters there are no creatures in the moon not absolutely domestic and subject to the Selenites' will, and so it has been for immemorial years. They have monstrous water-creatures, but no evil beasts. And the idea of anything strong and large existing 'outside' in the night is very difficult for them.

"And these creatures slay men?' he asked in amazement.

"I said that sometimes they did that, but chiefly they killed cattle and such beasts.

"But why do you not kill them all?'

"We shall, some day,' I said, and after the Grand Lunar had, for some reason I could not grasp, worried over that for a little time, he passed to other things.

"There was an interval while he talked with his attendants—as I suppose, upon the strange superficiality and unreasonableness of man, who lives on the mere surface of a world, a creature of waves and winds and all the chances of space, who cannot even unite to overcome the beasts that prey upon his kind, and who yet dares to invade another planet. During the aside, I sat thinking, and then at his desire I told him of the different sorts of men. He searched me with questions. 'And for all sorts of work, you have the same sort of men! But who thinks? Who governs?'

"I gave him an outline of the democratic method.

"When I had done, he ordered cooling sprays upon his brow, and then requested me to repeat my explanation, conceiving something had miscarried.

"Do they not do different things then?' said Phi-oo.

"Some, I admitted, were thinkers and some officials; some hunted, some were mechanics; some artists, some toilers. 'But all rule,' I said.

"And have they not different shapes to fit them to their different duties?'



Drawn by E. Hering.

"THE GRAND LUNAR . . . CAUSED HIS BLUE SEARCHLIGHT TO ROTATE IN A VERY CONFUSING MANNER."

“ ‘None that you can see,’ I said, ‘—— except perhaps for clothes.’ Then, ‘Their minds perhaps differ a little,’ I reflected.

“ ‘Their minds must differ a great deal,’ said the Grand Lunar, ‘or they would all want to do the same things. This is not the truth you tell me.’

“ ‘In order to bring myself into a closer harmony with his preconceptions, I said that this surmise was right. ‘It was all hidden in the brain,’ I said, ‘but the difference was there. There were great men and small men, men who could reach out far and wide and men who could go swiftly, noisy trumpet-minded men and men who could remember without thinking.’ As I spoke, the image grew upon me.

“ ‘He interrupted me to recall me to my previous statement. ‘But you said all men rule?’ he pressed.

“ ‘Well, to a certain extent,’ I said, and made, I fear, a denser fog with my explanation. He reached out to a salient fact: ‘Do you mean,’ he asked, ‘that there is no Grand Earthly?’

“ ‘I thought of several people, but assured him finally there was none. I explained that such autocrats and emperors as we had tried upon earth had usually ended in drink or vice or violence, and that the large and influential section of the people of the earth to which I belonged, the Anglo-Saxons, did not mean to try that sort of thing again. At which the Grand Lunar was even more amazed.

“ ‘But how do you keep even such wisdom as you have?’ he asked, and I explained to him the way we helped our limited brains with libraries of books. I explained to him how our science was growing by the united labors of innumerable little men, and on that he made no comment save that it was evident we had mastered much in spite of our social savagery or we could not have come to the moon. Yet the contrast was very marked. With knowledge the Selenites grew and changed; mankind stored their knowledge about them and remained brutes—equipped. He said this—as politely as possible. For a space he pondered, and then began questioning me very closely concerning birth and the education of men and the ways they die.

“ ‘He then caused me to explain how we went about this earth of ours, and I described to him our railways and ships. For a time he could not understand that we had had the use of steam only one hundred years, but when he did he was clearly amazed. (I may mention as a singular thing that the Selenites use years to count by just as we do on earth, though I can make nothing of their numeral system. That, however, does not matter, because Phi-oo understands ours.) From that I went on to tell him that mankind had dwelt in cities only for nine or ten thousand years, and that we were still not united in one brotherhood, but under many different forms of government. This astonished the Grand Lunar very much when it was made clear to him—at first he thought we referred merely to administrative areas.

“ ‘Our states and empires are still the rawest sketches of what order will some day be,’ I said, and so I came to tell him of struggles and competition, of annexations and oppressions and war. The Grand Lunar was greatly impressed by the folly of men in clinging to the inconvenience of diverse tongues. ‘They want to communicate and yet not to communicate,’ he said, and then for a long time he questioned me closely concerning war.

“ ‘He was at first perplexed and incredulous. ‘You mean to say,’ he asked, seeking confirmation, ‘that you run about over the surface of your world, this world whose riches you have scarcely begun to scrape, killing one another for beasts to eat?’

“ ‘I told him that was perfectly correct.

“ ‘He asked for particulars to assist his imagination. ‘But do not your ships and your poor little cities get injured?’ he asked, and I found the waste of property and conveniences seemed to impress him almost as much as the killing. ‘Tell me more,’ said the Grand Lunar. ‘Make me see pictures. I cannot conceive these things.’

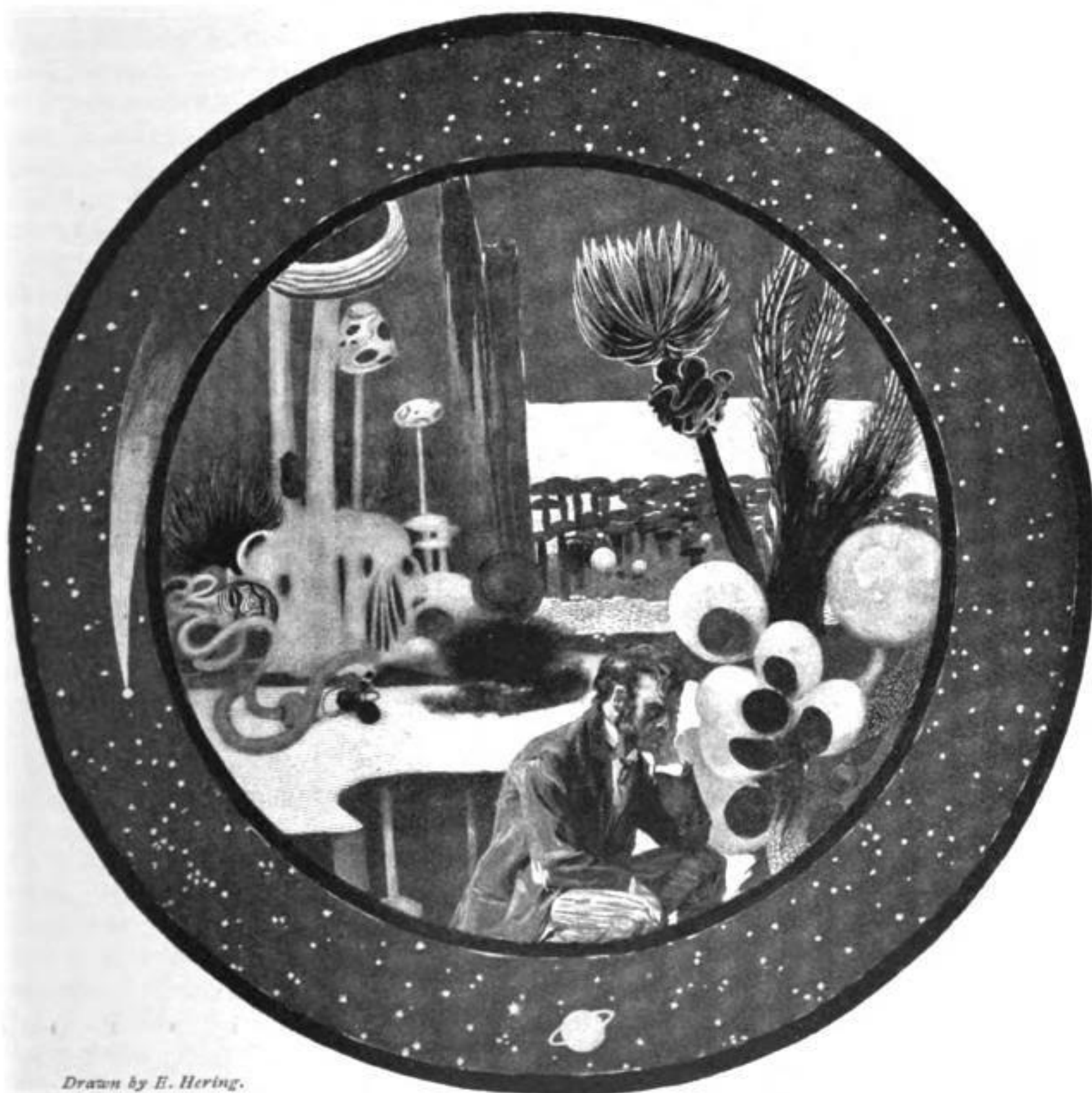
“ ‘And so for a space, though something loath, I told him the story of War.

“ ‘I told him of the first orders and ceremonies of war, of warnings and ultimatums and the marshaling and marching of troops. I gave him an idea of manœuvres and positions and battle joined. I told him of

sieges and assaults, of starvation and hardship in trenches and of sentinels freezing in the snow. I told him of routs and surprises and desperate last stands and faint hopes and the pitiless pursuit of fugitives and the dead upon the field. I told, too, of the past, of invasions and massacres, of the Huns and Tartars, and the wars of Mohammed and the Califs, and of the Cru-

battle of Manila. The Grand Lunar was so incredulous that he interrupted the translation of what I had said in order to have my verification of my account. The Selenites particularly doubted my description of the men cheering and rejoicing as they went into battle.

"'But surely they do not like it!' translated Phi-oo.



Drawn by E. Hering.

"'I WAS MAD TO LET THE GRAND LUNAR KNOW.'"

sades. And as I went on and Phi-oo translated, the Selenites cooed and murmured in a steadily intensified emotion.

"I told them an ironclad could fire a shot of a ton twelve miles, and go through twenty feet of iron—and how we could steer torpedoes under water.

"I went on to describe a Maxim gun in action, and what I could imagine of the

"I assured them men of my race considered battle the most glorious experience of life, at which the whole assembly was stricken with amazement.

"'But what good is this war?' asked the Grand Lunar, sticking to his theme.

"'Oh! as for *good*——' said I. 'It thins the population!'

"'But why should there be a need?

. . . Of course, we can understand the pressure, but why should there be the pressure?

"I launched upon further explanations.

" 'You must remember,' I said, 'we are only beginning. Man has scarcely awakened to himself and the universe about him. All his lesson he has still to learn. As yet this is only the dawn of mankind.'

"The Grand Lunar went back to my meteorological descriptions, and certain things I had explained about colors, for an image.

" 'It is a red dawn,' he said.

"There came a pause; the cooling sprays impinged upon his brow; and then he spoke again.

" 'And now,' he said, 'with all your own planet untouched, you men have learned a way, we do not know how, of crossing the Great Outside, and you are coming to the moon. It is meet we should get ready.'

" 'We thought the moon was lifeless,' I said.

" 'When will the next men come?' he asked. 'And what will they do when they come? You—or he that was with you—have slain our children, twenty or twenty-one you have broken or slain. Of that we have yet to speak together. Is that the way with all? Will the others do likewise? Do they mean to bring this War of yours here? Because at first our mooncalf-minders chased you and the one who has gone back? You said that such things, or some things like them, have led to war. Must we get weapons ready, and balance all our order afresh, to make warriors and engines for the slaying of men? Now we have only goads and engines for slaying mooncalves and the creatures of the deep. Must we also walk the way of death, and guard our galleries forever against Death and Disorder from the Great Outside?'

"I looked at all the splendors about me. 'They shall not bring War,' I said.

" 'Did they send you to tell us that? And how do we know they will do the thing they promise? Did they send you to tell us that, or do you promise of your own accord?'

" 'They did not send me,' I answered.

" 'Did you say, men did not send you?'

" 'No—I came.'

" 'Not alone.'

" 'No. But the other who came with me lives, I fear, no more.'

" 'Has he not gone back to earth, then, because he slew our children? We have not spoken of it heretofore. Of that we have yet to speak together.'

" 'I wish I could think he was back on earth,' I said, and began to explain to him more clearly just how I had made Cavorite, and my motives in coming. I felt the taint of human folly hang about me until I could make myself clear to him. I had no thought but to tell the truth to him. And as I unfolded my thought, the Grand Lunar called to his aid two specialists in natural philosophy, who interrogated me very closely upon my discovery. I was able in a little while to get to an understanding with them, and at last to elucidate what had been a puzzle to me ever since I realized the vastness of their science, namely, how it is they themselves have never discovered Cavorite. I find they know of it as a theoretical substance, but they have always regarded it as a practical impossibility because, for some reason, there is no helium in the moon, and helium is clearly an essential factor in the final surface-tempering.

"In the course of this conversation it became apparent, I hardly know how, that the making of Cavorite is my secret, and unknown on earth now that I am away. Now that I have had time to reflect, it seems to me that it was perhaps a little indiscreet—— But yet, after all, was it indiscreet? There was no change in the things about me, as that point grew clearer. The Grand Lunar went on with his questions for a space. I do not think I have committed any indiscretion, after all, in telling him the truth.

"There is something in the presence of this vast calm intellect that disinclines me for any deception. I feel most intensely that I want to bring the earth before him, to develop the contrast of our lives, to come in that manner in rapport with this mightiness of mind. When Cavorite and the sphere and my journey had been made clear to him, and all my motives, and I had made an apology for the folly and violences of Bedford in which I had par-

ticipated, the Grand Lunar said that he had heard enough from me for a space and that he had need to think, and after certain ceremonies of departure I was replaced in my litter and brought to my present apartments near this apparatus. And after an interval of repose, I am here transmitting this message, and here I suppose I shall remain until it shall please the Grand Lunar to declare his thinking at an end and to send for me again.

"I am glad that I have been undisturbed long enough to transmit so full an account of what has passed in this astonishing encounter. I have endeavored to do so while the impression was still fresh and vivid in my mind, though already I fear much has escaped me. I hope in my next audience that I shall be able to make clear to him, what at present is, I fear, obscure, that the vehemence and cruelty of war is as antipathetic to me as it is to him, and that I have no intention in the future of transmitting the secret of my substance to earth, except under such safeguards as shall render an interplanetary tragedy impossible. I feel convinced he will clearly understand my attitude—the attitude of all enlightened men. Once I have made this explanation, I have no doubt——"

Here the message breaks off.

But there is too much reason to fear that Cavor's confidence in the Grand Lunar was misplaced. He had talked of War, he had talked of all the irrational violence of men, and then he had confessed that upon himself alone hung the possibility—at least for a long time—of any further men reaching the moon. The line the cold inhuman reason of the moon would take seems plain enough to me, and a suspicion of it seems to be even dawning in that last message of Cavor's. One imagines him

going about the moon-world with the remorse of his indiscretion growing in his mind. During that time the Grand Lunar was thinking over the new situation. We imagine obstacles of some sort prevented Cavor getting to his electromagnetic apparatus again. Perhaps he was having fresh audiences and trying to evade his previous admissions. Who knows? For a whole week no message reached us. Then a grimly significant enigma came, the broken beginnings of two sentences.

The first was:—

"I was mad to let the Grand Lunar know——"

There was an interval of perhaps a minute. One imagines some interruption from without. A departure from the instrument—a dreadful hesitation among the looming masses of apparatus in that dim blue-lit cavern—a sudden rush back to it, full of a resolve that came all too late. Then, as if it were hastily transmitted, came:—

"Cavorite made as follows: take——"

There followed one word, a quite unmeaning word as it stands:—

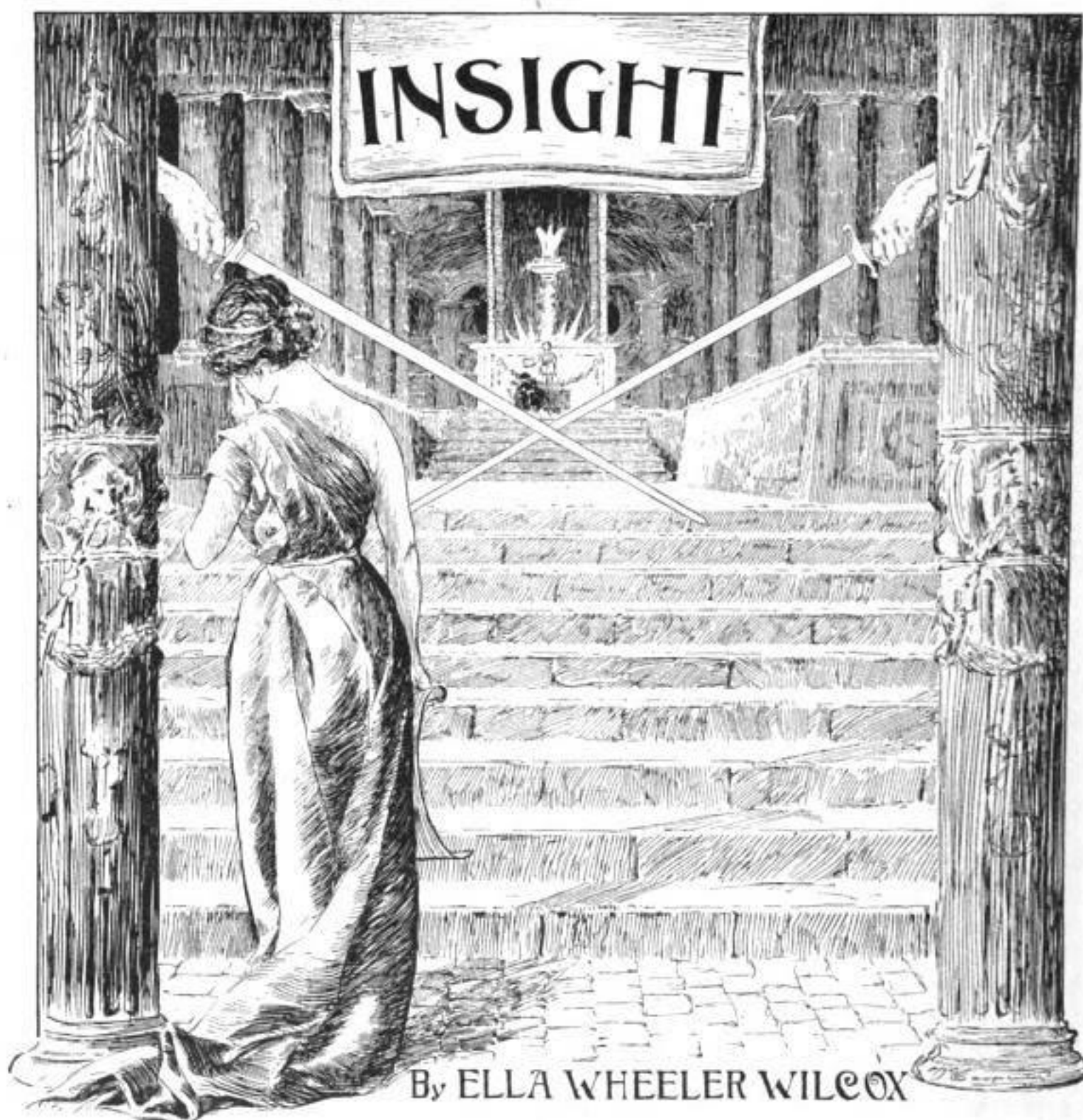
"Uless."

And that is all.

It may be he made a hasty attempt to spell "useless" when his fate was close upon him. Whatever it was that was happening about that apparatus, I fear only too certainly that it was something that will prevent our ever hearing from the moon-world again. For my own part, a vivid dream has come to my help, and I see, almost as plainly as though I had seen it in actual fact, a blue-lit, disheveled Cavor struggling in the grip of a great number of Selenites and being forced backward step by step out of all speech or sign of his fellows, forevermore, into the Unknown—into the dark, into a living death.

(THE END.)





By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

ON the river of life as I float along,
 I see with the spirit's sight
 That many a nauseous weed of wrong
 Has root in a seed of right.
 For evil is good that has gone astray,
 And sorrow is only blindness,
 And the world is always under the sway
 Of a changeless law of kindness.
 The commonest error that truth can make
 Is shouting its sweet voice hoarse,
 And sin is only the soul's mistake
 In misdirecting its force.

And love, the fairest of all fair things
 That ever to man descended,
 Grows rank with nettles and pois'nous stings
 Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
 Old world in the way it began,
 And though some matters have gone amiss
 From the great original plan,
 And however dark the skies may appear,
 And however souls may blunder,
 I tell you it all will work out clear,
 For good lies over and under.

Of late we have had an influx of literature from the Old World bearing on the subject of the inferiority of woman's brain as compared with man's. Both an Italian and a German scientist have pointed out to us the fact that, while woman has done many great things, she has never done the greatest things, even in her own realms. There has been no woman Shakespeare, Beethoven, Hugo, Meissonier, Praxiteles, but, sadder still, there are no women who in cooking, dressmaking or millinery can compete with the achievements of the men in these essentially feminine vocations.

I am in receipt of a letter which seems to bear directly on this subject. Between the lines, the reader, if possessed of an analytical mind, may find one of the explanations why woman is not, never was and probably never will be man's equal in any of the arts, trades or sciences:—

"Most people say that all their lives they have heard women declare that they 'despise the work of washing dishes.' Having heard this statement from boyhood to date, some three or four years ago I invented a dish-washing machine—a machine perfect and complete in every particular.

"I speak not as an enthusiastic inventor, but as an engineer and manufacturer with more than thirty years' experience—one whose patents, more than forty in number, have earned large fortunes and are now supporting more than three hundred people; patents with net earnings to present owners in excess of one hundred thousand dollars per annum.

"The machine was not only complete from a mechanical, effective and sanitary standpoint, but was of exceedingly small cost to the purchaser—only about five dollars. It can be used in every house having city water in the kitchen.

"I have seen a lady, dressed in her Sunday clothes and wearing kid gloves, wash a hundred and fifty-nine pieces in less than sixty seconds, and in a manner better than it would have been possible for the work to be done by usual methods in thirty minutes—better because hotter water could be used, better because dishes could not be broken, and better because of the absolutely sanitary manner in which alone the machine could operate.

"Notwithstanding the facts heretofore stated, no invention ever fell more flat. I spent nearly two thousand dollars in trying to get it on the market, but the women *did not want it*, the girl in the kitchen *would not use it*. The situation was exactly this: The housekeeper who did not have a servant 'could not afford it'; those who do have servants are indifferent, many of them saying, 'We pay the girl for all her time; it makes no difference to us whether she washes the dishes in thirty seconds or requires an hour—that is her business, not mine.'

"They took no interest whatever in the sanitary side of the question. Nor is the fact that dishes cannot be broken seemingly of any interest; most of them say, 'If my girl breaks a dish, I take the cost from her week's wages.'

"Would men so turn down a machine that they could use on the farm or in the factory? The result of the experience here described has caused me to determine never again to invent or manufacture anything that must be purchased by women, except something for them to wear; but not being in that line, I shall never be a benefactor to the female portion of the human race."

I can testify to the truth of this man's statement. Brimming with sympathy for the assistants in my own household who have to devote so much of their time to the cleansing of dishes, I bought one of these dish-washing machines when it was first placed upon the market. I tried it myself and found it to be all that was claimed for it. In delightful anticipation, I introduced it to my housekeeping assistants, by whom it was used—just once. "It was more bother than it was worth," was their explanation. "I can do it easier the old way," has been the report of three capable and unusually intelligent women skilled in all the departments of house-keeping. And yet, according to the clock and my own observation, the old way takes them double the length of time at the very least calculation. In desperation, I began to lend my dish-washer to some of my intellectual and anxious women friends, who kept no maid, and who complained to me that, while they enjoy catering to the appetites of their own families and while

they look upon cooking as a pleasure, they begrudge the time spent upon the cleansing of dishes. Each one hailed the idea of a dish-washer with delight. Not one put it into use the second time. It was "a great deal of bother" to get the water hot enough, they said, and they were more used to the old way. So the poor deserted little machine stands in the corner of the attic in my seashore house, with all its willing impulses to help womankind shut in its little tin heart. The gifted author of the above letter is quite right in saying that only in the invention of something that will enhance women's appearance can there rest any hope of success for the inventive mind. It is said that the road to a man's heart lies in his stomach; the road to a woman's pocket lies through her vanity. A dear, delightful, lovable creature is woman, but her lack of logic renders it difficult to be of actual service to her in the practical realms of life.

I have no doubt that three-fourths of my feminine readers will be seized with a desire to possess one of these dish-washers. They will believe they have the qualities lacking in those whom I have encountered, and their first impulse will be to write and ask me for the address of the inventor.

To avoid this trouble on their part, and a consequent disappointment, I will state right here that the machine has been taken from the market and is no longer manufactured.

As for my own purchase, I intend to keep it as an heirloom for future generations. It may be unearthed a thousand years from now, after this country has undergone some of nature's periodical convulsions, and its discovery may serve to puzzle wise men, and interest students of antiquity.

I like to imagine all sorts of possibilities of this kind for my unfortunate dish-washing machine, since its mission in the present time has been so abbreviated.

Whatever woman's gifts may be, she lacks the concentration necessary to make her great.

She lacks system.

She lacks patience to await results.

And she is distracted by many details which do not interfere with men's minds when they are intent upon a purpose.

She is concerned with how she looks and with what she wears.

But why is all this?

Man thinks only of what he does, yet when he has finished his task for the day, he occupies himself with woman, and he wishes her to be pleasing to the eye and soothing to the mind.

It was the original design of Nature that this should be so.

If man had only been content to leave things as God ordained them, all would have been well with the sexes.

But first he began to sneer at woman's duties as trivial and unimportant, and then he began to pity her as a poor weak creature, subject to his will or whim, and dependent upon him for pleasure, happiness, occupation and position.

Next he began to neglect her. Now there is a peculiar fact which we may observe running all through nature, that daughters more frequently resemble their fathers in mind and manner than do sons. However carefully a man may select a pretty, pug-nosed, unintellectual woman for a wife, nature often forces upon him an aquiline-nosed, brilliant daughter, especially if his wife loves him devotedly, and is prone to gaze with admiration upon his aquiline features, and to adore his mental superiority. It was, I doubt not, some daughter of her father who first dared wander from woman's true sphere and attempt to make a life for herself, independent of man. It was impossible for her to be content, like her pug-nosed mother, with the ridicule, the sneers and the neglect of men.

And so she opened Pandora's box for her sex.

And I can imagine the horror of her father over the thought that his daughter had so unsexed herself, and his admonition to her to emulate her mother—forgetting utterly, as men do, all the results of fatherhood; once the child is conceived, they seem to think her a purely maternal creation, and whatever her traits may be, they shirk all sense of responsibility regarding them. Though her weaknesses may be identical with those of their own early youth, the mother is blamed for them. Who ever heard a father confess that a prodigal daughter was the reflection

of himself, even when the whole world was conscious of the fact?

But however aquiline the daughter's nose, and however like her father's her trend of mind, the "eternal feminine" is yet there in her brain, as God intended it to be. In the field of achievement she accomplishes much, but never the most. She does well, but never the best. She is often grand, but never great. She was not meant to be a colossal figure, but a picturesque one. She is erratic and spasmodic as a worker, and not given to being logical or consistent even in her own realm, as the letter I quote testifies.

But had man been ready to appreciate her original virtues, to be patient with her weaknesses, to sympathize with her labors, and to admire her excellent domestic qualities, he would not need to devote so much time now to dissertations regarding her mental inferiority.

She would never have essayed to be superior in the mental realm had men given her smiles instead of sneers, admiration instead of pity, as she went about her ordained way.

Of all sentiments which are possible to the human heart, woman least desires pity from man. Though her realm by Nature was meant to be more restricted than his, yet was she Queen therein—Queen Consort of the King, from whom she had a right to expect companionship and respect, not ridicule or pity.

All this talk of equality and inequality of the sexes is senseless. Nature created man and woman as two parts of one whole. Each is dependent upon the other—each is necessary to the other. Neither should pity the other, any more than the hand should pity the arm or the breath pity the heart.

Sirs, when you pity us, I say
You waste your pity. Let it stay,
Well corked and stored upon your shelves,
Until you need it for yourselves.

We do appreciate God's thought
In forming you, before He brought
Us into life. His art was crude,
But oh, so virile in its rude,

Large, elemental strength; and then
He learned His trade in making men,
Learned how to mix and mold the clay
And fashion in a finer way.

How fine that skilful way can be
You need but lift your eyes to see;
And we are glad God placed you there
To lift your eyes and find us fair.

Apprentice labor though you were,
He made you great enough to stir
The best and deepest depths of us,
And we are glad He made you thus.

Aye! we are glad of many things;
God strung our hearts with such fine strings
The least breath moves them, and we hear
Music where silence greets your ear.

We suffer so? But women's souls,
Like violet-powder dropped on coals,
Give forth their best in anguish. Oh,
The subtle secrets that we know

Of joy in sorrow, strange delights
Of ecstasy in pain-filled nights,
And mysteries of gain in loss
Known but to Christ upon the cross!

Our tears are pitiful to you?
Look how the heaven-reflecting dew
Dissolves its life in tears. The sand
Meanwhile lies hard upon the strand.

How could your pity find a place
For us, the mothers of the race?
Men may be fathers unaware,
So poor the title is you wear.

But mothers—who that crown adorns
Knows all its mingled blooms and thorns,
And she whose feet that pain hath trod
Hath walked upon the heights with God.

No, offer us not pity's cup.
There is no looking down or up
Between us; eye looks straight in eye:
Born equals, so we live and die.



THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK II. (*Continued*).—THE EVENING OF THE DAY.

"And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron."—*Deuteronomy*.

XIX.

HELEN gently turned the handle of the door and peeped in. The small lamp was still glowing under its pink shade over the girl's bed, but Joy was asleep.

The Duchess crept softly to her side and looked down. So strong was the mother-instinct in this childless woman's heart that she, who had never tasted the delight of the "good-night" nursery visit, who had never known the stealthy gloating over one's treasure—one's very own!—who had never known the rush of protecting tenderness over the helpless being that owes one the very breath of life, felt something of the sweet pain of all these emotions stir her heart over the child of her adoption. Here at last was a child; and she, who had been cheated of motherhood's first joys, was now pleased to cheat herself with the fancy that she could still trace some baby graces in her foundling. Childish enough looked the sleeping face in its soft relaxation; childish the aureole of curling hair, as pale as morning sunshine and as fine as gossamer threads; childishly pouted the lips and childishly lay the small, curved hands, one flung outside the pink coverlet, the other curling up to the mouth. Just so Helen had seen many a peasant child lie in its wooden cot.

Ah!—she bent closer—what a sobbing sigh! The little one had been weeping; the long lashes were still matted and wet with tears! Yet it was only as a child may cry, for now in her sleep she smiled and—what was this? Shining between her fingers was the string of pearls; Joy had fallen asleep holding them to her lips. Helen's heart melted altogether within her. In her loneliness, her strangeness, her fatigue and excitement, this poor child had turned for consolation to the only thing that had come to her from her mother—"from one who loved her!"

"What do you know of my mother, madame?" That had been the first question she had asked when they found themselves alone together. Alas! what could Helen tell that innocence about her mother?

"She is dead. She loved you. She wished me to have you," had been the hesitating answer. The girl had given her a quick, strange look, and had fallen back into her shy silence.

The thought of the poor mother and of her sacrifice, the pity of it, brought the tears to Helen's eyes. Then, after her fashion of carrying everything beyond the world, she prayed God to help her to be a faithful mother to His forlorn creature; she prayed for a blessing upon her new duties, and most earnestly for one upon the young creature.

"Oh, my God," she said, "let these be the last tears of sorrow that she may shed in this house!"

As Helen reëntered her own sitting-room, she found her husband seated by the wood-fire. He looked up, and his face became softened with that glance of love and admiration so long known, yet as ever dearly prized by her—that look which, after fourteen years, had still the power of making her heart flutter like that of a happy girl.

"I have just been looking at the child; she is asleep." And, as she spoke the words, the thought of the ineffable joy it would have been to look at a child of his and hers struck her to the heart like a dagger-stab. But in the very grip of her own pain she noticed how his face changed. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, her arms round his neck. "But we are very happy, Cluny, are we not?"

He caught her to him with the same extraordinary passion he had already shown, that evening. She disengaged herself to look into his face, her hands pressed against his shoulders. The loose sleeves

of her dressing-gown fell back from her white arms.

Beautiful! Oh, she was that indeed! thought the man, as he contemplated her. But it was not for her beauty alone he now loved her as he did—his Helen!

He clasped his feverish hands round her wrists, and madly kissed the lovely arm up to the soft curve of the elbow.

"My saint! my love! my wife!" cried he, almost beside himself.

Through his ardor, the sense of the trouble seething within him betrayed itself to her quick feminine perception. She began to tremble.

"Cluny, what is it? Tell me. You are not yourself; you have not been yourself this evening."

"Have I not?" said he, and devoured her lovely face with his piteous eyes. "Forgive me, my beloved."

Again she put her arms about him, and drew his head with her maternal gesture to beautiful rest on her bosom.

"Do not speak," said she; "I think I know." The echo of many tears had come into her voice. She paused for a moment. "You have never let me guess it," she said at last, "till to-night. But you, too, have mourned for our silent house, for our love that has been so perfect, so great, yet has had to remain so sterile."

He interrupted her with broken words, not daring to lift his head from her confiding breast. "His happiness," he murmured, "required nothing more. He had never felt the want of children, so long as he had her. So long as he kept her. . . . She was his all."

She smiled as she answered, but he felt only how her bosom heaved.

"You are too good to me, Cluny. Indeed, I have been too happy. No, no, do

not call me a saint! 'Tis so easy to help others a little. And you know, Cluny, you know, I try to be good; I am afraid of the judgments of God. You all talk of my charity, my piety. It's not true, it's all cowardice. I want, so to speak, to bribe the Almighty into leaving me my happiness. Oh, I feel such a terror sometimes!"

Her voice came more faintly. The man tightened his grasp of her and lifted his head. Their eyes sought each other's almost like those of two frightened children.

"Oh, Cluny," she cried, "do *you* ever feel afraid, too?"

"My God, yes!"

"Ah, darling!" It was a great cry; all the joy, the pride of the woman loved, rang in it.

After a pause, during which the warm comfort of her presence, the magic of her beauty, the intoxication of his love, began to invade the man's whole being, she suddenly rose to her feet. Unconsciously triumphant in her loveliness she stood, looking down at him, half shyly, half victoriously. The long ropes of her hair, unpinned but not yet untwisted, fell on either side of her shoulders to her knees. The pillar of her throat rose proudly. The firm sweep of her bosom showed superb under the folds of lace. Through drooping lids her sweet eyes caressed him, her teeth gleamed between lips parted for a little happy laugh.

"Since *mon seigneur*," she said, "still loves his old wife, after all, why should either he or I fear?"

And Favereau's words once more echoed in Cluny's ear:

"You have the present still, man. He who knows how to hold the present must not fear the future."

BOOK III.—A WEEK LATER.

"And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night. . . . In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even! And at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning!"—*Deuteronomy*.

XX.

The lower terrace-walk beneath the sun-warmed crumbling wall, against which the apricots merged from green immaturity to red and yellow pulpiness; where well-nigh all the year round the bees hummed over

the old-fashioned thyme and balm-mint beds; where it was a black day indeed if there were not at least a few rays of sunshine to be trapped—this was the canon's favorite walk. And here at certain hours, changing according to the seasons, he was

went to read his breviary; went also, on rare occasions, to grant himself a delightful snatch of leisure over some well-worn little ivory-yellow volume—Vergil's "Georgics," from the fonts of Aldus Manutius, it might be. Balmy-scented, sun-kissed, were these moments of self-indulgence, sung to by the humming of those bees that Vergil loved, shot through with a pipe of birds, woven in with color and shadow.

These sheltered twenty yards of homely garden beauty (so different from the almost royal pleasure-grounds originally laid out by the pompous Le Nôtre) were therefore known as "the Canon's Walk." And "the canon's hour," understood to be piously devoted to the breviary, was respected by all the inhabitants of Luciennes down to the smallest blouse in the garden. So much so, indeed, that the good priest was not without some twinges of conscience on the occasions above mentioned, when (the spirit of Maro irresistibly alluring him to commune through flower and sunshine and wing-murmurs) he had yielded, and lingered in his retreat beyond the appointed limit. Nay, there had been days when the crime of having hurried ever so little over the breviary in order to dally with the fascinating pagan had actually lain heavy on his soul!

On this morning, though the autumn had advanced by yet another week since the radiant afternoon when the guests had arrived at Luciennes; though red-and-yellow leaves played the part of ruddy ghosts of long-eaten apricots against the wall; though in the wild-balsam beds, under the shelter of the wall's shadow, heavy beads of dew still marked the passage of last night's frost, so much summer lingered in this happy spot that the canon, with half his prayers still unread, had lapsed by almost imperceptible degrees into his favorite corner on the ancient stone bench. It was quite warm in the sun; the bees were very melodious, the smell of the herbs was heavy-sweet. The very amiable little devil that had charge of the canon's weaknesses found his task unwontedly easy. Somehow the breviary slipped down from the canon's knees to the ground.

The canon knew the words by heart; he

went on murmuring, in tune with the rustling leaves:

"Spiritus enim meus super mel dulcis; et
hereditas mea super mel et favum.
Alleluia, alleluia."

And away floated the soul of the canon on the wings of bees and breeze.

"Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. How beautiful!" he thought; and while his delicate, scholarly mind moved in harmony with his thankful heart, his eyes were lost in the blue of a happy sky.

But—

"Hinc ubi jam emissum caveis ad sidera cœli
Nare per æstatem liquidam suspexeris agnem. . . .
Contemplator,"

whispered the imp in his ear. Back came the canon's soul from the realms of spiritual sweetness to a charming pagan earth, astir with the humming of Vergil's honey-seekers.

In some most extraordinary manner the little vellum Aldine (heathen from title-page to colophon) now lay upon his knee! It opened slowly, quite of its own accord, like a flower unfolded to the sun, at the very passage—that favorite page of the canon's, upon which the set of the print on the yellowing paper, the harmonious proportions of word and line, the shapely Petrarchan lettering, were dear to him as the sight of a well-known and well-loved face.

"Aha, my friend, I catch you at it!" said a loud jeering voice.

Thus rudely recalled from floating circles of elysian peace, the canon opened his eyes with a start.

"I was meditating," he began, with great dignity. "It is a frequent habit of mine to take a text of my breviary for morning contemplation."

He spoke, serenely persuaded of his own blameless innocence, when his glance fell upon the volume open on his knees. His jaw dropped.

"So I see," cried the doctor, with his great laugh. "Aha!" and nipped the book from his friend's lap.

The canon blushed, then winced to see his delicate treasure caught by two leaves like a butterfly by its wings. He stretched out a protecting hand, which the doctor,

glorying in his advantage, met with an elbow.

"'Surely,' says the Duchess, 'you would not think of disturbing the canon at his meditations!' 'Oh, yes,' says the gardener, 'Mr. the canon is down there, but Mr. the doctor is not dreaming of disturbing him at this hour?' And Jacques, sweeping the valley over there with his yelp: 'Not that way, m'sieu! Not that way! M'sieu le chanoine is praying.' Aha! I could get myself a reputation for sanctity too on those terms. Eh, the fine meditation!" And the doctor read out:

"' Illum adeo placuisse apibus mirabere morem
Quod nec concubitu indulgent, nec corpora
segnes
In Venerem solvunt, aut fetus nixibus edunt.'

"'Tiens, tiens, I could meditate on that myself, mere curer of bodies as I am.'"

The poor canon writhed, as much perhaps on account of the doctor's butchery of lilt and quantity as from the human irritation of one caught napping, in every sense of the word. The color deepened on his cheek. The hand which conveyed the comforting pinch of snuff to his nostrils shook perceptibly. He flung quite a shamefaced glance at the doctor, and, closing his snuff-box, said with humility:

"'I hope I have never posed as a saint, Doctor. But if I have unwittingly led any one to think that of me, I am justly punished by being found out at the very moment when I was giving full vent to self-indulgence and sloth. Occasions of too frequent occurrence indeed!'"

The doctor looked quickly at the stately white head bent, and the expression of his good-natured, mocking face changed. He cleared his throat, closed the Aldine carefully and laid it back on the other's knee. Next he stooped and picked up the breviary, dusted it and deposited it on the bench.

"'Oh,'" he said then, in a detached voice, "if there were more of them like you, I'd begin to believe in the use of saints! A pinch from your box, Canon."

Their eyes met. It was with comfortable sympathy and understanding.

"'Ah, aha, hum!'" said the doctor, and snuffed noisily. "Well, now, my gossip, that I have run you down, I suppose we

can have a few moments' quiet talk. Not to beat about the bush: how do you think things are going on with our friends up yonder?"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. The canon turned toward him with some surprise and concern.

"What makes you say that?"

"Ah, mon Dieu!"—Lebel shrugged his shoulders—"to have your opinion on the subject, I suppose. Look here, my good sir, you are the keeper of consciences up there, I am keeper of mere bodies, even as I said just now. But we are always coming across each other for all that." He saw a flicker of controversial triumph in the canon's eye, and hastily proceeded with his good-natured, brutal frankness: "I have not looked you up to waste my time upon arguments of theodicy, you may be sure; I have too much to do with this life and this life's mechanisms just now. Briefly, then, you have influence that I, rightly or wrongly, cannot pretend to. I'll not discuss it. Well, then, you had better use it." Again the stubby finger came into play. "Get the Duchess," said the doctor slowly, "to rid her house of that girl."

The most profound astonishment, gradually merging into consternation, became depicted, in waves so to speak, on the canon's face.

"The child?" he stammered.

"Child!" snorted the doctor. "Now, look here, Canon, do not speak in a hurry. If you pretend to be able to guide souls, you ought to base your judgments upon something more than mere externals. Oh, you call that little minx a child on the strength of her baby curls and her little face? Now just give yourself the trouble to reflect for a moment upon the effect that child produces upon the men of the community. There's Dodd, the fine Yankee fellow. Eh? What does he think of the child?"

More and more disturbed became the priest's face.

"Now that you say so," he remarked hesitatingly, "of course—Mr. Dodd—indeed, I believe, at least, I have noticed, he is certainly not indifferent to Mademoiselle Gioja's presence."

"Indifferent!" snapped the doctor.

"The man does not know what he's doing when she's near him. He's mad for her—mad! Well, now, let us take the Marquis next, Totol—little idiot! He hates and fears young girls, that one. With a girl he has to mind his p's and q's. Innocence and ignorance and timidity—all that sort of thing bores him. He's afraid of it. He has no use for it! You know his jargon; oh, he's a pretty type! He avoided the little one like the plague, that first evening. And now! Have you seen them together? seen the way he looks at her? Have you watched him manœuvre to get out of range of mama's eyes and inveigle mademoiselle into some deserted room or other? Come, you have seen them together! He does not seem to see a school-girl in her now—does he?"

The canon's lips moved voicelessly. The anxiety in his eye grew more intense.

"Well, since you mention it," he at length murmured, "once or twice I have, in truth, seen the Marquis de Lormes with the girl. This morning in the garden——" He passed his yellow silk handkerchief over his brow. "But I assure you," he went on eagerly, "I assure you, she did not appear in the least inclined to encourage his attentions. It was quite the reverse."

The doctor looked at the canon with indulgent contempt.

"Quite the reverse," he repeated ironically. "Quite so, my dear Canon. That is the type, to the life. Oh, don't I know her, that one! Women of that type never do seem to encourage any one, and yet the mere fact of their presence in the room will set every man's blood astir. Look you, my friend, I speak from experience. I—I, old fellow that I am, I myself can feel the little demon." He stopped to laugh out loud at the horror-struck expression of the priest. "But don't be afraid," he went on jeeringly; "it is a matter of no consequence with me. I just note the symptoms as a scientific fact, and that is all. As for you, you have worked so long to, and succeeded so well in, transforming yourself into an old woman—— Oh, well, you can hardly even understand! Now let me tell you in one word what your child is: she's a dangerous woman! Do you want to have another definition—

the scientific one? *C'est une troublante.* Would you like a historical one? She is what your churchmen in the Middle Ages used to call a succubus. And were we still in those good old days ('pon my soul I almost wish we were!), she would be put on her trial, you would sit on the bench, and she would be burnt as a witch. Listen! Only a few years ago, Madame la Duchesse yonder insisted on taking me to a charity fancy-fair at Versailles. A monster fair it was; every kind and condition of men and women. The good matrons of the Faubourg who organized it (our Marquise in the thick of it, of course) had intrusted the flower-stalls to the 'ladies of the profession,' because they would be the most attractive to the gentlemen. Eh, eh, charity covers a multitude of sins! Well, there was one there of that lot, a tall one, a sort of lily to look at, still and white and slender. And all round her, I tell you, my poor friend, it was like a swarm of bees! It hummed with men, young and old, soldiers, actors, dukes, artists, Jews and Christians, what do I know—all our golden youth, and all the silver age. Bah! I saw a minister, a surgeon, a diplomat, and the last poet. Not a flower left on her stall, nor a leaf; heap of gold-pieces before her. She would not take the trouble to sweep them into her till. Once or twice she opened her mouth, showing the tip of her white teeth, only wide enough for the passage of a disdainful word. Occasionally she looked up, and shot a glance always in the same direction at one particular man. Brooding eye of fire! By the way (you may not have noticed it), our Mademoiselle Gioja has, on occasions, when she looks at a particular person, something of that sort of glance. Oh, it is the type! That lily, Canon, was the famous Laura Bell."

The canon started, and then instantly endeavored to cover his movement. The ejaculation on his lips he repressed. His face became gray-white. The doctor, engrossed in his own theme, proceeded with gusto:

"And the young man she looked at was the rich Hungarian, Count Wallsee."

Again the priest started; Count Wallsee's sensational ruin and his no less sensational suicide had reached even his hermit ears.

"Oh, it is the type!" Monsieur Lebel went on. "And this precious orphan of the Duchess has got the type, my friend. She reminds me of no one so much as of la Belle Laura herself."

The canon's happy morning, his mood of charming, if reprehensible placidity, was rudely disturbed indeed. He knew the doctor well; and, while lamenting his irreligious convictions, he respected him as an earnest worker and a shrewd intelligence, and he loved him for his unfailing all-human goodness. From such a man a warning was not a thing to be lightly put aside.

The two again looked at each other, and it was the same apprehension that clutched at both their hearts. These were lonely men—the one from vocation and deliberate sacrifice, the other from the accident of life. Both, in their different ways, filled their hours by ceaseless work for others. All they knew of home, of the grace of existence, of the joys round the hearth, was given to them by Helen. And all the rooted tenderness a man has in him to give wife and child, all its overshadowing solicitude, its care and thought, its ceaseless preoccupation, these two solitary men had almost unconsciously, most purely, given to Helen.

The canon, of course, was fully convinced that the motives which for fourteen years had induced him so persistently to refuse all the preferments periodically offered to a man of his name, attainments and saintly reputation, were an unmixed devotion to his little flock and a humble desire of working out his salvation in comparative obscurity. That Doctor Lebel, again, had grown gray by the bedside of the country poor, when the same amount of work might have placed one of his capacity in the first rank of his profession in Paris, was solely due (if you believed him) to his intolerance of fashionable humbug, to his determined preference for the necessarily less degenerate humanity of the fields. "I like," he would say, "to work upon unadulterated stuff. I like my human nature in the ore."

The real fact, however, blissfully ignored by both, was that their whole existence had, for fourteen years, circled round Helen as inevitably as that of a man round

his natural home. Helen! In words, even to each other, it was, of course, Madame la Duchesse. In their heart she was "Helen," their child, the light of their eyes!

The canon took a fresh pinch, and spilt the half of it in most unwonted slovenliness.

"But surely, surely," he urged, with an attempt to reestablish himself upon his former height of happy, charitable security, and to argue down the clamorous voices of a thousand misgivings—"surely, my dear Doctor, you are frightening yourself—you are frightening me—rather unnecessarily. Granted that Gioja is perhaps too attractive to young men, granted that it is not a very prudent thing for the Duchess to have burdened herself with an adopted child of that age (having so little knowledge of her previous life), more than this cannot be said. Her manner is perfectly modest. She seems an innocent, well-brought-up young person. Do you not think so? Have you observed anything forward, anything displeasing, in her manner? As for me, she has struck me, I must say, as possessing quite remarkable reserve."

"Too much reserve! That is the very thing. 'Tisn't natural."

But the priest had already found consolation in his own arguments.

"It is the maidenly instinct, my good Doctor. Come, come! you see everything black this morning. Why, the Duchess is delighted. And has she not had every opportunity of judging? She has the girl with her, morning, noon and night."

The doctor threw back his head. "The Duchess?" he said. "Oh, don't use that as an argument, Canon! Why, she's as easy to take in as yourself; result of the long practice of charity, I suppose. Suspect no evil, eh? (Bless her! Bless her!) But she's not a clever woman."

The canon was amazed. He was shocked. In his ears it sounded almost like blasphemy. Not clever? Not perfection?—their Helen!

"Monsieur Lebel!" he exclaimed.

"No, Monsieur de Hauteroche, I am not mad. I know what I am saying. Who wants her clever? Not I. Who wants her different? Not I. She's forty times bet-

ter than the cleverest woman that ever breathed. She has the intelligence of the heart, the tact of the heart. Ah, no one will ever beat her there! Look you, man: it is because she is what she is . . . well, we need not talk about that, you and I. But things would hit her hard, you know; and, in short, I don't like the look of it all up there."

"Why, then," said the priest, infectious fear again invading all his reasoning faculties, "the best thing that can happen is that this Mr. Dodd should marry Gioja. From certain little indications," said the canon, with an air of great worldly acumen, "obtuse as I may be, my old friend, I am convinced that this young American has the most serious intentions."

"Oh, yes," said the doctor. "Yes, yes!" He lay back upon the bench, gazing upward at the blue sky with vacant eyes, and thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"Why, then," pursued the priest, delighted, "Providence has already provided. They must be married. What more simple? The young girl's future is happily assured. And a possibly—ah—disturbing element is removed from the house. Mr. Dodd will have to return to America very soon. And there we are. And I myself—hein, what did you say?"

"I said, 'marry them,'" remarked the doctor, still staring at the blue.

"Marry them?" repeated the other. "Of course."

"Marry them," said the doctor, "if you can."

"Hein?" said the priest again.

Monsieur Lebel gathered himself together. Fertile in methods of expressing the state of his mind by the contortions of his body, he now drew himself up into a sort of hard knot, his arms clasped round his knees.

"Oh, you might marry *him* fast enough. But *she* won't have him." He suddenly unclasped himself and fell apart, both hands, fingers outstretched, flung out with the utmost emphasis. "She's shown that pretty plainly. She has her eye on some one else, Canon—the Duke!"

The canon felt as if he were being whirled round in some sudden and amazing whirlwind; all his thoughts danced

giddily, aimlessly, like dry leaves in an autumn blast.

"But," he exclaimed, feebly catching at the dry leaf that bobbed up oftenest, "she cannot marry the Duke!"

There was a pause, an awful pause, while the doctor looked at the priest. The canon felt his skin grow cold and stiffen.

"No, she cannot marry the Duke," said the other at last, very slowly. Then he added quickly, with his expressive gesture: "Don't misunderstand me. Thus far all is right, of course. A week! But have you not noticed? The Duke avoids her, he is uncomfortable near her. He is afraid of her. Why? I told you why, just now: he is a man, parbleu. Afraid of her, did I say? He is afraid of himself! And, what is more, the Duchess has noticed something unusual about him. She's asked me to catch him and prescribe for him to-day. She thinks him looking ill. She ought to have asked you—but we shall see."

"Oh!" cried the priest, and clasped his hands, "for God's sake, Doctor! Oh, my God!" He raised and shook his clasped hands. "This dreadful world! The Duke is a man of honor, Lebel—besides, he loves his wife. There is loyalty to keep him, the sanctity of hospitality. You see, I speak of no higher rule."

"Come," said the doctor, with affected roughness, "this is no moment for jeremiads. I interrupted your meditations (ahem!) to-day because I felt the matter was urgent enough. By a stroke of good luck, it appears that Monsieur Favereau is expected back. Our three good heads together should find a respectable way out of this business."

"Unfortunately," said the canon, still heavily troubled, "there is a diocesan meeting at Versailles, this afternoon. Even now," said he after consulting his watch, "I ought to be thinking of making my way to the station. Impossible to say if I can return to-night or only in time for my mass to-morrow morning. It is most unfortunate!"

"Oh, to-morrow will be time enough, let us hope!" said the doctor, with a laugh. "Time will be wanted—time and tact."

"To vary the simile, in short," said

Monsieur Lebel, briskly, as he accompanied the canon part of the way down the shady avenue of chestnuts toward the white high-road leading to the village—"to vary the simile, my old friend, there is a serpent in our paradise, and we must—and shall—get rid of the creature before it has time to do the mischief which is in its serpent nature to do!"

XXI.

It was very cool in the long drawing-room of the château, where groups of antique, gilt-legged, brocade-covered furniture made islands in a shining sea of parquet flooring. The walls, with the old pastels let into their white panels, stretched to an incredibly high ceiling, where dim chubby cupids, wreathed in azure ribbons and pale roses, chased one another across clouded blue skies.

Upon one of the little islands, protected from the outer world by a curveting gilt-and-glass screen, the Duchess and her friend, Madame Rodriguez, sat under the spreading fans of a palm. They were pleasantly installed between the reseda-scented breeze that blew in from one of the open windows and the incense rising from a fantastically large bowl of roses enthroned on a low marble and gilt-chained, altar-like tripod.

Helen, in her lilac-tinted morning-gown, lying back against the pale-green cushion of the causeuse, looked an image of rest and placidity—rest, although her long white fingers moved ceaselessly with flash of knitting-needle in the mass of wool in her lap; placidity, although one who knew her well might have traced on her brow and in her eyes a secret weight of trouble.

Nessie, a very antithesis, sat on a spindle-legged chair at a spindle-legged writing-table—if indeed the verb "to sit" can apply to a kaleidoscopic change of position that never permitted a minute's quiescence in the same attitude. The little lady's apricot cheek was flushed; her crisp hair, twisted this way and that by the frequent clutch of impatient fingers, suggested an impression of mutiny unwonted in those well-drilled tresses.

Five or six sheets of paper, crumpled or torn across, lying around her, as well as ink-stains on the small fingers and even

one or two upon the lace ruffles of that elaborate primrose-ribboned negligé—in which she had cut such a charming figure only an hour ago—bore witness that her agitation was connected with the inditing of a letter.

She now bent her head over the blotter. The much nibbled and ruffled goose-quill was plunged vindictively into the ink. Scratch, scratch, went the nib in great black lines across the new sheet, with an energy that set every separate vaporous frill quivering.

Suddenly the pen was dashed aside and the writer wheeled round in her chair, waving the result of her labor.

"Listen, Helen—

"Mrs. Nessie P. Rodriguez begs to inform Mr. Ruy Antonio Rodriguez that she declines to have any further communication with him of any kind or description whatever.

"If Mr. Ruy Antonio Rodriguez goes on pestering Mrs. Nessie P. Rodriguez in the same manner as before, she will certainly place the matter in the hands of her lawyers."

"What do you think of that? That's pretty clear, is it not?"

The Duchess turned the corner of her brow without looking up. Then she said gently:

"I would not send that, Nessie."

Mrs. Nessie P. Rodriguez hereupon fell into a violent state of indignation, in which she fluttered and pecked about as effectively as a robin in a rage.

"Oh, would you not, though!" This was sarcastic. "No, of course you would not." This was sheer temper. "If your Duke played the same games on you as Rodriguez does on me, you would just turn up your eyes to heaven and pray for his soul." This was scathingly contemptuous. Then she became pathetic. "Oh, it's very easy for you to talk! I'd forgive the Duke anything myself; but when you have to deal with a" (sob) "low-down sort of" (sob) "brute, like Rodriguez——" Here her feelings became too deep for words.

Helen had raised her eyes. Her voice, after Nessie's vibrating nasal anger, fell like balm.

"He is your husband."

At this the human robin literally fluttered into the air. Down went the pen on one side, the sheet of paper on the other. The small feet stamped, the small fists gesticulated.

"And that's the very worst thing about the whole sickening business. My husband! My husband! Lord, I could forgive him anything but that!"

She gave an angry laugh. And then—for the saving grace of real humor extends in many directions—futile rage fell away, and the comical side of her situation began to assert itself.

"Well, I am not built like you, Helen, and that's all about it. I am just sick of being treated like an automatic machine for the delivery of banknotes. 'Pon my soul, that Rodriguez thinks he has only to drop a penny stamp in the slot, and out will come a check! It isn't even always a penny. I have known him to do it on a halfpenny postcard. Faugh! No, now there isn't a mite of good in your going on like that, Helen. I have not got one spark of Christian feeling left for that man. No, and I am not going to pray for his conversion. Why, we might meet again in the next world! And I don't think my halo would sit at all comfortably if I did not know he was having a real good frizzle somewhere else."

Her familiar cackle sounded quite heart-whole and refreshing. Helen smiled with indulgent, amused rebuke, as upon a kitten or a child or some other irresponsible but delightful little animal.

Madame Nessie picked up her pen, and nibbled it with her head on one side, restored to good humor by a just appreciation of her own wit.

A footman, in his pink-and-white striped morning-jacket, came round the screen and presented a telegram on a tray. "For madame," he said, holding it under Nessie's hand.

"Mercy!" said she, and eyed it with a sidelong, shy glance. Then she snapped up the folded blue paper and watched the servant's retreating figure critically. "He's a well-trained young man, Helen. I wonder how long he stood at the door waiting for a pause in our conversation. I expect my voice carries some way."

"Jean is a good lad," said Helen, who

took deep personal interest in every member of her household; "I do not think he would listen at the door. Your telegram, Nessie?"

Madame Rodriguez turned the bit of paper over and over.

"I don't like the look of it," she said childishly. Then she stuck her little finger under the wafer and pulled it open. The next minute, "Mercy!" she cried again, this time in shrill distress, and rose, hands rigidly stuck out, in a doll-like attitude of dismay.

"My dear!" exclaimed Helen, and anxiously approached her.

But the other impatiently shook off the kindly touch.

"I don't believe it," she muttered to herself. "It's a horrid lie." She crumpled the dispatch convulsively, the next moment smoothed it out again, reread it with starting eyes and mouthing lips. Then, with a scream of dismay, "Helen, Helen, what shall I do?" she cried, allowed the blue slip of paper to flutter from her hand, and sinking into her chair, rocked herself backward and forward.

Now really alarmed, her friend took up the telegram, and read for herself:—

"Don Ruy Rodriguez dangerously ill—typhus. Begs you will not come—fear of infection. Send immediately four thousand francs for necessary expenses. Matter most urgent. I transmit his dying love.—
MANUEL CORTEZ Y MENDOZA, Grand Hotel, Biarritz."

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned Nessie. "Read it out, Helen!" Listening, she punctuated each sentence with a short, sharp groan. "What does he say it is now? Typhus!" She sat up. A flicker of doubt appeared in her distraught eye. She suddenly grew calmer. "Typhus. That's new. That's a new disease. He's never had typhus yet. What does typhus run to?"

The Duchess, who had assimilated the contents of the dispatch to her great relief (having sufficient knowledge of Monsieur Rodríguez' previous history to feel very little anxiety on the score of his health news), and who was moved with no little indignation against one who could play so successfully upon a woman's tenderness, answered dryly enough:

"Four thousand francs."

An agony of doubt distorted Nessie's countenance. "That's cheap," she exclaimed, jumping to her feet once more. "Lord's sakes, perhaps it's true!" She clutched her friend's wrist and shook it violently. "Don't say it's true!" And, bursting into tears, she once again dropped on her chair.

The crunch of the doctor's heavy foot on the gravel sounded from outside. His sturdy bulk presently filled up the open window-space.

"Heyday!" said the cheery voice, as its owner paused to look in, "what have we here?" He untidily stuffed the bandana handkerchief with which he was mopping his brown shining face into the side-pocket of his alpaca jacket, and advanced, suddenly professional. The soles of his country-made boots squeaked on the polished boards. "Hysterics, eh?"

Madame Rodriguez had indeed become quite convulsive in her distress. The doctor surveyed her with a somewhat callous eye. Then he turned to the Duchess, who was vainly endeavoring to administer consolation.

"Leave her alone, madame," he said. "It is the very worst thing in the world to fuss about a hysterical patient. Now, my treatment is to pour cold water gently down the neck, and then to leave the afflicted person quite alone, in a thorough draft if possible. I have never known it to fail. Allow me to ring for some cold water."

Not regarding the situation as serious, and amused by the sudden listening tension that had come over Nessie's figure, as well as by Monsieur Lebel's quizzical expression, even tender-hearted Helen was unable to refrain from laughter.

"Hush, Doctor," she murmured, trying in vain to keep the note of mirth from her voice; "she has had bad news."

Madame Rodriguez sprang to her feet, indignation for the nonce overriding all other emotions.

"Doctor," she exclaimed, "you are a perfect brute! Helen! how dare you laugh!" She settled her ruffled feathers and assumed an air of great dignity. "I am going to pack my trunks, anyhow, and take the first rail to nurse my dying husband!"

"Wait, Nessie, wait!" urged the Duchess, and stretched out a detaining hand. "Oh, truly, darling, I am not heartless, but—the fact is, I don't quite believe in that telegram."

Nessie folded her arms. "How dare you, Helen!"

"May one see, madame?" interposed the doctor. And, without waiting for further permission, he took up the dispatch.

"You know, Nessie," went on Helen, eye and tone pleading pardon for the merriment that still shook her—"you know last week it was influenza, and that was fifteen thousand francs."

"Oh, you have made us all aware of the gentleman's ways," said the doctor. Then, with his great laugh, tapping the bit of paper, he added, "And I am afraid—for your sake, I am afraid—there is not a shred of truth in this."

But Nessie, for no reason that can be assigned, was determined to view matters on the tragic side.

"Oh!" she cried, with a sharp ejaculation that was like the pop of a champagne cork. She shook herself free of the Duchess. "I'm going to pack, anyhow."

The doctor was as resourceful by long habit as he was good-natured by disposition.

"Ah, well—hold! It is easy to ascertain the truth without putting one's self out so much. Look here, now, there's an old colleague of mine at Biarritz; I'll telegraph to him this very moment. With precedence we'll have the answer in an hour."

"There, Nessie, what a good idea!" cried Helen.

But Nessie had stalked majestically to the door. Even as the doctor sat down to write, she halted and looked back at them, a being destined so completely by nature for the light side of existence that all her efforts at tragic indignation and wifely concern succeeded only in making her somehow more comical than in her gayest moments. Shrilly, solemnly and warningly she called out to her friend across the long room—Titania playing at Cassandra:

"May you never feel what it is not to know whether you're going to be a widow or not!"

The doctor laughed out loud, as his

stylographic pen fled along the telegram form. But Helen's face changed.

"What a horrible thing to say!" she murmured slowly, as if to herself.

"Just ring the bell, will you, madame?" said the doctor.

Helen was neither nervous nor morbid. The very sound of the doctor's matter-of-fact voice was sufficient to dispel her momentary, inexplicable feeling of impending calamity.

Brushing away the mental cloud, she did as the doctor bade her, and stood smiling whilst, in his characteristic way, he gave directions to the footman.

"Here, Joseph—no, by the way, you're John, you are; well, it does not matter anyway—take this to the chemist—I mean to the post-office—to be made up. Tut, tut! I mean, forwarded at once, with precedence, understand?"

As the door closed on the servant, Lebel wheeled round his chair, clapped his hands on his knees and drew the long breath which generally preceded his entry into professional matters.

"Well," said he, "here I am. Where is my patient? Where is the Duke?"

"He will be here in a minute. He said he would ride to Versailles and be back for luncheon." She clasped her fingers over her knitting and glanced up at the friendly face. "I am anxious," she went on.

"Oh, pooh!" said the doctor.

"No, indeed, Doctor, he is not well; I have never seen him like this before. Of course he does not complain; he won't even admit that he is ill. But he does not eat, he does not sleep. He is restless. He walks and walks, and rides and rides, as if to shake off something—I don't know what—something that seems to be coming over him."

"Eh, eh?" said the man of medicine, reflectively, with his chin on one side and his fingers burrowing in beard stubble. "Temper short? Irritable?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried. "He has never been tenderer to me, never sweeter in his courtesy to every one around him. He laughs, he talks; but there is a sad look on his face, Doctor, when he does not know that I am watching."

"Ah!" commented Monsieur Lebel, and the wandering fingers reached his ear,

where they halted, pensively pulling.

"I am afraid," Helen pursued, "sometimes, that he may be feeling some illness coming upon him; that he is trying to fight against it, to keep it from me. His first thought is always for me." Suddenly something in the doctor's attitude struck her as alarming. Instantly every fiber of her being thrilled to terror. "Doctor, you don't think—Oh, my God, is he really going to be ill?"

"Ill? Not he," said the doctor. "There now, there you go! Nothing, I'll warrant, that you and I cannot cure. Eh, a splendid constitution, famous type, madame, famous type! Doesn't give us doctors much work, nor ever will either." He patted her white fingers with his kind, ugly hand. "I'll have a look at him, since you wish it. But he mustn't know. Leave it to me." He stood up, legs wide apart, in his favorite attitude. "Liver," said he. "The liver, madame—it is a prosaic subject, but even our Duke has a liver, I am glad to say—the liver can play the devil with a man sometimes; excuse the word."

The wife's ear was now strained to other sounds than the doctor's laugh, reassuring as it was. She had caught the footfall of a tired horse under the avenue trees.

"There is Cluny!" she cried.

XXII.

"All said and done, there is no denying it," the doctor had to admit to himself, as Cluny came in, "that is a charming fellow."

A moment before, drawing up a rapid diagnosis based on his own observations and the Duchess's confidences, he had come to rather uncomplimentary and alarming conclusions:

"A poor weak man! The little white witch has brought him to the point of mental conflict already. Sapristi, it was time indeed to interfere! Eh! and he married to that woman! Ah, God, the pitiful race!"

But the entrance of the Duke, the mere fact of his handsome and courteous presence, the smile and the genuinely cordial greeting, produced their wonted effect. That the man could smile so kindly when he was so unmistakably weary, both in

mind and body, at once placed him in the rank of those whose errors elicit pity and not condemnation.

It did not, however, take the discriminating doctor's eye many seconds to discover that things were more wrong with the Duke than he had anticipated. And while, with an assumption of more than usual boisterousness, Monsieur Lebel returned his patron's salutation, his glance, running over the unconscious patient's face and figure, took note of small significant details: the dilated pupil, the beaded brow, the notable emaciation of the hands, the restless foot, the quick look from side to side, as if in apprehension of something or some one.

"Decidedly," thought Monsieur Lebel again, "it was high time!"

"Ah," said Cluny, sinking into a chair, with a deep sigh, "how cool and restful it is here!" He looked at his wife wistfully, and then sharply away again, as if the sight of her face stung him.

"Well, you are pretty hot, I should say," said the doctor, balancing his round bulk on the edge of the causeuse. "It looks as if you were going in for banting all of a sudden. Such athleticism! Always on the move! Aha! I begin to suspect it's all on account of the American cousin. Want to show what a sportsman a Frenchman can be, eh?"

He slid his squat fingers upon the Duke's wrist. Cluny made an impatient movement to shake off the touch. But Doctor Lebel gripped, looking hard at him. And with a faint smile and shrug the Duke submitted.

There was half a minute's pause. Helen, with parted lips and anxious face, watched the doctor's countenance, now set into gravity. He looked up suddenly and with determination smiled at her.

"Bravo!" he cried, dropping the patient's hand. "I always said you had the best constitution in the province."

But "Diable, diable!" was what he was crying to himself; "hard as wire, and as jerky as a telegraph needle!"

"What, I?" said the Duke, rising. "Oh, I'm as strong as a horse."

He strolled over to the window and stood a moment looking out. Doctor Lebel rolled off his seat and followed him.

"Don't overdo the exercise though," he insisted. "You've grown thinner."

Beneath them the garden sloped down to the chestnut alley. The last bloom of roses starred hedge and standard. The scent of the reseda and of the late honeysuckle was very sweet in the sunshine. From a hidden sward came the whirr of a mowing-machine; somewhere out of sight rose the song of a fountain: it was all very peaceful and homelike. The sky was very blue; the green and the flowers were very beautiful; the air very still. This garden Cluny had loved to call his paradise, but deep to-day was the melancholy sweeping in upon his soul as he gazed down upon it.

All at once, after a rigid second that marked the checking of a shudder, he turned abruptly away; a white straw hat and the flutter of a white dress had appeared among the rose-bushes.

"Ah," said the doctor, quietly, "there goes mademoiselle."

Helen came up, linked her arm into her husband's, and drew him again to the window. The figure of Joy, busily engaged among the flowers with garden scissors and basket, now moved distinctly into view.

"The dear child," said Helen; "look at her! Isn't she pretty?"

The doctor's words and smile had almost reassured her on Cluny's account. She had recovered something of her radiance.

"I wonder," she went on, "how I ever managed to live without a daughter. See how she settled those roses for me," pointing to the great silver bowl. "A fairy could not have done it better. I find her, you must know, taking things off my hands in the most natural, unobtrusive way in all the world. I call her 'my delicate Ariel.' (I know you have read Shakespeare, Doctor.) And then her tact, her good taste! Always the same pretty modesty. She is shy, of course, but only as a baby princess might be. Don't you think so, Cluny? Ah, you must agree with me there, at least! There is a little want of enthusiasm toward my daughter," she explained, turning again to the doctor, "in this good, spoiling husband of mine. But even he could not say that she has ever uttered a word, given a look, that one would wish ungiven, unsaid."

The Duke, after an imperceptible hesitation, patted his wife's hand.

In his soul just now an infinite weariness had superseded all sense of the bitterness and irony of facts.

"No, dear," he answered with extreme gentleness.

"I foresaw such weeks, such months even, of drilling for my little recruit," continued Helen gaily, her eye still resting on the rose-gatherer; "such endless litanies of hints, such moments of ludicrous agony for both of us. Vain fears! She has adapted herself like—like a flower."

With swinging step a tall figure now crossed the brilliant sward and plunged down the narrow, precipitous path between the clipped fantastic box-hedges. Helen drew back, and in the action separated herself from Cluny.

"Ah," said she, with a smile and a sigh, "there goes George! I half expected that. There are others who want my sprite, it seems."

Cluny stood a moment looking fixedly out, with eyes not seeing the radiant vision but intent upon some inward spectacle of conflict. Then he turned abruptly on his heel and moved toward the door without a word.

Half-way down the room, however, he halted and spoke.

"I must go and change these dusty things, dear. A tantôt."

He was looking horribly tired, the doctor thought. Under their bushy brows Lebel's sharp eyes had not lost a shade of his patient's face; and the look and tone with which he now addressed his wife struck him painfully. "One might almost think it was remorse," he pondered.

"Oh," came the Duchess's voice, as the door closed and they were again alone, "how happy you have made me!" She laid her white hand upon his arm. "You don't think, then, he is really ill?"

"Decidedly," thought the doctor, "the woman's unobservant, not to say dense. . . . God forgive me! Come, come, Sebastian, my friend, it's time for you to step in."

"Ill?" he said aloud. "No, he has no disease that I know of. But he is nervous. He is very nervous, madame."

"What do you mean?" cried she, and her finger tightened on his shiny sleeve.

The doctor looked full into her face with his true, benevolent gaze.

"Now, look here," said he, "this is not a case for me; it's a case for you. The Duke is worried. How can I tell what has worried him? Something has got on his nerves. Saperlipopette! A very little thing will sometimes get on a man's nerves. The great Englishman, Carlyle, he could not stand cocks; and I, as you see me, I can't stand the smell of incense. Hey, hey, a little voyage would do him a world of good—a voyage with you, I mean. Take him off with you as soon as possible—just you two alone together, you understand—a little honeymoon trip, *en partie fine*. And at the end of the first week (if you are the woman I think you are) you'll have found out what is the little something that has got so desperately on his nerves. And you will see to its being removed from his existence, once for all."

Helen let her hand drop. She had grown pale; her eyes had become dilated; the corners of her mouth had fallen like those of a puzzled, troubled child.

"But, Doctor," she said—"but, Doctor!" Something intangible, disturbing, alarming, seemed to have come into her sheltered and serene existence. It had no shape as yet, it was utterly and horribly unknown; she could give it no name, but she dimly felt its presence.

"Well," insisted the doctor, "is it not a nice prescription? Ask your husband and see what he says. A new honeymoon, *aha!*"

His laugh echoed in the still, lofty room. He reached for his battered hat, waved it at the Duchess, and plunged out of the open window-door. In a second he was back again, looking in upon her.

"*Partie fine*, remember!" he cried, with warning finger emphasizing. "No aunts, no cousins, no adopted daughters—no adopted daughters!"

His trot was heard crunching away on the gravel. Helen stood motionless; she felt as if she were in a dream.

"No adopted daughters," she repeated, half unconsciously. And the menacing, formless terror seemed suddenly to grow darker and more distinct. Why? She did not know!

(To be continued.)



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THE COSMOPOLITAN.

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THE BALCONY SCENE IN ROMANTIC DRAMA.

BY FRANK C. DRAKE.

I WAS going to say that there was no accounting for what we call romance, as such, because if an episode were not unaccountable it would lack the prime factor of the romantic. But upon reflection I am persuaded that the romance of at least the "balcony scene," enduring as it does through countless generations of youths who, all untaught, have sighed and sung beneath my lady's window, must surely rest upon a foundation of reason and philosophy.

It is not unlikely that, like most things, it started with the ancestral ape. It is easy to picture the scene when the object of his simian affections, coyly seeking to compromise with propriety, parleyed with him from the sanctuary of a tree-top; and, as a token of

her answering heart—or of her coquetry—threw him a cocoanut. The balcony scene must have begun in some such way; it must be instinctive and inherited, because

romance is quite as elemental in its appeal to us as the balcony scene is peculiar to the romantic drama. It is not essential to it in the sense that a humorous play must have a convenient screen or a closet in which one or more of the characters may secrete themselves when the plot needs complication; nor is it so inevitable as the drinking-song of comic and



Photograph by Ryron.

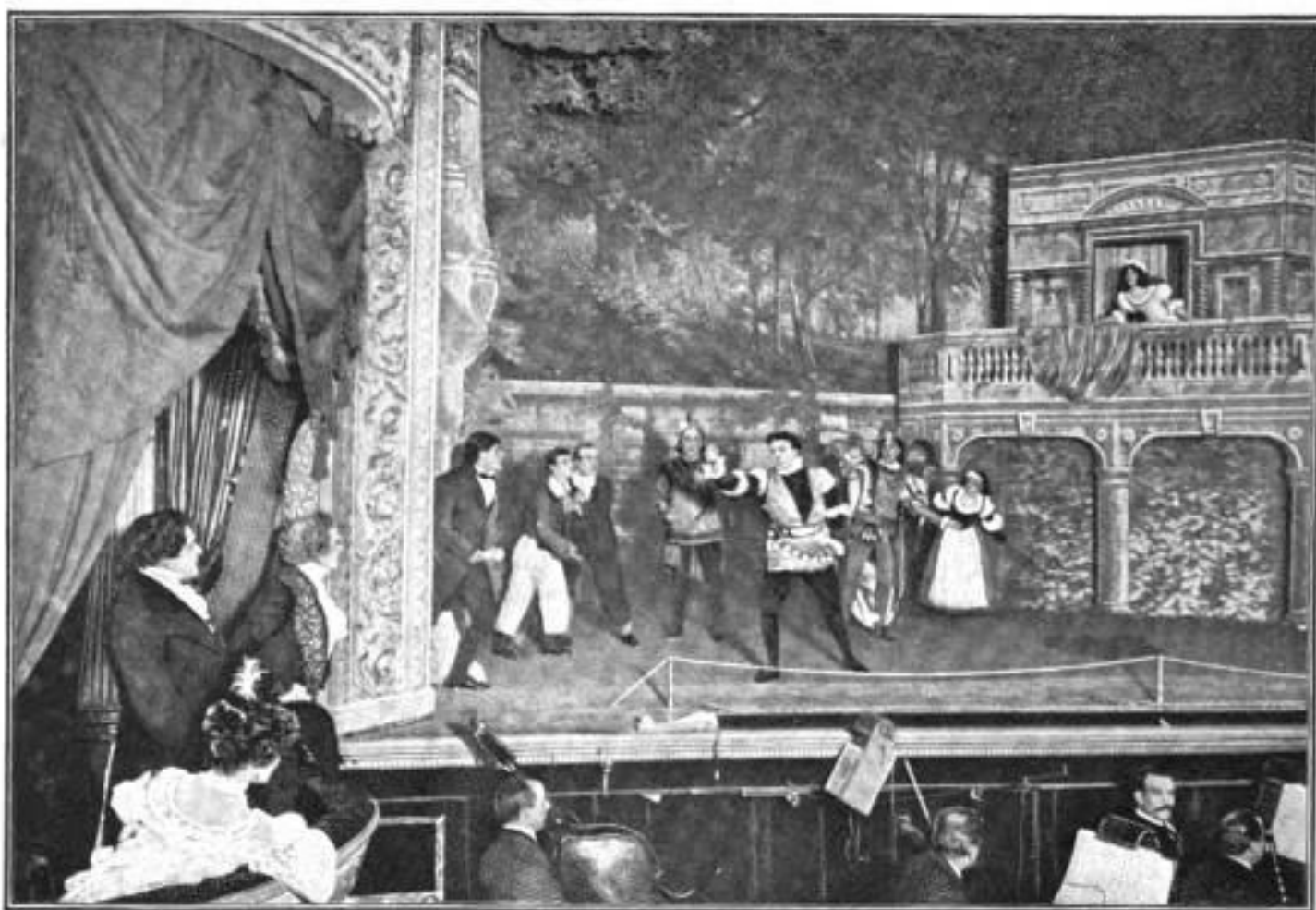
BLANCHE BATES AND JAMES O'NEILL IN "THE MUSKETEERS."

other opera, the "searching the house" scene of melodrama or the snowstorm of the New England play. But it has certainly come in these days to be a useful institution in the drama of costume and the ready sword.

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One may say that up-to-date romance is out of date. To be the hero of a balcony scene, at least one of two things is demanded. One must wear the garb of picturesque antiquity or, failing in that, one must carry a sword. It is a choice of costume or custom. If you wear the ancient clothes, you may, if you like, omit the sword, because the audience will take it for granted you have one at the castle; but if you choose to be a modern Romeo, you must still take the point of view, act according to the ethics, and transfer to the present day at least one robust custom of

tribute to this loveliest of love-scenes. Nothing more can be said which is not an impertinence. "Whatever," says Schlegel, "is most intoxicating in the odor of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose," is summed up in this matchless gem of dramatic writing. For myself, I love the coquetry of this episode; for after all, the coquetry saves it from being in some degree maudlin. Both lovers have grown verbally hysterical in their exchange of compliments, and Juliet has told Romeo that she gave her heart to him



Photograph by Byron.

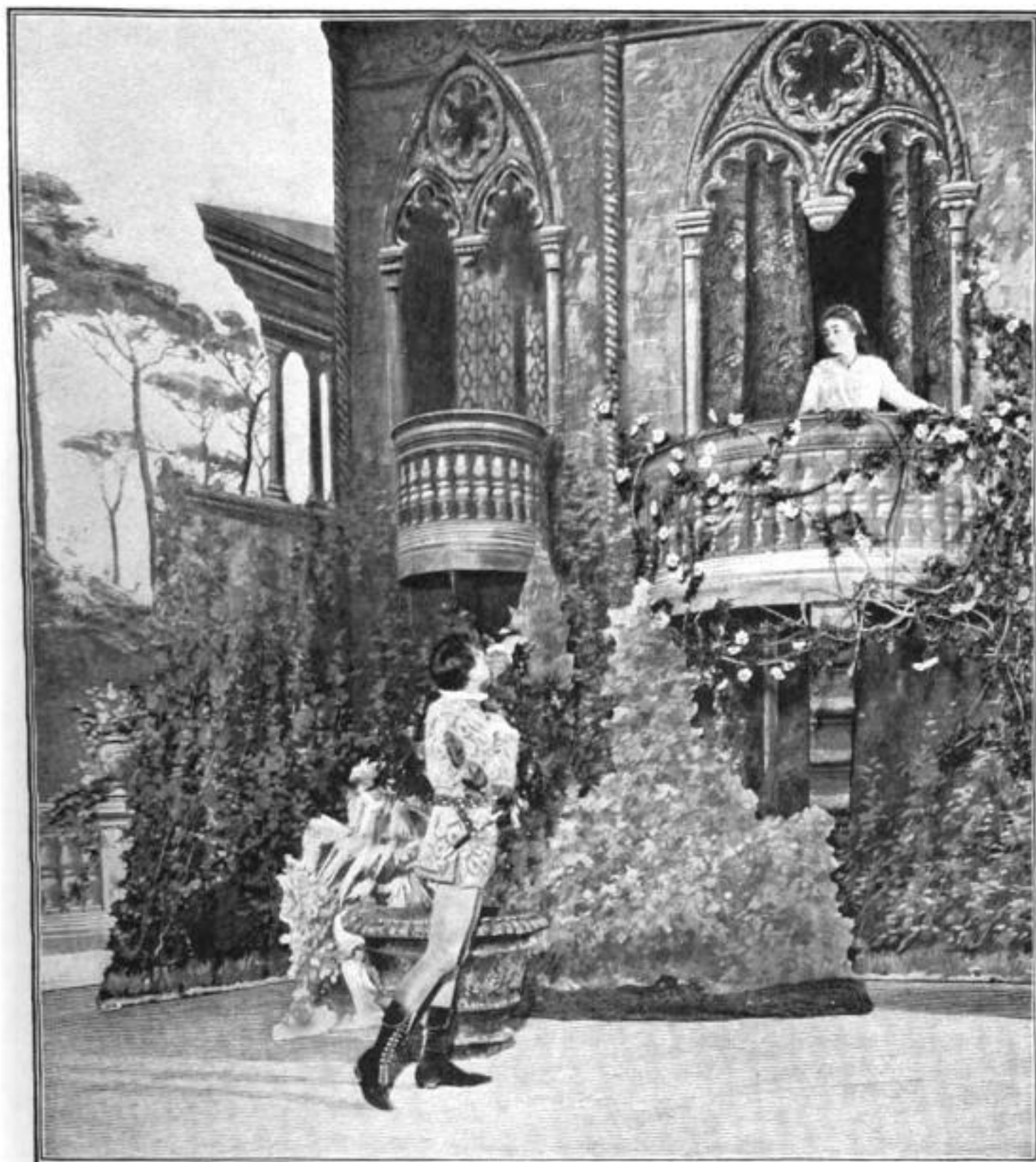
GERTRUDE AND CHARLES COGHLAN IN "THE ROYAL BOX."

the ancients—you must have your sword in evidence. Indeed, you may rack your memory but I challenge you to point out a single balcony scene in which the hero wears neither cloak, weapon nor brass buttons. You see, the balcony scene is to the stage what the sonnet is to poetry; it is a lovely but arbitrary form, to be employed reverently and only by those writers who can live up to its traditions.

Of course, the standard of these traditions is the scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Three centuries of commentators have ravished the language for words fit to pay

before he had requested it; then she baits her hook by adding, "And yet I would it were to give again."

"Wouldst thou withdraw it?" demands Romeo, and thus with a fresh start Juliet can reply, "But to be frank and give it thee again." Then, the nurse calling her, she leaves the balcony, pausing, however, to whisper down to Romeo, "Stay but a little, I will come again." And back she comes. Again the nurse interrupts, and again Juliet retires, bidding her lover "a thousand times good-night!" Hardly has Romeo started to walk away when again he



Photograph by Byron.

MAUD ADAMS AND WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

hears from the balcony the voice of Miss Capulet, "Hist! Romeo! hist!"

"My dear?" he inquires, with some curiosity, to which the lady falteringly responds (and this is the master-touch of the interview, I think), "I have forgot why I did call thee back." Then follows the lovely twaddle:

"*Romeo*: Let me stand here till thou remember it.

"*Juliet*: I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I love thy company.

"*Romeo*: And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget.

Forgetting any other home but this."

The odor of spring, the song of the nightingale and the opening of the rose are well, but this sort of fond fooling is for me the salt of the whole dish.

It took more than two hundred years for the development of a man who could compose a balcony scene in any sense rivaling Shakespeare's. Mr. Rostand's achievement in the third act of "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" does, in fact, go a step farther than the master in many respects. It is more germane to the action of the play, more ingenious, more dramatic, more moving



Photograph by Byron.

EDITH BARKER AND CHAUNCEY OLCOTT IN "GARRETT O'MAGH."

throughout. Romeo never spoke more beautifully than this, for example:

"I love thee! I am mad! I love, I stifle!
Thy name is in my heart as in a sheep-bell,
And as I ever tremble, thinking of thee,
Ever the bell shakes, ever thy name ringeth."

Or this:

"Have words of mine the power
To make you tremble—throned there in the
branches?
Aye, like a leaf among the leaves, you tremble!
You tremble! For I feel—an if you will it,
Or will it not—your hand's beloved trembling
Thrill through the branches down your sprays of
jasmine!"

Here Cyrano kisses passionately one of the hanging tendrils. The only element the scene lacks (or the play, either, for that matter,) is truth. Rostand himself in this very scene makes Roxane ask, "But wit? But wit? I say——" to which Cyrano replies:

"In love, 'tis crime—'tis hateful!
Turning frank loving into subtle fencing!"

And yet that is what Rostand's lack of humor leads him into doing from beginning to end. He makes Roxane's love for Christian depend upon his supposed

ability to make "smart" speeches to her—a condition which not the brightest woman who ever lived could place upon the winning of her heart. He makes the man who loves her try his best to make her love the other man, which is totally and grotesquely absurd. And he tries to make this effort seem virtuous, when it is profoundly immoral.

Apart from this, much as one is moved to admiration of Rostand's exquisite lines and "clever fencing" with words,

ing at artificial surroundings, makes us at times take delightedly to the primeval woods, so in the theater the child-heart welcomes an escape from subtleties. "From cleverness, smartness, epigrams and all the vanities of dramatic art," it cries, "good Lord deliver us!" But it finds all of these things in Rostand's play. And so, while the balcony scene in "Cyrano" ranks second, doubtless, to that in "Romeo," it is only by reason of its technique, for truth and the simplicity which appeals of



Photograph by Ryron.

JULIA MARLOWE AND ROBERT TABER IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

and the involved situation of this episode of the balcony, one still misses something from the scene. Rather, perhaps something has been added which one does not welcome to the romance of it. I have remarked that romance is elemental in its appeal to us; we like it because its motives are simple, its passions ingenuous, its virtues and its vices free of puzzling mutual alliances. We like it because the simplicity of the childhood of the race is still within us; and, as the old instinct, revolt-

itself to the heart are lacking. But, perhaps, to the average Gallic mind a perfect technique is sufficient.

It is surprising to note in how many of the lately successful plays the balcony scene has been employed. It seems to have a strange fascination for the playwright. Even so persistent a realist in effort as Mr. Fitch could not resist it in "Barbara Frietchie." And in spite of the modernity of the play, it is all there, "Romeo and Juliet" up to—well, up to

1864; there is the feud, the Southern girl and the Northern man, the defiance of family prejudice, the compact of love, the throwing down of a flower to the lover, and even a Friar Laurence in the shape of the country parson in the next village. And I have always admired the touch of tragic destiny which, at the last, enacts the death of Barbara on this same balcony.

I said I liked the coquetry of Shakespeare's scene better than the passion of it; it is possible to have this preference because the two are never confused in the utterances of Romeo and Juliet. But if you like your coquetry and your passion mixed as irrevocably as the cream in your coffee, or as the Irish metaphor you will hear, you must witness the balconyscene in Chauncey Olcott's "Garrett O'Magh."

There isn't a suggestion of a sigh for the unattainable from the beginning to the end of this charming Irish romance. It is the most optimistic love-scene that ever was written. Garrett is such a broth of a boy, and is so sure of the lady, that he even winks confidentially at the audience as if to say, "Watch me divil the darlin' a bit—ho, ho!" And she is so sure of him that she takes his "divilment" in the greatest humor and throws it back with

some of her own to boot; so that the dialogue is a sort of rollicking pillow-fight. And it is clever, and so Irish! Jocular in its passion, passionate only in its mischief!

This glance at balcony scenes would be incomplete without referring to that enacted by Miss Blanche Bates and Mr. James O'Neill in the latter's version of "The Musketeers." Here, too, the balcony has

its inevitable effect—a love-scene. Indeed, even the usually ruthless burlesque which has pulled down so many dramatic idols has left the balconyscene unharmed, and in vaudeville also the balcony calls forth a song whose motif is love rather than the familiar jocular ballad.

Miss Henrietta Crossman and Mr. Boucicault in "Mistress Nell" also make use of the balcony in the pretty scene where King Charles comes to keep

his lover's tryst with Nell Gwynn.

I speak here of the performers rather than of the dramatic or literary merits of the scenes, because the latter could neither make nor mar either play, and I mention them only to show the unwithered charm of the old device; it is the one time-honored episode of the stage whose peculiar grace, like that of the minuet, can never be anything but a joy.



Photograph by Byron.

JULIA MARLOWE AND G. H. GILMORE IN "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."



To show the thralldom in which the poetry of the greatest of balcony scenes holds an audience, one needs only to recall the lamented Charles Coghlan's employment of it in "The Royal Box." It will be remembered that he devised a situation for this play in which the hero, an actor, is discovered in the rôle of Romeo speaking the lines of the balcony scene—a play within a play—while some of the char-

acters, among them one he hates, are watching him from a proscenium box. The action of the play requires the hero to lose his self-control at sight of his enemy, to stop short in his lines as Romeo and to denounce the villain from the stage. Now "The Royal Box" is a strong play and this happens at its moment of greatest suspense; but after Mr. Coghlan spoke the first few words of Shakespeare one forgot



Photograph by Byron.

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN AND AUBREY BOUCICAULT IN "MISTRESS NELL."

the tension of the main play in the poetry of the other and wished that the rest might be the rest of "Romeo and Juliet." One felt a positive sense of resentment when the beautiful lines were cut short and would willingly have let the story of

"The Royal Box" remain unfinished. It was because, while the plot which borrowed the poet's words was ingenious in a high degree, the words themselves, reaching beyond our curiosity, touched the ineffable mystery of our affections.



A HOUSEBOAT—THE MODERN PALACE.

BY DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

WILD, wandering gipsy under the greenwood shade is not more care-free than the law-abiding, matter-of-fact American citizen who lays him down to sleep in his own houseboat. He is the water nomad—the houseboatman. He does not cast anchor for long in one haven, however beautiful that haven may be. His is the gospel of drift. He is here at sunrise, but he hasn't the faintest idea in the world on what unfamiliar shore his craft may be moored before the edge of the moon peeps above the watery horizon. For just so soon as the water gipsy has drunk his fill of the beauties and pleasures of one scene, he weighs anchor, unties the rope, puts his shoulder to the long sweep and with a hearty will pushes his floating habitation where fancy or caprice beckons, or he may allow it to drift with the current until it finds a resting-place on some peaceful strand.

He is a novice yet in houseboating, this plain, matter-of-fact American citizen, and is only now awaking to the possibilities which our coasts and inland lakes, canals and rivers, offer for this pleasure. The first American houseboat worthy of the name is that which was built for Mr. Pierre Lorillard some few years ago. It was towed along the east coast of Florida,

in and out of the long land-locked lagoons, until it entered the Indian River, where it found an anchorage.

The black ship of a bloodthirsty pirate could hardly have created more excitement, and certainly would not have aroused so much curiosity as this strange little craft, this "house built on a boat," this "gipsy wagon on a raft," as it was variously and facetiously dubbed. It had not ceased to be a seven days' wonder when there was anchored alongside of it one day another similar-looking vessel, which proved to be, not a houseboat, as was first supposed, but a stableboat filled with thoroughbreds.

The idea at once became an inspiration, and each succeeding winter has found more and more of these craft in Southern waters, until they have now ceased to be regarded as a curiosity, but are rather claiming that interested and intelligent attention which is their due as the most important forthcoming pleasure institution.

Houseboating has been an aristocratic English institution for more than a hundred years. But the idea is older even than that. The houseboat in crude form has existed almost as long as civilization itself. Marco Polo found it in China, and millions of the population of Burmah and India are born, live and die in floating habitations

which closely resemble the thatched huts of their landmen brothers.

The houseboat as we see it in the South coast waters to-day—the square-cornered, slow-moving craft, which it must be confessed is not always a thing of beauty, though undeniably a joy forever—first made its appearance in the River Thames. Here the primitive, self-preservative instinct of the flood-ridden Burmese coolie and the Hindoo pariah has developed into the luxury of princes and nobles. The houseboat is to-day one of the most permanent and important institutions of fashionable English life. It is a concomitant part of the social machinery of Mayfair, as important a factor indeed to the pleasure-lov-

house, or rather open houseboat. It is no unpretentious entertaining that the Britisher does in his floating residence during Henley Week. His great retinue of servants is there in full force—butlers and footmen and grooms. There are elaborate dinner-parties in the long, gorgeously furnished saloon. There is music in the spacious drawing-rooms. On deck the beaux and belles of the empire step through the mazes of the cotillion, or wander through those tropic gardens which give the boat the appearance of a vast floating island to beholders on the shores.

The houseboat as a pleasure-craft has many advantages over any other style of vessel. The most important considerations

are those of cost and of danger, either of which, as compared with the like on the steam-yacht, is infinitesimally small. Only the millionaire, and multimillionaire at that, can afford the extravagance of a well-appointed and properly manned steam-yacht, and in no other kind is it safe to venture out to open sea. Unlike the yachtsman, the houseboatman is not at the mercy of a crew. He is his own



A SMALL HOUSEBOAT ON THE TOMOKA RIVER.

ing Britisher as is his great house in Portman Square, or his ancestral country-seat, or his hunting-lodge in Scotland, or his yacht off Cowes.

Considering the unrivaled opportunities which America offers, both on the coast and in inland lakes and streams, for this form of pleasure, it seems remarkable that there should not yet be one single houseboat to compare with the palatial floating structures with which the shores of the upper Thames are literally lined during Henley Week. On the occasion of the annual regatta it seems as if all London had come up to live on houseboats. It is the world of fashion on water. It is the portable Venice.

My Lord and Lady, his Grace the Duke, and her Serene Highness, all keep open

captain and his own navigator, and if needs be, his own cook. He is the most independent man on the face of the waters. His stanch little houseboat can push in where the most trustworthy yacht could not and would not dare to venture.

The most beautiful waters in America are inaccessible to the ocean-going yacht, be it steam or sailing. The long, shallow bays and lagoons, land-locked by the keys of shifting sands, are strangers to all but the fishermen with their flat-bottomed punts. The yachtsman casts a longing eye at the labyrinth of bays, inlets and bayous, whose glassy waters are shadowed by primeval foliage. He knows that these waters are full of fish. The banks invite exploration, but his experienced eye, as



A CANADIAN HOUSEBOAT.

well as his chart, shows that there is no depth of water sufficient for the passage of his deep-laden craft. On the approach of a sudden storm these natural havens of shelter become a menace to the average yachtsman.

Not so to the owner of a houseboat. He can sail on any waters that will support the drifting wreckage of the sea. He is careless of the changing of the tides. When the waters recede, his boat reposes on an even keel, and he can dig clams or pursue the playful crab until the deep respiration of the sea sends the incoming tide over sand and shoal. The panorama of the endless shores of old ocean can be

examined at leisure by the scenic pirate who owns a modern houseboat.

Great numbers of cheaply constructed houseboats are now anchored along the Indian River and in the near-by lagoons. Some of them represent an outlay of about five hundred dollars, while others will run up into the thousands and are as spacious and quite as luxurious in appointment as the brownstone house in town.

I have in mind one of these houseboats which I will describe. It belongs to two energetic young Yankee women, of small fortune but fertile resources of brain. These girls, who have been obliged to spend their winters in Florida for the past ten

years, owing to the ill health of the elder sister. For eight years they were obliged to put up with the more or less uncomfortable quarters to be obtained in the second- or third-rate boarding-house. One day the houseboat idea suggested itself. A fifty-foot scow was offered for sale in a neighboring shipyard. It was an old tub, and was leaking badly, but in its day had been a stout craft. They bought it for fifty dollars and spent another twenty-five dollars in repairs. A contractor agreed to build them a three-room cabin on top of the flat hull for two hundred dollars. The specifications for the structure were:—

The sides were to be built flush with the sides of the scow. The boat was to extend three feet aft of the rear-end elevation and seven feet forward. The forty feet remaining for house purposes was divided into three compartments, each of which measured twelve feet deep. The ten feet nearest the bow of the vessel was partitioned off for a galley or kitchen, the middle room served as a bed-chamber, and the room aft made a

cheerful sitting- and dining-room combined. The contract provided for a stout railing to run around the flat roof, or deck. It also called for awning-poles and a flagstaff to be erected thereon, as well as a companionway leading from the "roof-garden," or upper deck, down to the forward deck, or "front porch," as those features of nautical architecture were termed by the matter-of-fact landswomen.

The boat completed and ready for occupancy thus cost exactly two hundred and seventy-five dollars. To this add another hundred dollars which was expended for light, simple furniture, and for two heavy anchors, and you have the total cost of one of the most picturesque and withal com-

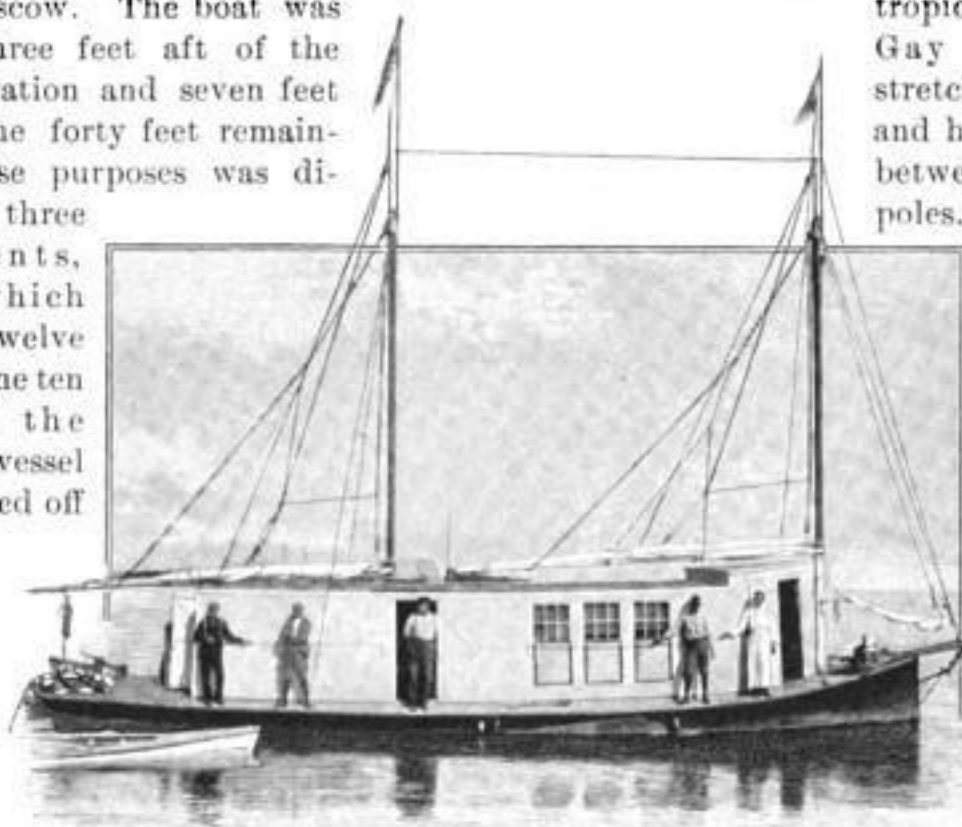
fortable houseboats to be found on the Indian River.

Five months of the year are spent by these young women on board this quaint vessel, and in it they have traversed the Florida coast from St. Augustine to the Keys, stopping a week here and a week there, now anchored in the shade of a cypress-forest, now drifting past mile after mile of deep, verdant savannas, now lying on quiet shoals in the delicate perfume wafted from orange-groves and magnolia-gardens.

One of the most delightful features of the vessel just described is the roof-garden on deck. Here plants and flowers grow in

tropical profusion. Gay awnings are stretched overhead and hammocks strung between the awning-poles. The deck-

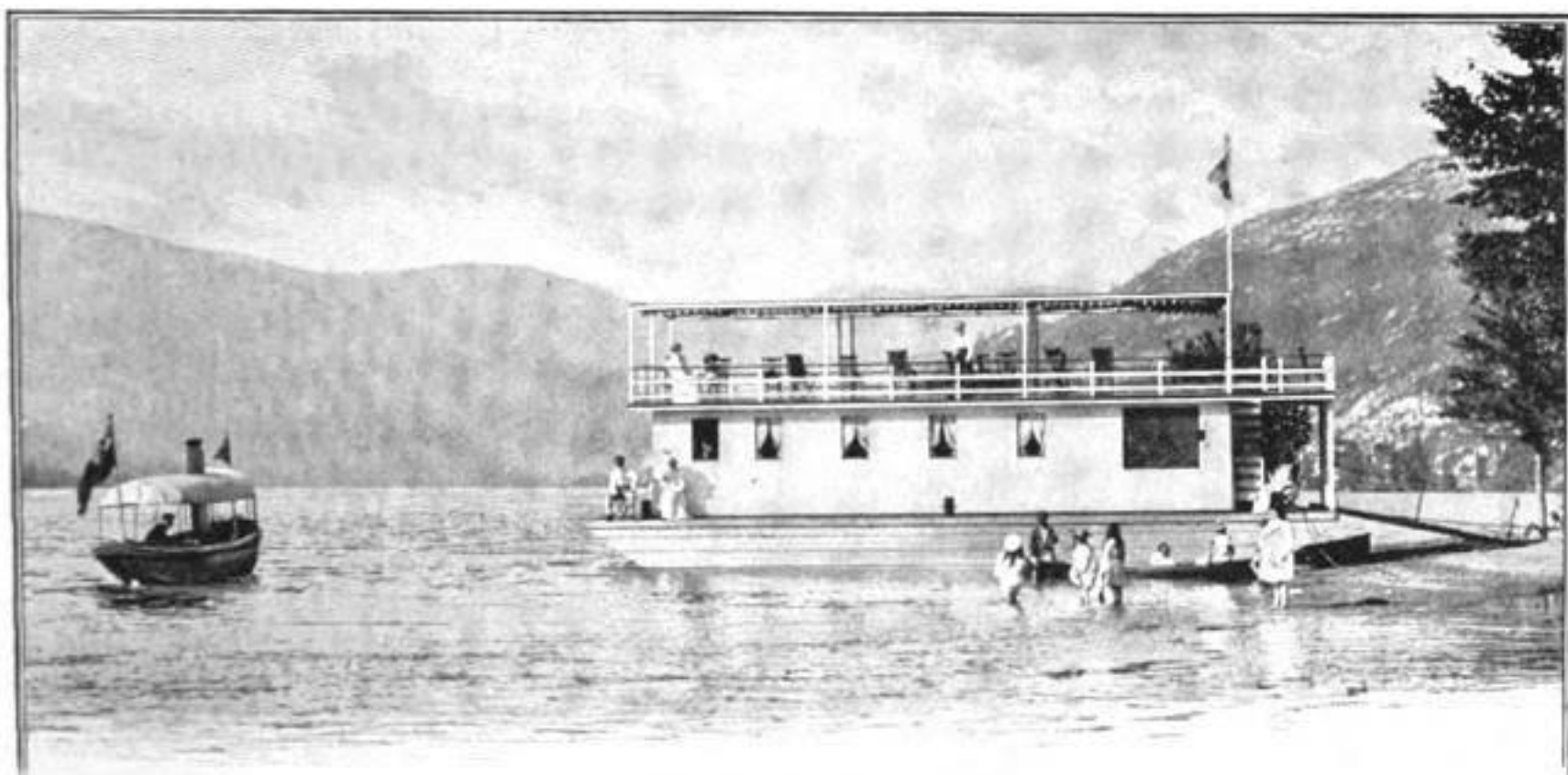
garden is the houseboat-man's paradise. Here happy people read or write or sew by day, and sing songs and play the guitar and mandolin and tell stories in the soft Southern winter night under the stars.



A FLOATING PHOTOGRAPH-GALLERY ON THE INDIAN RIVER.

The more venturesome of the houseboat-men, when they have grown weary of the quiet of the sluggish lagoon, trail out into the ocean and thence to Lake Worth and into Biscayne Bay, through the Cards Sound and along the tropic shores of Key Largo; drifting in and out of the intricate maze of the upper Florida Keys; skirting the fringe of the untrodden Mangrove Swamp; rounding Northwest Cape and floating into the White River Bay, and from there right into the heart of the Everglades.

A floating photograph-gallery and a floating dental office are well patronized by the houseboat residents, as well as by winter colonists on land. For next season there is promised a migratory dressmaking and



ON THE KOOTENAY RIVER.

millinery establishment, as well as a manicure and hairdressing parlor.

But the Florida coast is not the only region in the United States which offers itself to the houseboat enthusiast. Within twenty-five miles of the New York City Hall there is ten times the extent of coastline available for houseboating that exists in the vicinity of any other great capital, not excepting "dear old Lunnun" herself and her vaunted Thames. The New Yorker can sail out of the bay in his cozy houseboat and find pleasant waters and peaceful havens all along the Connecticut coast and north shore of Long Island as far as Sag Harbor. He may creep as far north as Minas Basin and the Grand Pré of Nova Scotia, or even to Belle Isle and the east coast of Labrador. Or, he can traverse the Hudson its entire length, cut through the canal to Lake Champlain, and thence to Montreal and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

The perfecting of the small and inexpensive type of engine with gasoline or naphtha as its generating power has been due to the

pressing necessities of the automobile. As a result, the owner or prospective owner of the houseboat finds the problem of power already solved. The compact little engines which so swiftly propel the various types of automobiles are of sufficient power to give speed to the ordinary houseboat. There is no waste of power. Sufficient gasoline can be safely stored in bulkheads at the forward end of the boat to last for an extended cruise, and there is no risk worthy of consideration. Like the sailing yachtsman, the houseboatman is the willing victim of the changing water and the capricious winds. He asks for but enough power to combat with the ordinary marine obstacles, in his search for new and untrodden pathways and the virgin beauties of nature.

To the true lover of nature in her calm

and quiet moods there is nothing more picturesque than some canals of the United States. Perhaps the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal as it follows the Potomac River from Washington to Cumberland is as grand in scenery as any. The ragged crags of the Point of



THE DECK OF AN INDIAN RIVER HOUSEBOAT.

Rocks, the massy grandeur of Maryland Heights, the superb beauties of Harper's Ferry, where the waters of the Shenandoah meet the Potomac on its way to the sea, are but a few of the glories along the line of this historic canal. A mule is the best motive-power on a canal, for the swash from a propeller wears down the strongest banks.

On this canal the jaded man of business can spend a week or ten days gliding almost imperceptibly, parallel with one of the grandest rivers in the world, sleeping in commodious apartments, breathing the pure air of the mountains and absorbing the beauties of a prodigal nature.

The waters around New York will in the near future have their villages of houseboats. Permanent places of anchorage can be

streams within the boundaries of the United States that are especially adapted for houseboats. The increased popularity of water sports during recent years has led to the building and equipment of a number of handsome ones on the great inland waters of British Columbia. A small fleet of such craft was constructed and launched on the Kootenay Lake and River, of that province, by an enterprising railroad company. The boats are rented to tourists attracted to the region by its shooting and fishing facilities.

The most magnificent modern houseboat ever built was that constructed for the late Czar of Russia by a firm of Clyde shipbuilders. It was literally a floating palace, large enough to entertain a hundred



HENLEY WEEK ON THE THAMES.

established in the island-dotted waters of the sound between Long Island and the mainland of New York and Connecticut.

It will probably be found feasible to establish various public utilities as these villages increase in size and importance. A system of street-lighting with electric lamps suspended from ornamental buoys could be maintained at small expense. A marine police could safeguard these houseboats against the depredations of river pirates. It would be an easy matter to establish telephone connections with the public houseboats or even with separate houseboats when they are at anchor. Similar luxuries and conveniences will naturally suggest themselves and exercise ingenuity and taste.

There are numberless inland lakes and

guests. Its decks were hanging gardens of tropic gorgeousness, and in the midst of these gardens silvery fountains shot up to dizzy heights, birds sang and bees hummed. The vessel was put in commission on the Black Sea for the private use of the imperial family.

The houseboat will become gradually the greatest factor in solving the problem of what to do with one's summer. It does away with the rent of a building site. Change of scene can be had without the discomfort of travel and packing. Wind and tide or a cheaply hired mule will bring your modern palace where you will. Health and comfort—the maximum luxury at the minimum cost—these the houseboat places within the reach of every one.

THE ART OF ELLEN TERRY.

BY BRAM STOKER.

THE place of Ellen Terry in the history of her art has been won by great gifts used with much skill and consistent effort. She has a power of pathos which passes beyond the bounds of art, and manifests itself as an endowment of especial excellence. The exercise of such a gift implies the existence of another quality—

sincerity; for though art may not enable a person naturally without power to achieve a high place within its range, the want of it can deny to any one the reaching of its highest point, and in art the truth is all in all. The pregnant phrase of Pope, "Nature to advantage dressed," is an epitome of its scope and limitations. For art is not of necessity creative; its etymology shows that

its purpose is rather to construct out of complete materials than to nucleate particles from the beginning. In fact, the word art, in its original meaning, "to join," shows that the artist is a joiner. An actor's work is both creative and artistic; but every expression of it given, beyond the first presentation, is of necessity

purely artistic. It is achieved by means of an organized effort, carried out with intention, self-guidance and restraint. Thus it is that what at times may seem a very whirlwind of passion, or an abyss of despair, is regulated and controlled by intention and by guiding principles as marked and definite as those which fix the bounds

of the work of the painter, or the sculptor, or the architect. As the actor deals with the complex and varying emotions of humanity, his material is of endless variety; but still, even as the shape of humanity is fixed within certain lines so that although individuals differ the type remains constant, so the work of the artist, although capable of an endless varying of expression, must remain



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF MISS TERRY AS PORTIA.

within typical bounds. When this reticence is observed by an artist of any kind, his work is accepted critically as true and exercises on those to whom it appeals the power which only truth and sincerity can achieve. Ellen Terry's early training had much to do with the development of her nature in her art. Sprung



AS FAIR ROSAMUND.

ural emotion, or else the labor to both teacher and pupil is ineffective and evanescent. When she was very young, Ellen Terry made her appearance as Mamilius in "A Winter's Tale," with a tiny triumphal car as a toy. It would almost seem as if nature in a mood of prophecy had thus typified the honors of her afterlife.

In her earlier years she had a whole world of experience, and great artists like Mrs. Charles Kean took endless pains with her. Whilst Ellen was still a little girl, she and her elder sister Kate played as child-actresses with very considerable success. The experience thus gained in playing a range of parts otherwise impossible to her, served her in good stead later on in life; for though a child may not at the time understand to the full the words which it speaks or the emotions it may have to portray, the effect of the necessary study remains, and the fuller understanding comes with larger experience of life.

When as a very young woman Ellen Terry began to win her place with the public, her artistic charm seemed to have full scope and opportunity through her artistic training. She was not hampered at every turn by awkwardness incidental to a lack of knowledge of the differences of stage perspective compared with that of

from a theatrical family, she was from the first in contact with the exercise of stage-craft. The youngest child may be drilled into imitative effort; but such effort must be in large measure consistent with nat-

ordinary life. For it must never be forgotten that on the stage the measure of things is different from that in use off it. In fact, for critical accuracy there should be a quantitative as well as a qualitative analysis of stage fare. In the glare of the footlights and amid the surroundings, both implied and actual, of stage effect, the painter's perspective is sharper than that taught in the schools, and the "vanishing-point" is closer to the beholder than it would be in a landscape. In a world where everything must be enlarged or intensified or concentrated to suit dramatic exigencies, ordinary conditions are out of place and do not seem true to nature. Every art has its own necessary conditions. Art is not to *be* real, it is to *seem* real; and although the

artist must understand the reality of things so that he may work to an ideal end, he must use the prototype as something to be represented rather than as something to be reproduced. In the mere matter of sound alone, the theater requires a greater force than is necessary elsewhere under conditions of seeming similarity: an actor therefore must



AS OPHELIA.



MISS TERRY AND SIR HENRY IRVING IN "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."



MISS TERRY AT THIRTY.

have a voice that can carry. Mere volume of voice is not sufficient; nor does it suffice that the method of speaking be cultured and natural. Both are necessary, if the deadening effect of a couple of thousand persons breathing in an opposite direction to the speaker is to be overcome. These mechanical difficulties must be mastered if success is to be achieved, and actors soon learn the limits of their physical powers. I do not know any better lesson for a young artist than to study Ellen Terry's method of delivery—such a speech as, for instance, Portia's "Quality of Mercy" in "The Merchant of Venice," or the little poem, "Rainbow, Stay," in Tennyson's "Becket." In each of these, every condition of truth and fineness is observed as perfectly as though speaker and auditor were alone in a drawing-room; but there is a power behind the expression which amplifies and intensifies it indefinitely. From the stage there is a surprising volume of sound—sound articulated, modulated, varied with every thought passing through the speaker's mind, but still sufficient to fill the vast expanse of a theater and penetrate to every corner of it, conveying all the while the minutest purpose of both the poet and his interpreter.

In every other way as well as with regard

to sound, the requirements of the stage necessitate an enlargement of ordinary methods; and with all these the skilled actor must be thoroughly acquainted. These things are not to be adequately learned in a day, or a month, or a year. "Art is long" and it is, or should be, patient; for the lessons of it are endless. The performer on the stage must be so familiar with its needs, especially where these differ from ordinary life, that given a sense of environment, he will instinctively fit himself to his surroundings; and to this end time, and practice, and repetition are necessary. The mere technique is endless. For we must remember that on the stage it is not sufficient that the work be done in the round, like that of a sculptor. Every action, every pose, every gesture, every movement, has to be fitted to a condition of things which makes only one side of



AN EARLY PORTRAIT.



AS QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA IN "CHARLES I."

them visible; the whole of the routine of life has to be adapted to the conditions of a framed picture which can be seen from only one point of view. On the stage, while an actor is visible at all, the part of his body which can be seen is alone able to convey its lesson to the spectator's eye. In the old days when candles and oil-lamps did what they could to dissipate the gloom of a great play-house, most of the actors, recognizing the fact that without light they were lost, tried to arrange themselves in a row down on the footlights and there by face and gesture convey their intentions to the audience. But time and science have changed all this, and now the actor while "on" has to be *en évidence* even though it be as a listener, or a sleeper, or a corpse; it is required of him that even at such times he shall be true to his part and do no violence to the essential conditions of these exemplifications of repose. When therefore we consider the extraordinary number and variety of conditions, sometimes antagonistic to natural surroundings, and sometimes differing from them in varying degrees, and when we remember that all these must be held in mind from first to last by the player so that he may be able to force home illusion to the minds of the audience by counterbalancing the restrictions under which he

works, we may get some idea of the manifold excellence of mind necessary for a great actor. Passion and coolness, purpose and premeditation, instinctive readiness to recognize and to conform to accidental conditions, all these are antecedent to success and entirely exclusive of those creative and mimetic powers which go to form the personal equipment necessary for success. Through all these difficulties and studied differences Ellen Terry has held perpetually before her eyes the great exemplar, nature, and each artistic end has been achieved by nature's methods.

The range of her parts has been very wide, and she has won success in many fields. When, as the Wandering Heir in Charles Reade's play founded on his story of the same name, she burst with all her charm upon the public, they thought that Peg Woffington had come again, for never had so winsome a girl become so fascinating a boy; and when later on she played Olivia in Wills's version of "The Vicar



AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."



Photograph by Byron.

MISS TERRY AND SIR HENRY IRVING IN "ROBESPIERRE."

of Wakefield," she carried the pathos of tragedy into the sublime. Those—and they are many—who have seen her in the third act, where Squire Thornhill unfolds to her the base story of his deception and her own betrayal, can never forget the ring of horrified amazement as she repeats the phrase, "The truth?" or the chastened tone of her despair as, after striking him on his endeavoring to embrace her, she sinks back in her seat with the wail of self-regretting anguish, "Lost—lost even my womanliness!" For this sweetness of disposition, even under terrible adversity, we are prepared from the outset of the play; the manifest sym-

pathy between father and daughter can come only from hearts bubbling with light and love.

In the course of her artistic life Ellen Terry has played not only a great range of parts, but a great number of them, even exclusive of her early working years, when a young actor plays many parts of no special importance. It is by great work that an actor, or indeed any artist, is finally judged. When one person can play Lady Macbeth and Viola ("Twelfth Night"); Ophelia, Desdemona and Volu-
lumnia; Beatrice, Portia and Cordelia; Rosamund and Madame Sans-Gêne; Margaret, Nance Oldfield and Lucy Ashton,



AS FAIR ROSAMUND.



MISS TERRY AND HER SON, MR. GORDON CRAIG,
IN "THE DEAD HEART."

and can illuminate and adorn them one and all, each with its own suitable qualities and excellences, there can be no doubt as to her command of the resources of her art or as to the varying nature of her powers.

In some special characters she has made a place in art that is all her own—for instance, Iolanthe in "King René's Daughter" (rechristened "Iolanthe" in Wills's version) or Ellaline in Calmour's poetic play, "The Amber Heart." In the former of these, her portrayal of the blind girl is full of delicate beauty; every touch and turn and word, every gesture and movement, is simply incarnate grace and sweetness. In the latter, pathos is carried to its limit; the sorrows of loss and the joys of gaining are exemplified with a depth of feeling which has more force with the imagination or the reason than fairy romance or the most argumentative of problem plays.

It is, however, in plays abounding in life that Ellen Terry has most personal delight. Her own nature here answers most willingly to the calls of her art. Her Beatrice, for instance, is a creature of vitality in whose veins run, together with the red blood, special corpuscles of fun. "I was born in a merry hour," she says to

Don Pedro, and in almost every moment of her appearance during the play she makes her audience aware of the fact in a more eloquent way than by the speaking of Shakespeare's words. As should be in all good comedies, the effect of the fun or humor is brightened by a contrast, and a comedienne to be great must rise to the height of the larger emotions. In "Much Ado About Nothing" there is such a contrast, and this particular actress rises in it to a sublime height. The scene is where in the church her cousin is affronted by Claudio. Beatrice is full of generous rage at the baseness of the insult, and of pity for the young girl so wounded to the heart. Burning with passion and weeping with compassion, she strides about the stage railing at Claudio's conduct and upbraiding Benedick for his tardiness of revenge; till finally her "O that I were a man!" brings her bashful lover at once within the range of her love and her purpose of revenge. To see Ellen Terry play this scene is an enlightenment as to a woman's powers—of charm and passion, of pity and love, of cajolery and hate.

From "Much Ado About Nothing" to "Madame Sans-Gêne" is a far cry, and yet in both somewhat the same qualities are required. The age is different, the country is different—in fact, all the con-



MISS TERRY AND MRS. STIRLING IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

ditions of nationality, epoch, social quality, length of years, training and equipment are varied; and yet such is the expression of essential womanhood in both that the grouping of these two characters well serves to illustrate the truth of Kipling's quaint phrase,

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins!"

An instance of the way in which the acting of a play grows may be taken from Ellen Terry's playing in "*Madame Sans-Gêne*." At the first presentation of a play the characters are seldom so thoroughly elaborated as is afterward the case; familiarity with the part allows a competent actor to add to the minutiae, especially in such matters as belong to the differentia of the character. In the play in question, the washerwoman-Duchess is

having a lesson from a professor of the choreographic art. The business of the play requires her to be awkward in her attempts at dancing, and the actress is awkward—delightfully awkward, with an assumption of ungainliness which to a naturally graceful woman must mean study

and intention of no small degree. She has put on a long riding-habit in order to become accustomed to manipulate her court-train in the dance, and is so much troubled with it that finally she tucks it over her arm whilst she is learning how to take the steps.

The train keeps slipping off her arm and has to be perpetually replaced, and the episode is a cause of much boisterous amusement. For many nights, both in London and the provinces, this scene was given without any change except such small matters as are necessitated by the accidents of the moment.

One night in a great manufacturing city (she was playing the part with even more than her usual verve. She was lost in the assumed character so thoroughly that it was real to her, and the ex-washerwoman, with her mind harassed and worried by the trying conditions of her artificial court-life, instinctively returned to the habits of her youth. In a moment of abstraction, finding the fat coil of stuff across her arm, she instinctively began *to wring it out*. The response of the audience was elec-



AS LADY MACBETH.



AS CORDELIA.

been repeated. This instance will convey a better idea than perhaps would be done by a more important episode of the dominating truthfulness to nature of the character and instinct of the great actress.

Another instance, the latest, of her sincerity to nature is given in her acting of Volumnia in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Coriolanus." All great actors regulate their efforts so as to be consistent with their own personality; in an art of illusion it would be ridiculous to create unnecessary obstacles to the convincing of an audience.

Mrs. Siddons, for instance, who had quite other views as to the type of the character with which she had to deal, played Lady Macbeth as a dominating personality, ruling her husband with a rod of iron and compelling him to unwilling effort. She did this because she was of fine stature and commanding presence, with eyes that could blaze and features whose expression could be well seen even in the dim lighting of the play-house of a century ago. Her Volumnia, too, was of

trical; every woman—and man—who had ever seen a washtub recognized the sincerity of the action. This moment of creative instinct was recorded in the actor's mind, and the "business"—as in stage parlance anything is called which is not the words of the text—has ever since

the rugged, antique type, swaying her son's grim purposes with a larger dominance. Throughout she commanded so effectively that her stooping to beg justified the comments of her son. In this character her nature and her physique were at home; there was equal poise for both the actress and the woman. From the records, we can judge that the inflexibility of the Roman matron was conveyed by her very presence; and it is certain that at the time her method was effective. To her dark, imperial beauty, personal dominance was almost a natural attribute, and she used it throughout so effectively that from beginning to end there was no soft spot manifest in her nature. Even Volumnia's love for her proud son was based rather on her own

pride than on the joy of motherhood, and in the hands of Mrs. Siddons this singleness of nature always stood out to its full worth.

But autres temps autres mœurs. The century which has gone has given woman a truer place in the organization of the world than existed at its dawn, and



AS PORTIA.

with a wider tolerance of woman's ambitions and efforts comes a better understanding of her limitations. Neither women nor men of to-day expect a strong man to take orders, no matter how imperiously the orders are given. "Sweet reasonableness"



AS IMOGEN.



MISS TERRY TO-DAY.

has a part in the incitement to action, and especially in the persuasion to change.

For this reason, as well as to suit her own ideas and purposes, Ellen Terry has given us a different Volumnia. Without altering in meaning a single word of Shakespeare, she has vitalized his creation with her own nature. Her Volumnia is all woman; not weak woman, but woman in all her essential attributes. She has recognized that the force of such a mother was in her silence as well as in her speech; in the sweetness and common sense of her

domestic life as the mistress of a great household, as well as in those moments of haughty ambition in which she urged her great and victorious son to still greater and more victorious deeds. The end of the author is attained in each case, but by means differing as widely as the personalities of the two actresses. When we see Ellen Terry sitting in her household as a true woman must, interested in the small affairs of daily life and, after the manner of antiquity, dominating her son's wife even to gentle chiding of her fears, we realize that this is a woman who, when she does speak, will

speak to some purpose. This reading of the character is essentially true to human nature, and in its sincerity has much, and added, force in the play. When Coriolanus listens, either to her upbraiding or her beseeching, he knows that the origin, and source, and cause of it are true; and it is this feeling pushed home to the hearts of the audience, as well as to the stage character, that saves the great Roman from an instinctive judgment of vacillation on the part of

those who note in more than one instance the quick abandonment of his settled purpose.

Ellen Terry's education had a fortunate beginning. Though the lessons which a child learns at a very early age are but rarely retained in its mind as guiding principles, they are nevertheless of value if begun along natural lines. She never had



AS CLARISSE DE MAULUÇON IN "ROBESPIERRE."

to be forced to act a part or drilled to the point of fatigue, as is the case with many children. Her parts came naturally to her, and she never departed from the truth as she felt it to be in her portrayal of even the most conflicting emotions.

Indeed, the more we know of her method of stage art, both as to the conception of a character and the instinctive recognition of its place in the perspective of the play of which it is a part; of

the sincerity of her regard for the essential truthfulness of things; and of the becoming and enchanting manner in which she can convey the purpose of her mind to the senses of her audience through all the resources of a subtle and vastly various art, the more we feel that her success and honors have been justly won.



AS MARGARET.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STANDARD OIL WORKS AT BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY, JULY 5-9, 1900.

THE GREAT TEXAS OIL FIELDS.

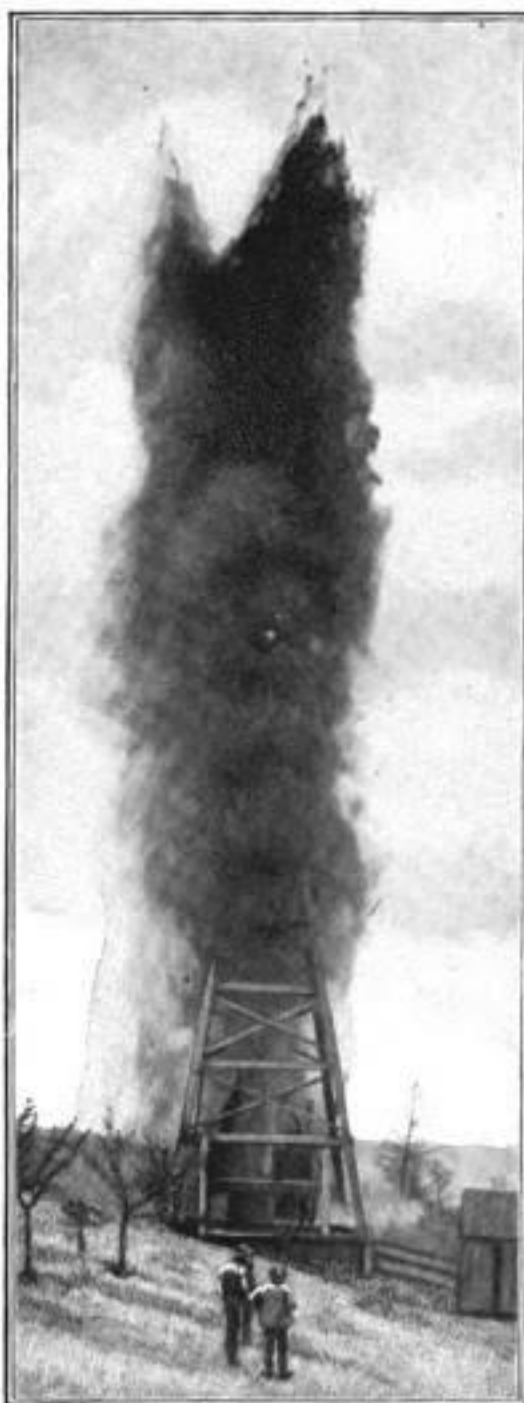
BY EDWARD RUSSELL TREHERNE.

THE great strikes of oil in southeastern Texas in the opening months of the present year bid fair to work an economic revolution the effect of which will be felt far beyond the borders of that state. The quantity of oil which now appears to be ready to hand is almost inconceivably vast. Four of the "gushers" in the Beaumont field alone, the Lucas, the Beatty, the Haywood and the Higgins, with a flow of from 20,000 to 70,000 barrels a day each, have an output twice as great as that of all the wells in Pennsylvania; and, taking the output of all its wells at a modest estimate, it is safe to say that Texas can produce as much oil in a day as all the rest of the United States in the same space of time.

If the Texas oil were of the same grade as that produced in the Eastern oil regions, the sudden uncovering of such a supply would paralyze the oil industry and might even seriously affect the wealthiest corporation the world had known before the formation of the great steel trust. But the

Standard Oil Company need have no immediate fears, for the Texas oil is of a much heavier grade than that produced by the Eastern wells. It has an asphalt, instead of a paraffin, base, and refining gives only 20 per cent. of illuminating oil, as against 70 from its Eastern rival. But the heavy residuum of the Texas oil after refinement constitutes a fuel of even greater heat-producing power than coal, and it is in this field that its future lies.

To make plain the significance of this development in Texas, it is necessary to review briefly the evolution of the oil industry in this country. Prior to 1859 it did not exist. A well bored for brine in Wayne County, Kentucky, in 1819, was abandoned as useless because of the large quantity of petroleum in it. Another dug in Cumberland County in the same state in 1827 developed the same defect, but it was subsequently exploited for its petroleum and is now one of the largest oil-producers in the Eastern region. But such petroleum as was used up to 1859 was col-



A FLOWING WELL.

In this way a bucket of oil could be secured in an hour or two.

The first improvement in the method of securing oil was made by Col. Edwin L. Drake, in May, 1859. Securing some oil-bearing land on Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, he adopted the methods of the artesian well-borer with gratifying results. He drove an iron pipe down some 60 feet through the clay and gravel to bed-rock and then bored to a depth of 71 feet, when he struck the oil-bearing stratum. The next morning the oil had risen in the pipe to within a few inches of the surface, and thereafter it was pumped out in paying quantities. Others adopted the

same tactics, and the oil industry was born. It was only an infant industry, however, and grew but slowly for the next few years. Then the oil torpedo was invented by Col. E. A. L. Roberts. He had conceived the idea while operating with his regiment in the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg in 1862, and two years later he took out a patent on it. Like many another inventor, he was made the subject of much ridicule, but he had the courage of his convictions and the first trial brought his vindication. This was in the Ladies' Well, near Titusville, Pennsylvania, where on January 21, 1865, he dropped two torpedoes. The explosion was followed by a great gush of oil and paraffin. His second experiment was in a dry well which had never produced oil. The first explosion started a flow of 20 barrels a day, and a second increased the flow fourfold. This demonstrated beyond a doubt the existence of great subterranean reservoirs of oil. At once new and tremendous possibilities were opened up to the oil operator, and the industry took on a sudden growth that has now brought it to a place among the foremost commercial interests of the country.

The present method of boring a well differs but little from that devised by Drake and Roberts. A derrick from 30 to 70 feet in height is erected over the spot where it is purposed to drill the well, and iron casing, or pipe, is driven down through the soil. Inside this the drill is operated, the casing being pushed down as the hole is lengthened, successively smaller pipe being used as greater depths



A NATURAL OIL LAKE.



A TORPEDO WAGON.

are reached, so that a 3,000-foot well may begin with 10-inch casing at the surface and end in 2½-inch pipe at the lowest level. Of course, the piping is made strong enough to resist a considerable lateral pressure, but, even so, in passing through quicksands it is often "pinched out," or collapsed. To avoid this in sinking the well that afterward became the first great Beaumont "gusher," Captain Lucas arranged an internal hydraulic pressure in the tube that counterbalanced that without. The cost of boring a well varies with the geological formation of the country, but it seldom exceeds \$8,000 for a 3,000-foot well.

When the well has reached the oil-bearing stratum, which consists of porous sand and rock, a torpedo of from one to twenty-five gallons of nitro-glycerine is carefully lowered to the bottom and discharged by dropping an iron weight, or "go-devil," on it. The resulting explosion is felt at the surface only as a slight trembling, but in the depths its effect is suddenly to drive away the oil and create a chamber in the sand or rock, into which the oil soon flows back, impelled by its own gases. It is then forced up the well-hole to the surface. I say "well-

hole" advisedly, for the casing does not always remain. When the Lucas well was "struck," the flow came with such violence that the derrick was demolished and 600 feet of 4-inch iron pipe, weighing upward of six tons, was blown a distance of 300 feet into the air, where it buckled and came down a shapeless mass. The oil geyser then quieted down into a steady flow, leaving the surface in a solid column six inches in diameter and rising to a height of 150 feet, whence it fell in a spray that deluged the surrounding country. It has been estimated that the oil came out of that hole at the rate of 50,000 barrels a day, and it was six days before the flow could be even partially controlled and three more before the well was capped and the flow stopped. In those nine days hundreds of thousands of barrels of oil flowed over the surrounding country, forming a little lake in a neighboring depres-



FILLING A TORPEDO WITH NITRO-GLYCERINE.

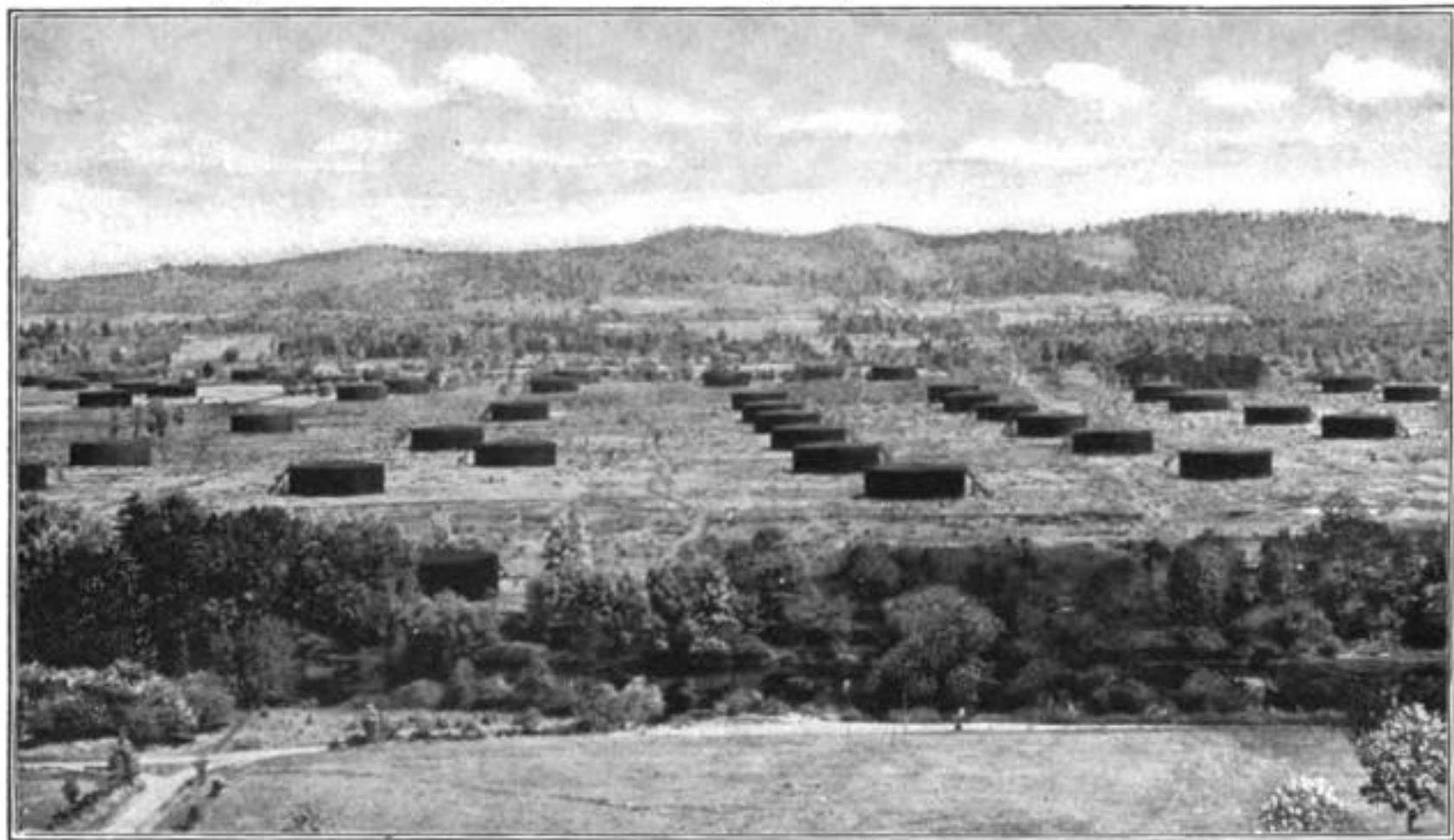
sion, from which the overflow finally found its way in a river of oil to the Gulf, some thirty-odd miles away.

The great bulk of the petroleum produced in this country is treated at refineries near great bodies of water. That from the Appalachian region is refined in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore on the Atlantic, and Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland and Sarnia on the Great Lakes. Early in the history of the industry, conveying the oil in casks was found to be too expensive, and the tank-car on the railroad and the pipe-line were devised for land transportation, and the barge and tank-ship soon appeared on lake and ocean.

The first pipe-line, laid by Samuel Van

cylinders of sheet-iron, often 30 feet high and 90 feet in diameter and possessing a capacity of 38,000 barrels.

Sometimes the oil in these tanks at the wells, at the refineries or along the intermediate pipe-lines catches fire, when a magnificent, if costly, spectacle is presented. The greatest conflagration of the kind took place on July 5, 1900, when one of the big field of tanks at Bayonne, New Jersey, was struck by lightning. Instantly there was a great blinding flash, a terrific explosion, and a vast sheet of flame roared to a towering height in the blackness of the midnight sky. The reflected light could be seen all night for miles, and by day it darkened the heavens with great

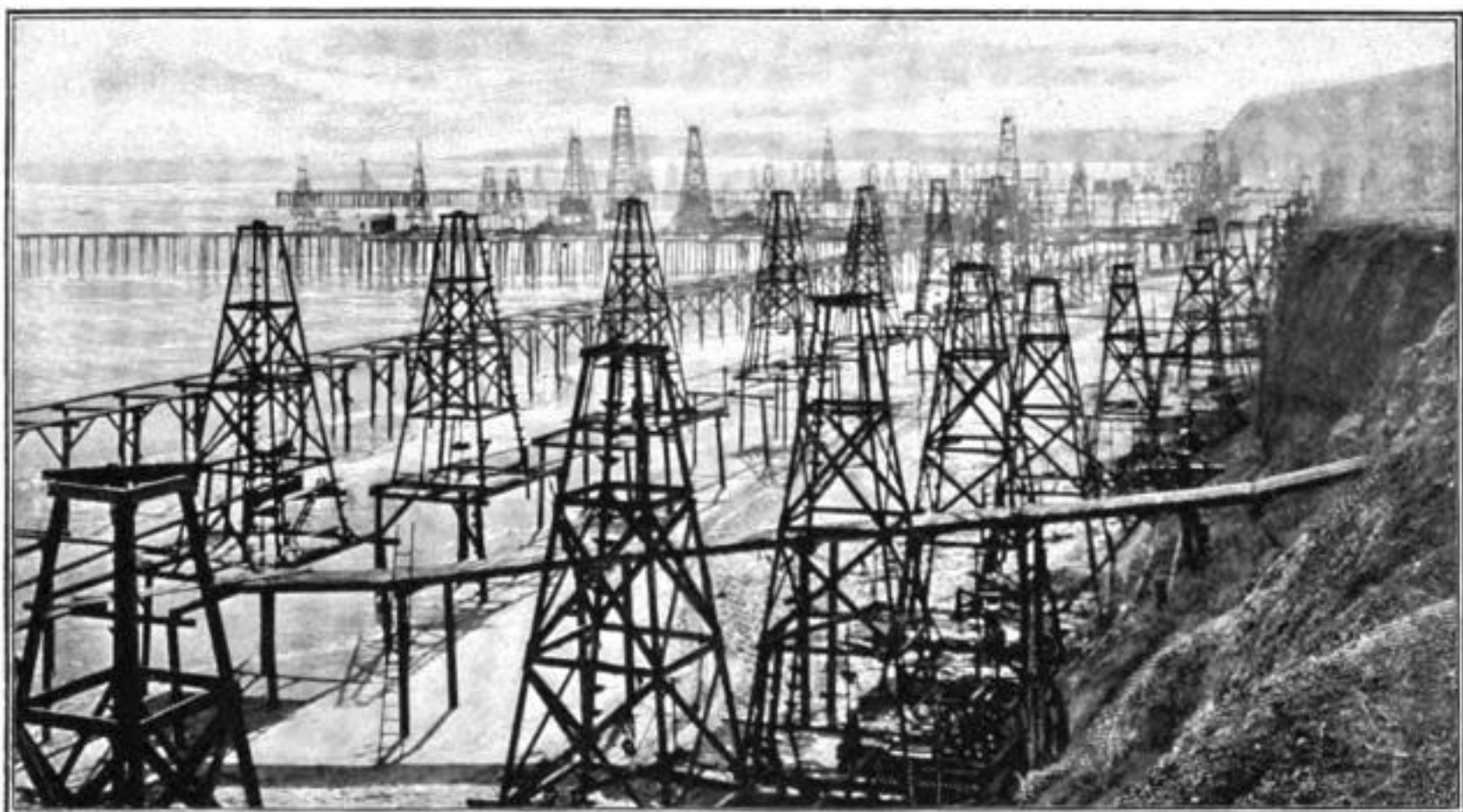


A FIELD OF TANKS.

Syckle, of Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1862, was four miles in length. At the present time there are more than 30,000 miles of pipe-line in this country—most of it owned by the Standard Oil Company, whose plant of some sixty refineries and the auxiliary tanks and pipe-lines represents an investment of \$180,000,000. The lines are made of 6-inch iron pipe, tested to bear a pressure of 1,600 pounds to the square inch. At such intervals as the contour of the country requires, there are "tank stations," where are situated two huge tanks, the oil being pumped from one to the other in order to secure the head necessary for it to flow to the next station. The tanks are huge covered

swirling, gyrating clouds of inky smoke. In spite of every effort, nothing could be done except to confine the fire to the tanks, and it was allowed to burn itself out, a process which consumed the better part of five days.

For transportation oversea, steel tank-ships are made for both crude and refined oil. Most of the crude oil exported goes to France and Spain, where it is treated in local refineries, the duty imposed on refined oil by those countries being practically prohibitive. For the Oriental trade, the oil is shipped in case—two five-gallon cans crated together constituting a "case"—on sailing-vessels, as the voyage around the Horn takes from 116 to 176 days, far

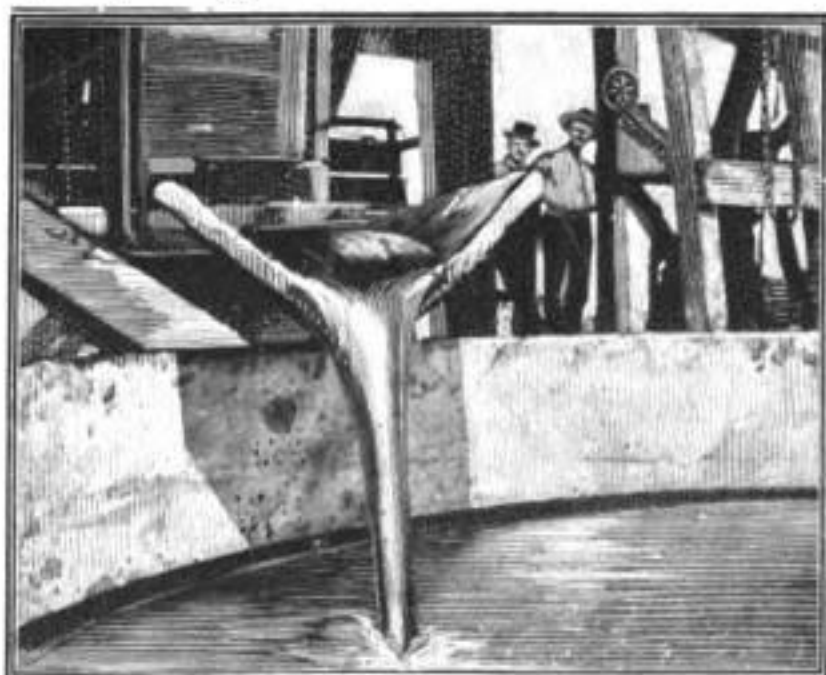


ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

too long a course for steam-vessels. But the transatlantic trade is chiefly carried on in tank-steamers, huge steel shells in which almost the entire space in the hull is devoted to carrying oil in bulk. There is a small dry compartment in the bows for ordinary freight, and the crew's living-quarters are put at the extreme stern, with the engines immediately forward of them. The rest of the hull is divided into from 12 to 20 air-tight compartments, each of which has a capacity of about 140,000 gallons. The largest tank-ships carry nearly 2,500,000 gallons, and so powerful are the pumps by which they are controlled that such a cargo can be taken on board or delivered within six hours.

As these air-tight compartments are kept hermetically sealed from port to port—instead of being closed only in an emergency, as on an ocean liner—the oil tank-ships are the stanchest vessels afloat, and many a handsome sum in salvage have they earned for their owners by towing into port a vessel disabled in a storm. But, like the oil tanks on shore, they have ever the fierce peril of fire before them. The "Maverick," the first of the Standard Oil Company's fleet, caught fire some years ago in the harbor of Halifax. While oil was being pumped into one of the compartments, a pipe burst, and the oil found its way, through a door carelessly left open, into the fire-room. In an instant a conflagration was started that could not be

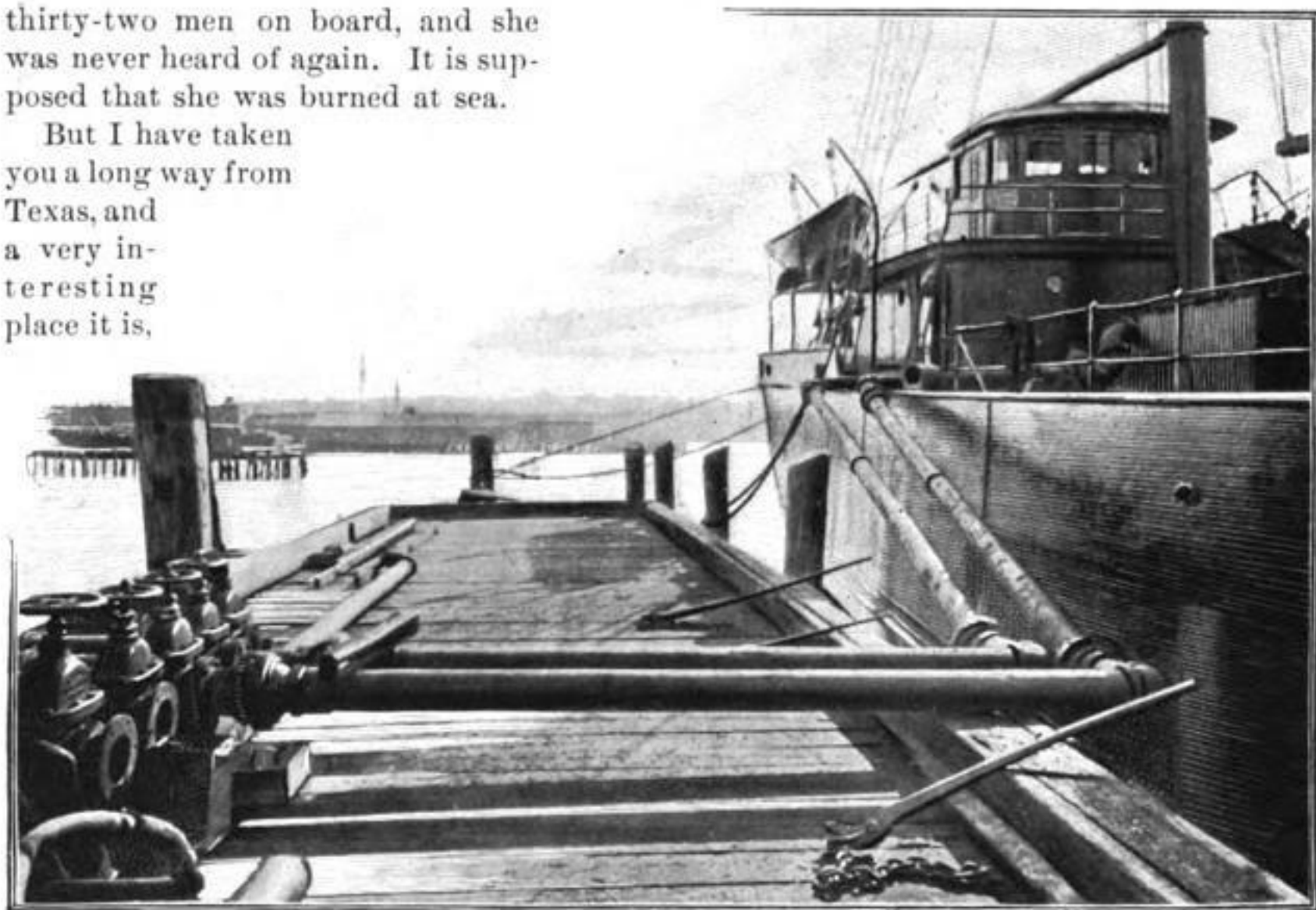
extinguished by any less drastic measure than sinking the ship; and, though the "Maverick" was recovered and is at work to-day, the damage to ship and cargo amounted to \$150,000. Another cause of fire is a collision or running aground that so injures the ship's interior economy that the oil gets into the furnaces. This happened to the "Attila" when she ran ashore at Nodre Renner, Denmark; and it was necessary to half sink her by exploding one compartment after another with dynamite before the flames could be put out. A similar accident in the Delaware River reduced the "Weehawken" to old iron. Still more sinister was the probable fate of the "Minister Maybach": she steamed out of New York harbor on her maiden voyage in December, 1898, with a cargo of 1,750,000 gallons of oil and a crew of



OIL POURING INTO A TANK FROM A GUSHER.

thirty-two men on board, and she was never heard of again. It is supposed that she was burned at sea.

But I have taken you a long way from Texas, and a very interesting place it is,



A PIPE-LINE—THE MOST RAPID MEANS OF LOADING.

in the neighborhood of Beaumont. Oil had been found in Corsicana in 1894, when that enterprising municipality essayed to bore a town well. By the end of 1897 there were 66 wells sunk in the neighborhood, and 374 more were sunk in 1898, all but 31 of them producing from 10 to 30 barrels a day. On February 1, 1901, there were 600 oil wells in Texas, producing 4,000 barrels daily.

Among the operators was Capt. A. F. Lucas, a geologist from Washington, D. C.,

who had a great opinion of the oil possibilities of the Beaumont neighborhood. He sank wells there in 1894 and 1898, but was twice "pinched out" by the quicksand. Finally he devised the method I have alluded to above, sunk a third well with the financial aid of a firm of California oilmen, and was rewarded on January 10th by his great strike. The immense volume of the flow brought a rush of other operators, but the boom did not really begin until the Beatty well proved a geyser on March 26th. Within

a month, seven more "gushers" of almost the same size were struck. Land values took a most incredible jump. Farms that you couldn't have sold in 1900 for \$8 an acre soared to fabulous valuations, as high as \$35,000 an acre being refused for some holdings.

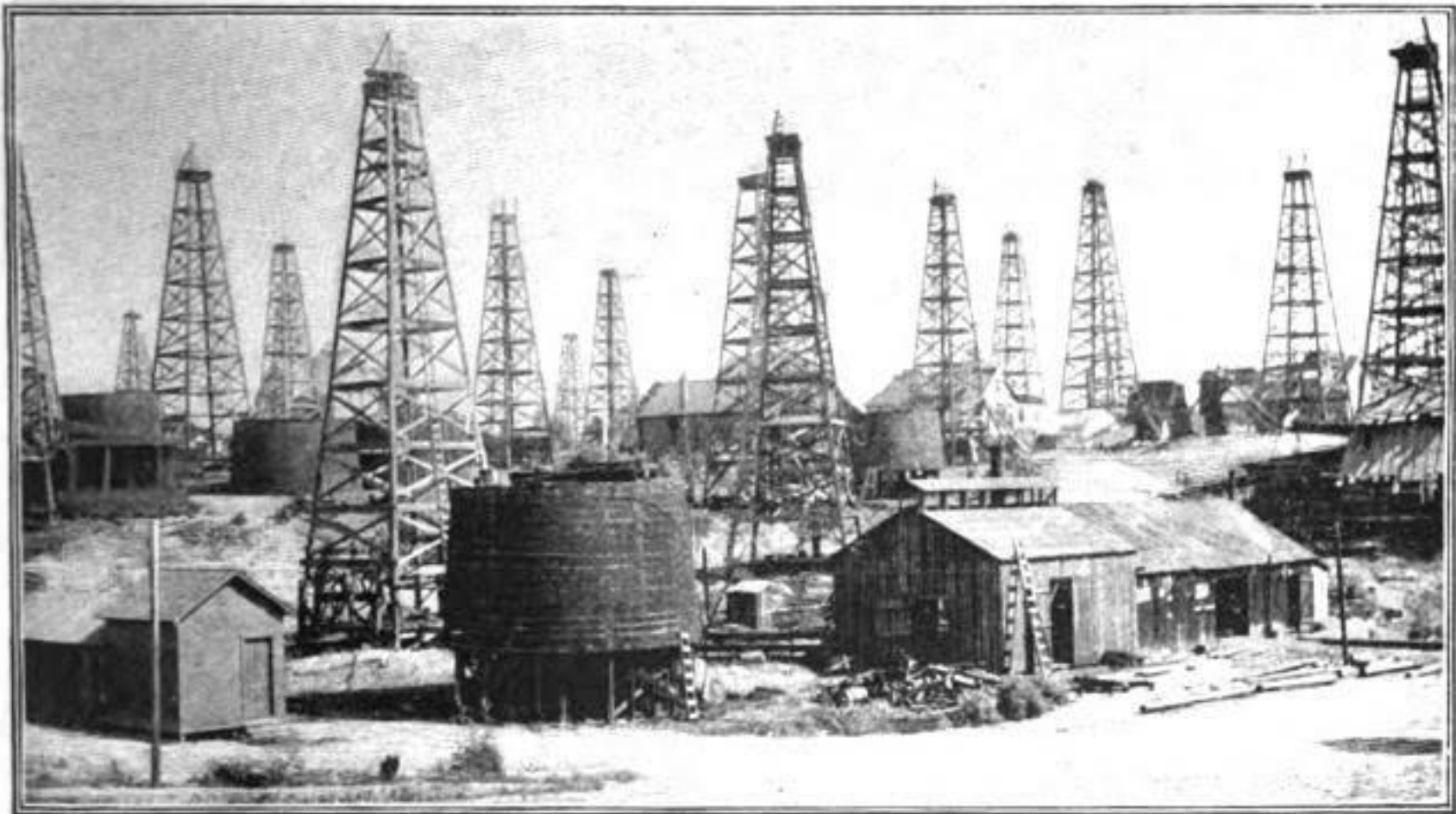
The influx of speculators in April and May quite swamped the accommodations of the little town. Bed and board were obtainable only at more



A BURNED-OUT TANK-SHIP.

than Klondike prices, but still the boomers came. Night and day the streets were alive with men buying and selling. The amount of money in sight was astonishing: one-thousand-dollar bills became as common in Beaumont as cigarette papers had been a year before. Oilmen, ranchers, lawyers, cowboys, clerks, messengers,—everybody was “in oil,” dealing in oil lands, oil wells, oil leases and oil stocks. In two months more than 400 companies, some of which held nothing of value, had been organized. The aggregate amount of capital involved, in holdings and on paper, was set at \$175,000,000, divided into \$50,000,000 in Texas corporations, \$75,000,000 in private holdings and

Towne, representing a syndicate, paid \$1,000,000 for only 15 acres, but the land was much nearer Beaumont. On May 20th, the Byrd Syndicate, of London, which has large holdings in the Baku district on the Caspian Sea, leased 63,000 acres. The Standard Oil Company was said to be behind almost every big deal, and it is told with particularity of detail that that corporation bought out the Texas Western Oil Company's holdings on April 10th for \$1,200,000. More credible is the story that the Standard has purchased the railway terminals, including wharfs and 90,000 acres of land, at Port Arthur, Texas, the nearest deep-water port, as such a purchase and the construction of the connect-



SOME INLAND WELLS.

\$50,000,000 in companies organized outside the state.

The pioneer men in the business were Guffey & Galey, who, in addition to the Lucas well, hold 60,000 acres under lease in the heart of the Beaumont district. Kaiser & Kelly, of Chicago, boring for oil three miles from Beaumont, struck gas on April 19th, and within 24 hours they sold their well and 30,000 acres, with certain reservations, for \$250,000. A week before, Ex-Governor Hogg, who had abandoned politics for oil and made a few successful turns, paid \$220,000 for 44,000 acres of land 160 miles east of Beaumont, intending to pipe oil to the iron-mines at New Birmingham, Alabama. C. A.

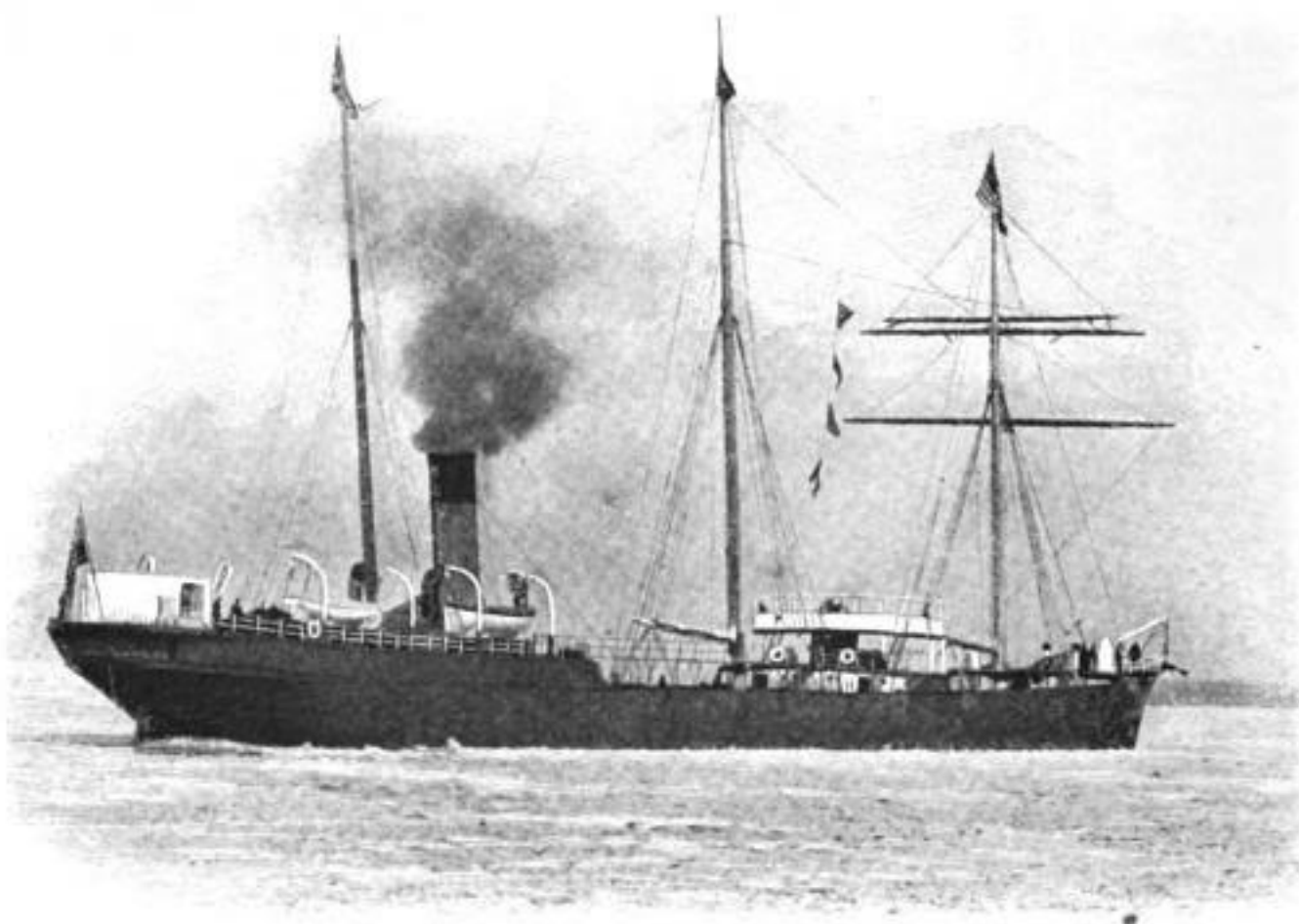
ing pipe-lines would give practical control of the Beaumont district. The Beaumont boom has, in fact, passed out of the hands of small speculators. Probably 50 per cent. of the companies organized were frauds from the first, and many others were the most harebrained speculations. As in the great boom and panic in Wall Street at the same time, those who lost money were victims of their own foolish indulgence in the craving to get rich quickly. But the oil boom in Texas has developed a vast fund of wealth in the benefits of which the entire country will have a share.

The California oil boom was a slower growth and is entirely overshadowed by the magnitude of that in Texas, but it has

added not a little to the world's wealth. The existence of petroleum deposits in the southern part of the state was known in the old Mexican days, and as early as 1865 a company was organized in New York, with the then large capitalization of \$5,000,000, to acquire and develop oil lands in Ventura County; but it "died a-bornin'," and the oil industry of the Golden State was left to local energy. The Newhall district has been worked for a quarter of a century, and one of the wells there has paid in that time \$1,000,000. But there was no boom until a paying well was bored at the corner of Patton and

which set everybody in California to speculating in oil. Others followed in Orange, Kern, Fresno, San Bernardino, and other Counties until it seemed as if the entire central valley of middle and southern California, from Shasta to San Diego, lay over a vast bed of oil that extends out under the Pacific at some points, such as Santa Barbara, where a forest of derricks sprang up on the ocean beach. The wells are not comparable with the Texas "gushers" as producers, but the output of the state last year was sold for \$4,000,000.

Many are the fantastic tales told of



A TANK-SHIP ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR IN WINTER.

State Streets in the suburbs of Los Angeles in 1892. Scores of other wells were soon sunk in the immediate neighborhood, some of them only 50 or even 25 feet apart, and in 1893 the output of the district was 100,000 barrels. This increased to 1,400,000 in 1897, then it sank to 1,182,000 in 1898, and rose again to 1,200,000 in 1899, more than one-half of the entire output of the state. The district is only two and one-quarter miles long by one-quarter mile wide, and in that area there are 1,100 wells.

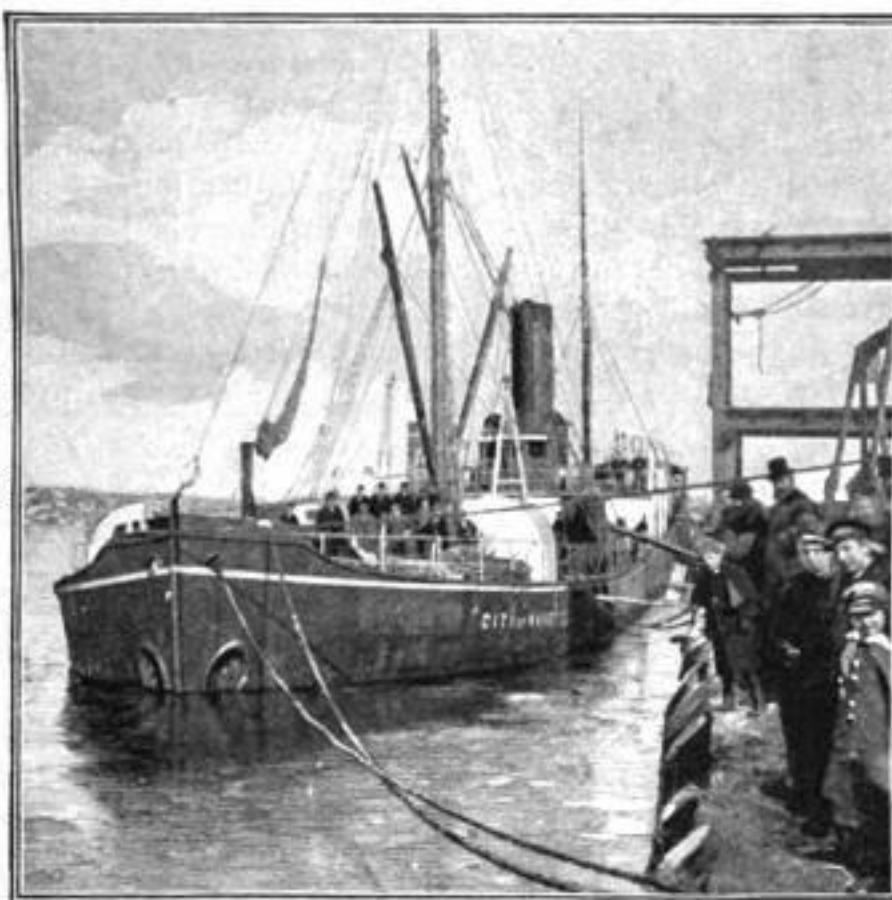
Then came new discoveries in the Coal-unga and McKittrick districts in 1898,

sudden fortunes made in these California wells. One recalls the exploits of "Coal Oil Johnny," of the early Pennsylvania days. The hero's name is John A. Bunting, and ten years ago he was tending a Southern Pacific water-tank in the Arizona desert. In time he rose to be a brakeman on a freight-train, and some two years ago he resigned. The Southern Pacific Company knew him no more until a few months ago, when one morning his name was taken in to General Manager Fillmore's office in San Francisco. Mr. Fillmore looked up the man's record and sent back word that he could not reinstate a man

who had voluntarily resigned from the company's employ. Word came back that the visitor didn't want a job, he wanted to buy a private car. When Mr. Fillmore got his breath again, he asked Mr. Bunting to come in and explain.

Then Mr. Bunting told his story. While "braking" on the Southern Pacific, he had

lent a man \$170, taking as security a gold watch and a mortgage on forty acres of land in Fresno County. In time he foreclosed the mortgage and tried to sell the land, but could get nothing for it. This was before the boom. One day a well near his property struck oil. Immediately there was a fierce demand for every rod of land in the vicinity, and Mr. Bunting's forty acres proved to be a veritable gold-mine. Selling only enough to furnish funds for sinking a well on his own land, he soon struck oil, and from that beginning he continued developing until he had become a millionaire. Now he was going to gratify his pet dream as an old railroad man—he was going to travel all over the



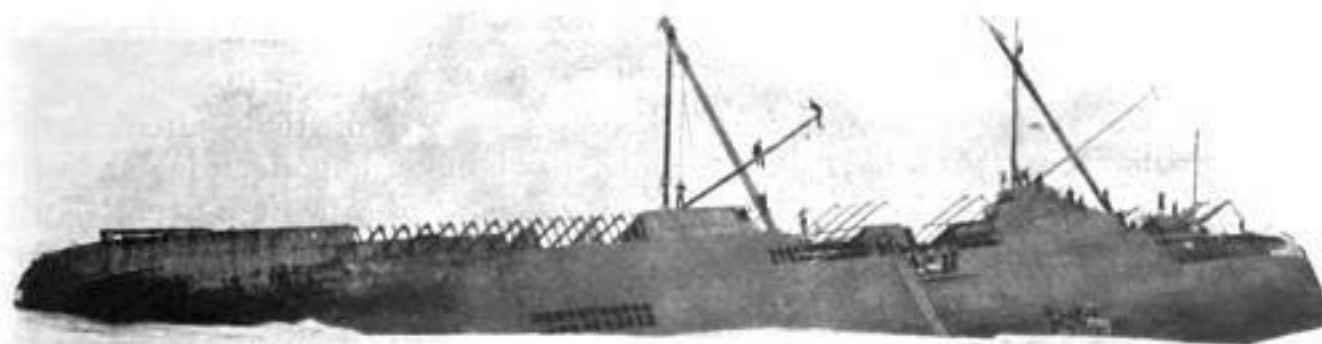
A HEAVILY LADEN TANK-SHIP.

country in his own private car. And before he parted with Mr. Fillmore he had ordered one that was to cost him, when completed, a round sum of \$30,000.

The generality of the oil produced in Texas and California is most valuable as a fuel; and as such it is superior to coal in that it can be more easily,

and therefore economically, transported and fed to the furnace, bulk for bulk it has a greater calorific value, and it is cheaper.

An experiment undertaken some two years ago in California by the Santa Fé company demonstrated that one ton of coal would carry a certain train of cars 26.7 miles, while a little more than a ton of oil—2,016 pounds—carried the same train over the same track 38.46 miles, a gain of 44 per cent. The coal cost \$7.50 a ton and the oil cost only \$6.90, a gain of 8 per cent. This was when the oil cost \$1.15 a barrel—twice what it may be expected to cost when the Texas supply can be fully drawn on. The Santa Fé com-



THE ULTIMATE FATE OF MANY.

pany thereupon began converting its locomotives to oil-burners as rapidly as a sufficient supply of oil could be guaranteed, and it now has 180 oil-burning engines.

Experiments made at sea tell the same story. The steamer "Assyrian" demonstrated to the satisfaction of her owners that the cost of petroleum is 25 per cent. less per horse-power than that of coal. This would mean an enormous saving to

the ocean greyhounds, such as the "Deutschland," which burns 560 tons of coal a day. And the greater economy of space in which the liquid fuel may be stored would allow either more space for freight and passengers or a notable increase in the ship's "radius of efficiency." The "Cowrie" recently ran 9,250 miles on 748 cubic feet of oil, using 22 tons daily, whereas to cover the same distance she would have needed 1,575 cubic feet of coal

burned at the rate of 35 tons a day. The bunkers of the "Paris" and "Deutschland" contain 2,500 and 4,800 tons of coal respectively; if they used petroleum, it would be at a saving of 60 per cent. in weight and of 50 per cent. in space. Indeed, the advantages of petroleum as a fuel for steam-vessels appear to be so great that experiments are now in progress

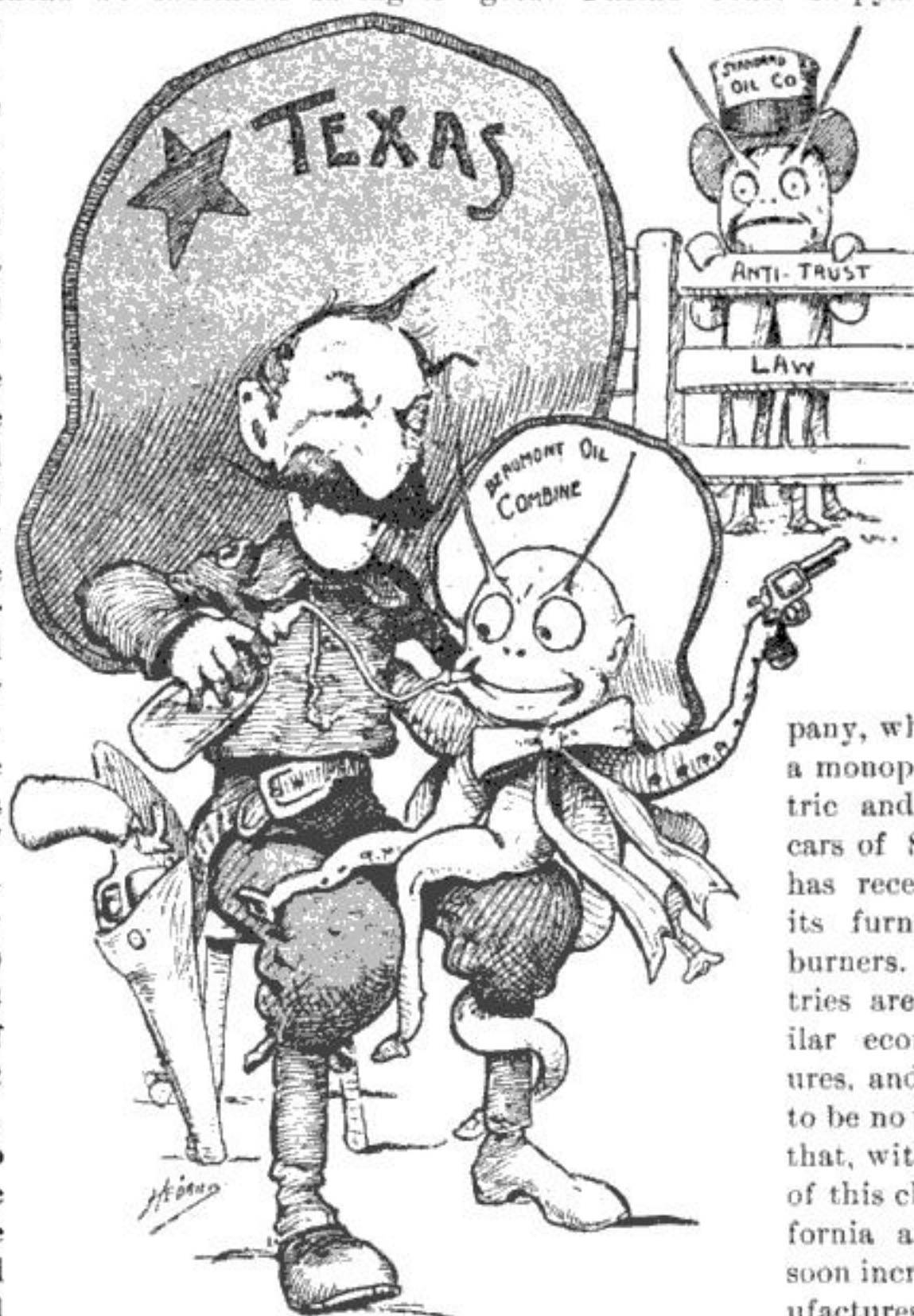
in this country and abroad with a view to its adoption by our own and European navies, and the effect of the Beaumont discoveries will be to hasten investigation in this direction.

Where power is needed for industrial and manufacturing purposes in San Francisco, petroleum is already rapidly displacing coal. The Union Iron Works, the great Pacific Coast shipyards that have

successfully competed with the Cramps in getting government contracts for armored cruisers, now consume 30,000 barrels of petroleum in their furnaces every working day; and the Market Street Railway Com-

pany, which has almost a monopoly of the electric and cable street-cars of San Francisco, has recently converted its furnaces into oil-burners. Other industries are adopting similar economical measures, and there appears to be no reason to doubt that, with an abundance of this cheap fuel, California and Texas will soon increase their manufactures greatly. Indeed, the oil output of the United States,

which has been an important factor in the growing volume of American exports, will now vastly exceed that of all the rest of the world; and the industries whose scope the new fuel will expand will establish yet more firmly our position as the foremost commercial power and confirm New York's right to be ranked as the business center of the world.



IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)



OLD FRENCH ROMANCES.

II.—AMIS AND AMILE.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

“**L**A vie des saints martyrs Amis et Amile” is, par excellence, the fairy-tale of friendship. Greater love than this hath no man—that he giveth his life for his friend. Yet Amile did even more than that, carried the ideal of renunciatory comradeship to a symbolic extreme, which in actual life, as in the story, could be justified only by the certainty of a miracle.

The love of Amis and Amile began with life, as it was ended—or maybe merely seemed to end—only with death. Long ago, in that sufficiently legendary period of human history distinguished by the story-teller as “in the time of Pepin, King of France,” a child was born in “the Castle of Bericain,” “of a noble father of Alemaine who was of great holiness.” The pious parents vowed to God—“and Saint Peter and Saint Paul”—that they would carry their child to Rome for baptism. Now about the same time, in the castle of “a Count of Alverne,” similar, indeed identical, things were happening. The Count of Alverne also was happy in a newborn son, and—assisted by a heavenly vision—he too decided to take his child to Rome for baptism. But on the same pilgrimage, the two parents, hitherto unknown to each other, met at Lucca; “and when they found themselves to

be of one purpose, they joined company in all friendliness and entered Rome together. And the two children fell to loving one another so sorely that one would not eat without the other, they lived of one victual, and lay in one bed."

So the friendship of Amis and Amile began in their cradles, and that there should be no mistaking that they were born for each other, Nature, who predestines for us all, had made them so alike in person and character that it was impossible to tell one from the other. As a further symbol of their unity, the "Apostle of Rome" at their baptism—when "many a knight of Rome held them at the font with nickle joy, and raised them aloft even as God would"—gave to each of them a cup (a "hanap") wrought of wood, bound with gold and set with precious stones; the two cups being identical as the two children. Then parents and children "betook them thence home in all joyance," and we hear no more of them till Amis is thirty years old, with his father upon his death-bed. The old knight of Bericain thus addresses the son he must leave behind, and wiser or more beautiful advice has seldom come from the dying. Here are his words: "Fair son, well beloved, it behoveth me presently to die, and thou shalt abide and be thine own master. Now firstly, fair son, keep thou the commandments of God; the chivalry of Jesus Christ do thou. Keep thou faith to thy lords, and give aid to thy fellows and friends. Defend the widows and orphans. Uphold the poor and needy: and all days hold thy last day in memory. Forget not the fellowship and friendship of the son of the Count of Alverne, whereas the Apostle of Rome on one day baptized you both, and with one gift honored you. Ye be alike of beauty, of fashion, and stature, and whoso should see you, would deem you to be brethren."

So the father died, but the son proved too gentle and Christian of nature to hold his own against the enemies that now rose up against him. Always Amis turned the other cheek, and so it fell that he was despoiled of his heritage. In his trouble, he bethinks him of his old



Drawn by Louis Rhead.

THE APOSTLE OF ROME BAPTIZES AMIS AND AMILE.

friend and fellow. "Go we now," he says, "to the Court of the Count Amile, who was my friend and my fellow. May-happen he will make us rich with his goods and his havings."

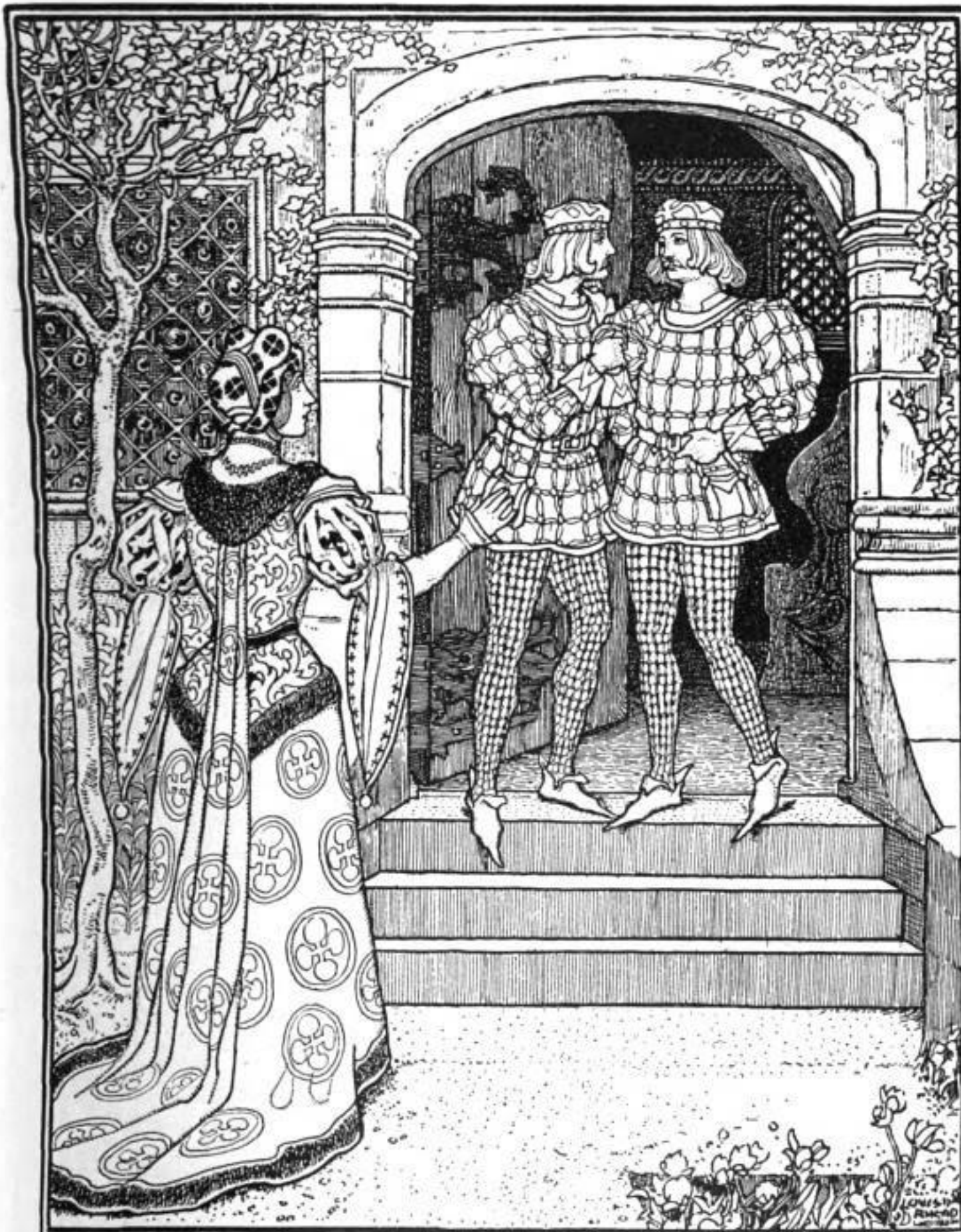
However, on arriving at Amile's castle, they find that Amile is away—gone to comfort Amis for the death of his father. So the friends miss each other, and for two years and more Amile seeks Amis, and Amis Amile, "in France and in Alemaine." Meanwhile, Amis incidentally takes a wife, his bride's father having heard so well of him that he endows him and his company with gold and silver and "havings." Thus Amis and his "ten fellows" abide in comfort for a year and a half, Amile meanwhile having sought his friend "without ceasing." One cannot but note that while both friends no doubt love equally, Amile is the friend who does most throughout the story.

At the end of the year and a half, the conscience of Amis smites him. "We have done amiss," he says, "in that we have left seeking of Amile." So Amis and his knights set out toward Paris, and after various adventures are sitting at meat "by the water of Seine in a flowery meadow," when a company of French knights set upon them. The day is going hard with them, when Amis cries out, "Who are ye knights, who have will to slay Amis the exile and his fellows?"

"At that voice," says the story-teller, "Amile knew Amis his fellow and said: 'O thou Amis most well beloved, rest from my travail, I am Amile, son of the Count of Alverne, who have not ceased to seek thee for two whole years.'"

The friends thereon embraced and, swearing "friendship and fellowship perpetual," betook them to the Court of Charles, King of France, where they became at once favorites of the King, Amis becoming treasurer, and Amile "server." There might men behold them young, well attempered, wise, fair, and of like fashion and visage, loved of all and honored.

So abode they in happiness and prosperity for three years, at the end of which time it suddenly occurred to Amis that he was married and had not seen his wife for three years! "Fair sweet fellow," says he to his friend, "I desire sore to go see my wife whom I have left behind; and I will return the soonest that I may; and do thou abide at the Court." To this Amis adds a word of advice: that Amile should keep away from the King's daughter and that he should above all things beware of



Drawn by Louis Rhead.

AMILE TELLS AMIS OF THE TREACHERY OF ARDERI THE FELON.

"Arderi the felon." Now, as might perhaps be expected, Amis has no sooner departed than Amile forgets his commandment and teaching, and—remembers the King's daughter; "whereas," adds the monkish storyteller, "he was no holier than David, nor wiser than Solomon."

Now comes "Arderi the felon" with a false tale against Amis, which

his friend apparently believes—namely, that Amis has stolen from the King's treasury and is therefore fled away. Thereon, for some unexplained reason, Amile swears fealty and friendship with Arderi, and unbosoms himself concerning the King's daughter. Arderi reveals the secret to the King. Amile denies the charge and challenges Arderi to the ordeal by battle.

Meanwhile, before the day appointed, Amile meets Amis by chance and tells him what has befallen. "Then said Amis, sighing: 'Leave we here our folk, and enter into this wood to lay bare our secret.' And Amis fell to blaming Amile, and said: 'Change we our garments and our horses, and get thee to my house, and I will do the battle for thee against the traitor.' " The point, of course, of the change was that divine justice was supposed to preside over such duels as Amile had undertaken, and, as he was fighting for a lie, he must logically expect to fall in battle. With Amis in his place, justice might perhaps be hoodwinked. So man has thought to deceive the justice of heaven in all ages. The friends part from each other weeping, Amis making his way to the court in the semblance of Amile, and Amile going to his friend's house in the semblance of Amis—not, however, without a word of warning which one might have deemed unnecessary between such good friends. Thus, after the manner of Sigurd, Amile placed his sword between him and the wife of Amis; though Amis had so little confidence either in his friend or in his wife that, we read, "he betook himself," o' nights, "in disguise to his house to wot if Amile kept faith with him of his wife."

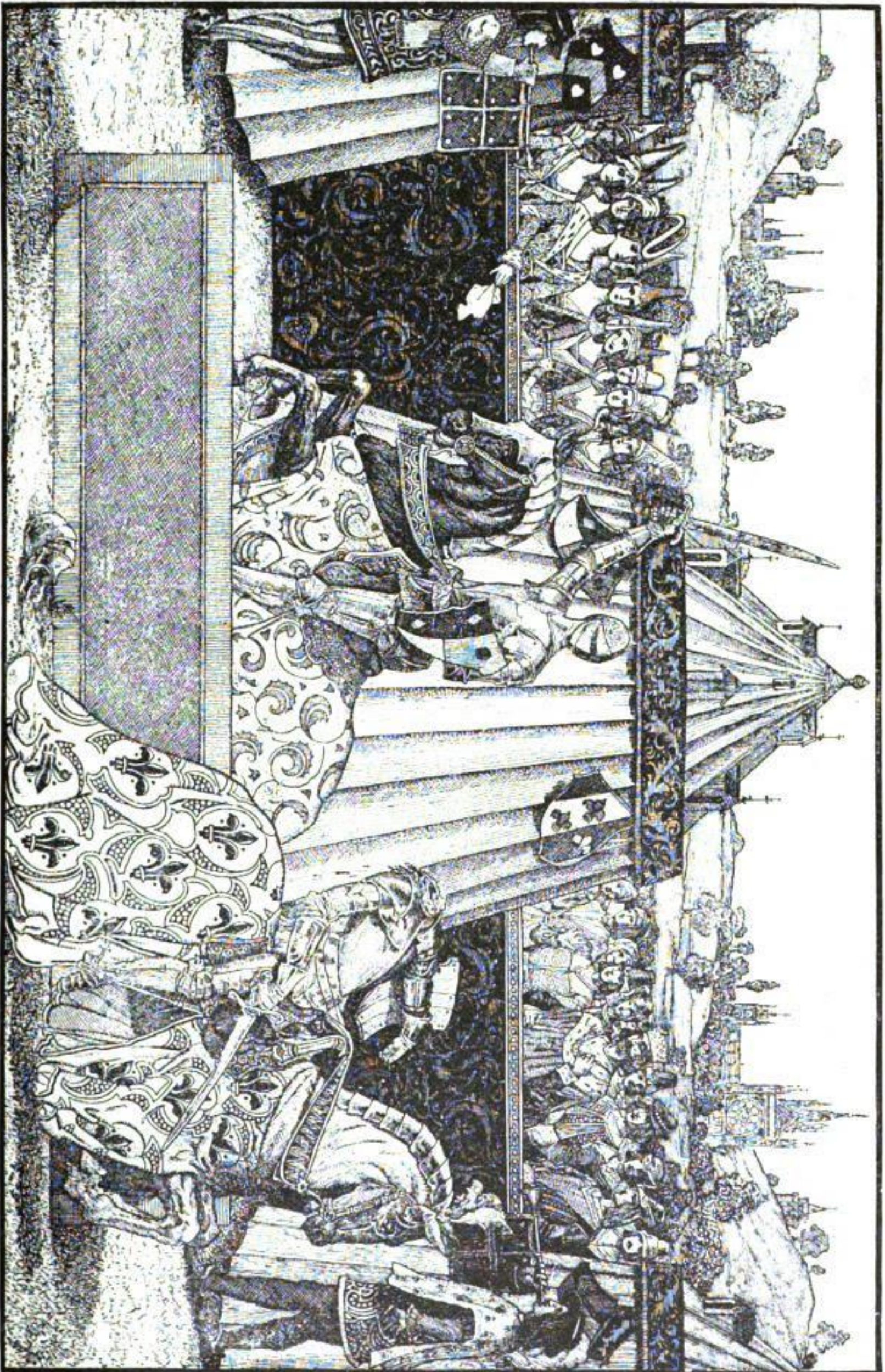
But this time Amile acquitted himself better than either David or Solomon, and justified the faith of his friend.

Presently comes the day of battle. The false Arderi is duly vanquished, his head smitten off, and Amis rewarded with Belisant the King's daughter, whom he honorably transfers to his friend. So Amile's affairs prosper, and it is soon time for Amis to be in trouble once more. Heaven, chastening whom it loveth—as the pious chronicler remarks—sends upon Amis the scourge of leprosy. He becomes so "mesel" that his wife hates him and endeavors oftentimes to strangle him. In this sore trouble, the heart of Amis turns again to his friend.

But when he reaches the Castle of Bericain, Amile's folk do not recognize Amis, and seeing only an unclean leper, beat him sore and drive him and his company away. Thence he turns to Rome, where he is hospitably entertained by the Holy Father till a famine

Drawn by Louis Rhead.

AMIS SMITES OFF THE HEAD OF ARDERI.



falls upon the land, a famine so great "that the father had will to thrust the son away from his house." In this extremity Amis is borne once more to the city of the Count Amile.

But by this time fortune had done its worst. So soon as his servants sounded the rattles (or clappers—"tartarrelles") by which lepers in the Middle Ages gave sign of their approach, Amile, hearing the sound, sent out one of his servants with food for the sick man, and with it his own birth-cup filled with wine. As yet he had no knowledge that the leper was Amis, but when his servant returned he told how the sick man had a "hanap" exactly like his master's; and so Amis became known again to Amile and by him and his wife was welcomed lovingly to the castle, leper though he was.

But the supreme test of Amile's love for Amis was yet to come. One night as the two friends were sleeping in the same room, the angel Raphael appeared to Amis and bade him tell Amile that if he were to slay his two children and wash Amis in their blood, his friend would be healed. Amile is awakened by the speech of the angel, and bids Amis reveal what he has heard. Sorely against his will, Amis delivers the divine message, and in much tribulation of soul Amile ponders it. At length, however, his sense of duty toward his friend triumphs over his love for his children, and he girds himself to make even this terrible sacrifice. And here let the old romancer take up the tale in his simple, direct fashion: "Then Amile fell to weeping privily and thinking in his heart: 'This man forsooth was appareled before the King to die for me, and why should I not slay my children for him; if he hath kept faith with me to the death, why keep I not faith?' . . .

"Then the Count took his sword, and went to the bed where lay his children, and found them sleeping, and he threw himself upon them, and fell to weeping bitterly and said: 'Who hath heard ever of a father who of his own will hath slain his child? Ah, alas, my children! I shall be no more your father, but your cruel murderer!'

"When he had so said, he cut off their heads, and then laid them out behind the bed, and laid the heads to the bodies, and covered them over even as they slept. And with their blood which he received, he washed his fellow, and said: 'Sire God, Jesus Christ, who commandest men to keep faith upon the earth, and who cleansest the mesel by thy word, deign thou to cleanse my fellow, for the love of whom I have shed the blood of my children.'

"Then was Amis cleansed of his meselry. And Amile clad

him in his own right goodly raiment; and therewith they went to the church to give thanks there, and the bells by the grace of God rang of themselves. And when the people of the city heard that, they ran all together toward that marvel. . . .

"Now was come the hour of tierce, and neither the father nor the mother was yet entered in to their children; but the father sighed grievously for the death of his babes. Then the Countess asked for her children to make her joy, and the Count said: 'Dame, let be, let the children sleep!'

"Therewith he entered all alone to the children to weep over them, and found them playing in the bed; but the scars of their wounds showed about the necks of each of them even as a red fillet.

"Then he took them in his arms, and bore them to their mother, and said: 'Make great joy, dame, whereas thy sons whom I had slain by the commandment of the Angel are alive again, and by their blood is Amis cured and healed.'

"And when the Countess heard it she said: 'O thou, Count, why didst thou not lead me with thee to receive the blood of my children, and I would have washed therewith Amis thy fellow and my Lord?'

Nor must it be forgotten that "on the self-same day that Amis was made whole, the devils bore off his inhuman wife; they brake the neck of her, and bore away her soul."

So the love of Amis and Amile endured through life, and in their death they were not

divided, for not only did they fall in battle together fighting for King Charles against the Lombards, but heaven itself set this final seal of miracle upon their love. On the field of Mortara where they fell, the King built two churches, dedicating one to St. Eusebius and the other to St. Peter. In one church was buried Amis and in the other Amile; "but on the morrow's morn the body of Amile, and his coffin therewith, was found in the church of St. Eusebius hard by the coffin of Amis his fellow." Thus it came about that till the end of the seventeenth century the names of the two friends were to be found side by side in the calendar of saints and martyrs.

So Holy Church blesses a human love and hallows it.

The story of Amis and Amile is one well known in many forms to folklorists. It is to be met with in many languages, and learned authorities differ as to its origin. Some claim that it came from the East and some from Greece, and some that it is founded on actual historic incidents of the wars of Charlemagne. Mr. Joseph Jacobs (in his introduction to William Morris's translation—"Old French Romances," Scribner's Sons) points out that the names of the heroes are clearly Latin—*Amicus* and *Æmilius*; and also refers to the fantastic conjecture that the proverb, "A miss is as good as a mile," has its explanation in this old story. Those who seek learning on the subject may find it in Mr. Jacobs' introduction above referred to, and by him be introduced to other authorities. Walter Pater's essay on "Two Early French Stories" in his volume on the Renaissance was probably the first introduction of the story to most English readers, William Morris following with the translation from which I have quoted.

The charm of the romance is mainly in the story itself, and but little in its form, which is often crude and merely quaint, and seldom interesting from a dramatic or literary point of view. There is no note in it of that poignancy of feeling which we find in David's lament for Jonathan, or in "Tennessee's Pardner"; but the story itself is sufficiently eloquent, eloquent of an ideal of human loyalty which takes friendship rather than love for its supreme expression—seeming indeed to suggest that there is something finer about friendship than love—something, might one say, less selfish, more essentially divine. "Passing the love of women!" It is to be remembered that that famous phrase was made by a great lover of women, by the lover of Bathsheba, the man who placed Uriah in the front of the battle. David had known both love and friendship, but we say "David and Jonathan"—not David and Bathsheba.

A MERCURY OF THE FOOT-HILLS.

BY BRET HARTE.

IT was high, hot noon on the Casket Ridge. Its very scant shade was restricted to a few dwarf Scotch firs, and was so perpendicularly cast that Leonidas Boone, seeking shelter from the heat, was obliged to draw himself up under one of them, as if it were an umbrella. Occasionally, with a boy's perversity, he permitted one bared foot to protrude beyond the sharply marked shadow until the burning sun forced him to draw it in again, with a thrill of satisfaction. There was no earthly reason why he had not sought the larger shadow of the pine-trees which reared themselves against the Ridge on the slope below him—except that he was a boy, and perhaps even more superstitious and opinionated than most boys. Having got under this tree with infinite care, he had made up his mind that he would not move from it until its line of shade reached and touched a certain stone on the trail near him. *Why* he did this he did not know, but he clung to his sublime purpose with the courage and tenacity of a youthful Casabianca. He was cramped, tickled by dust and fir-sprays; he was supremely uncomfortable—but he stayed! A woodpecker was monotonously tapping in an adjacent pine, with measured intervals of silence, which he always firmly believed was a certain telegraphy of the bird's own making; a green-and-gold lizard flashed by his foot to suddenly stiffen itself with a rigidity equal to his own. Still he stirred not. The shadow gradually crept nearer the mystic stone—and touched it. He sprang up, shook himself and prepared to go about his business. This was simply an errand to the post-office at the Cross-Roads, scarcely a mile from his father's house. He was already half-way there. He had taken only the better part of one hour for this desultory journey!

However, he now proceeded on his way, diverging only to follow a fresh rabbit track a few hundred yards, to note that the animal had doubled twice against the wind, and then, naturally, he was obliged to look closely for other tracks to determine its pursuers. He paused also, but only for a moment, to rap thrice on the trunk of the pine where the woodpecker

was at work, which he knew would make it cease work for a time—as it did. Having thus renewed his relations with Nature, he discovered that one of the letters he was taking to the post-office had slipped in some mysterious way from the bosom of his shirt where he carried them, past his waistband, into a trousers-leg, and was about to make a casual delivery of itself on the trail. This caused him to take out his letters and count them, when he found one missing. He had been given four letters to post—he had only three. There were a big one in his father's handwriting, two indistinctive ones of his mother's, and a smaller one of his sister's—that was gone! Not at all disconcerted, he calmly retraced his steps, following his own tracks minutely, with a grim face and a distinct delight in the process, while looking—perfunctorily—for the letter. In the midst of this slow progress a bright idea struck him. He walked back to the fir-tree where he had rested, and found the lost missive. It had slipped out of his shirt when he shook himself. He was not particularly pleased. He knew that nobody would give him credit for his trouble in going back for it, or his astuteness in guessing where it was. He heaved a sigh of misunderstood genius and again started for the post-office. This time he carried the letters openly and ostentatiously in his hand.

Presently he heard a voice say, "Hey!" It was a gentle, musical, woman's voice; a strange voice, for it evidently did not know how to call him, and did not say, "O Leonidas!" or, "You—look here!" He was abreast of a little clearing, guarded by a low stockade of bark palings, and beyond it was a small white dwelling-house. Leonidas knew the place perfectly well. It belonged to the superintendent of a mining tunnel, who had lately rented it to some strangers from San Francisco. Thus much he had heard from his family. He had a mountain boy's contempt for city folks, and was not himself interested in them. Yet, as he heard the call, he was conscious of a slightly guilty feeling. He might have been trespassing in following the rabbit's track; he might have been seen by some one when he lost the letter and had

to go back for it—all grown-up people had a way of offering themselves as witnesses against him! He scowled a little as he glanced around him. Then his eye fell on the caller, on the other side of the stockade.

To his surprise it was a woman—a pretty, gentle, fragile creature—all soft muslin and laces, with her fingers interlocked and leaning both elbows on the top of the stockade as she stood under the checkered shadow of a buckeye.

“Come here—please—won’t you?” she said pleasantly.

It would have been impossible to resist her voice if Leonidas had wanted to—which he didn’t. He walked confidently up to the fence. She really was very pretty, with eyes as soft as his setter’s and as caressing. And there were little puckers and satiny creases around her delicate nostrils and mouth, when she spoke, which Leonidas knew were “expression.”

“I—I——” she began, with charming hesitation; then suddenly, “What’s your name?”

“Leonidas.”

“Leonidas—that’s a pretty name!” He thought it *did* sound pretty. “Well, Leonidas, I want you to be a good boy and do a great favor for me—a very great favor.”

Leonidas’ face fell. This kind of prelude and formula was familiar to him. It was usually followed by: “Promise me that you will never swear again,” or, “that you will go straight home and wash your face,” or some other irrelevant personality. But nobody with that sort of eyes had ever said it. So he replied, a little shyly but sincerely, “Yes, ma’am.”

“You are going to the post-office?”

This seemed a very foolish, womanish question, seeing that he was holding letters in his hand, but he said, “Yes.”

“I want you to put a letter of mine among yours and post them all together,” she said, putting one little hand to her bosom and drawing out a letter. He noticed that she purposely held the addressed side so that he could not see it, but he also noticed that her hand was small, thin, and white even to a faint tint of blue in it, unlike his sister’s, the baby’s, or any other hand he had ever seen. “Can you read?” she said suddenly, withdrawing the letter.

The boy flushed slightly at the question.

“Of course I can,” he said, proudly.

“Of course, certainly,” she repeated quickly, “but,” she added with a mischievous smile, “you mustn’t *now*! Promise me! Promise me that you won’t read this address, but just put the letter, like one of your own, in the letter-box with the others.”

Leonidas promised readily; it seemed to him a great fuss about nothing; perhaps it was some kind of game or a bet. He opened his sunburnt hand, holding his own letters, and she slipped hers, face downward, between them. Her soft fingers touched his in the operation, and seemed to leave a pleasant warmth behind them.

“Promise me another thing,” she added; “promise me you won’t say a word of this to any one.”

“Of course!” said Leonidas.

“That’s a good boy—and I know you will keep your word.” She hesitated a moment, smilingly and tentatively, and then held out a bright half-dollar. Leonidas backed from the fence. “I’d rather not,” he said shyly.

“But as a present from *me*?”

Leonidas colored; he was really proud. And he was also bright enough to understand that the possession of such unbounded wealth would provoke dangerous inquiry at home. But he didn’t like to say it, and only replied, “I can’t!”

She looked at him curiously. “Then—thank you!” she said, offering her white hand, which felt like a bird in his. “Now run on, and don’t let me keep you any longer.” She drew back from the fence as she spoke, and waved him a pretty farewell. Leonidas, half sorry, half relieved, darted away.

He ran to the post-office, which he never had done before. Loyally, he never looked at her letter—nor indeed at his own again—swinging the hand that held them far from his side. He entered the post-office directly, going at once to the letter-box and depositing the precious missive with the others. The post-office was also the “country store,” and Leonidas was in the habit of still further protracting his errands there by lingering in that stimulating atmosphere of sugar, cheese and coffee. But to-day his stay was brief—so transi-



Drawn by George Wright.

"'COME HERE—PLEASE—WON'T YOU?' SHE SAID PLEASANTLY."

tory that the postmaster himself inferred audibly that "old man Boone must have been tanning Lee with a hickory switch." But the simple reason was that Leonidas wished to go back to the stockade fence and the fair stranger—if haply she was still there. His heart sank, as, breathless with unwonted haste, he reached the clearing and the empty buckeye shade. He walked slowly and with sad diffidence by the deserted stockade fence. But presently his quick eye caught a glint of white among the laurels near the house. It was *she*, walking with apparent indifference away from him toward the corner of the clearing and the road. But this he knew would bring her to the end of the stockade fence, where he must pass—and it did. She turned to him with a bright smile of affected surprise. "Why, you're as swift-footed as Mercury!"

Leonidas understood her perfectly. Mercury was the other name for quicksilver—and that was lively, you bet! He had often spilt some on the floor to see it move. She must be awfully cute to have noticed it, too—cuter than his sisters. He was quite breathless with pleasure.

"I put your letter in the box all right," he burst out at last.

"Without any one seeing it?" she asked.

"Sure pop!—nary one! The postmaster stuck out his hand to grab it, but I just let on that I didn't see him and shoved it in myself."

"You're as sharp as you're good," she said smilingly. "Now, there's just *one* thing more I want you to do. Forget all about this—won't you?"

Her voice was very caressing. Perhaps that was why he said boldly, "Yes, ma'am—all except *you*."

"Dear me!—what a compliment! How old are you?"

"Goin' on fifteen," said Leonidas confidently.

"And going very fast," said the lady mischievously. "Well, then—you needn't forget *me*. On the contrary," she added, after looking at him curiously, "I would rather you'd remember me. Good-by—or rather good-afternoon—if I'm to be remembered, Leon."

"Good-afternoon, ma'am."

She moved away, and presently disappeared among the laurels. But her last words were ringing in his ears. "Leon"—everybody else called him "Lee" for brevity. "Leon"—it was pretty as she said it.

He turned away. But it so chanced that their parting was not to pass unnoticed, for, looking up the hill, Leonidas perceived his elder sister and little brother coming down the road and knew that they must have seen him from the hilltop. It was like their "snooping."

They ran to him eagerly.

"You were talking to the stranger," said his sister breathlessly.

"She spoke to me first," said Leonidas, on the defensive.

"What did she say?"

"Wanted to know the eleckshun news," said Leonidas, with cool mendacity; "and I told her."

This improbable fiction nevertheless satisfied them. "What was she like? Oh, do tell us, Lee!" continued his sister.

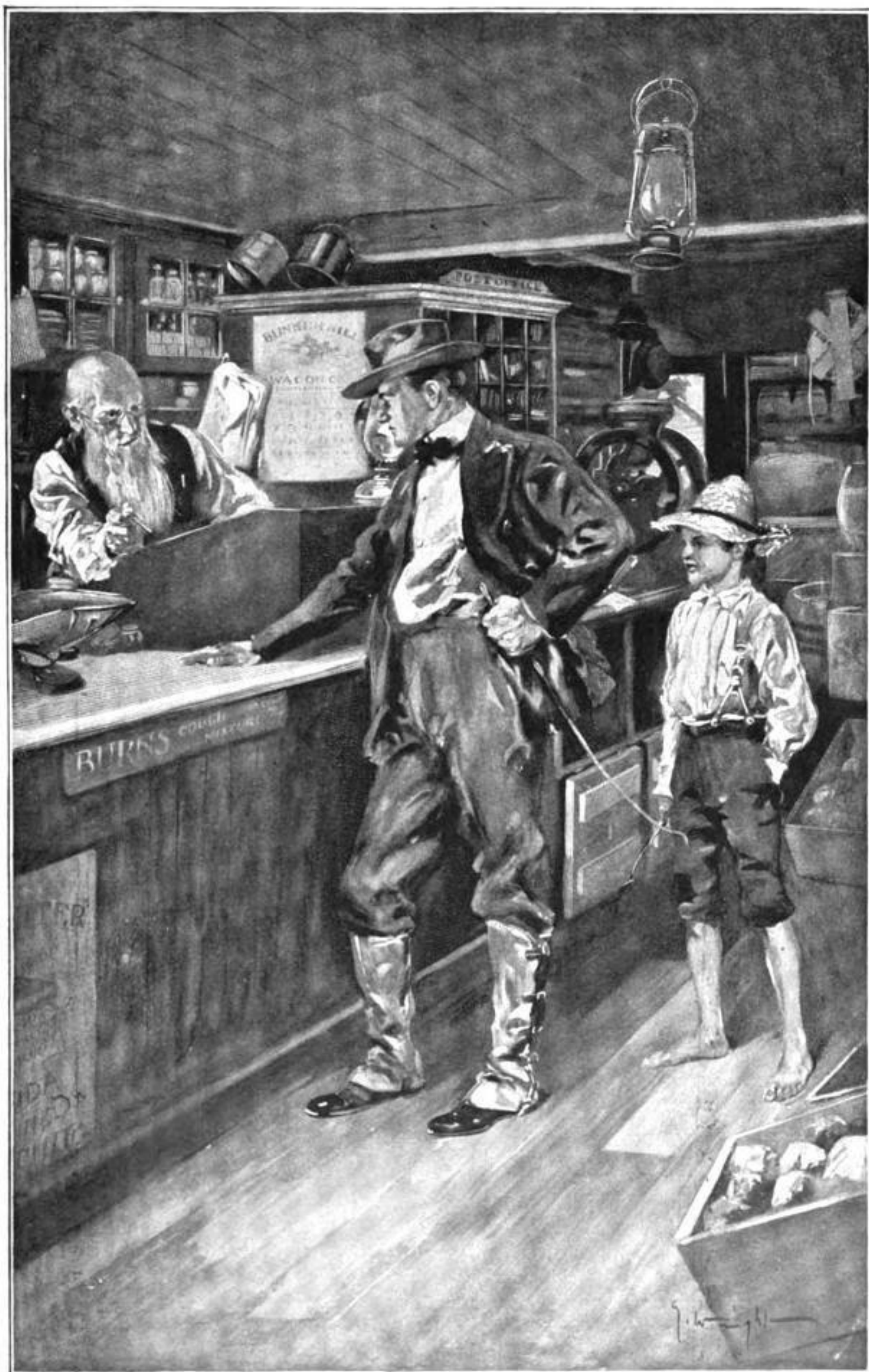
Nothing would have delighted him more than to expatiate upon her loveliness, the soft white beauty of her hands, the "cunning" little puckers around her lips, her bright, tender eyes, the angelic texture of her robes and the musical tinkle of her voice. But Leonidas had no confidant, and what healthy boy ever trusted his sister in such a matter! "You saw what she was like," he said, with evasive bluntness.

"But—Lee——"

But Lee was adamant. "Go and ask her," he said.

"Like as not you were sassy to her and she shut you up," said his sister artfully. But even this cruel suggestion, which he could have so easily flouted, did not draw him, and his ingenuous relations flounced disgustedly away.

But Leonidas was not spared any further allusion to the fair stranger, for the fact of her having spoken to him was duly reported at home, and at dinner his reticence was again sorely attacked. "Just like her, in spite of all her airs and graces, to hang out along the fence like any ordinary hired girl, jabberin' with anybody that went along the road," said his mother, incisively. He knew that she didn't like her new neighbors, so this did not surprise



Drawn by George Wright.

"I KNOW EVERY LETTER THAT COMES IN AND GOES OUT THIS OFFICE, I RECKON."

nor greatly pain him. Neither did the prosaic facts that were now first made plain to him. His divinity was a Mrs. Burroughs, whose husband was conducting a series of mining operations and prospecting with a gang of men on the Casket Ridge. As his duty required his continual presence there, Mrs. Burroughs was forced to forego the civilized pleasures of San Francisco for a frontier life, for which she was ill fitted and in which she had no interest. All this was a vague irrelevance to Leonidas, who knew her only as a goddess in white who had been familiar to him, and kind, and to whom he was tied by the delicious joy of having a secret in common, and having done her a special favor. Healthy youth clings to its own impressions, let reason, experience, and even facts, argue ever to the contrary.

So he kept her secret and his intact, and was rewarded a few days afterward by a distant view of her walking in the garden, with a man whom he recognized as her husband. It is needless to say that, without any extraneous thought, the man suffered in Leonidas' estimation by his propinquity to the goddess and that he deemed him vastly inferior.

It was a still greater reward to his fidelity that she seized an opportunity, when her husband's head was turned, to wave her hand to him. Leonidas did not approach the fence, partly through shyness and partly through a more subtle instinct that this man was not in the secret. He was right, for only the next day, as he passed to the post-office, she called him to the fence.

"Did you see me wave my hand to you yesterday?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am—but"—he hesitated—"I didn't come up, for I didn't think you wanted me when any one else was there."

She laughed merrily, and, lifting his straw hat from his head, ran the fingers of the other hand through his damp curls. "You're the brightest, dearest boy I ever knew, Leon," she said, dropping her pretty face to the level of his own, "and I ought to have remembered it. But I don't mind telling you I was dreadfully frightened lest you might misunderstand me and come and ask for another letter—before *him*." As she emphasized the personal pronoun, her whole face seemed to change, the light of

her blue eyes became mere glittering points, her nostrils grew white and contracted, and her pretty little mouth seemed to narrow into a straight, cruel line like a cat's. "Not a word ever to *him*—of all men! Do you hear?" she said, almost brusquely. Then, seeing the concern in the boy's face, she laughed, and added explanatorily, "He's a bad, bad man, Leon, remember that."

The fact that she was speaking of her husband did not shock the boy's moral sense in the least. The sacredness of those relations, and even of blood kinship, is, I fear, not always so clear to the youthful mind as we fondly imagine. That Mr. Burroughs was a bad man to have excited this change in this lovely woman, was Leonidas' only conclusion. He remembered how his sister's soft, pretty little kitten, purring in her lap, used to get its back up and spit at the postmaster's yellow hound.

"I never wished to come unless you called me first," he said frankly.

"What?" she said, in her half-playful, half-reproachful, but wholly caressing way. "You mean to say you would never come to see me unless I sent for you? O Leon! and you'd abandon me in that way?"

But Leonidas was set in his own boyish superstition. "I'd just delight in bein' sent for by you any time, Mrs. Burroughs, and you kin always find me," he said, shyly, but doggedly; "but——" he stopped.

"What an opinionated young gentleman! Well, I see I must do all the courting. So, consider that I sent for you this morning. I've got another letter for you to mail." She put her hand to her breast, and out of the pretty frillings of her frock produced, as before, with the same faint perfume of violets, a letter like the first. But it was unsealed. "Now listen, Leon. We are going to be great friends—you and I." (Leonidas felt his cheeks glowing.) "You are going to do me another great favor—and we are going to have a little fun and a great secret all by our own selves. Now, first: have you any correspondent—you know—any one who writes to you—any boy or girl—from San Francisco?"

Leonidas' cheeks grew redder—alas!



Drawn by George Wright.

"HAVEN'T YOU SENSE ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING AND FOLLOWS ME?"

from a less happy consciousness. He never received any letters; nobody ever wrote to him. He was obliged to make this shameful admission.

Mrs. Burroughs looked thoughtful. "But you have some friend in San Francisco—some one who *might* write to you?" she suggested, pleasantly.

"I knew a boy once—who went to San Francisco," said Leonidas doubtfully. "At least, he allowed he was goin' there."

"That will do," said Mrs. Burroughs. "I suppose your parents know him or of him?"

"Why," said Leonidas, "he used to live here."

"Better still. For, you see, it wouldn't be strange if he *did* write. What was the gentleman's name?"

"Jim Belcher," returned Leonidas, hesitatingly, by no means sure that the absent Belcher knew how to write. Mrs. Burroughs took a tiny pencil from her belt, opened the letter she was holding in her hand and apparently wrote the name in it. Then she folded it and sealed it, smiling charmingly at Leonidas' puzzled face.

"Now, Leon, listen—for here is the favor I am asking! Mr. Jim Belcher"—she pronounced the name with great gravity—"will write to you in a few days. But inside of *your* letter will be a little note to me, which you will bring me. You can show your letter to your family, if they want to know who it is from, but no one must see *mine*. Can you manage that?"

"Yes," said Leonidas. Then, as the whole idea flashed upon his quick intelligence, he smiled until he showed his dimples. Mrs. Burroughs leaned forward over the fence, lifted his torn straw hat and dropped a fluttering little kiss on his forehead. It seemed to the boy, flushed and rosy as a maid, as if she had left a shining star there for every one to see.

"Don't smile like that, Leon—you're positively irresistible. It will be a nice little game, won't it? Nobody in it but you and me—and Belcher! We'll outwit them yet. And you see, you'll be obliged to come to me, after all, without asking."

They both laughed; indeed, quite a dimpled, bright-eyed, rosy, innocent pair—though I think Leonidas was the most maidenly.

"And," added Leonidas with breathless eagerness, "I can sometimes write *to—to*—Jim—and inclose your letter."

"Angel of wisdom!—certainly. Well, now—let's see—have you got any letters for the post to-day?" He colored again—for in anticipation of meeting her he had hurried up the family post that morning. He held out his letters—she thrust her own among them. "Now," she said, laying her cool, soft hand against his hot cheek, "run along, dear. You must not be seen loitering here."

Leonidas ran off—buoyed up on ambient air. It seemed just like a fairy-book. Here he was the confidant of the most beautiful creature he had seen, and there was a mysterious letter coming to him—Leonidas—and no one to know why. And now he had a "call" to see her often—she would not forget him—he needn't loiter by the fence-post to see if she wanted him—and his boyish pride and shyness were appeased. There was no question of moral ethics raised in Leonidas' mind; he knew that it would not be the real Jim Belcher who would write to him, but that made the prospect the more attractive. Nor did another circumstance trouble his conscience. When he reached the post-office, he was surprised to see the man he knew to be Mr. Burroughs talking with the postmaster. Leonidas brushed by him and deposited his letters in the box in discreet triumph. The postmaster was evidently officially resenting some imputation on his carelessness and concluding his defense. "No, sir," he said, "you kin bet your boots that ef any letter hez gone astray for you or your wife—ye said your wife, didn't ye?"

"Yes," said Burroughs hastily, with a glance around the shop.

"Well, for you or anybody at your house—it ain't here that's the fault. You hear me! I know every letter that comes in and goes out this office, I reckon, and handle 'em all"—Leonidas pricked up his ears—"and if anybody oughter know, it's me. Ye kin paste that in your hat, Mr. Burroughs." Burroughs, apparently disconcerted by the intrusion of a third party—Leonidas—upon what was evidently a private inquiry, murmured something surlily, and passed out.

Leonidas was puzzled. That big man seemed to be "snooping" around for something! He knew that he dared not touch the letter-bag—Leonidas had heard somewhere that it was a deadly crime to touch any letters after the government had got hold of them once, and he had no fears for the safety of hers—but ought he not to go back at once and tell her about her husband's visit and the alarming fact that the postmaster was personally acquainted with all the letters? He instantly saw, too, the wisdom of her inclosing her letter hereafter in another address. Yet he finally resolved not to tell her to-day—it would look like "hanging round" again; and, another secret reason, he was afraid that any allusion to her husband's interference would bring back that change in her beautiful face which he did not like. The better to resist temptation, he went back another way.

It must not be supposed that while Leonidas indulged in this secret passion for the beautiful stranger, it was to the exclusion of his boyish habits. It merely took the place of his intellectual visions and his romantic reading—he no longer carried books in his pocket on his lazy rambles. What were medieval legends of high-born ladies and their pages to this real romance of himself and Mrs. Burroughs? What were the exploits of boy captains and juvenile trappers, and the Indian maidens and Spanish señoritas, to what was now possible to himself and his divinity, here—upon Casket Ridge! The very ground around her was now consecrated to romance and adventure. Consequently he visited a few traps on his way back which he had set for "jackass rabbits" and wildcats—the latter a vindictive reprisal for aggression upon an orphan brood of mountain quail which he had taken under his protection. For, while he nourished a keen love of sport, it was controlled by a boy's larger understanding of nature; a pantheistic sympathy with bird and beast and plant, which made him keenly alive to the strange cruelties of creation, revealed to him some queer animal feuds, and made him a chivalrous partisan of the weaker. He had even gone out of his way to defend, by ingenious contrivances of his own, the hoard of a golden squirrel and the treasures of some wild bees

from a predatory bear, although it did not prevent him later from capturing the squirrel by an equally ingenious contrivance and from eventually eating some of the honey. He was late home that evening. But this was "vacation"; the district school was closed, and but for the household "chores" which occupied his early mornings, each long summer day was a holiday. So two or three passed, and then one morning, on his going to the post-office, the postmaster threw down upon the counter a real and rather bulky letter, duly stamped and addressed to Mr. Leonidas Boone! Leonidas was too discreet to open it before witnesses, but in the solitude of the trail home broke the seal. It contained another letter with no address—clearly the one *she* expected—and, more marvelous still, a sheaf of trout-hooks with delicate gut snells such as Leonidas had dared only to dream of. The letter to himself was written in a clear, distinct hand and ran as follows:—

"DEAR LEE: How are you getting on on old Casket Ridge? It seems a coon's age since you and me was together, and times I get to think I must run up and see you! We're having bully times in Frisco you bet!—though there ain't anything wild worth shucks to go to see—cept the Sea Lions at the Cliff House. They're just stunning—big as a grizzly and bigger—climbing over a big rock or swimming in the sea like an otter or muskrat. I'm sending you some snells and hooks, such as you can't get at Casket. Use the fine ones for pot holes and the bigger ones for running water or falls. Let me know when you've got 'em. Write to Lock Box No. 1290, thats where Dads letters come. So no more at present, from

"Yours truly,

"JIM BELCHER."

Not only did Leonidas know that this was not from the real Jim, but he felt the vague contact of a new, charming and original personality that fascinated him. Of course it was only natural that one of *her* friends—as he must be—should be equally delightful. There was no jealousy in Leonidas' devotion; he knew only a joy in this fellowship of admiration for her which he was satisfied that the other boy must

feel. And only the right kind of boy could know the importance of his ravishing gift, and this Jim was evidently "no slouch"! Yet in Leonidas' new joy he did not forget *her*! He ran back to the stockade fence and lounged upon the road in view of the house, but she did not appear. He lingered on the top of the hill, ostentatiously examining a young hickory for a green switch, but to no effect. Then it suddenly occurred to him that she might be staying in purposely, and, perhaps a little piqued by her indifference, he ran off. There was a mountain stream hard by, now dwindled in the summer drouth to a mere trickling thread among the boulders, and there was a certain "pot hole" that he had long known. It was the lurking-place of a phenomenal trout—an almost historic fish in the district, which had long resisted the attempts of such rude sportsmen as miners, or even experts like himself. Few had seen it except as a vague, shadowy bulk in the four feet of depth and gloom in which it hid; only once had Leonidas' quick eye feasted on its fair proportions. On that memorable occasion, Leonidas, having exhausted every kind of lure of painted fly and living bait, was rising from his knees behind the bank when a pink five-cent stamp, dislodged from his pocket, fluttered in the air and descended slowly upon the still pool. Horrified at his loss, Leonidas leaned over to recover it, when there was a flash like lightning in the black depths, a dozen changes of light and shadow on the surface, a little whirling wave splashing against the sides of the rock—and the postage-stamp was gone. More than that—for one instant the trout remained visible, stationary and expectant! Whether it was the instinct of sport or whether the fish had detected a new, subtle and original flavor in the gum and paper, Leonidas never knew. Alas! he had not another stamp; he was obliged to leave the fish, but carried a brilliant idea away with him. Ever since then he had cherished it—and another extra stamp in his pocket. And now, with this strong but gossamer-like snell, this new hook, and this freshly cut hickory rod—he would make the trial!

But fate was against him! He had scarcely descended the narrow trail to the pine-fringed margin of the stream, before

his quick ear detected an unusual rustling through the adjacent underbrush, and then a voice that startled him. It was *hers*! In an instant all thought of sport had fled. With a beating heart, half-opened lips and uplifted lashes, Leonidas awaited the coming of his divinity, like a timorous virgin at her first tryst.

But Mrs. Burroughs was clearly not in an equally responsive mood. With her fair face reddened by the sun, the damp tendrils of her unwound hair clinging to her forehead, and her smart little slippers red with dust, there was also a querulous light in her eyes and a still more querulous pinch in her nostrils, as she stood panting before him.

"You tiresome boy!" she gasped, holding one little hand to her side as she gripped her brambled skirt around her ankles with the other. "Why didn't you wait? Why did you make me run all this distance after you?"

Leonidas timidly and poignantly protested. He had waited—before the house and on the hill; he thought she didn't want him.

"Couldn't you see that *that man* kept me in?" she went on peevishly. "Haven't you sense enough to know that he suspects something and follows me everywhere, dogging my footsteps every time the post comes in, and even going to the post-office himself, to make sure that he sees all my letters?"

"Well," she added impatiently, "have you anything for me? Why don't you speak?"

Crushed and remorseful, Leonidas produced her letter. She almost snatched it from his hand, opened it, read a few lines, and her face changed. A smile strayed from her eyes to her lips, and back again. Leonidas' heart was lifted; she was so forgiving and so beautiful!

"Is he a boy, Mrs. Burroughs?" asked Leonidas, shyly.

"Well—not exactly," she said, her charming face all radiant again. "He's older than you. What has he written to you?"

Leonidas put his letter in her hand for reply. "I wish I could see him, you know," he said shyly. "That letter's bully—it's just rats! I like him pow'ful."



Drawn by
George Wright.

Mrs. Burroughs had skimmed through the letter, but not interestedly. "You mustn't like him more than you like me," she said laughingly, caressing him with her voice and eyes, and even her straying hand.

"I couldn't do that! I never could like anybody as I like you," said Leonidas gravely. There was that appalling truthfulness in the boy's voice and frankly opened eyes, that the woman could not evade it, and was for an instant disconcerted.

But she presently started up with a vexatious cry. "There's that wretch following me again, I do believe," she said, staring at the hilltop. "Yes! Look, Leon, he's turning to come down this trail.

What's to be done? He mustn't see me here!"

Leonidas looked. It was indeed Mr. Burroughs—but he was evidently only taking a short cut toward the Ridge, where his men were working; Leonidas had seen him take it before. But it was the principal trail on the steep hillside, and they must eventually meet. A man might evade it by scrambling through the brush to a lower and rougher trail, but a woman, never! But an idea had seized Leonidas. "I can stop him," he said confidently to her. "You just lie low here behind that rock till I come back. He hasn't seen you yet."

She had barely time to draw back before Leonidas darted down the trail toward her husband. Yet, in her intense curi-

"THE SNAKE
REMAINED POISED IN
AIR AS IF STIFFENED
TO STONE."

osity, she leaned out the next moment, to watch him. He paused at last, not far from the approaching figure, and seemed to kneel down on the trail. What was he doing? Her husband was still slowly advancing. Suddenly he stopped. At the same moment she heard their voices in excited parley, and then, to her amazement, she saw her husband scramble hurriedly down the trail to the lower level, and, with an occa-

sional backward glance, hasten away until he had passed beyond her view.

She could scarcely realize her narrow escape, when Leonidas stood by her side. "How did you do it?" she said eagerly.

"With a rattler," said the boy gravely.

"With a what?"

"A rattlesnake—pizen snake, you know."

"A rattlesnake?" she said, staring at Leonidas, with a quick snatching away of her skirts.

The boy, who seemed to have forgotten her in his other abstraction of adventure, now turned quickly with devoted eyes and a reassuring smile. "Yes! But I wouldn't let him hurt you," he said gently.

"But what did you *do*?"

He looked at her curiously. "You won't be frightened if I show you?" he said doubtfully. "There's nothin' to be afereed of s'long as you're with me," he added proudly.

"Yes—that is——" she stammered; and then, her curiosity getting the better of her fear, she whispered, "Show me quick!"

He led the way up the narrow trail until he stopped where he had knelt before. It was a narrow, sunny ledge of rock, scarcely wide enough for a single person to pass. He silently pointed to a cleft in the rock, and kneeling down again, began to whistle in a soft, fluttering way. There was a moment of suspense, and then she was conscious of an awful gliding something—a movement so measured yet so exquisitely graceful that she stood enthralled. A narrow, flattened, expressionless head was followed by a foot-long strip of yellow-barred scales; then there was a pause, and the head turned, in a beautifully symmetrical half-circle, toward the whistler. The whistling ceased; the snake, with half its body out of the cleft, remained poised in air as if stiffened to stone.

"There," said Leonidas quietly; "that's what Mr. Burroughs saw—and that's *why* he scooted off the trail. I just called out William Henry—I call him 'William Henry,' and he knows his name—and then I sang out to Mr. Burroughs what was up—and it was lucky I did, for the next moment he'd have been on top of him and have been struck—for rattlers don't give way to any one."

"Oh, why didn't you let——" she stopped herself quickly, but could not stop the fierce glint in her eye nor the sharp curve in her nostril. Luckily Leonidas did not see this, being preoccupied with his other graceful charmer—William Henry.

"But how did you know it was here?" said Mrs. Burroughs, recovering herself.

"Fetched him here," said Leonidas briefly.

"What—in your hands?" she said, drawing back.

"No! made him follow! I *have* handled him, but it was after I've first made him strike his pizen out upon a stick. Ye know after he strikes four times, he ain't got any pizen left. Then ye kin do anythin' with him—and he knows it. He knows me—you bet. Lordy! I've been three months trainin' him. Look!—don't be frightened," he said, as Mrs. Burroughs drew hurriedly back—"see him mind me. Now, scoot home, William Henry!" He accompanied the command with a slow, dominant movement of the hickory rod he was carrying. The snake dropped its head, and slid noiselessly out of the cleft across the trail and down the hill.

"Thinks my rod is witch-hazel—which rattlers can't abide," continued Leonidas, dropping into a boy's breathless, abbreviated speech. "Lives down your way—just back of your farm. Show ye some day. Suns himself on a flat stone every day—always cold—never can get warm. Eh?"

She had not spoken, but was gazing into space with a breathless rigidity of attitude and a fixed look in her eye, not unlike that in the motionless orbs of the reptile which had glided away.

"Does anybody else know you keep him?" she asked.

"Nary one. I never showed him to anybody but you," replied the boy.

"Don't. You must show me where he hides, to-morrow," she said, in her old laughing way. "And now, Leon, I must go back to the house."

"May I write to him—to Jim Belcher, Mrs. Burroughs?" said the boy timidly.

"Certainly. And come to me to-morrow with your letter—I will have mine ready. Good-by." She stopped and glanced at the trail. "And you say that if that man had kept on, the snake would have bitten him?"

"Sure pop!—if he'd trod on him, as he was sure to. The snake wouldn't have known he didn't mean it. It's only natural," continued Leonidas, with glowing partisanship for the gentle and absent William Henry. "You wouldn't like to be trodden upon, Mrs. Burroughs?"

"No!—I'd strike out!" she said quickly. She made a rapid motion forward with her low forehead and level head, leaving it rigid the next moment, so that it reminded him of the snake, and he laughed. At which she laughed too, and tripped away.

Leonidas went back and caught his trout. But even this triumph did not remove a vague sense of disappointment which had come over him. He had often pictured to himself a heaven-sent meeting with her in the woods, a walk with her, alone, where he could pick her the rarest flowers and herbs and show her his woodland friends—and it had ended only in this—and an exhibition of William Henry! He ought to have saved *her* from something, and not her husband. Yet he had no ill feeling for Burroughs—only a desire to circumvent him, on behalf of the unprotected, as he would have baffled a hawk or a wildcat. He went home in dismal spirits, but later that evening constructed a boyish letter of thanks to the apocryphal Belcher, and told him all about—the trout!

He brought her his letter the next day, and received hers to inclose. She was pleasant, her own charming self again, but she seemed more interested in other things than himself, as for instance the docile William Henry, whose hiding-place he showed and whose few tricks she made him exhibit to her—and which the gratified Leonidas accepted as a delicate form of flattery to himself. But his yearning, innocent spirit detected a something lacking, which he was too proud to admit even to himself. It was his own fault; he ought to have waited for her and not gone for the trout!

So a fortnight passed with an interchange of the vicarious letters, and brief, hopeful and disappointing meetings to Leonidas. To add to his unhappiness, he was forced to listen to sneering disparagement of his goddess from his family, and criticisms which happily his innocence did not comprehend. It was his own mother who ac-

cused her of shamefully "making up" to the good-looking expressman at church last Sunday, and declared that Burroughs ought to "look after that wife of his"—two statements which the simple Leonidas could not reconcile. He had seen the incident and only thought her more lovely than ever. Why should not the expressman think so too? And yet the boy was not happy; something intruded upon his sports, upon his books, making them dull and vapid, and yet that something was she! He grew pale and preoccupied. If he had only some one in whom to confide—some one who could explain his hopes and fears. That one was nearer than he thought!

It was quite three weeks since the rattlesnake incident, and he was wandering moodily over Casket Ridge. He was near the Casket—that abrupt upheaval of quartz and gneiss, shaped like a coffin, from which the mountain took its name. It was a favorite haunt of Leonidas, one of whose boyish superstitions was that it contained a treasure of gold, and one of whose brightest dreams had been that he should yet discover it! This he did not do to-day, but, looking up from the rocks that he was listlessly examining, he made the almost as thrilling discovery that near him on the trail was a distinguished-looking stranger!

He was bestriding a shapely mustang, which well became his handsome face and slight, elegant figure, and he was looking at Leonidas with an amused curiosity, and a certain easy assurance that was difficult to withstand. It was with the same fascinating self-confidence of smile, voice and manner that he rode up to the boy and, leaning lightly over his saddle, said with exaggerated politeness, "I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Leonidas Boone?"

The rising color in Leonidas' face was apparently a sufficient answer to the stranger, for he continued smilingly: "Then permit me to introduce myself as Mr. James Belcher. As you perceive, I have grown considerably since you last saw me. In fact, I've done nothing else. It's surprising what a fellow can do when he sets his mind on one thing. And then, you know, they're always telling you that San Francisco is a 'growing place.' That accounts for it!"

Leonidas, dazed, dazzled, but delighted, showed all his white teeth in a shy laugh. At which the enchanting stranger leaped from his horse, like a very boy, drew his arm through the rein, and, going up to Leonidas, lifted the boy's straw hat from his head and ran his fingers through his curls. There was nothing original in that—everybody did that to him as a preliminary to conversation. But when this ingenuous fine gentleman put his own Panama hat on Leonidas' head and clapped Leonidas' torn straw on his own, and, passing his arm through the boy's, began to walk on with him, Leonidas' simple heart went out to him at once.

"And now, Leon," said the delightful stranger, "let's you and me have a talk. There's a nice cool spot under these laurels—I'll stake out Pepita—and we'll just lie off there and gab, and not care if school keeps or not."

"But you know you ain't really Jim Belcher," said the boy shyly.

"I'm as good a man as he is any day, whoever I *am*," said the stranger with humorous defiance, "and can lick him out of his boots, whoever *he* is. That ought to satisfy you. But if you want my certificate, here's your own letter, old man," he said, producing Leonidas' last scrawl from his pocket.

"And *hers*?" said the boy cautiously.

The stranger's face changed a little. "And *hers*," he repeated gravely, showing a little pink note which Leonidas recognized as one of Mrs. Burroughs' inclosures. The boy was silent until they reached the laurels, where the stranger tethered his horse and then threw himself in an easy attitude beneath the tree, with the back of his head upon his clasped hands. Leonidas could see his curved brown mustachios, and silky lashes that were almost as long, and thought him the handsomest man he had ever beheld.

"Well, Lee," said the stranger, stretching himself out comfortably and pulling the boy down beside him; "how are things going on the Casket? All serene, eh?"

The inquiry so dismally recalled Leonidas' late feelings that his face clouded and he involuntarily sighed. The stranger instantly shifted his head and gazed curiously at him. Then he took the boy's

sunburnt hand in his own and held it a moment. "Well, go on," he said.

"Well, Mr.—Mr.— I can't go on—I won't!" said Leonidas, with a sudden fit of obstinacy. "I don't know what to call you."

"Call me 'Jack'—'Jack Hamlin' when you're not in a hurry. Ever heard of me before?" he added, suddenly turning his head toward Leonidas.

The boy shook his head. "No."

Mr. Jack Hamlin lifted his lashes in affected expostulation to the skies. "And this is fame!" he murmured audibly.

But this Leonidas did not comprehend. Nor could he understand why the stranger, who clearly must have come to see *her*, should not ask about her, should not rush to seek her, but should lie back there all the while so contentedly on the grass. *He* wouldn't. He half resented it, and then it occurred to him that this fine gentleman was like himself, shy. Who could help being so before such an angel? *He* would help him on.

And so, shyly at first, but bit by bit emboldened by a word or two from Jack, he began to talk of her—of her beauty—of her kindness—of his own unworthiness—of what she had said and done—until, finding in this gracious stranger the vent his pent-up feelings so long had sought, he sang then and there the little idyl of his boyish life. He told of his decline in her affections after his unpardonable sin in keeping her waiting while he went for the trout, and added the miserable mistake of the rattlesnake episode. "For it was a mistake, Mr. Hamlin. I oughtn't to have let a lady like that know anything about snakes—just because *I* happen to know them."

"It *was* an awful slump, Lee," said Hamlin gravely. "Get a woman and a snake together—and where are you? Think of Adam and Eve and the serpent, you know."

"But it wasn't that way," said the boy earnestly. "And I want to tell you something else that's just makin' me sick, Mr. Hamlin. I told you William Henry lives down at the bottom of Burroughs' garden, and how I showed Mrs. Burroughs his tricks. Well, only two days ago I was down there looking for him, and



Drawn by
George Wright.

"CALL ME 'JACK'—'JACK HAMLIN'—
WHEN YOU'RE NOT IN A HURRY."

couldn't find him anywhere. There's a sort of narrow trail from the garden to the hill, a short cut up to the Ridge instead o' going by their gate. It's just the trail any one would take in a hurry, or if they didn't want to be seen from the road. Well! I was lookin' this way and that for William Henry, and whistlin' for him, when I slipped onto the trail. There, in the middle of it, was an old bucket turned upside down—just the thing a man would kick away or a woman lift up. Well, Mr. Hamlin, I kicked it away, and"—the boy stopped, with rounded eyes and bated breath, and added—"I just had time to give one jump and save myself! For under that pail, cramped down so he couldn't get out and just bilin' over with rage, and chockfull of pizen—was William Henry! If it had been anybody else less spry,

they'd have got bitten—and that's just what the sneak who put it there knew."

Mr. Hamlin uttered an exclamation under his breath, and rose to his feet. "What did you say?" asked the boy quickly.

"Nothing," said Mr. Hamlin. But it had sounded to Leonidas like "By God!" Mr. Hamlin walked a few steps as if stretching his limbs, and then said, "And you think Burroughs would have been bitten?"

"Why, no!" said Leonidas, in astonished indignation; "of course not, not Burroughs. It would have been poor Mrs. Burroughs. For of course *he* set that trap

for her—don't you see? Who else would do it?"

"Of course! Of course! Certainly," said Mr. Hamlin coolly. "Of course, as you say, *he* set the trap—yes—you just hang on to that idea."

But something in Mr. Hamlin's manner, and a peculiar look in his eye, did not satisfy Leonidas. "Are you going to see her now?" he said eagerly. "I can show you the house, and then run in and tell her you're outside, in the laurels."

"Not just yet," said Mr. Hamlin, laying his hand on the boy's head, after having restored his own hat. "You see, I thought of giving her a surprise! A big surprise!" he added slowly. After a pause, he went on, "Did you tell her what you had seen?"

"Of course I did," said Leonidas reproachfully. "Did you think I was going to let her get bit? It might have killed her."

"And it might not have been an unmixed pleasure for William Henry. I mean," said Mr. Hamlin gravely, correcting himself, "*you* would never have forgiven him. But what did she say?"

The boy's face clouded. "She thanked me and said it was very thoughtful—and—kind—though it might have been only an accident"—he stammered—"and then she said perhaps I was hanging round and coming there a little too much lately, and that as Burroughs was very watchful I'd better quit for two or three days." The tears were rising to his eyes, but by putting his two clenched fists into his pockets he managed to hold them down. Perhaps Mr. Hamlin's soft hand on his head assisted him. Mr. Hamlin took from his pocket a note-book and, tearing out a leaf, sat down again and began to write on his knee. After a pause, Leonidas said:

"Was you ever in love, Mr. Hamlin?"

"Never," said Mr. Hamlin, quietly continuing to write. "But now you speak of it, it's a long-felt want in my nature that I intend to supply some day. But not until I have made my pile. And don't *you*, either!" He continued writing, for it was this gentleman's peculiarity to talk without, apparently, the slightest concern whether anybody else spoke, whether he was listened to, or whether his remarks were at all relevant to the case. Yet he

was always listened to for that reason. When he had finished writing, he put the paper in an envelope and addressed it.

"Shall I take it to her?" said Leonidas eagerly.

"It's not for *her*—it's for him, Mr. Burroughs," said Mr. Hamlin quietly.

The boy drew back. "To get him out of the way," added Hamlin explanatorily. "When he gets it, lightning wouldn't keep him here. Now how to send it?"

"You might leave it at the post-office," said Leonidas timidly. "He always goes there to watch his wife's letters."

For the first time in their interview, Mr. Hamlin distinctly laughed. "Your head is level, Lee, and I'll do it. Now the best thing you can do, follow Mrs. Burroughs' advice—quit going to the house for a day or two." He walked toward his horse.

The boy's face sank, but he kept up bravely. "And will I see you again?" he said wistfully.

Mr. Hamlin lowered his face so near the boy's that Leonidas could see himself in the brown depths of Mr. Hamlin's eyes. "I hope you will," he said gravely. He mounted, shook the boy's hand and rode away in the lengthening shadows. Then Leonidas walked sadly home.

There was no need for him to keep his promise. For the next morning the family were stirred by the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs had left Casket Ridge that night by the down stage for Sacramento, and that the house was closed. There were various rumors concerning the reason of this sudden departure, but only one was persistent, and borne out by the postmaster. It was that Mr. Burroughs had received that afternoon an anonymous note that his wife was about to elope with the notorious San Francisco gambler, Jack Hamlin.

But Leonidas Boone, albeit half understanding, kept his miserable secret, with a still hopeful and trustful heart. It grieved him a little that William Henry was found a few days later dead, with his head crushed. Yet it was not until years later, when he had made a successful "prospect" on Casket Ridge, that he met Mr. Hamlin in San Francisco, and knew that he had played the part of Mercury upon that "heaven-kissing hill."

The PRIZE CREW ON "L'INSURGENTE"

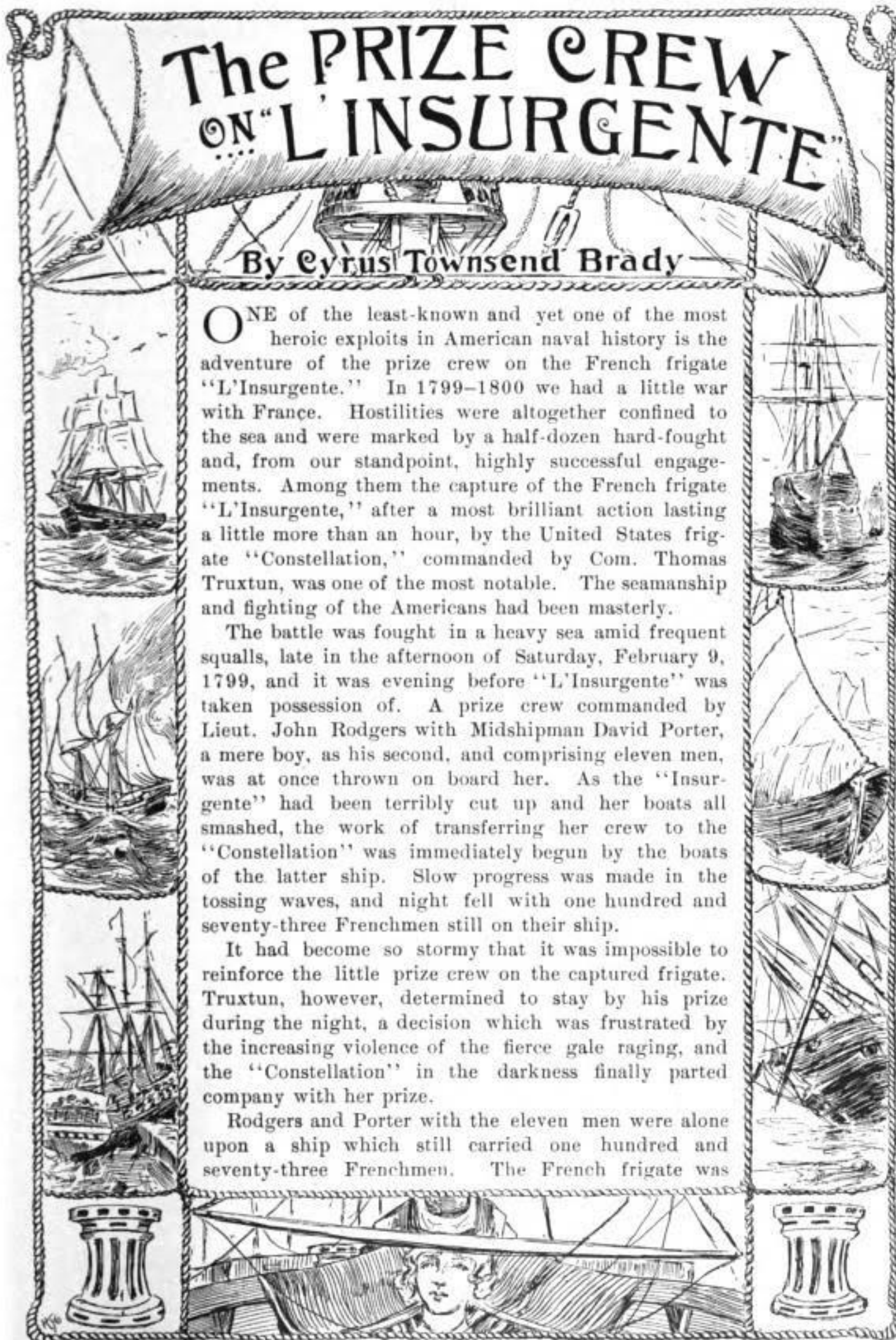
By Cyrus Townsend Brady

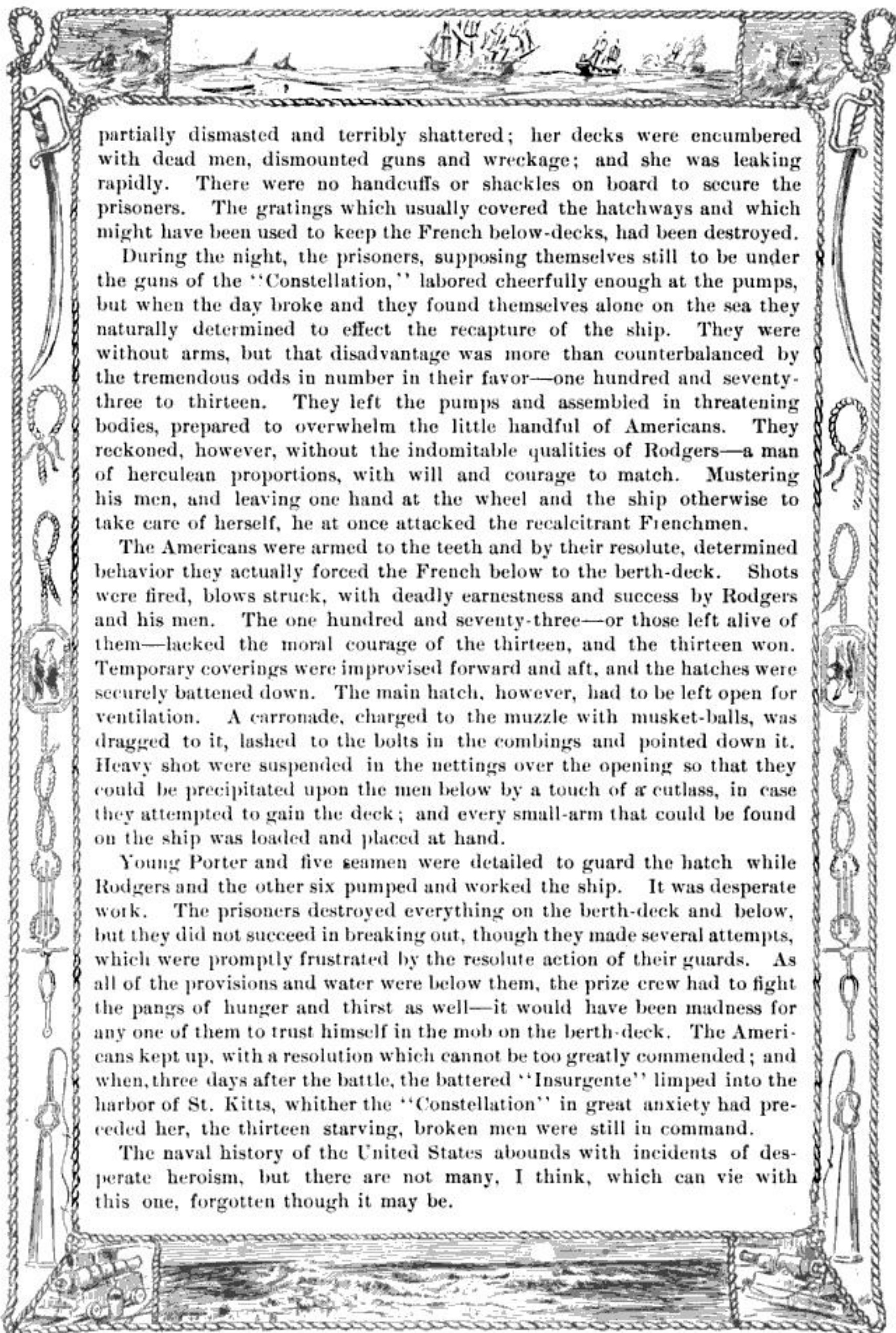
ONE of the least-known and yet one of the most heroic exploits in American naval history is the adventure of the prize crew on the French frigate "L'Insurgente." In 1799-1800 we had a little war with France. Hostilities were altogether confined to the sea and were marked by a half-dozen hard-fought and, from our standpoint, highly successful engagements. Among them the capture of the French frigate "L'Insurgente," after a most brilliant action lasting a little more than an hour, by the United States frigate "Constellation," commanded by Com. Thomas Truxtun, was one of the most notable. The seamanship and fighting of the Americans had been masterly.

The battle was fought in a heavy sea amid frequent squalls, late in the afternoon of Saturday, February 9, 1799, and it was evening before "L'Insurgente" was taken possession of. A prize crew commanded by Lieut. John Rodgers with Midshipman David Porter, a mere boy, as his second, and comprising eleven men, was at once thrown on board her. As the "Insurgente" had been terribly cut up and her boats all smashed, the work of transferring her crew to the "Constellation" was immediately begun by the boats of the latter ship. Slow progress was made in the tossing waves, and night fell with one hundred and seventy-three Frenchmen still on their ship.

It had become so stormy that it was impossible to reinforce the little prize crew on the captured frigate. Truxtun, however, determined to stay by his prize during the night, a decision which was frustrated by the increasing violence of the fierce gale raging, and the "Constellation" in the darkness finally parted company with her prize.

Rodgers and Porter with the eleven men were alone upon a ship which still carried one hundred and seventy-three Frenchmen. The French frigate was





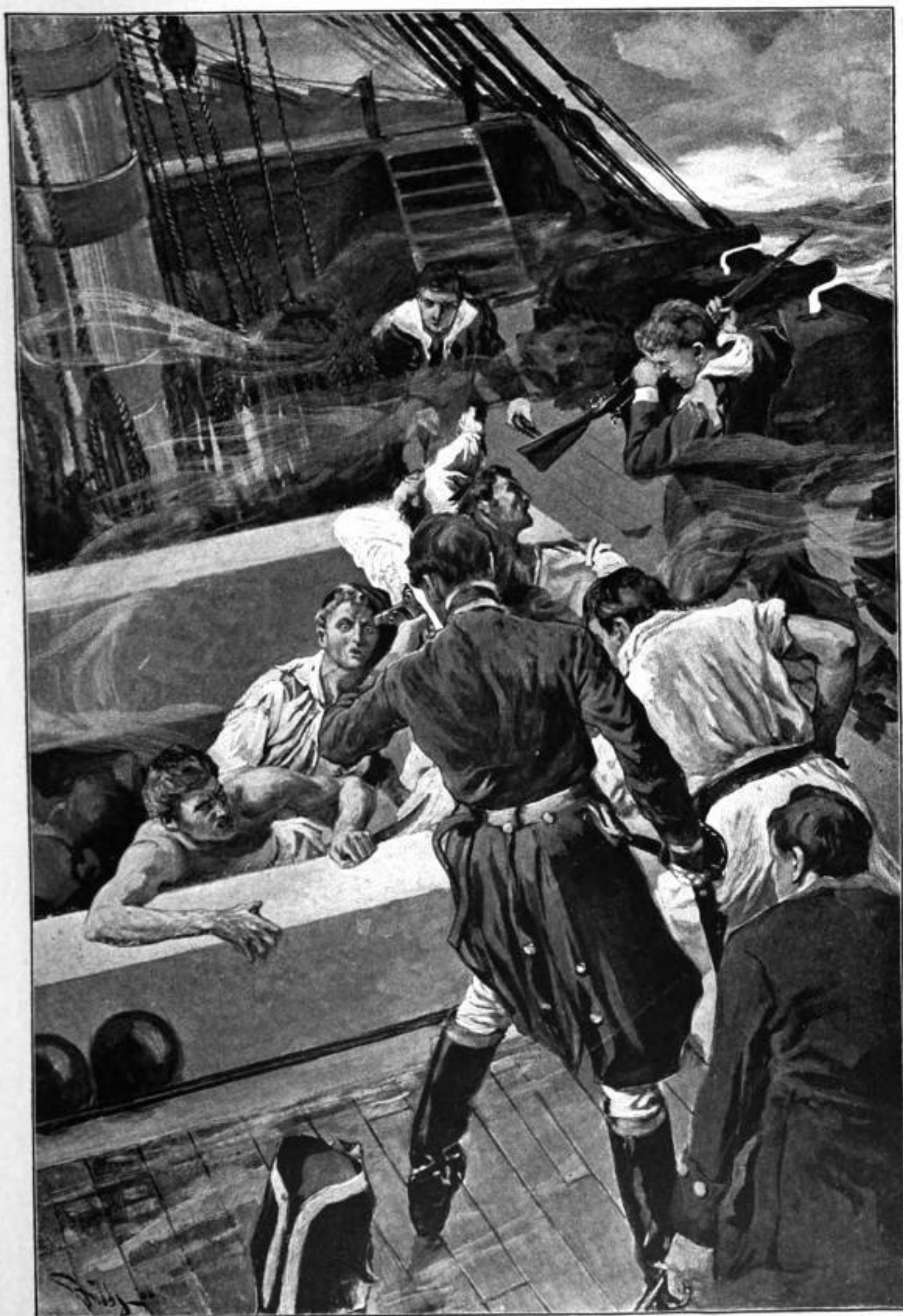
partially dismasted and terribly shattered; her decks were encumbered with dead men, dismounted guns and wreckage; and she was leaking rapidly. There were no handcuffs or shackles on board to secure the prisoners. The gratings which usually covered the hatchways and which might have been used to keep the French below-decks, had been destroyed.

During the night, the prisoners, supposing themselves still to be under the guns of the "Constellation," labored cheerfully enough at the pumps, but when the day broke and they found themselves alone on the sea they naturally determined to effect the recapture of the ship. They were without arms, but that disadvantage was more than counterbalanced by the tremendous odds in number in their favor—one hundred and seventy-three to thirteen. They left the pumps and assembled in threatening bodies, prepared to overwhelm the little handful of Americans. They reckoned, however, without the indomitable qualities of Rodgers—a man of herculean proportions, with will and courage to match. Mustering his men, and leaving one hand at the wheel and the ship otherwise to take care of herself, he at once attacked the recalcitrant Frenchmen.

The Americans were armed to the teeth and by their resolute, determined behavior they actually forced the French below to the berth-deck. Shots were fired, blows struck, with deadly earnestness and success by Rodgers and his men. The one hundred and seventy-three—or those left alive of them—lacked the moral courage of the thirteen, and the thirteen won. Temporary coverings were improvised forward and aft, and the hatches were securely battened down. The main hatch, however, had to be left open for ventilation. A carronade, charged to the muzzle with musket-balls, was dragged to it, lashed to the bolts in the combings and pointed down it. Heavy shot were suspended in the nettings over the opening so that they could be precipitated upon the men below by a touch of a cutlass, in case they attempted to gain the deck; and every small-arm that could be found on the ship was loaded and placed at hand.

Young Porter and five seamen were detailed to guard the hatch while Rodgers and the other six pumped and worked the ship. It was desperate work. The prisoners destroyed everything on the berth-deck and below, but they did not succeed in breaking out, though they made several attempts, which were promptly frustrated by the resolute action of their guards. As all of the provisions and water were below them, the prize crew had to fight the pangs of hunger and thirst as well—it would have been madness for any one of them to trust himself in the mob on the berth-deck. The Americans kept up, with a resolution which cannot be too greatly commended; and when, three days after the battle, the battered "Insurgente" limped into the harbor of St. Kitts, whither the "Constellation" in great anxiety had preceded her, the thirteen starving, broken men were still in command.

The naval history of the United States abounds with incidents of desperate heroism, but there are not many, I think, which can vie with this one, forgotten though it may be.



Drawn by George Gibbs.

RODGERS AND PORTER FORCING THE FRENCH PRISONERS BELOW-DECKS.

SOME EXAMPLES OF RECENT ART.

BY GIRARDET, ASTI, KOCH, BISSON, PEREZ AND ETCHEVERRY.



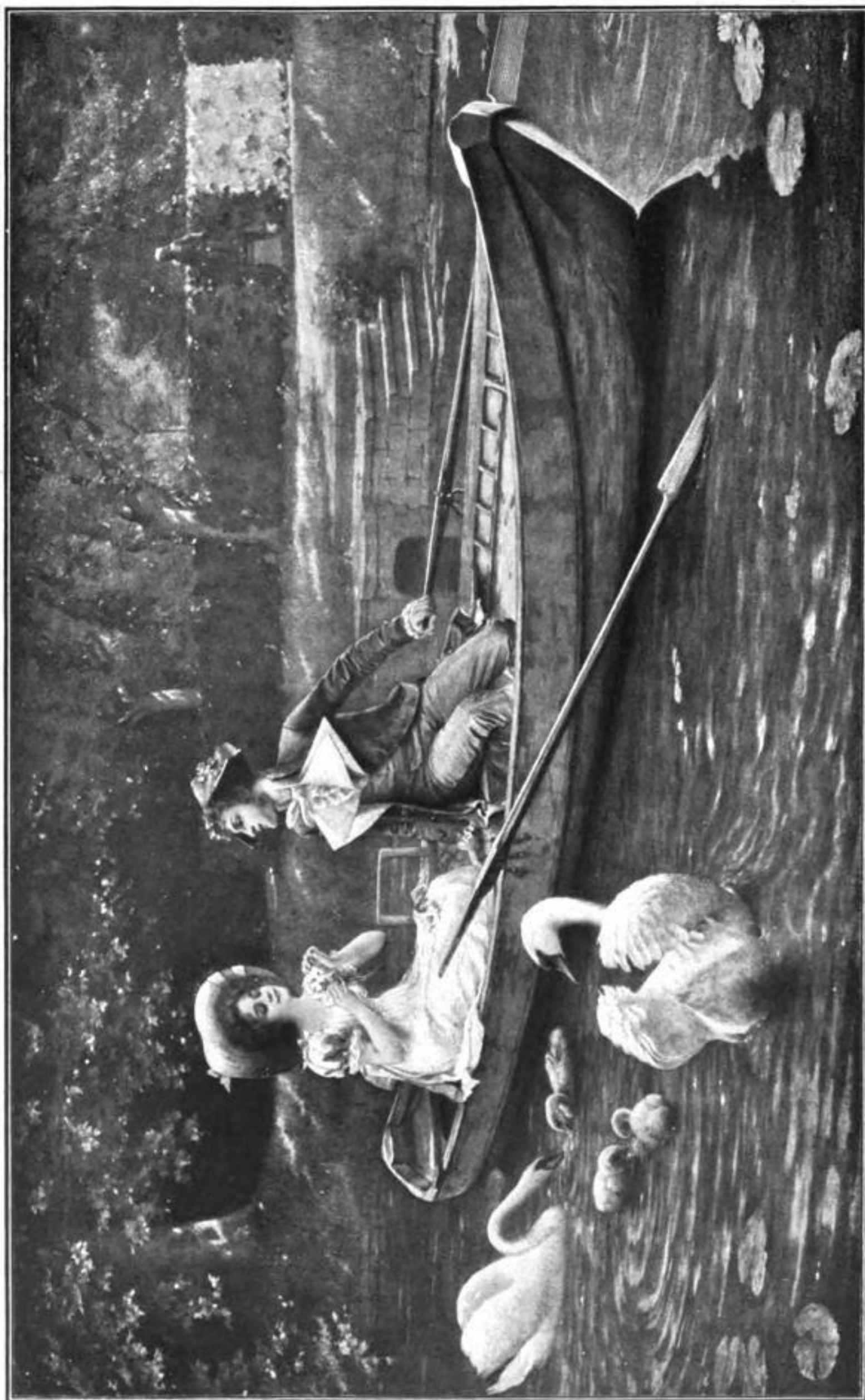
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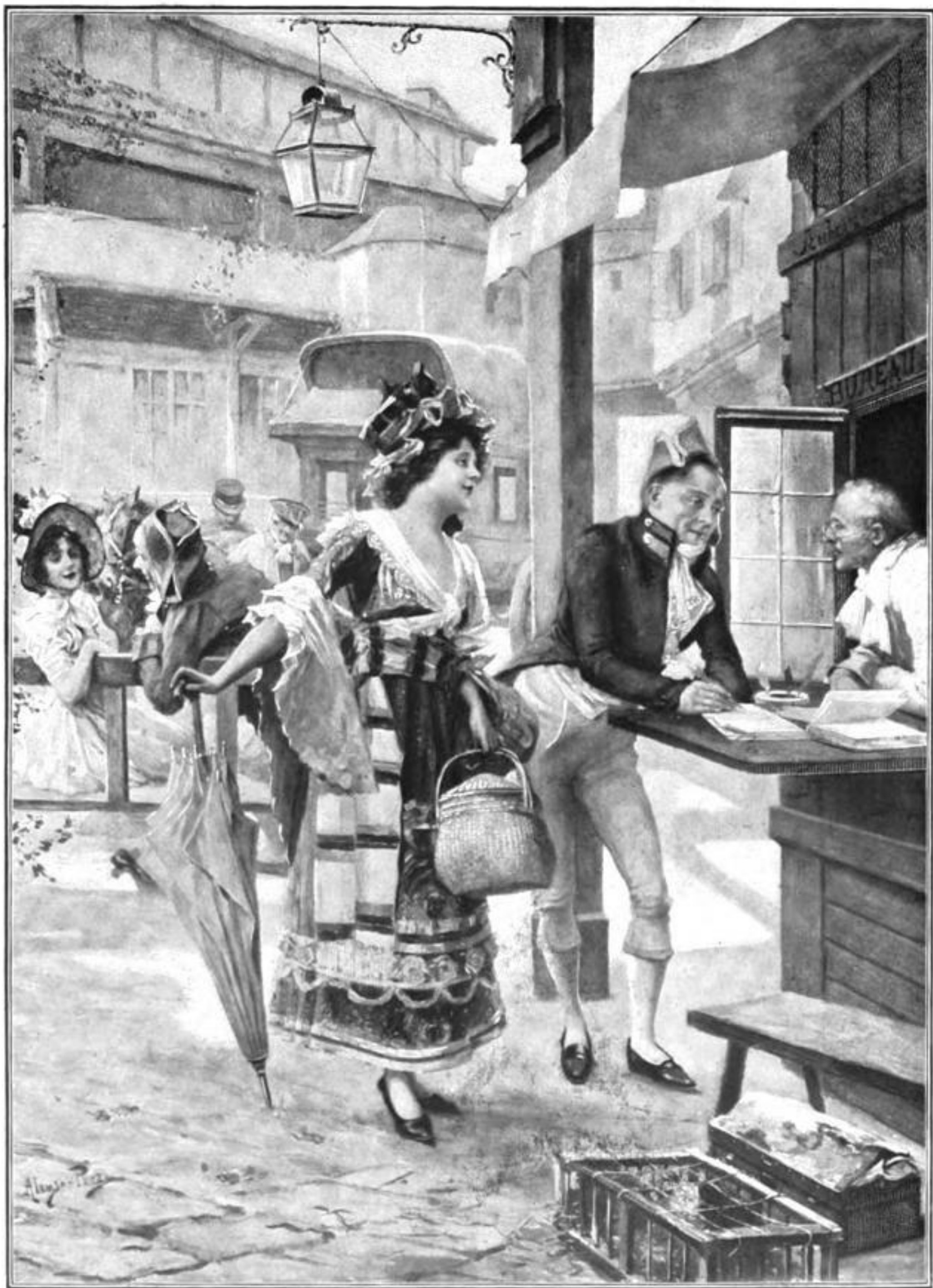
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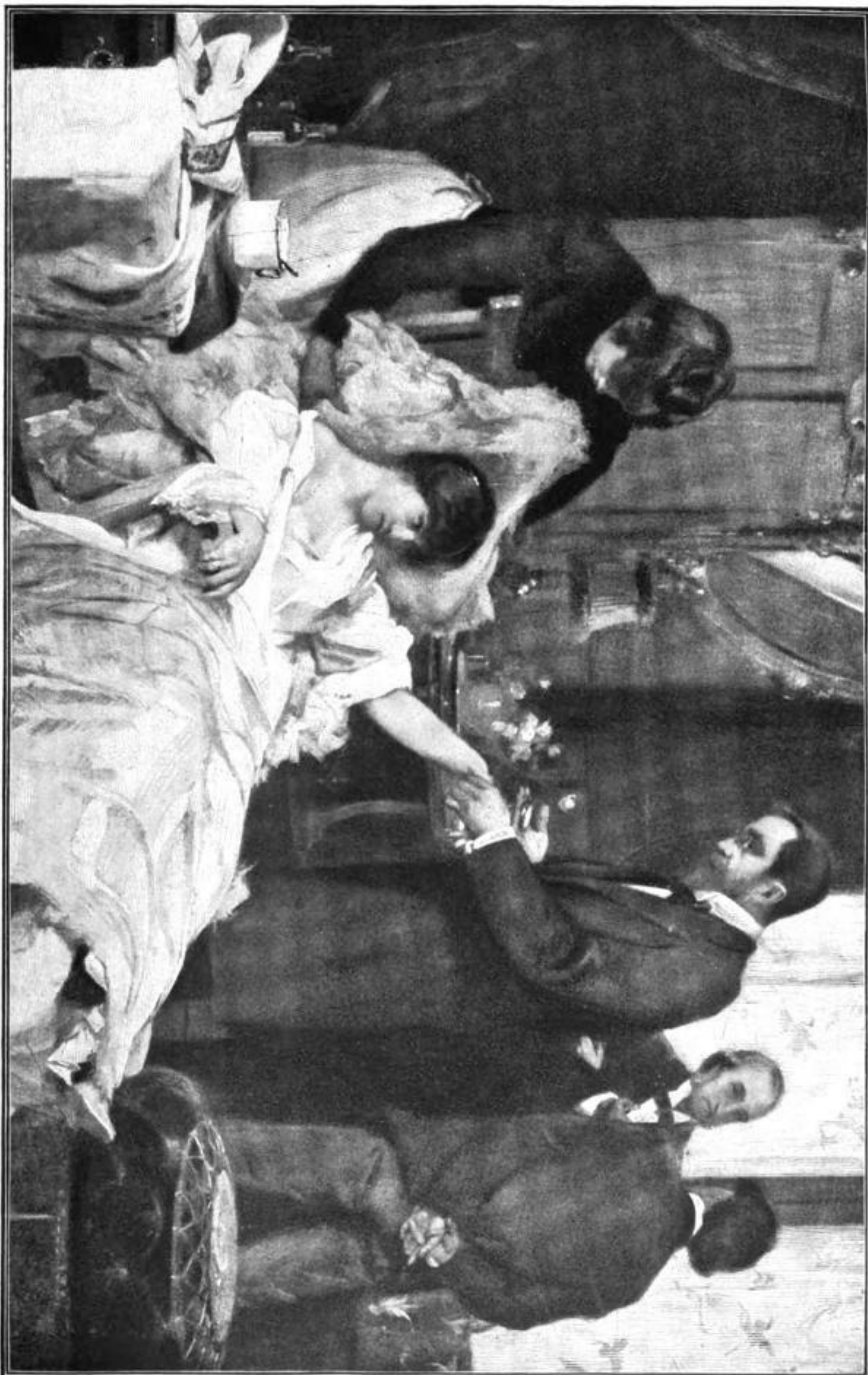


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Drawn by F. M. Ashe.

" 'MAY I SEE THE BABY, MA'AM?' SAID BRIDGET."

CONSTANCE WEATHERELL AND BRIDGET BRADY.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

“**T**HEN, Doctor, you will arrange it for me?” Mrs. Dick Weatherell drew up the rose-embroidered cover over her feet. Her slippers were thin, her silken stockings were open-work; she was not strong enough yet to be imprudent.

“As you please, madame,” Doctor Sands answered dryly; “but have you thought of the sacrifice?”

“Sacrifice, Doctor?” Mrs. Weatherell opened her large brown eyes. “I am sure I do not know what sacrifice it will be. It will save me a lot of bother, and the child will be just as well; better, in fact, for you will get a strong, robust, healthy woman. Remember, I depend on you for that.”

“I have just the woman you desire in view, madame, young and healthy, with a child three months old. I am most anxious to find a place for her; her husband was killed shortly before her child was born, and she is in great need. If you insist, I can procure her at once; but I feel in duty bound to remind you that you are perverting the laws of Nature and running contrary to the Almighty’s will.”

Mrs. Weatherell opened her eyes a trifle wider. “My dear Doctor, you are of course a privileged character, and have always been; but—then—so am I;” and she smiled at the doctor. “If you can calmly sit there and by virtue of your gray hairs and our long acquaintance call me a godless lawbreaker, I may be allowed politely to remind you that you are old-fashioned and distinctly behind the age. Women don’t nurse their children any more; they have entirely too much regard for their figures.”

“I should like to know what the Lord gave mothers to children for, if he didn’t intend them to look after them. Why do you suppose he supplied the well-springs of nourishment in the mother’s breast, if it was to go to waste, be dried up at its fount—an unholy abortion of natural laws? Can you tell me why?”

“I am sure I don’t know,” said Constance; she was bored.

Doctor Sands was getting tiresome;

there were certain difficulties in having a doctor one had known from girlhood. How much more interesting to have that dashing young Deerforth, who was so popular! But Dick would not let her change.

There was, however, an old-fashioned gallantry about Doctor Sands, usually, that somewhat mitigated the situation.

Constance had a measure of satisfaction in knowing that generally he looked with indulgent amusement upon her; at the same time, there was often a sharpness and asperity about him which gave her the opportunity of good practice in the hour she was exiled from her normal field. It kept her in training, so to speak, to win him from his formal “Madame,” which marked disapprobation, to the familiar “Constance,” which he had called her from a child. When she accomplished this, she thought she hoodwinked him; but perhaps the shrewd old doctor was cleverer than she thought, in that he hoodwinked her by letting her think she hoodwinked him.

“Constance,” he said, as though he had resolved to forego persuasion and try appeal, “your mother had ten children and she nursed every one——”

“Yes, and my mother made cake, did up the preserves, and made all my clothes with her own hands: would you advise me to do the same? Does that look like it?”

Constance held up her hand and turned it round and round in the light. It was white, with long pink nails, the art of the manicure. The flash of her ruby caught the light, and she turned the hand back and forth to get its glint, forgetting the doctor and the conversation for the moment, in the absorption of her jewel.

“You might do worse,” the doctor grunted.

When she was tired of the play of light upon her ruby, she came back to the subject, laughing.

“Why, Doctor, as I remember my mother she was an old woman. I used to think of her as the ‘Ancient of Days’; her hair

was plastered down to her head, she wore caps, and she was not over fifty when she died. Times have changed—you are the only thing that has not changed, Doctor"; and Constance blew him a kiss with her white hand, which brought the ruby again into the light. "Why, Mrs. Fowler, who led the last cotillion I went to—before I was ill—must be at least fifty-two or -three. That is the way it should be. I am sure it cannot be according to your friend the Almighty's will that woman should curtail her life."

"It depends upon what life is."

"Of course, mama didn't really know anything about life. She was a dear, but she was very primitive."

The doctor rose. "Then you insist upon abandoning your child?"

"Abandoning my child? Doctor! Don't put it in that brutal way; it sounds very unpleasant. You make me feel like a Hottentot! It is merely that I want a clean, healthy, virtuous wet-nurse for Constance, so that I may have more time and freedom to look after her other interests, preparatory to her growing-up."

"In society, you mean?"

"Precisely. Feeding a child is merely an animal function—the function of a cow."

"And propitiating the golden calf and laying up fleshpots is a spiritual function, I presume."

"Now, Doctor, you are cross! Please be pleasant; I am very weak yet."

"Very well, Constance," said the doctor, ignoring her blandishments, "I will get the woman, though I distinctly disapprove of it, both as your physician and as your friend."

He went out in none of the best of humors, and went at once to Bridget Brady's.

Few things are stranger in a great city than the juxtaposition of the rich and the poor, the close proximity of the extremes of life. The doctor had not gone two squares from the luxurious residence of the Weatherells, before he was amid squalor and destitution, face to face with life that was as different from the one which he had just left as hunger is from plenty.

He drove about twelve squares, stopped at a huge tenement-house and ran quickly

up the long flights of stairs. He rapped, and opened the door almost before the answer, "Come in," had reached him.

"Hurrah, Bridget, I have a place for you," he said.

Bridget sat nursing her baby. The doctor, who was not given to sentiment, thought he had seen many a madonna that had set the art-world mad which was not as tenderly lovely as Bridget Brady looked at that moment.

Her wild-rose Irish skin, her clear, true blue eyes, the child nestling its little head to the full, round, white, curving breast, made a beauty that the bare walls, the poverty-poor room, could not mar.

"Well, Bridget," the doctor said in chipper tones, "what is up? Here I have come in hot haste with my good news—couldn't wait until I had time to come—and you look as down-hearted as the dumps. Cheer up, cheer up, my girl; what is the matter? Anything happened?"

Two big tears came into Bridget's eyes.

"No, sir, only now that it's come to the point, I don't see as how I can do it, sir."

"Do what?"

"Leave Bridgie, sir. She is the darlin' of me life, and since Mike died she is all I've got, and it seems to me wicked-like to give to another what belongs to her."

She looked down at the child at her breast.

"But, Bridget, that isn't the way to think about it. Just remember that you are doing it for Bridgie. You are as clean and sound as a whistle, but you aren't a John L. Sullivan. You are made of finer clay than some of your friends. You couldn't do washing or scrubbing and nurse Bridgie in the bargain, and do her any justice. She would get sick sure as shooting; and you know as well as I do that no one will give you a permanent position and take the baby too. Brace up and be a sensible girl. Give Bridgie to some good, kind woman and take the place I have secured for you. You will get forty-five dollars; think of that. Why, you can lay up quite a fortune. It's only a question of a year, anyway; depend upon it, Bridgie will be better off than if you tried to nurse her and work at the same time."

"Well, sir, what's got to be 's got to be," said Bridget.

There is often more philosophy among the poor than the sages know with all their discourses.

"But, see here, Bridget, you understand that if you take this position, it is not like others; you are bound to keep it, and, my girl, you cannot expect the hours and the outings that others have in other positions. You will have to make up your mind to keep away from Bridgie pretty much. You know a wet-nurse's position is different from others; it is a great trust to take a little baby and make it dependent upon you for life; if you do it, you must abide by the consequences."

"That's so, sir; I have thought of all that, and if I do it, I'll do it. But, oh, Holy Mother, it is hard, sir."

The doctor made the practical arrangements, and hastened away.

Bridget sat where he had left her, in silence for a while; hot tears splashed upon the soft little fuzzy head at her breast. Then she began softly to croon to the child.

"O me darlin', me darlin', to think of any other little head lying there! To think of any other little lips sucking that breast! What ever will I do—what ever will I do—what ever will I do? But only to think of the poor mother that can't nurse her own child; how hard it must be for her—God help her! She so rich, with everything on earth, and then to think she has such a dreadful cross to bear—to have to give her baby to a stranger to nurse! Sure, I will try to make it as easy for her as possible."

When Bridget Brady had her interview with Constance Weatherell, she was thrilled by the beauty of the vision. Bridget had never come in close contact with anything so splendid.

Constance half reclined upon her couch, supported by pillows, wearing an incomparable gown of lavender and rose-color, with intricacies of lace and ribbons; her long white hand was resting on a little embroidered blanket by her side. From under the blanket came a sound of heavy breathing. Bridget's heart stood still. Surely the child she was to nurse must be ill, if it could breathe like that.

"May I see the baby, ma'am?" said Bridget, summoning all her courage.

"Certainly," answered Constance indifferently. "She is in the next room with the trained nurse."

What then was that breathing presence under the blanket? Bridget kept her eyes fastened there in held fascination. Mrs. Weatherell had an impulse of good nature.

"Would you like to see Gyp, Bridget?"—she lifted the blanket. There, nestled under Mrs. Weatherell's arm, was a fluffy ball of a dog, which Constance fell to caressing.

"Gyp, my precious doggie——" She was altogether oblivious of the look in Bridget's eyes.

The engagement was made.

The following day Bridget carried her baby down to the first floor, to Mrs. Finnigan, who had agreed to keep the child for fifteen dollars a month. Bridget clung over Bridgie; she watered her with her tears. She bound Mrs. Finnigan by every promise and every oath to let her know if anything happened. She came back three times from the door for another kiss, and finally tore herself away and went to take the little Constance into her lonely arms.

She may be forgiven if she prided her heart with the comparison between this puny child of luxury and her own pretty darling, hale and hearty and dimpling with smiles.

Bridget had been the foster-mother of Constance for nine months when, one night, she had a dream. She thought she was a child again, walking in an open field, bright with sunshine and covered with heather, such as she used to play in when she was a child in the green land of Ireland. She was stooping to pick some heather when she heard the sound of singing, very beautiful, like the Benedictus that they sing in church. She looked up, and, over the heather, her shining white robes trailing behind her, came the blessed Saint Bridget, and in her arms she bore a little child. She came nearer and nearer, and when she reached her, she stooped and showed Bridget the face of the child, saying, "Little Bridgie, do you know this baby?"

Bridget looked upon the child and knew it was her own baby. Thus in the dream,

she, the child Bridget, stood awed, gazing upon the baby that had come to her in later years. With a low cry she woke.

"Oh, she's dead, she's dead! I know she's dead! Me darlin' is dead!" she cried.

She had not heard for some days. With a stern self-denial, Bridget had restricted herself to the weekly outings she was allowed; for she had feared that, if she transgressed, Mrs. Weatherell would make it "hot" for her, as she expressed it, for having the baby so near; and it had been a comfort to feel, when she lay down at night and waked in the morning, that her thoughts did not have far to travel to reach her little one. Bridget was very well taken care of, as is the case with all useful animals. She was well fed and well housed. She had no personal expenses whatever. The outlandish clothes she was obliged to wear were supplied to her, so she had saved quite a little money; the time was almost up, and she was making happy plans for her life with Bridgie.

That day she could hardly wait to get through her duties. She kept persuading herself that she was a silly creature; that her dream was only a dream, and that sensible people did not believe in dreams any more; that she would have heard, if anything was the matter—but the day was long to evening.

When little Constance had gone to sleep, she got her hour off and hurried to Mrs. Finnigan's. It was all too true, alas! Her child was dying. She had been teething; Mrs. Finnigan had sent her no word, hoping from day to day she would be better. That afternoon she had been taken with a convulsion, and Mrs. Finnigan was just about to send for Bridget when she came in.

Pale, haggard and hollow-eyed, Bridget dragged herself back to her duty to Constance, at the appointed time.

Shimmering in satin and flashing in jewels, Mrs. Weatherell rose like an avenging fate before her. Constance was having a large dinner-party that evening and shone her most resplendent self.

"Do you hear that child cry?" she said, indicating the second story with her white hand. "How dare you go out to-night,

of all nights, and stay all the evening, without permission?"

"I didn't have to nurse Miss Constance until ten o'clock, ma'am, and it is only quarter of now."

"Hush, don't argue. There is something besides nursing. You have to keep her still. Go up and quiet her instantly! Go!" she said, as Bridget hesitated.

"My own baby is dying, ma'am," Bridget blurted out, in no conciliatory tone of voice.

"Well, I am sorry—if it is true."

The last clause of the sentence stirred every evil impulse in Bridget's heart. The cold, cutting tone seemed to meet and outrage the piteous dying moan that lingered with aching echo in her ears.

Bridget's agony would probably have flared in some sharp retort, but Mrs. Weatherell swept back in all her grandeur to her guests, and the screams of little Constance drew Bridget on. Constance was a child, crying; she must hush her for Bridgie's sake. The stormy warfare of Bridget's heart made the fulfilment of her duties a conquest which, in a larger sphere, would have marked her as a heroine.

What was she to do? Was it right, was it decent, to let her child lie dying a dozen blocks off, and she quietly sit here with another woman's child at her breast? And yet—what was she to do? How could she leave this innocent little one to cry herself into a possible sickness, when she had, with open eyes, assumed the responsibility of its life? If the mother would give her care, she could keep her quiet, and Bridget would promise to be back at nursing-time, but unless she would, there was no one else with whom Bridget dare leave her. The servants were mostly men; the housemaid had gone to a ball, and she would just as soon have thought of leaving Constance, of whom she had grown very fond, with the devil himself, as with the French maid. She implored the footman to ask the madam if she might speak to her a moment; the answer came back that the madam was very much engaged. Bridget knew well that it was hopeless. Mr. Weatherell had gone off to the club, the guests had one by one departed, and the favored guest was lingering for his usual tête-à-tête.

What kept Bridget from rising, as her spirit yearned to do, and going down into the drawing-room with the cry of her human heart? Partly fear, for Bridget was no heroine, and partly a dull sense of the inevitableness of things. And all the while little Bridgie lay dying.

What should she do? What could she do?

She laid the case before the Blessed Virgin. She knelt beside little Constance's crib, her simple soul grappling with the great infinities. "O Blessed Mary, Mother of Our Lord, ask thy dear Son to grant Bridgie a speedy recovery or a peaceful death."

The Blessed Mary heard; her prayer was answered even as she prayed. The footman brought her a crumpled note from Mrs. Finnigan; it read:—

"MY DEAR BRIDGET: Don't worry. It's all over. Bridgie died peaceful and quiet. She looks like a little angel. I'm awful lonesome without her."

If Bridgie was dead, there was nothing to be done, so Bridget stopped struggling and settled down to the inevitable with that stolid philosophy which belongs to her race.

The next morning Bridget had her talk with Mrs. Weatherell.

"Perhaps you don't believe me, ma'am," Bridget said, with bitter remembrance. "Here's me proof," and she held out Mrs. Finnigan's letter.

"Did the child die of any contagious disease?" Constance did not ask this unkindly; but neither was there any loving-kindness in her tone.

"It was teething, ma'am," answered Bridget mechanically.

"Well, it's a great mercy, Bridget."

"Mercy, ma'am?"

"Yes, it won't have to grow up in poverty now. I am very sorry for you, Bridget; it is too bad you have had this upset—and then, it's very bad for Constance," she added in a lower tone. "How much older was it than Miss Constance?"

"Bridgie was three months older than Miss Constance, and, if you please, ma'am, Bridgie wasn't an 'it'; she was a 'she.'"

"Don't be impertinent, Bridget; but I will pardon you. I suppose you are all out of sorts. Run around now for a little while and see it; I will take care of Constance. Here, take this," and she handed her a ten-dollar bill with condescension.

Bridget had her evil temper, and a burning impulse seized her to throw it back at Mrs. Weatherell's feet; but she could not dare it, neither could she afford it. She took it with a muttered thanks, which seemed to Constance ungrateful.

When Bridget came back, she told Mrs. Weatherell that the funeral was to be the next afternoon. It would take about three and a half hours. She would drive over to Calvary and take the elevated back to reach home in time to nurse Miss Constance.

Now it so happened that Mrs. Dick Weatherell had a most tempting musicale on hand for the next afternoon, at the house of one of her most fashionable friends; but she really felt quite sure that this did not for a moment influence the entirely practical and common-sense view she took of the situation.

"Go to the funeral, Bridget? Why, that is entirely out of the question. You can go around in the morning, but I couldn't think of letting you leave Miss Constance for three and a half hours—and you might be delayed. Another thing, I don't approve of funerals; there will be a lot of Irish there with all sorts of contagious diseases, and you will get all upset. I am sure I have done everything. I let you go around to-day while I took care of Constance, and I gave you ten dollars. You may go over for an hour to-morrow, but I positively forbid your going to the funeral."

"Not go to the funeral, ma'am!"

"No; your first duty is to Miss Constance. You should not have taken the situation if you were not ready to abide by the consequences. I do not wish you to come from an Irish funeral to my child. If Constance should die from the indirect exposure, I should feel you were her murderer."

Bridget didn't know what "indirect exposure" meant. But there was a gruesome horror in the word "murderer" that took firm hold of her superstitious mind, drawn

more than ever now to the helpless little Constance, who depended on her for sustenance and life.

"Very well, ma'am, I won't go to the funeral," she said quietly.

There was a stolid dignity in Bridget's manner that made Constance say to her husband afterward, "I wonder if that kind of person has much heart, anyway?"

The next afternoon Constance was at her musicale, feeling most virtuous; she had rocked little Constance two hours in the morning (and Constance was always restless with her mother) while Bridget was off with her dead baby. It was a great nuisance.

Bridget, in the mean time, was watching the sky, imploring Saint Joseph that it would not rain.

At three o'clock the sun was out warm and bright, and Bridget stood by appointment on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Eighth Street. Constance, in her wagonette, was smiling in her white lace cap and cloak richly trimmed with ermine, her ermine rug tucked about her and the umbrella of her wagonette casting rosy lights upon her. Bridget turned the wagonette away from the sun, took from her pocket a coral rattle, and handed it to Constance. The novelty of a dear familiar plaything at this hour of formal airing put Constance into an excellent humor. Bridget was, in her way, a diplomatist; it was because she had foreseen this result that she had brought it. Then, leaving the child to her surprised delight, still guarding the wagonette with one hand, Bridget leaned forward and searched each passing carriage; her eyes were parched, but there was no tear within them and no complaint upon her lips.

She did not heed the private carriages

with their high-stepping horses and gorgeous trappings, but eagerly, hungrily she scrutinized every passing livery-coach. Her heart was almost failing her when one rounded the corner. She knew by instinct, before she saw Mrs. Finnigan's head out of the window, that it was the one for which she waited.

Mrs. Finnigan had driven as she had promised, into Fourth Avenue to the corner of Twenty-Eighth Street, and when the coachman saw Bridget, he stopped, according to Mrs. Finnigan's instructions. Mrs. Finnigan and Bridget's cousin sat on the back seat, and on the seat before them was a little white-pine box.

Bridget thought her heart would break. She reached through the window and laid her hand upon the box.

"Good-by, me darlin'," she said with a dry sob. She stood for a few moments in perfect silence, one hand on the rose-lined wagonette where smiled the living child, the other on the little nailed pine box.

"Well, I suppose yees mustn't wait any longer," she said. Then she withdrew her hand, and they drove on to Calvary.

I, who write of this event, know it to be true. I know the woman who stood upon that corner, her heart breaking within her, stood as true to her little ermine-clad charge as any hero ever stood to his guns, and saw the nailed pine box which held her own child borne past her to the grave. And I thank God that there is One who knows her, too, who sees the rich, and sees the poor and all the burdens that they bear. And I know that, notwithstanding all the cruel differences in this mortal life of ours, He is the All-just, the All-compassionate, and that, some time, the balance will be struck.



WHAT WOMEN LIKE IN MEN.

BY RAFFORD PYKE.

A VERY acute foreign observer of American life has lately published some interesting observations on the subject of American women. The most significant of his conclusions is found in what he says about the effect which advanced education has had upon the attitude of American women toward American men. Marriage, he thinks, is becoming less attractive to our American girls, because the development of their intelligence has wrought in them a sort of disillusionment, a comparative indifference toward the other sex. The discovery is early made by them that men are, after all, rather dull and commonplace; or still worse, that they are coarse and therefore unable to appeal to the finer needs of a woman's nature. Hence, the American girl is outgrowing the old traditional romantic desire for love and marriage for their own sake. "The ideal German girl thinks that she will marry only the man who will make her happy; the ideal American girl thinks that she can marry only the man without whom she will be unhappy."

There is a great deal of truth in this if we understand it as referring to women who have really attained to womanhood, and if we do not regard it as said of the very young girl. The very young girl is what she always has been and probably always will be. Theoretically, she is an interesting creature moving along through the early years of imperfect maturity, in maiden meditation, fancy-free, with no thought of men until she happens to meet *the* man who lays siege to her virgin heart and writes his name on the unsullied page of her imagination. Of course, this is not true. In reality, the typical young girl is concerned about nothing half so much as about men. It is an innocent concern, but it is, none the less, absorbing and intense. Everything in life centers in her mind about the potential Man, and in almost every casual male she thinks she sees him. She has as yet not the slightest discrimination, for she has not yet had the slightest experience; and so the approach of any one in trousers is delightfully disquieting

to her. She flutters and blushes, she is perpetually self-conscious, she catches at every conversational straw that seems to indicate some special interest or attention, she holds sage converse with her dearest friend upon the subject, and unless good fortune or an experienced mother watches over her, she falls headlong into love with the first fool who takes the trouble to flatter her simple vanity.

But the very young girl does not really count; and when we speak of the American woman we mean her who is in reality a woman, with all a woman's fine perception and with an intelligence trained by reading, by study, and above all, by observation and experience. And it is quite true that in these days, American women of this type are becoming every year more difficult, more discriminating, less willing to accept in any serious way the men who cross their paths in life. They do not love upon an impulse; they do not marry just for the sake of being styled "Mrs." instead of "Miss." They must be satisfied all through; or, as the foreign critic puts it, they want only the man who can make them feel that without him they will be unhappy. The best proof of this change of attitude in our women is to be found in the gradual disuse among us of the term "old maid." There was a time when to be called an "old maid" drove an envenomed shaft deep into a woman's soul. It was the most opprobrious epithet, save one, that could be applied to her. It meant that she was unmarried because no man would have her, and its ultimate implication was that not to marry some man—any man at a pinch—was almost disgraceful to a woman. Nowadays, the term has fallen out of use; for if at the present time a woman is not married, it means merely that she does not care to be; that she is not waiting eagerly for *a* man, but contentedly for *the* man; and if he never comes, then she prefers to keep her self-respect and remain unwedded.

Yet after all, while this great change with everything that it implies has surely taken place, womanhood itself has not changed

in the slightest nor will it ever do so. In essentials, woman is what she always has been and what she always will be. Her nature is as fundamentally emotional as ever. She feels the need of love as much as ever. Passion and self-abandonment and the joy of life have not been extinguished in her. It is only that her intelligence and feeling have become keener and finer, and no longer respond to every casual appeal. She has more, far more, to give than she had in the past, and in consequence she demands far more from him to whom she gives it all. But to the man who can successfully appeal to her, she is as ever a creature of fire and air, a creature of infinite tenderness, of beautiful unselfishness, of exquisite submission. What, then, are the qualities and attributes which, if a man possess them, will make him such that after she has known him, she cannot let him pass out of her life unloved; and loving whom she knows that he holds in his possession the power to rend her very heartstrings? To do the subject any kind of justice and to follow out its hidden subtleties, one ought to write a book; yet I shall attempt as carefully as possible in this brief space to show just what it is that a woman of intelligence and knowledge and sentiment and fineness—*la femme de trente ans*—likes best in man.

First of all,—to consider the most superficial phases of our subject—is the question of a man's appearance. Good looks in a man, as a very celebrated woman once remarked, are superfluous. A handsome man attracts attention, and so he has a certain preliminary advantage over a rival who is plain; yet this counts for very little in the end. John Wilkes, who was more than ugly, knew women well when he said: "Give me half an hour's start, and I am not afraid of the handsomest man in England." What women do like very much is an air of distinction, a touch of breeding, an indescribable something in bearing and in manner that marks a man out as apart from the common, and makes others recognize instinctively that place must be made for him and deference shown him. But it is sufficient that a man look like a gentleman, and that there be nothing about him to excite unfavorable comment and

especially ridicule. The same thing is true of his dress. Women despise a man who gives much thought to clothes; yet, on the other hand, they wish him to be well set-up, neat, wholesome, trim and well-groomed, as every man should be, not as a matter of conscious effort, but by an instinctive sense of fitness and good taste. Women will pardon slovenliness in a genius, but they will never like it; and in one who is not a genius they will very justly infer from it the presence of something *louche* in habits or in character. All these facts serve as the illustration of a general truth: that a woman always prefers a man whom other women will approve of and admire; for the earlier promptings of a woman's love are due quite as much to vanity—or let us call it emulation—as to sentiment. They like the man whom other women would be sure to like, and they are prone to turn away from one whom others do not look at seriously.

The casual every-day accomplishments of a man have much to do with women's liking; and first of all comes *savoir faire*. He may or may not be what is rather vulgarly described as "a society man," yet he must understand and be familiar with the myriad little usages that form society's unwritten law. To be at ease in any set, to be equal to emergencies, to carry off an awkward situation with urbanity and perfect self-possession—this faculty wins unstinted admiration from a woman. And then there are the things that go with this—knowledge of the proper thing to do, the little courtesies, the delicate and tactful attentions that mean everything and nothing, the ability to order a dinner properly, to make things go off smoothly, to carry out a plan without a blunder or a jar, the carriage ready at the proper moment, the flowers specially arranged, the right seats at the theater, everything foreseen, every possible occurrence provided for, every want anticipated, every *contretemps* avoided. These are all unimportant in themselves, yet in the mass they never fail to create a strong impression in a woman; for a woman hates blunders and will trust a man in great things if she sees that he has a genius for making small things go off well.

Such a man is likely to understand a

woman, and every woman adores the man who can do that. Illimitable fun has been poked at the troubles of the *femme incomprise*, but it has been quite unjust to her and very unintelligent. To be really understood, to say what she likes, to utter her innermost thoughts in her own way, to cast aside the traditional conventions that gall her and repress her, to have some one near her with whom she can be quite frank, and yet to know that not a syllable of what she says will be misinterpreted or mistaken, but rather *felt* just as she feels it all—how wonderfully sweet is this to every woman, and how few men are there who can give it to her! But the man who has the gift of intimacy can give it, and in giving it he can bind her to him as by links of steel. Who shall describe that wonderful gift of intimacy, that miracle in human intercourse, that rare blending of subtle intelligence, of exquisite tact, of wonderful sympathy? There are men who have it; and when a woman's acquaintance with such a man is only half an hour old, she will be telling him of things that she has never told to brother or sister or mother or husband or even to her nearest woman friend; and she will tell them—these intimate personal things—with absolute unconsciousness, so natural, so simple is it to give her confidence to this stranger who has laid his naked mind to hers, whose every word is a supreme expression of complete intelligence, anticipating and illumining her hidden thought, and answering each mood and each emotion as though he were her second self. Afterward, when they have parted, it comes over her with a sudden shock that she has violated every one of the conventions, that she has laid bare her secret soul, that she has been reckless, unwomanly—almost immodest. She is in an agony of doubt as to what he must be thinking of her, and she dreads to meet him for a second time. But she always does meet him, and in a moment the spell is again upon her; and her doubts and questionings melt from out her mind at the sound of that voice which thrills her so profoundly, that voice which has the quality of a violin, penetrating, tender, and with a lingering caress somewhere within its tones. She hesitates no more; for she has met the

man who understands, the man whom women never can forget. There lives no woman who could not make the words of Emerson her creed: "When I meet a man whose mind is like my own but stronger, then I become his very slave."

But women like a man of whom the world has heard, who has done something that has made him known outside the sphere of private life, whose name stands for achievement and creation. A man like this bears with him always a passport to a woman's favor. First of all, his interest in her, if he shows such interest, gratifies her vanity, her emulation. She loves to think that one whom many seek has sought her out. She triumphs in the thought. But afterward, if he really enters into her inner life, her feeling is a nobler one than this. If she loves him, her love will have in it that element of the maternal without which no true woman's love is ever quite complete. He is hers; and she thrills with his success, and tries to comfort him in his defeats. She hates his enemies vindictively. She longs to help him, to be his inspiration. And if he can make her feel that she has so entered into his life as to be a part of it, that it is from her and from her love that he draws his hope, his strength, his courage—then he has given her a draught of flattery so delicious, so exquisite, that she could die from the very joy of it. But almost sweeter still are those moments when perhaps he is depressed and ill or half-disheartened, this man who faces the world and is strong to all besides herself; for then he makes the one supreme appeal to her very deepest, tenderest feelings; and there comes over her a great wave of maternal tenderness, a passion of self-devotion, and as she mothers him, her whole woman's nature is stirred to its very depths.

Women like liberality in men, a largeness of view, a contempt of the petty, a certain splendid carelessness about the small things that do not count. A touch of irresponsibility, even, appeals to the feminine imagination, perhaps because responsibility is so much insisted on for women that they admire when they see it trampled on by men. Minute exactness, "fussing," too much system, insistence on the unimpor-

tant, are all traits that women despise when men exhibit them. They like a man who has a merry way of throwing aside the little cares of life and laughing at them, who doesn't bother his head over small affairs, who is magnificent in his neglect of rules and regulations. Women in their secret heart think that a man—the right sort of man—is entitled to do just what he pleases, and when they find him doing it in defiance of everybody and everything, having his own way in a kind of triumphant lawlessness, they may deplore it in their speech, but it delights their fancy all the same. It is so utterly unlike their way of doing things, so unlike their little indirections, their tortuous fashion of arriving at results, their small hypocrisies. They do not wholly understand it; and perhaps that is one more reason why it so appeals to them. Parsimony, stinginess, numbering pennies, and counting the cost—these things are perhaps of all the most obnoxious to a woman. She can love a prodigal, but she cannot take the slightest interest in a miser. Naturally penurious herself, or at least penurious in many things, she revels in a generous nature that enjoys profusion, and she loves to bask like a cat in an atmosphere of luxurious plenty. Ostentation does not please her, but rather that fondness for the good things of life which insists on having them, which accepts them like the air we breathe and the sunshine that warms us, simply and as a matter of course.

Gentleness always charms a woman, if it be the gentleness of strength and not of weakness. She loves to think that one who may be rough and hard to all the rest, can be to her as tender as another woman. It is, she thinks, the miracle of love. Yet she must always be made to feel that the gentleness is not immutable, but that back of it there lie the harsher qualities of man. It is a hard saying but it is true, that the men whom women love the most are men who are quite capable of cruelty—not lightly nor without reason, yet beyond all doubt. When a woman feels that if she makes mistakes, if she assumes too much, or if she goes too far in her caprices, the gentleness will shrivel away and in its place will rise a terrifying harshness, then she will have the very real happiness that

comes to the true woman when she knows that she has found her master.

A man should never let a woman be wholly sure of him, nor feel that she completely knows him. She really loves him all the better if she feels that he is in the last analysis inscrutable, that there is always something in his nature that she can never fully understand, and that even in his moments of supreme tenderness, there is still one hidden sanctuary where it is not permitted her to enter. This, and the feeling that she never can be wholly sure of him, are the things that keep a woman faithful to a man forever.

It is obvious enough that the man who can unite the qualities that have been here imperfectly defined can never be a very young man. The knowledge of life comes only with the lapse of years; the poise, the self-control, the achievement, the sympathy, are all the gifts of time. What is the golden age of manhood? There is that subtle and profoundly melancholy utterance of French genius—*Ah, si la jeunesse savait, si la vieillesse pouvait!* It seems to imply that power goes as wisdom comes; that what maturity gains, it pays for in the coin of youth; that as revelation enters the mind, capacity deserts the body. Yet this is only true in part. To every man there comes the period of perfection, the two splendid lustrums in which mind and body alike are ripened and matured; and when, if he have the gifts from nature, the world is at his feet. Ambition, achievement, creation, love—these are for him who at the age of thirty-five has learned life's lessons well; and for ten glorious years at least, he may enjoy them to the full. Experience has taught him everything that she can teach. His powers of body are still unimpaired. The fire runs through his veins. His mind is clear and sure. He has acquired a sense of true proportion. He does not waste his energies on what is worthless. He knows the best. He will accept no less. He reaches out his hand and all is his. He is as a god, knowing both good and evil. He is enlightened, and can enjoy each pleasure while avoiding every penalty which to the uninitiated lurks in every joy. Men listen to him and do his will. He is at home with young

and old alike, for he stands between them with one hand outstretched to each. He looks back upon the past without regret, for it has taught him all he knows, has given all that he possesses. He looks forward to the future without disquietude, knowing that when the sunlight fades and grayness settles down upon his path, he will still be comforted by the assurance that he has enjoyed life to the full, and has taken from it all it has to give. The man of forty is the man for whom there are no mysteries and no impossibilities. And the heart of woman is the symbol of his absolute supremacy.

Such are the traits and qualities that women like in men; and when they are combined, they make the perfect lover: The mind that leads, the sympathy that charms, the strength that dominates, the gentleness that soothes, the mystery that fascinates.

The woman of the present day with her more sensitive organization, her more

vivid imagination, her superior intelligence and her warmer temperament, can feel these things the more because she can understand them better than the half-developed woman of the past. Mediocrity is not for her; but when at last she finds and knows her mate, she is sublime in her self-abandonment. Having put away so many of the conventions of other days, the ones that still exist have little power over her. The teaching of her early years, the traditions of her sex, the fears, the doubts, the hesitations—all these she tramples underfoot; and, seeking out the one man of her life, she stands before him in that splendid shamelessness which is the finest thing in perfect love. Mind, heart, and soul all cry out irresistibly within her; and, stirred with infinite emotion, shaken with passion, and thrilling with the ecstasy that comes but once in any life, she knows that there can be no joy for her so overwhelming as to die in adoration at his feet.

THE FIELD OF SAD FLOWERS.

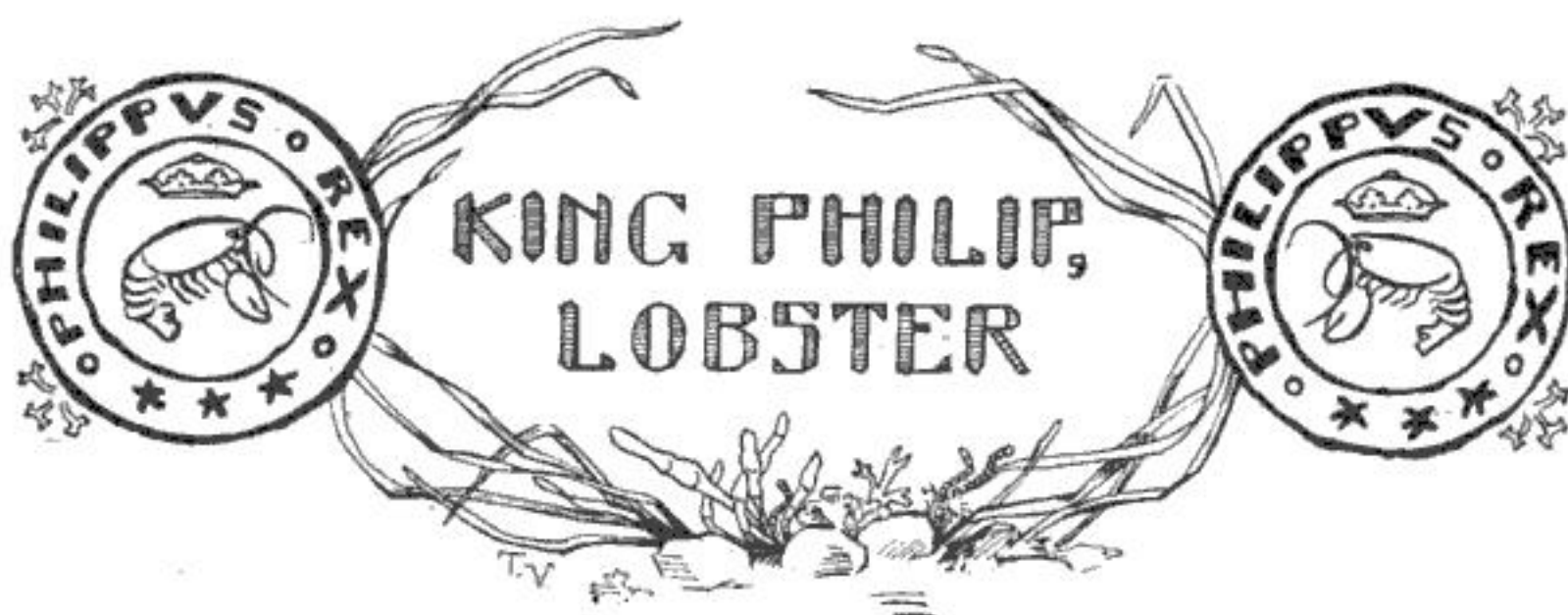
BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

STILLER than where that city lies asleep,
With fabled spires deep in the swinging sea,
Still and dimmer than that windless deep,
The sad-flowered, shadowy field of memory.

I walked there with the loves of long ago,
Dear forms and peerless of long-vanished days;
And one drew close—the fairest that shall know
Their path that follow down the faded ways.

“Once more the kisses on my face,” she said;
“Now is it heaven, here, where pale flowers be;
On shall I wander, mated with the dead,
But die not, love, since you remember me.”





BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A SHORT, bow-legged man dressed in tarpaulins sat on the roof of one of the many little summer cottages down at Siasconset-in-the-Sea, giving the shingled roof a fresh coat of dark-red paint. His long white hair and whiskers, which latter grew only on his grizzled neck, waved to and fro in the stiff ten-knot wind that came whistling in from the Pochick Rips. His pipe hung down into his beard, which background for the same so concealed the wearer's shirt from view that his having one on at all was a matter of faith on the part of the beholder.

While he puffed away on his pipe, he continued to paint the roof with such vim as to lead one to suspect that he was doing the job on contract or felt that he was under the telescope of his employer, who engaged him by the day, and didn't know at what point that person was hidden from view. As he painted, he slapped the brush from side to side to the time of an old sea-song, which set forth in picturesque terms that were not dimmed by defective rhyme and rhythm the glories of the old whaling days that are no more. He probably imagined he was on the deck of a ship in a rough sea as he walked on the incline of the roof from spot to spot, with as little fear of falling as if he had been on the ground. Happening to catch a glimpse of me as I stood watching his strange attitude and listening to his song, he stuck the paint-brush into the pot, put the free hand over his eye and stared at me long and hard, as if he considered me a far-distant marine craft and couldn't satisfy himself whether I was a pirate or a merchantman.

He began shouting something at me that

I couldn't hear, as the wind blew his words in the opposite direction.

"Perhaps," I said, "I would better get on the other side of you, or perhaps I might wait for the wind to change."

He shook his head in the negative and laughed, and then began a hasty descent of the ladder. Reaching the ground, he said:

"'Tain't no use, it's too pesky windy to paint—the wind dries the paint on the shingles before it has a chance to soak in; and it dries the paint on the brush so's you lose so much on the paint that it pays to stop fer a while and wait fer the wind to go down. Anybody can paint in a calm, but when it comes to paintin' in a ten-knot wind it takes an old hand at the bizness. I know what it is because I've painted the name on the bow of the old whaler 'Thomas Primrose' of New Bedford in a awful blow, and once I touched up the figurehead of the same 'Thomas Primrose,' which was a head and body of a man what looked like Dan'l Webster, and his red cravat, his white shirt-front and his blue coat never got mixed or run into one another, and all the time I was paintin' it seemed to me as if his whiskers was wavin' in the wind."

He paused to pull on his pipe, which had gone out, and after he had knocked the ashes out on his boot-heel, he commenced to run his jack-knife around inside the bowl to cut away the charred wood and thereby make it as sweet as possible. Having done which, he proceeded to refill his pipe, and was soon puffing away with an expression of countenance that bespoke his satisfaction with all the world in general and himself in particular. He mo-

tioned me to a settee on the piazza, and when we were seated, he said:

"When did you come down?"

"Last night," I replied.

"How long be you a-goin' to stay?"

"All summer."

"Good," he replied, puffing away at his pipe; "good." Then he lapsed into silence for a moment and continued, rather suddenly:

"Do you like lobsters?"

"Indeed I do," I replied. "I like the lobster in any style you can cook him. I like him à la everyway."

He took his pipe out of his mouth, held the bowl in one hand, and tapped on the forefinger of the other with the stem to emphasize his words:

"Now you're all right. I reckon that any man is all right what likes to eat lobsters, or catch lobsters, or takes any kind o' interest in lobsters. Why are lobsters worth twelve cents a pound right outer the sea? Why, because they are good. Why are lobsters scarce? Because they're good. If they were not fit to eat they'd be swarmin' round like flies and mosquitoes. I tell you, sir, the best thing I can say of

the lobster is that he is a lobster. He can't be imitated like turtle; he stands and swims alone. Onct I was a whaler, now I'm a lobsterer, when I ain't a-paintin' and takin' care o' these here summer cottages. I take care o' the cottages when the lobsters ain't on, and go a-lobsterin' when the cottages is occypied fer the summer, and then I sell the summerers lobsters fer ten cents a pound raw and fifteen cents a pound red, because, you see, when a lobster biles he loses flesh and shrinks, so that a four-pound lobster raw is worth forty cents, and forty-five cents at fifteen cents a pound biled, on account o' shrinkin' a pound, and the five cents over pays fer the coal and trouble o'

cookin' him and the wear and tear on my feelin's in sousin' him inter the hot water."

"Then you have a humane regard for the lobster?"

"Which?" asked the lobster-catcher, half closing one eye and milking his whiskers thoughtfully with his left hand.

"I mean you don't like to cause them any unnecessary suffering."

"No, I don't, and when I drop them inter the bilin' water I have to shet my eyes; and I run out while they're floppin' and rattlin' away like a alarm-clock. I never could bear to see 'em suffer, and that's why I'd allers rather sell 'em raw.

Now, as I said afore, I used to be a whaler in the old palmy days, and I went off on two or three cruises; one on 'em was a seven-year cruise and my share o' the money was seventy-four dollars and seven cents, all figgered out. Now sometimes down here I make more than that twice over in a ordinary summer's lobsterin', without goin' away from 'Sconset and my family and without takin' no chances on bein' knocked sky-high by a crack of a whale's tail. Whales is whales and lobsters is lobsters and they's

both on 'em becomin' scarcer all the time. Some folks thinks that arter a while there won't be no lobsters at all, but I believe there will be lobsters as long as there's any sea. Now doesn't it stand to reason that the sea can't be lobstered out? The sea can't dry up, and the sea wouldn't be the sea without lobsters in it. That's why the lobster's goin' to stay. Don't you want me to serve you with lobsters this summer? I'll be huntin' 'em right along as soon as I git through this fixin' up the houses fer the summer season."

"All right," I replied to his business-like query; "I'll be good for three or four times a week."



Drawn by Tracy Vandert.

"HE PROBABLY IMAGINED HE WAS ON THE DECK OF A SHIP IN A ROUGH SEA."

He looked on me with a pleased expression, as if viewing me through the spectacles of decency and virtue and at the same time casting a financial horoscope. Then he asked, it seemed to me with extreme caution:

"Say, be you from New York or down Boston way?"

A great load seemed to have been lifted from his mind when I set his curiosity at rest on this point. Then he rattled on:

"I was jest a-tryin' to think o' the name of the man what had this house last summer—perhaps you know him, he lives in New York. All I can remember about him is that he had red side-whiskers and didn't buy no lobsters. The man what lived over there in that house, called the Yard Arm, was named Snedcor. He had a white mustache, was clubfooted, and was a very fine man. He raved over lobsters, took 'em every time I caught any, and always bought 'em biled fer fifteen cents a pound, and paid reg'lar every week."

"Do you make much out of lobsters?" I asked.

He closed one eye, wound his beard around in his hand, and replied:

"Sometimes, and sometimes not, accordin' to the weather. In lobsterin' weather I do good, and when the weather ain't the lobsterin' kind, I stay at home and cart kelp fer the winter beddin' fer the horses and cows. Then, if I fall behind on lobsters I git ahead on kelp, so it all evens up at the end o' the year. What I like about lobsterin' is the fun; there's more fun in lobsterin' than in whalin', and sometimes it's more excitin', and it pays better, too. I am always happy when I hitch up the horse and start fer the lobster-pots, five miles over yonder to Wauwinet. I am always a-figgerin' on the way over how many I'm a-goin' to git. I'll never fergit the day I ketched King Philip."

"King Philip?" I asked, while lost in wonder as to what he meant.

"Yes, King Philip," he went on, with enthusiasm. "I named him arter the old fighter I used to read about down to the life-savin' station in the winter. He was a awful big lobster, about as big as a prairie-dog, and I can tell you I didn't know

what I had in the net, fer it kept a-floppin' about and felt as if there was a dog-fight a-goin' on inter it. Finally I got it up, and what do you think?—there was King Philip and three or four little lobsters tangled up in a snarl, and all of 'em a-kickin' in every direction, and holdin' on fer dear life. After I got 'em separated, King Philip turned over in the bottom o' the boat onto his back and laid in the water that warn't baled out, and while that water was a-soakin' inter his back he switched some of it onto his stomach and inter his face with his tail to keep hisself fresh and lively. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw him a-doin' this, and I made up my mind that lobsters has intelligence and that I would keep King Philip as a pet and see if I could teach him to do tricks.

"So I took him home, and made him a nice bed in a old trunk and filled the bottom o' it with wet sea-weed to keep him from warpin' and crackin'. Then I kept him all day in a tub o' salt water. After a while he got to know us, and would stick his head outer the water fer food, and then he got so tame that we could lift him out onto the floor, where he would crawl around and play until he got so dry that he would move over and tap on the tub to let us know that he wanted to go back fer a soakin'. He would curl up like a caterpillar around the table-leg and go to sleep, and he would never bite, even when my grandson would drum on his shell with his fingers, which I knew he didn't like by the way he lashed his tail. He kept on growin' fonder and fonder of us, and we kept on a-growin' fonder and fonder of him, until we never would let him git out of our sight fer fear he would go astray and git lost. Once he got out inter the yard and I soon heard a great flutterin', and when I went out I saw the old rooster lyin' on the ground. King Philip had a-hold on him by the neck with one claw, and with the other he was a-lammin' him in the stomach. I tell you I had to laugh, because I knew that rooster thought he could eat King Philip jest as if he was a ordinary horseshoe, what chickens is so fond of. When I heard the flutterin' first it must have been when the rooster made the first peck at him. Then I'll bet King Philip

caught him by the neck in one claw and pulled him down inter range, and then with the other claw give it to him fer all he was worth. I got right out and killed that rooster before he could accidentally hurt King Philip."

"Then you thought more of King Philip than of the rooster?" I asked.

The old lobster-hunter seemed hurt at the idea of my thinking for a moment that he could regard the rooster and the lobster in the same light. He set my mind at rest, however, on the point of his preference when he said, with emphasis:

"If the lobster got his just due, he would be on the national seal instead o' the eagle, he would take the place o' the turkey on Thanksgiving Day, and these people what are called lions o' the hour would be lobsters o' the hour. When I do a good act I feel that I am a lobster, and when I feel proud o' my boys it is be-

cause I think they are lobsters."

"What did you do after you killed the rooster?" I asked, wishing to take him back to his story.

"I picked King Philip up and looked him over to see if he had been hurt and wanted any fixin' up. He was all right, and didn't need no patchin', and when the rooster was a-bilin' in the pot, the lobster listened to the bubblin' and looked

as if he thought it was the Pochick Rips a-sizzlin' away in a big nor'easter."

He paused suddenly as something caught his eye out on the water. Looking intently for a moment, he said:

"I tell you she's a lobster, no mistake."

"What's a lobster?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Why, that yacht 'way off there, what's skimmin' along like a petrel."

While he watched the craft, whose beauty of line and general shape had wrought from him the highest compliment that he was capable of bestowing, I drew back his attention by asking:

"Did the chickens ever attack King Philip again?"

"Not much," replied the old whaler, with great feeling, "not much. They never got a show. After that fight with the rooster I took care that King Philip never got inter no dangerous places agin. I began to think

that the cat might be captered by his fishy smell and pounce onter him and eat him up at night, shell and all, so I put him in a parrot-cage at night and hung him in my room, and what do you think?—the fust mornin' I saw him watchin' a picture o' the sea I had in my room, as if he didn't know what to make out of it. Perhaps he didn't know what it was, perhaps he did. I was willin'



Drawn by Tracy Vanvert.

"WE . . . CHUCKED KING PHILIP INTER THE WATER."



Drawn by Tracy Vanvert.

"HE WAS ALL RIGHT, AND DIDN'T
NEED NO PATCHIN'."

to believe almost anythin' about lobster intelligence after the fight with the old rooster; and I thought perhaps he was a-hankerin' after the sea. So the next time I went a-lobsterin' I put King Philip inter a

basket, and put the basket under the wagon-seat and started off fer Wauwinet, the place where I had the pots set. When King Philip was loose in the bottom o' the boat, he scrambled around jest like a lamb on a green hill, and I was glad I brought him along, because he was enjoyin' hisself so much. He wagged his tail, and looked at me as if to say, 'Thank you.' And finally he put his claws over the side o' the skiff, and drawed his head up to take a look inter the sea. The fust thing I knowed, King Philip drawed hisself up too far over the gunwale, and before he could right hisself he went kerflop inter the water and sank outer sight.

"I tell you I felt awful—worse than I felt when the whale flopped me outer the boat off Chili in the summer o' '57 when I was out on my third cruise—I went right over and looked down inter the water fer King Philip, fer I couldn't think that he went over on purpose and was a-goin' to give me the slip fer good. It was a clear, calm day, and I could look down inter the eel-grass where the lobster-pot was, but I couldn't see no King Philip nohow. I looked and looked and looked, and when I was about to say good-by to King Philip ferever, I see the eel-grass move from side to side as if somethin' was a-crawlin' in it, and what do you think?—out popped King Philip, follered by two lobsters, and he led 'em right inter the pot and then went away and come back with two or three more, and got them inter the pot, too. Jest think o' that intelligence in a poor dumb critter. Some people wouldn't believe it. After King Philip got a pot full, he swum up to the side o' the boat

and right inter my hand. Do you suppose he remembered that I saved his bacon when he was fightin' fer dear life with the rooster? Well, there's no tellin' why these things is so, but sometimes lobsters is good guides, and King Philip was one on 'em.

"I took greater care o' him than ever, and he was soon my partner in business, that is, we was mates. Every day I took him along fer good luck, and I tell you we did great work, because, you see, King Philip had turned hisself inter a decoy lobster, and he could lead lobsters inter the pot in any kind o' weather whether it was lobster weather or not. Bright sunshiny days and cloudy days and sou'westers and nor'easters was all one to King Philip. He could fetch 'em right inter the pot jest like these fellers in the city what gets people in off 'n the sidewalk to buy clothes. I never knowed whether King Philip had a sort o' whistle or song what fetched 'em, or whether they was afeared o' him and follered right along because he was so big."

He paused to light his pipe again, having done which, he was lost in reflection, as if trying to recall something. His weather-beaten face was soon lighted by a smile until it looked like a choppy sea suddenly gilded by the sunshine through a cloud-rift. Then he puffed away, as he continued excitedly:

"Lobster the sea out? Not much. You can't even whale the sea out, and whales is mighty scarce at that. Anyhow, gas and electricity and oil-wells has put the whale outer the market, but gas and oil-wells and electricity, and windmills throwed in, can't put the lobster inter a retired life by a long shot. The sea was made fer the lobster, and the lobster is what makes the sea green. Yes," he continued, after a thoughtful pause, "I really believe the lobster would turn the Red Sea green."

"Now, one day, the summer afore last, there was a Brooklyn family livin' over inter that house yonder, just beyond the shingled stable, sou'west o' the pump. Well, that Brooklyn family had a daughter in it that would make a fine gal to name a whale-ship after, with her head and shoulders at the bow fer a figger. Well, there was a feller used to come down onct in a while to visit, and used to go wanderin' around with that gal lookin' fer shells

and sea-weeds on the shore. And often they'd go around a-lookin' fer these things in the moonlight. Well, onct some one told 'em about King Philip, and they was crazy to go out in the boat with me a-lobsterin'. I didn't like to take folks out, but these was lobster folks, and my best spot-cash customers. They was these kind o' people what would eat lobsters at every meal instead o' pie. So I says to 'em, 'All right, come along,' and they got up bright and early the next mornin', just as if we was a-goin' shakin', and off we started. Over at the Sankaty Light the gal wanted to give King Philip a lump o' sugar. Jest think o' givin' sugar to a salt-water critter. Well, I didn't say nothin' mean, because she meant all right, and they was lobster folks all the way through, and it allers makes a great difference to me whether folks is lobster folks or not. So on we went, until I hitched the horse to a tree, and we all got inter the boat and went out inter deep water. Then I noticed that the gal had tied a blue ribbon round King Philip to make him look pretty. Don't it beat all, the things wimmenfolks thinks on? Well, we took off the ribbon and chucked King Philip inter the water, and down he went to lead and shoo the lobsters inter the pot."

"Didn't it ever occur to you that King Philip charmed the lobsters?" I interrupted.

"I often thought so," replied the retired mariner, slowly. "I often thought so, and sometimes I thought that King Philip could have gone out and caught birds the same way. Of course, I ain't a-claimin' that he could a-done it, because lobster intelligence on land might not count fer much, and lobster agin lobster might not

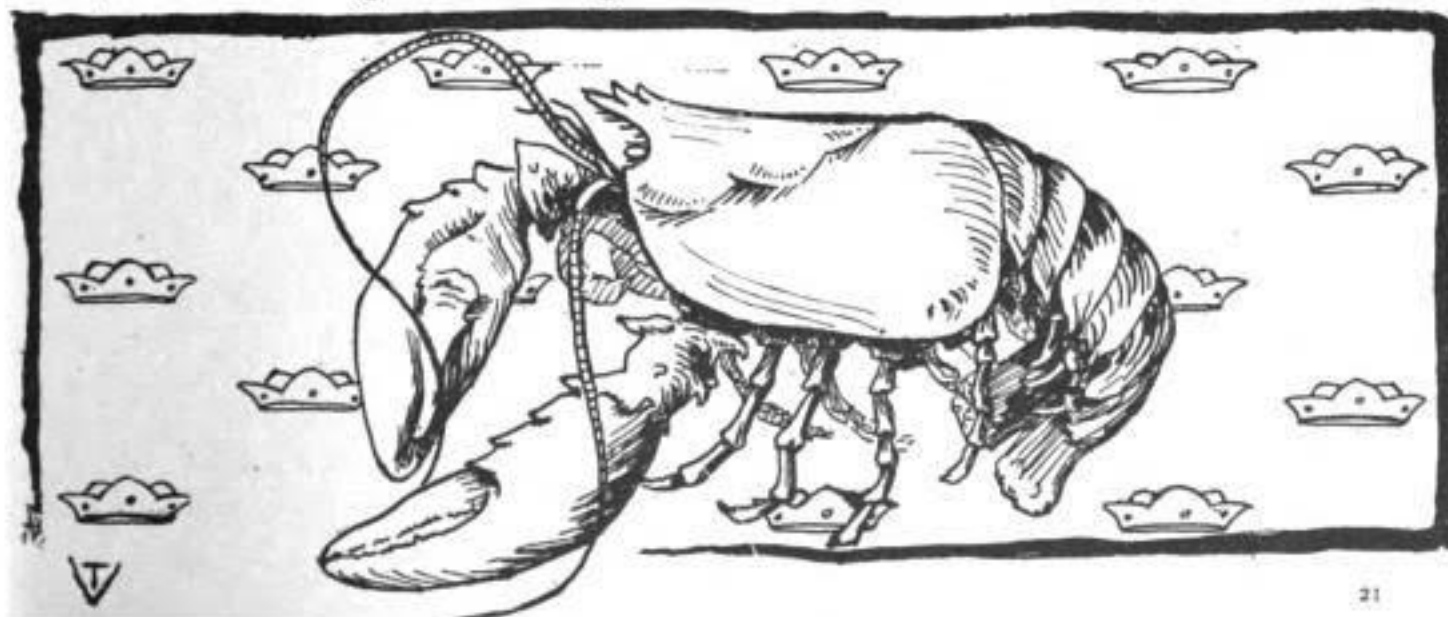
mean lobster agin bird to any great extent. Still, I ain't a-sayin' what King Philip mightn't a-done if he'd tried, because he was mighty wonderful. Well, you see, after I had all the lobsters inter the boat that I could sell to my customers, what do you think?—King Philip all of a sudden grabbed the sleeve o' her jacket and held on fer all he was worth. She sort o' looked scared, and the feller he run and grabbed her and she looked more scared than ever, and shouted, 'Oh, hold onter me, and make King Philip let go.' 'But he may hold on fer a lifetime,' said the feller, grabbin' a-hold on her. 'Then hold onter me fer a lifetime,' she screamed. 'Fer my lifetime?' he asked. 'Ye-es,' I heard her say in a half-whisper, turnin' kind o' red and lookin' happy.

"Well, the upshot o' the matter was that after King Philip got 'em together fer keeps they wouldn't let me alone till I give him to 'em. It like to ruined my bizness fer a time, but I couldn't hold out agin her, and then she made a little blanket fer King Philip and led him round on a chain to keep him from gittin' lost. That was the summer afore last; last summer King Philip died, and now the baby, they tell me, plays on the floor of the Brooklyn flat, and wants to have the lobster, what is now stuffed, brought down to play with on the rug. I tell you, when you come right down to lobsters——"

Here he looked down toward the bluff, and said:

"'Pears to me here comes the man what hires me by the day, and I kinder think the wind's gone down sufficient fer me to paint that roof without the paint a-dryin' faster'n I can slap it on."

So he went aloft.





The Restlessness of the Modern Woman

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE mighty forces of mysterious space
Are one by one subdued by lordly
man.

The awful lightnings, that for eons ran
Their devastating and untrammelled race,
Now bear his messages from place to place
Like carrier-doves. The winds lead on
his van.

The lawless elements no longer can
Resist his strength, but yield with sullen
grace.

His bold feet scaling heights before un-
trodden—

Light, darkness, air and water, heat and
cold,

He bids go forth and bring him power
and pelf.

And yet, though ruler, king and demigod,
He walks, with his fierce passions un-
controlled,

The conqueror of all things—save him-
self.

Reader, how many contented women do
you know—really contented?

I fear you can count them on the fingers
of one hand, if you give the subject a fair
and careful analysis.

I am inclined to believe the happiest
women in the world are the hard-working
ones. Not the overtaxed drudges, but wives
and mothers, whose hands and minds are
busy from morning until night with house-
hold duties, or the women who hold re-
sponsible positions requiring all their wak-
ing hours and thoughts.

Certainly the leisure class shows few
specimens of contentment. The increase
of wealth in our land has not brought an
increase of happiness. Luxury has not
been escorted into our midst by peace.
The sewing-machine, the trolley, the auto-
mobile, the revolving stairway, have all
been time- and effort-savers for our women,
but they have not been joy-producers, if
we are to judge by the appearance or the
conversation of our associates.

The less women have to do, the more
time they find to wonder what they want
to do.

I wish every toiling woman in the land
who is longing to be rich could see the
satirist's picture called "The Happy
Rich." It represents a man and wife seated
at an elaborately appointed table, where
every delicacy of the season is supplied,
while fine, imposing butlers and other at-
tendants await orders. Meantime the un-
happy couple sink back in their respective
chairs, without appetite and with unutter-
ably bored expressions on their faces.

The busy housewife who has to prepare
the meals for a hungry family, is to be
envied in preference to the ennuied woman
of wealth who has worn out pleasure and
lost the road to usefulness.

It seems to me the very first ambition of
a girl's life should be to seek some way
to be useful to those nearest her. I be-
lieve that if this wish were to root in her
mind, no matter what her station, whether
high or low, rich or poor, and whether

she were plain or beautiful, she could never know a dull or restless hour.

Sorrow must come to every heart. It is the storm which prepares the soil of the human nature for immortal blossoms. But restlessness and aimless, purposeless discontent are like venomous insects which destroy vegetation.

One who studies American womanhood with any care, must be alarmed at the growing restlessness of the sex.

My mountain of mail is often a volcano of seething unrest. It seems a relief to many women—women, doubtless, whom the world supposes to be happy wives and mothers—to write anonymously to one they believe to be sympathetic, of the discontent which surges in their hearts.

To turn from these letters to a social function, is to encounter the same elements in another form. Beneath jeweled corsages beat restless hearts; from under the flower-laden brims of modish hats look unhappy eyes, gazing out into the world with longing for an indefinable something—a happiness imagined but unattained.

Three women have recently written asking me to send them some magic potion in the form of advice by mail, to cure their malady of unrest. All three declared their husbands to be good men and good providers for the home, and two were the mothers of healthy and bright children. Yet, these women were unhappy. One believed she loved another man better than her husband; the other two were unable to define the cause of their restlessness. "Life somehow does not seem worth living," said one. "I drag through the days, glad when night comes and I can go to sleep. Can you tell me how to find an object, an aim, which shall give me an interest in existence?"

At a summer resort I encountered a handsome, richly attired woman with personal graces and accomplishments, the mother of a lovely child. But her face was marred by an expression of discontent. There was an element of gaiety in the hotel, composed of people whom the lady in question had not met.

"Their fun makes me unhappy," she said. "I never enjoy anything as a spectator; I must be one of the actors to be happy."

"That is unfortunate," I said, "for life holds so many occasions for all of us wherein we are given only the part of spectators."

"Life is a disappointment to most of us," she answered.

"Life is greatly, almost wholly, what we make it," I ventured.

"Perhaps," she replied. "But we cannot help our temperaments. I am naturally restless. I have a lovely home and a good husband, but married people tire of each other if too much together. I must have diversion and variety. My only enjoyment is in going away and seeing new scenes, new people. I have a horror of growing old—and I confess the future appalls me. I cannot bear quiet and monotony."

Yet this woman was possessed of every earthly blessing—health, beauty, accomplishments, home, husband and children. But she lacked the peace and happiness which must come from within.

"It is my temperament. I cannot help it," she insisted. And just as strenuously I contend that we can overcome any inheritance, and conquer every unreasonable trait, if we set about it with a philosophical determination to do so.

Another wife and mother confessed to me that her greatest happiness lay in the admiration of men. "I love to be admired and sought after," she said. "I am true to my husband, but his love has become a settled, understood affair, and I need the excitement of having men flatter me. It is the only thing that keeps life interesting." The lady differed from many others of her sex only in being more frank.

Certainly the admiration of men is a great stimulant. But a man never really admires, in his secret heart, a woman whose deportment he would object to in a wife. He may feel passion for her, but he does not admire her.

It is a very good plan for a woman who is drifting into a doubtful line of conduct with a man, to stop and ask herself, "If I were his wife, how would he like to have me treat another man as I am treating him?" Upon the answer she is able to make herself, may depend her estimate of his admiration.

While I believe the tendency of humanity is constantly upward, toward a higher

plane, it is an indisputable fact that this restlessness of woman is a giant evil, and one of serious growth.

It is puzzling to attempt to trace it to its source.

When it is possible to put the cause of any unfortunate condition on man's broad shoulders, I always do so, since, having so much more gray matter in his brain than woman, he is better able to bear the blame. I have often contended that bad lovers and husbands made bad women—restless, discontented and reckless women. Once I framed this thought in verse and called it—

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

You call me an angel of love and of light,

A being of goodness and heavenly fire,
Sent out from God's kingdom to guide you
aright,

In paths where your spirit may mount
and aspire.

You say that I glow like a star on its course,
Like a ray from the altar, a spark from the
source.

Now list to my answer—let all the world
hear it;

I speak unafraid what I know to be
true—

A pure, faithful love is the creative spirit
Which makes women angels! I live but
in you.

We are bound soul to soul by life's holiest
laws;

If I am an angel—why, you are the cause.

As my ship skims the sea, I look up from
the deck.

Fair, firm at the wheel shines Love's
beautiful form.

And shall I curse the bark that last night
went to wreck,

By the pilot abandoned to darkness and
storm?

My craft is no stancher, she too had been
lost

Had the wheelman deserted, or slept at his
post.

I laid down the wealth of my soul at your
feet

(Some woman does this for some man
every day).

No desperate creature who walks in the
street

Has a wickeder heart than I might have,
I say,

Had you wantonly misused the treasures
you won—

As so many men with heart-riches have
done.

This fire from God's altar, this holy love-
flame,

That burns like sweet incense forever
for you,

Might now be a wild conflagration of
shame,

Had you tortured my heart, or been base
or untrue.

For angels and devils are cast in one mold,
Till love guides them upward or down-
ward, I hold.

I tell you the women who make fervent
wives

And sweet, tender mothers, had Fate
been less fair,

Are the women who might have abandoned
their lives

To the madness that springs from and
ends in despair.

As the fire on the hearth which sheds
brightness around,

Neglected, may level the walls to the
ground.

The world makes grave errors in judging
these things.

Great good and great evil are born in
one breast:

Love horns us and hoofs us, or gives us
our wings,

And the best could be worst, as the
worst could be best.

You must thank your own worth for what
I grew to be,

For the demon lurked under the angel in
me.

I quoted this to a bachelor who was un-
mercifully scoring women as weak, faith-
less and vain, and this was his reply:—

“The poor abused wife has my sym-
pathy. I know many a one, and I feel
it will smack of doubt to you when I say
it is not the abused wife who is the easy
victim of man's flattery. It is the woman
with the too attentive, confiding and un-
suspecting husband, who will listen to any
tale the lady may invent. To repeat a
very slangy expression I heard from a

young wife in referring to her husband—he was ‘a soft thing.’ And that soft thing I know is one of the truest husbands and best fellows living.”

Nevertheless, I must believe such base and unworthy specimens of my sex to be the exception. The woman who can jest about the blindness of a loving man to her infidelities, is a monstrosity. Her sin is less shocking than her view of it.

If woman's restlessness cannot be attributed to man's shortcomings, it must be traced back to herself. The present false standards of wealth which have been set up in our country have a great deal to do with this and all other glaring evils of the day. Yet why should a woman with a comfortable home, a good husband and sweet children, permit the demon of unrest to enter her mind and destroy her peace, because she cannot astonish the world with splendid toilets, and entertain her friends in a villa at Newport or buy a castle in Europe, as some of our multimillionaires are doing?

I must confess I find men as a mass to be far more rational-minded, more appreciative of their blessings, and more reasonable in their demands upon fate, than women.

In the present day, here in America, a man usually knows when he is well off, and a woman does not.

The majority of men who are straining every nerve to accumulate great fortunes, instead of stopping to enjoy comfortable incomes, are stimulated to this course of action by restless, ambitious and discontented wives and daughters.

This is a statement which will call down the wrath of my own sex upon me; it is made after reading thousands of letters, and listening to thousands of confessions, from both women and men, relative to their inmost hopes, desires, dreams and ambitions.

I know man is a weak animal and a self-indulgent one, where he demands strength and nobility from woman; I know how he stifles his own conscience, while he commands her to listen to hers; but, with this

exception, I find him a less dangerous factor in our present feverish social conditions than I find woman to be.

Very few women realize their enormous influence upon men—outside of the sex influence. They do not know that women make the atmosphere in the home from which men—most men—form their ideals of life and derive their ambitions.

A restless, uneasy, discontented manner of the wife he loves has sent many a man into Wall Street, filled with the ambition to conquer or die, to overcome others or be overcome. Perhaps the wife pleaded with him not to go—and used all her logic to no avail, unconscious that her unexpressed discontent was a stronger argument in favor of speculation than all her words were against it.

Madam, you who read these words, will you give yourself a little mental analysis, and try to decide whether you are adding to the great wave of feminine restlessness which sweeps through the land; and if you are, what the cause is, and what the result will be upon yourself and others?

Then if you seek a cure, look about you and try to see what is the nearest avenue of usefulness open to you. One woman writes me that she thinks of leaving her husband and children in the care of friends to go forth and lecture to mothers upon the necessity of being comrades to their children! There is a desire for usefulness run riot; the letter would have seemed humorous had it not been tragic in its utter lack of common sense.

After all, a lack of good, every-day common sense is at the bottom of all this feminine restlessness, when we come down to facts.

Uncommon sense, uncommon talents, uncommon women, we have everywhere in our wonderful land, but what we need is women with just, well-balanced minds, endowed with practical common sense, and governed by loving hearts—women who have appreciation, gratitude and self-control added to their other womanly qualities.



THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK III. (*Continued*).—A WEEK LATER.

"And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night. . . . In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even! And at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning!"—*Deuteronomy*.

XXIII.

THERE was perhaps not a happier man in the world that gorgeous October forenoon than George Dodd, as he cut across the sunlit green and dived down the little dark, cool path on his way to the rose-garden below.

From his window he had spied the white straw hat and the white fluttering skirt, and the opportunity he had vainly sought during the last two days he now believed was given into his hands under the most favorable conditions. The unsophisticated nature of this man was full of inarticulate poetry: the perfect day, the blue sky and the sunshine, the perfume and the color of the world, seemed to express for him something of the new beauty which, with his manhood's new dream of love, had lately come into his life.

Love (we have so often been told that it has become a platitude) is blind. But is it true? Is it not rather that, seeing through love's eyes, we see all transfigured, all colored with love's own light; that we see life as a place of happiness, youth as unendingly beautiful, hardships as matters of no moment, humanity as kind, faith as enduring?—a state of affairs, the cynic might say, far more dangerous than blindness. Yet, perhaps, if ever we reach another world where (as we are told also) love only rules, we may find that it was a true vision, after all, of what might have been below, of what can be hereafter.

But, alas that the bliss of paradise in this still incomplete world should be so shy a thing! Adam's bliss was put to flight for the plucking of an apple; Mr. Dodd's was quite shaken by the mere sight of a second straw hat in the rose-garden. This was a hard structure of English pattern, encircled by the flaring colors of the last automobile club. It was reposing at the very back of the Marquis Totol's nut-like head, whereon, in consideration of the

recent wave of heat, the hair had been cut so close that it presented a pale, mouse-like surface. And Totol's originality of countenance was vastly heightened thereby.

Squatting upon the grass, with his toes in the sunshine, well screened from any observation (defiladed, as the military engineer would have it) from the highest windows, the eternal cigarette between his lips, his knuckly hands clasped round his knees, the Marquis de Lormes was to all appearances enjoying himself to his utmost capacity.

Even as his brother rounded the corner and stood glaring at the hat, a shrill cachinnation rent the air. Totol, with a wriggle of exceeding amusement, was waggling his long-patent-leather shoes, and, rubbing his hands up and down his shins, displayed lengths of pink-and-white circularly striped sock, well tightened upon legs at which any decently built skeleton might have jeered. And to the utter rout of all the American's paradisaical sensations for the moment, a silver tinkle of laughter came to join the inane and offensive cackle.

Joy was laughing! A basket of roses upon one arm, as she paused in the act of clipping a great La France bloom from a standard tree, blushing and dimpling under a broad-brimmed hat, she made as pretty a picture as a man's eyes could wish to rest upon. And Dodd's heart contracted with that unreasonable jealousy of the uncertain lover which includes in its distrust graybeards as well as schoolboys, the most innocent as well as the most ineligible of possible rivals. But if Joy did not regard Totol's presence with disfavor, neither did she show aversion toward the new arrival. On the contrary, although she checked her laughter with one of her quaint movements of secretiveness, the smile of greeting and the dimple beside it were not to be suppressed.

Totol, however, with the peculiar

candor of his class, openly gave vent to displeasure.

"Go away, do, George; there's a good fellow! Mademoiselle and I had just found a nice little corner by ourselves. Scat! Isn't that American for *fiches moi le camp*? Or is it 'Get'? Then: Get, my dear!"

"My dear is not American," said the girl, softly.

She flung, as she spoke, a glance at the sailor which so distinctly invited him not to "get" that half his irritation vanished on the spot. Never before had he seen her so deliciously emancipated from her conventional French reserve. He came close up to her. She seemed the center of an atmosphere of rose-scent, of rose-bloom.

"Allow me," said he, placing his large hand over the little fingers and the heavy garden-scissors. "Only tell me which you want to have cut."

She slipped her hand daintily from his touch.

"That's American all over," growled Totol. "We were just as happy as Philipinos before you must thrust your interfering hulk into our little nook. Isn't that so, Miss Joy? She was amusing me so nicely. I was amusing her so nicely. And if you think you are a pretty object to watch snapping roses—well, that's where you are deceived, my dear."

Joy tittered faintly, and George Dodd perceived for the first time a pink rosebud hanging from the buttonhole of the Marquis's tennis-coat. He had always, and justly, known himself as a level-headed, even-tempered fellow; thus the sudden gust of fury that came over him was even more surprising to himself than to his companions. He stuck the garden-scissors into the earth with a vicious chuck and turned upon his relative.

"Look here," said he, in a vibrating voice, "if it comes to getting, I know who's to get!" He advanced two steps and flung a look of furious contempt upon the squatting figure. "You—you little frog!" said he.

Totol instantly took two or three leaps over the greensward in imitation of the batrachian just mentioned, until he had reached a position of safety behind Joy's skirts, where, peeping round, he unre-

servedly gave vent to an ecstasy of mirth over the big brother's baffled countenance.

"Oh, mademoiselle, I am so frightened!" he gibbered.

"And that," cried Dodd, with an unconsciously dramatic gesture of scorn—"that is my brother! Well, they talk of a man and a brother—a monkey and a brother, this show is!"

Joy laughed aloud.

The Marquis had withdrawn his head into shelter. Presently he lifted his voice in plaintive tone.

"A monkey now! Why, then, I reckon, brother, you mean to say a kind of tree-frog."

He shot out his head to see the effect of this observation. Suddenly feigning to be overcome with terror, he shot it in again, chattering his teeth, rolling his eyes and shivering violently.

George Dodd, whose patience was at lowest ebb, lost the last of it as the little man now clutched at Joy's skirt with his long thin hands. In two strides the sailor was upon the Marquis. In as many seconds the latter was lifted from the ground in a viselike double clutch and deposited on the other side of the box-hedge—not brutally, but with all the firmness required to carry conviction.

Totol landed on his knees and hands, promptly turned over to a sitting posture and stared up without the least resentment at his brother's inflexible bronze face.

"Oh, I say," he drawled, in his most pronounced English; then, grimacing, began to rub his hands and knees.

"You had better get up, young man," said George, gravely. Then, overcome by sudden remorse at his own violence before a woman, he hastily returned to Joy. "I'm afraid I must have frightened you," he said, with the extraordinary gentleness of the strong man. "I humbly beg your pardon."

He glanced under the shadow of the hat to look at the girl's averted face; it was pink with suppressed laughter, dimpling all over. She shot one of her quick looks at him; their faces were very close, the sparkle of her eyes seemed to dazzle him.

In the sailor's scheme of existence true women were timid, shrinking creatures, to be sheltered by true men from all ugly con-

tacts. He was as much puzzled now by her enjoyment of the situation as he had been a moment before by her toleration of his brother's familiarity. But he had reached that state of love where the most contradictory things are as fuel to the flame. A week ago her attitude might have made him hesitate, reflect; now the very mystery of her personality served to increase the fascination. And that look in her eyes verily intoxicated him.

"Will you not give me a rose, too?" he whispered in her ear. Dodd belonging, as it has been said, to the simple old school, this was obviously the natural preliminary to the good old-fashioned proposal.

His heart was beating like a sledge-hammer. The girl drew back from his close presence and picked up her basket and her scissors, replacing the fallen blooms with cool hands that were perfectly steady and precise in their movements. When she turned toward the waiting lover, she was once again the demure, self-controlled maiden of the first hour of their acquaintance.

"If you please," said she, with downcast eyes, "what were you saying?"

Her manœuvres at once baffled, irritated and drew on the lover. Whereas in theory he was giving this girl the ideal chivalrous devotion of the high-souled man for the woman of his choice, in practice he was merely loving her with the elemental, instinctive passion of the uncivilized man for the mate he would if necessary capture with bow and spear.

"Joy!" he began, almost fiercely. A cackle rang out behind him. He turned as savagely as his Saxon ancestor might have turned on the hunter that dared cross his chase. But the absurdity of the mere sight of Totol's grin promptly disposed of any earnestness in the situation. What is there in this life of beautiful, of solemn, of tragic, that ridicule will not kill? George Dodd felt that to allow that irresponsible being a glimpse of his own strong heart's working would be not only desecration, but positive indecency. All heat and anger died out of his handsome face. A good-humoredly contemptuous smile came back to his lips.

"Are we not, then, ever to be rid of you?" he cried; and he turned back, to in-

clude the girl in his words, and found that she had vanished.

"He-he-he!" commented the Marquis, who scrambled back with a good deal of difficulty over the hedge, and then, squatting on the sward again in his favorite attitude, began to address his elder in the tone of the man of the world explaining the nature of things to the backwoodsman. "Believe me, little brother," he said judicially, "you're quite off the spot. Oh, I thought I should have died of laughter when I heard you asking the little girl for a rose! Your tone and attitude, 1830 style all over! Great God," continued Monsieur de Lormes, in a paradoxical aside, "how it does bore me, how it has always bored me, the 1830 style! The poor papa was of that period. The mama less. Rigid, if you will, but not romantic, thank heaven!"

The sailor folded his arms. He had quite made up his mind that he should now have to compass another opportunity for himself, Totol's intervention having successfully spoiled the situation for the moment.

"Better let the little idiot," he thought, "have his fooling out, and then, perhaps, he'll give us a day off."

"Go on," he went on aloud, encouragingly. "It's very enlightening to hear you discourse."

"You see, my friend," pursued Totol, "you may come from the New World and all that sort of thing, but you are old-fashioned: vieux jeu, my friend, vieux jeu en diable! Your game is played out. Now, the modern woman does not know what to do with your kind. She has no use for the likes of you (as I think they say over the water). The puzzle to me is," said the Marquis, drawing up his face into a thousand wrinkles with his wise, pathetic monkey-look, "how, at this time of day, you come to be what you are; for, judging by one or two little specimens I have seen, you can raise women over there that ought to teach you a thing or two!"

He paused with a grimace, as if endeavoring to crack the problem between his back teeth.

"Well," said the American, "I don't exactly know what our women have taught me, but I do know that it is a

sort of custom with us men out there to teach a good lesson to the idiot who does not know how to treat a lady with respect."

"Respect," echoed Totol, with supreme contempt. "My good George, that's exactly where you make such a mistake. We have not time, we moderns, men or women, to bother our heads about respect. These are motor-car days, my poor innocent! A pretty object," he chuckled, "I should look if I were to go in for respect! My faith, they'd laugh in my face! No, no, believe me, if you want to flirt in your manner, to play the comedy over the gift of a rose and all that, look out for one of your own style. Don't fix upon that little red-mouthed witch yonder; for she's modern, I tell you, modern down to the edge of her little pink nails. As up-to-date as I am."

Feeling that the force of asseveration could go no further, Totol paused and smiled.

Mr. Dodd grew a little rigid about the lips, a little pale about the nostrils.

"Indeed?" he said sarcastically. Had he been told he was in a boiling rage, he would sternly have denied the fact.

"I speak of mademoiselle as a woman, you may have observed," Totol resumed, more and more charmed with his dialectic. "I abhor young girls, I loathe young girls. They revolt me. That little one may seem to you a young girl: that's all you know about it. It's a mere accident of circumstances. In reality she's a woman, modern woman, and that's why we understand each other. He, he! Didn't I get my rose? Boned one out of her basket! Eh! Took a red one first. And says she: 'This one is prettier, monsieur,' and holds me out the pink one. Ah, the little motor-car! No time to stop for phrases. Do you think she'd ever take on with a good old slowcoach like you? The little spick-and-span machine! On with you! On with you! Whizz! B-r-r-r! so long as it's amusing! That's the way with her. As for the great passion? 'Oh zut! Apply elsewhere. Ta-ta!' Allons. J'ai dit. Digest all this, and may it profit you, young man!"

Here the Marquis made a dive for his straw hat, which in the previous scuffle

had rolled close to the hedge. Beating it against his elbow, he nodded two or three times good-naturedly at his brother and began to take his jerky way toward the house.

"Well, of all the confounded little grasshoppers!" ejaculated George Dodd, as, with a kick, the last flash of patent-leather shoe disappeared round the clipped bushes.

"What can have kept me from just nipping him in two to put a stop to his infernal chirp, I wonder? Funny thing now, she should have given him that rose!" When it came to analysis, that seemed to be the one seriously annoying incident of the morning. "I suppose," further reflected the lover, with the natural effort to restore the equilibrium of hope, "she's like me. She doesn't think such a goggle-eyed shrimp of much account. Well, I'll have it out with her this afternoon, anyway."

XXIV.

Helen's naturally healthy mind had not yet had time to shake off the unwonted morbid foreboding left by the doctor's words, when Monsieur Favereau walked into the room. Accustomed as he was to Helen's welcome, never had he seen joy flash more unmistakably into her face at sight of him. Yet it was the joy of hope, of relief; and Favereau's anxious heart contracted. He had noted her pensive attitude as he came in, nor did his quick eye fail to read something upon Helen's face, all smilingly as it was now turned to him, that had never been there before: a look of trouble. So, the shadow of the unnamable horror had fallen upon her already!

Her greeting confirmed his surmises. They clasped hands.

"My dear Favereau," she cried, "I have never wanted you more!"

"Oh," said he, "that odious Exhibition! I have been chained like a dog to it! But is anything wrong—Cluny?"

Conscious that he spoke in tones which betrayed his previous anxiety, he endeavored to cover his flurry by a laugh. She, in her unobservant way, perceived nothing unusual.

"Ah, you always make fun of me for my anxiety about Cluny!" she said earnestly.

"I am afraid I shall always be as bad as a mother over her first baby." She smiled with the wistful look that any reference to her disappointed motherhood always brought into her eyes. "You will laugh at me now, of course."

"Oh, no doubt," said Favereau, entering with some success into the rôle she assigned to him. "Go on, my dear. What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened," said Helen. She hesitated, tried to smile still, though her lips quivered. To formulate her trouble seemed somehow to lend it reality. "I don't think Cluny is like himself since you left us. He looks ill, though Lebel says he is not ill really." Then she added with an effort, the pain of which was written in her face, "Favereau, Lebel thinks that something has got on Cluny's nerves."

She had laid her hand, in her earnestness, upon her old friend's breast. He knew by the way she gently beat it that there were tears rising which she would not allow to flow. The corners of her mouth drooped. He remembered that action and that piteous look from the days of her childhood.

"My God!" he thought, his mind reverting ever to the central emotion of his life, "would it not have been better if she had never known such love as this! Humanity is too frail for it. Alas!" he groaned in his heart, "what would it be if she knew!"

He laid his hand protectingly over hers: "Nerves, my dear, are not a specialty of your sex. A poor man may have his nerves too; and it's astonishing how much disturbance a seemingly very small thing will cause if it happens to get 'on them.'"

The voice and touch seemed instantly to reduce Helen's troubles to mere shadows.

"Why, that's very much what the doctor says!" she exclaimed with renewed brightness. "What a wise old thing you are! But what can it be, I wonder, that Cluny would not tell me?"

Favereau drew all his beard into one hand and twisted it.

"I wonder," said he.

"Oh, Favereau, think, think, help me! It is most important. You know we must remove it, whatever it be, at once."

Favereau sat down, clasped his hands

loosely between his knees and reflected—reflected as deeply as ever he had done in his life. Then he made up his mind.

"Well," said he—"this is the merest supposition, of course—but don't you think that you make life a little hard for Cluny?"

"Favereau!"

"A man who loves his wife," pursued he, unmoved, "occasionally appreciates being quite alone with her. For some reason or another—very excellent reasons no doubt—you never seem to give Edward that treat."

She was struck to the heart, struck with a keen remorse, at the same time with a keener joy. "*Take him away, by himself, you two alone.*" The doctor had guessed it too! And did Cluny love her still so foolishly, so sweetly? She could not speak. She shot an eager look at Favereau and then cast her eyes down; and the lovely crimson of her woman's blush dyed her face, while the old radiant aureole seemed to leap back to crown her.

The man cast down his eyes too, for very shame of his own diplomacy in presence of this single-mindedness.

After a short pause he resumed doggedly: "What I mean, Helen, is this: between convalescent artists, delicate priests, aunts and cousins American and otherwise, unhappily married school-companions, not to speak of certain prosy old individuals like myself, Edward has very seldom been allowed to have you to himself at any time. And now"—he raised his eyes and looked at her steadily while he spoke with deliberate emphasis—"there seems to be very little prospect of his ever being able to do so in the future . . . at least, so long as you have this adopted daughter about you."

"What was it," thought Helen, "that the doctor had said: '*Above all, no adopted daughters!*'"

"Stop!" cried Helen, aloud, putting out her hand. "Yes, yes, you are right; you are both right. How was it I could have been so blind? Yes, I felt there was something, something between us, and it was—the child! My poor love! He never said one word to me against the project. But from the moment of her arrival he avoided her. Oh, I understand now! I thought it strange that he should never

address her voluntarily, never change his cold, ceremonious manner toward her."

She paused, and it was evident that she could spare no thought to the complication yet. Her mind was luxuriating in the exquisiteness of her discovery. Her lips parted into a smile, half motherly, half bride-like.

"My Cluny!" she murmured, half to herself. "And so he is jealous!"

After a while Favereau spoke again. "Cluny," he said, "is not above all the weaknesses of mankind, Helen."

His voice rang with a sort of warning sadness which, far as it was from being directed against her, brought Helen very swiftly back to a sense of her own shortcoming.

"I have done wrong," she exclaimed. "How could I have let anything come between me and Cluny!" A second after, however, she cried again, unconsciously drawn back to the sweetness of the thought: "Jealous! My poor darling jealous! I must go to him."

Favereau caught her gently by the arm as she turned impulsively to leave the room.

"My dear child," said he, anxiously, "what do you mean to do?"

She opened her mouth to speak, then hesitated.

"Edward is a man," Favereau went on, "as you know better than I, of curious fastidiousness of mind. If you let him think we have all been discussing his low spirits —"

Helen flushed, this time painfully. "I do nothing but stupid things," she said. "Help me, Favereau. Lebel wants me to go right away with Cluny, just we two. What say you?"

Favereau's whole countenance became illumined. "Capital!" he cried. "Nothing could be better."

"So the doctor knows," he thought. "Well, I am glad, I think. I would gladly have his advice."

XXV.

Madame de Lormes opened the door and stood for a moment looking sternly down the length of the room, dim to her eyes after the brightness of the terrace.

Catching sight of the two figures by the

window, she bore down upon them like a ship in full sail, blown upon the wind of her indignation, her silk skirts ballooning as she came.

"Helen," she exclaimed, with the barest acknowledgment of Favereau's salute, "where is Anatole? I insist upon knowing where Anatole is?"

"My dear aunt," said Helen, with a hesitation not unmixed with some amusement, "I really cannot say. I thought he went to the garden."

"To the garden!" echoed the Marquise, in her gravest bassoon note. "Alone, Helen?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"I have looked for him from my windows, from the corridor windows, from the balcony and from the terrace," recited the anxious mother, her voice rising a little into plaintiveness, only to fall again into tragedy. "It was in vain. His bicycle is in the hall. And the motor, I ascertained, is in the coach-house. Anatole never walks, and never rides. Ah!"—she looked out of the window—"what do I see?"

Her fat fingers trembled as she raised her eye-glass.

Had the good lady stood on that point of vantage but a few moments before, she would have beheld the edifying spectacle of the present representative of the house of Lormes, chef du nom et des armes as aforesaid, performing unusual and obligatory gymnastic exercise over boxwood hedges.

"That girl!" said Madame de Lormes in her voice of doom, as she caught sight of Joy's white hat.

"But not," said Favereau in mockingly soothing tones, "not with the Marquis. Be tranquilized, madame. That is only Lieutenant Dodd."

Madame de Lormes drew a quick breath of relief and dropped her eye-glass. But almost immediately she raised it again and scrutinized the unconscious pair below with renewed severity. Then she turned upon her niece.

"I hope you realize what you are doing, Helen," she said, "in throwing my sons, one after the other, into the company of that vulgar, intriguing school-girl."

She turned and swept out of the room, unheeding Helen's indignant protest.

Favereau looked philosophically after the floating violet silks.

"There goes another," he remarked, "who does not share your enthusiasm for mademoiselle."

Helen laughed a little angrily. "Poor aunt!" she said. "Who would think what a good heart she hides under all these absurd prejudices?" Her eyes wandered back to the rose-garden. Presently her face lit up once more. "And yet," she said, "yonder is the probable solution of the whole problem. Look down upon them, old friend. It is a pretty sight."

At that moment, in his disturbed paradise below, George Dodd was pleading for a rose. Favereau, as he was bid, gazed earnestly upon the two for a second; then instinctively both he and Helen withdrew. Eagerly smiling, she sought his sympathy and approval. But the man was too deeply engaged in examining the idea to be able to pronounce upon it.

"Do you really mean——" he began at last, blankly.

Helen nodded. "I have seen it coming," she said, "from the very first day; and I did not like it at all, as you may guess. But now, oh, I don't know! I suppose I ought to be glad, after what you all tell me. I am afraid," she added after a pause, "that my aunt will be furious. But all things considered, my adopted daughter need be no bad match for any one."

Favereau was still lost in conflict with the thought.

"What a solution!" he was saying to himself. "And to think I too saw it coming that first day! Yet, so long as it saves Helen—so long as it saves her!"

XXVI.

It was not till after luncheon that Favereau was able to see Cluny by himself. But during the meal he had sufficient opportunity to study the alteration in his friend's appearance—to mark unmistakable symptoms of severe nervous tension in his alternations of feverish, voluble gaiety and fits of abstraction.

No sooner were they alone than the Duke, with his back to the door and a single despairing gesture of both hands, burst forth in a sort of fury:

"You might have come sooner. How could you leave me alone in this hell—in this hell! So long! A whole week!"

The gesture and the tone were so unlike all he had ever seen of the man that Favereau, with a new terror at his heart, caught the poor outflung, ice-cold wrists in his warm grasp and scrutinized the pallid face, aged, it seemed at that moment, by as many years as there were days since they had last met. But the eyes that returned his look were sane enough—too sane, perhaps, indeed, in their depth of misery. Whatever he still nourished of resentment, of contempt, against Helen's husband, vanished then forever from the elder man's mind, to be replaced by pity, by something almost akin to respect. He had never given Cluny credit for such depth of feeling. This remorse was almost great enough to balance the sin.

Still maintaining his hold, he led the Duke to his usual chair and impelled him into it. Then he took a seat himself beside him and said, with deep sympathy:

"Are things then so bad?"

The quiet of his companion's manner, the knowledge of his strength, the relief of being able here at last to throw off the strain of his horrible rôle, went a long way toward restoring Cluny's self-control. It was calmly enough, therefore, if hopelessly, that he answered:

"Bad? It is unendurable!" Then, his voice swelling like a tragic organ-note: "My fair home," he went on, "has been turned into a hell, horrible beyond the power of description. And I made it myself!"

"Alas!" said Favereau, with sad philosophy, "that is the very essence of hell. In the most appalling catastrophe that can be conceived, there would always be one touch wanting to its complete hideousness if we had not brought it upon ourselves. That is the touch that makes—hell."

Cluny gave a sigh that only utter weariness prevented from being a groan. And Favereau, with a rapid change of manner, laid his hand again on his arm and said in a tone of benevolent practicality:

"Well, well, my poor boy, now tell me all about it; and let us see what can be done."

A piteous light of hope gleamed again in Cluny's eyes. He was glad, too, to ease his heart of its accumulated burden to the one being on earth who knew him as he was.

"Believe me," he began, "others have never yet seen me like this. I never failed for a second upon the road I elected to take. Ah, Favereau!"—he interrupted himself with a ghost of his old boyish way—"you were right, as usual; I chose the bad road."

"I right?" cried Favereau, stung with sudden remorse. "Man, it was I pushed you into it by both shoulders. And I am not sure," said he, after a moment's self-examination, "that I would not do it again. It does not tally with any theory of ethics, but so long as Helen is safeguarded, upon my soul, Edward, I would be ready to commit a crime."

The fellow-sinner, from his much deeper slough of culpability, could not but feel the immoral human comfort of this.

He pressed his friend's hand with fingers to which some natural warmth was returning.

"Helen," he cried, "God bless her! Her confidence is the most lovely thing and the most heartrending. Thank God, she is as far from suspecting the truth to-day as she was a week ago. But"—here the heavy mantle of depression began to fold itself afresh around him—"she knows me too well not to feel, not to have felt from the first, that there is something upon me—something between us. Oh, that is the worst of all: there is something between my wife and me! Her sweet eyes are always asking: 'What is it? What is it?' I could bear the rest, Favereau," cried he, rising from his chair under the goad of his trouble. "Yet the torture that girl inflicts upon me, the way she holds the sword above my head as if by a thread of her flaxen hair from the edge of her little finger . . . it's enough to make a madman—a madman or a murderer!"

He stopped his restless moving to look at his friend; and the back of the high chair upon which he had clenched his hands trembled and creaked. Favereau saw that indeed he had reached the very limit of endurance.

"Come, Edward," he exclaimed, in his

old mentor manner, "this is morbid! At any rate, be brave for but a little longer, and I promise you that deliverance will come."

He would have given a great deal to have been able to make some more definite assurance. But, while he hoped much from the result of his recent hints to Helen, the whole matter was so complicated and so critical that, like the physicist dealing with saturated solutions or unstable compounds, he felt that now the only chance of warding off the irrevocable crystallization or the fatal explosion lay in avoiding the slightest shock, the most delicate intrusion.

Meanwhile, Cluny's voice went on in hoarse complaint:

"There is not a corner in my house where I feel safe from her; not a moment of the day, unless I place miles between myself and my home, but I feel the shadow of her presence upon me. In company I cannot raise my eyes but I find that look, with its terrible meanings, its claim of complicity, fixed upon my face. When she holds out her hand to me, night and morning, her very touch carries an illicit message. Ah, my God! Here, in my wife's house, in our house, our home!"

With a sudden flash Favereau understood. It was the wound to his honor, it was the frightful, vulgar treachery of the situation, the violation, unwilling though it was, of his wife's hearth, that was killing this man who had hitherto played with love and life so heedlessly. He remembered a story he had once read of a woman who was slowly tortured to death by the consciousness of a secret stain on her purity. And as he looked at his friend's face he questioned within himself whether, even if after all their plans were to succeed, Helen's happiness (bound up as it was in her husband's existence) were not in any case already marked by death.

After an oppressive pause, Cluny arose and, passing his hand across his forehead to brush away the gathered drops of anguish, began that restless pacing with which his associates of the last few days had already become but too familiar.

"That's when I am in company," he pursued, as if there had been no pause in his speech. "Alone"—he halted beside Favereau's chair and struck the back of it

with his hand—"I tell you, Favereau, I am afraid to be alone; I never know when I shall find her at my elbow."

"But," said the elder man, "she has not spoken, has she? She has not dared to return to the subject?"

"No," answered Cluny, "no." His pale lips smiled in the despair which has passed beyond sorrow. "It is worse than if she spoke. Her silence claims me."

Again came a pause, heavy with the weight of the issueless dilemma. Once or twice Favereau opened his lips to speak; but then the knowledge of all words' futility withered them upon his mouth. At last he too sprang to his feet, and resolutely he endeavored to shake off the paralysis of the encompassing misery.

"Come," he cried, "courage, courage! It is only for a little while longer. You will be rid of her."

Cluny turned upon his friend a countenance startling in its pallor, and laid his cold hand upon his wrist.

"Aye," he said, "but how? Look here," he went on, almost in a whisper, "I told you just now that the worst had come upon me. It was wrong: there is worse still to come. My happiness is gone, Helen's is going. God help us! My peace of mind is gone, my self-respect, my rest, all that makes life worth having, gone! And now, oh, Favereau, now, honor is going!"

"You mean——"

"I mean that Helen's cousin has set his heart upon Joy. That simple-minded, honest, honorable fellow; and I—I, his kinsman, his host in a foreign land—what am I to do?"

Favereau drew a long breath. He had thought to have looked the ugly situation so closely in the face already as to be unappalled by any of its aspects. But now he, too, hesitated and shrank. Yet it was only for a second. Stronger for good as he had been all his life than his friend, it now seemed as if he were the stronger for evil. He thought of Helen.

"Let honor go," he said harshly.

With a fierce satisfaction, this fiat once pronounced, he felt that indeed the matter had passed beyond the possibility of recall. They were as men caught in the cogwheels of a relentless machinery; they had them-

selves set it in motion, they were powerless to arrest it now. To be honorable toward George Dodd, to try and save him, would be to commit the unforgivable baseness of again betraying the first victim. There was nothing for it but to set their teeth and bear the tearing of the wheels in silence.

As he stood, his eyes on the ground, lost in his dark thoughts, he was roused by the nervous start of the Duke, whose hand was still on his arm. Following the direction of his friend's eyes, he looked out through the high-mullioned window and perceived, outlined in white against the green of yew hedges, the silhouette of a fair head, a delicate profile, a little throat—so pretty a picture, so piteously horrible to them both! After a second's breathless waiting Cluny drew back into the shadow of the room, just as the head outside turned upon the slender neck and looked deliberately in.

Meeting Favereau's stern eyes, with a movement half anger, half fear, like a beautiful little snake disturbed in her basking in the sun, Joy glided away. And, stirred to an unwonted heat of passion, Favereau shot out a long arm and pulled down the blinds.

Then he turned to Cluny. In the sudden dimness of the room the two looked at each other: there was no need of words.

"Before heaven," cried Favereau, "I believe the expiation must be nearly complete!"

XXVII.

The girl Joy sat upon the old weather-worn marble bench in the deep green recess cut out of the living hedge of laurel. Supporting her chin upon her clasped hands, her elbows resting on her knees, immobile, she brooded like a small white sphinx, gazing from within the shadow across the broad stripe of sunlit walk, across the slope of green and the flaming geranium beds, to that deeply embrasured window where a blind had been drawn down.

Behind her, in a niche cut for itself also out of the green wall, rose a slender pedestal whereon sat, in marble, a faun, cross-legged. Between his hairy goat's knees hung one careless hand, just hold-

ing the pipes. The long-dead creator of that smiling carven face had contrived to throw into its young man's features, under the budding horns, an extraordinary expression of all-time mockery. This creature, with the wisdom of the gods and the passions of the animal, grinned out upon the world in eternal cynicism. Who knew as well as he that man walks with the beasts, and that even from the very seat of an intellect that aspired to commune with the gods there grow the horns of earthliness?

As the light breeze threw dancing shadows across his face, his smiling marble lips seemed to be twisted into laughter, the opaque eyes to flicker in "scorn and pity and awful eternal knowledge" of the folly of all things in this fleeting show of life. "Pipe while ye may, poor human children! Take what ye can, the roses pass and youth is but a day: dance while ye can to my piping!" He had expounded his pagan allegory for more than two hundred years to the lives that fretted their little span away beneath his shadow. And some had taken his advice and some had not; but all alike, through sunshine or through snow, had been in the end carried past him downhill on the self-same path to the churchyard below. And he smiled on!

To-day, beneath him under the trembling shadows of the leaves, sat one who, had she breathed in the good old days when gods still walked the earth, when man's passion was his only law, woman's beauty her acknowledged power, a moment's joy the gift of the immortals, might well have danced with this faun in forest glades and found sufficient wisdom in his piping call.

Here sat she, unhappy! Why should she be unhappy, she that was young, and strong, and beautiful?

"Perfectly absurd," said the faun. "Had she not as much right to love as any other? And if she loved one man, had she not a right to his love as well as any other who loved him too? That was only common sense," assured the stone lips.

And that other, she had had her day. She was growing old. Joy had counted three silver hairs on her temples that very morning. The old must make room for the young.

The wing of the breeze beat a branch of the cypress-tree; a quick shade swept across the faun's face, and his mouth writhed in a silent convulsion of laughter.

"Nature's law, my dear!" he chuckled. "World's law—the only law."

This morning Joy had been so hopeful. The spring-like beauty of the autumn day had got into her young veins. The sunshine had been bright, the grass green, the scent of the roses endlessly sweet. It seemed part of the very design of the world that she should be happy again as she once had been.

Down in the rose-garden she had tested her powers on two men: a strong one and a weak one. And she knew that she could fool them both if she chose. And he, he had loved her, he loved her still! Why, then, should they not love?

"My very tune," said the faun; "I have set my pipe to the world's desire."

Cluny's hand trembled when it touched hers. He grew pale when he looked at her. Why should he avoid her, but that he too was haunted as she was? Why did he not go away? Aye, why not send her away, if he did not love her? Love her!

The little pagan flushed from paleness into deep rose-red and shook from head to foot as she thought of the love that was in her.

The faun nodded at her: "Love!" That was the sort of love he could tell of. The loves of men and maids, of mortals and gods, love that recked of nothing but its own glory, that made such joys, such hates, such deaths, that they were still sung of, and would still be sung of when even the last atom of his stone should have crumbled to the shapeless dust.

But Cluny had pulled down the blind. It had been done angrily, as if to shut her out. It had been pulled down relentlessly. It had seemed to shut out all the sunshine that had been flooding into her heart—to silence all the hope. What bird can sing in a darkened room! She had once seen them thus pull down the blind of a room where lay a corpse, and everything had grown so dark, so black! Her heart shuddered with a great fear. Oh, no, their love was not dead! It was young, strong; she had only just begun to love. She had so much to give!

Joy sprang to her feet, and turned in the fury and agony of her passion upon the faun.

"God cannot be so cruel," she cried; "we must be happy again!"

She flung out her hands. But the faun was cold and hard. His smile was meaningless. He was a mere lump of stone. The faun knew nothing about God.

XXVIII.

He sought her with dogged patience, set in his purpose. "I'll be hanged if I stand another day of it," he said.

As to most of those who have not frittered away their energies for love in myriad different channels of indifferent depths, the master-passion had come to George Dodd as an overwhelming tide. There was every reason why the hard, practical man in him should hesitate before the idea of such a union. He had often said: "What has a sailor to do with a wife? His bride is the sea!" With that longing for a home of his own implanted in every wholesome nature, he had hitherto deliberately sacrificed such joys to his ambition; none knew better from observation than he what a clog a wife and little ones are to the feet of one who would advance rapidly in his profession. Moreover, he had, in an intensified degree, the national love of freedom. Early cast upon his own resources, he had been all his life accustomed to judge and act from the personal point of view. "I must have elbow-room," had been a favorite expression of his. And, striking for fame and fortune, he had done so hitherto with a feeling of absolute independence. To his mind the thought in danger, "If I fall, no one is the worse for it," amply compensated for the fact that in victory no one would be the more joyful for it.

The manner, moreover, in which he had been cast among strangers from his childhood by his mother's foreign marriage, had early given him a violent prejudice against mixed alliances. "Americans should marry Americans; the country is big enough for choice, and as a race we are good enough for one another. That is so." This had been another of his hard-and-fast rules for the guidance of self and others. But now—well, he had already experienced the

"accidents of war" before which no previous theory can stand, when an elemental spirit of fight or an inborn flash of genius alone can retrieve the situation. To-day he was confronted by the "accident of love," and he realized that before this elemental human passion no built-up wall of cool resolve, no well-laid-out scheme of life, can stand. Under the pulse of his enkindled blood he saw but one course before him: to carry this heart's desire at whatever cost. And he as little thought of pause, of possible failure, of future disability, as does the soldier in his rush to triumph or annihilation.

Well might the stone faun grin, year in, year out, from over his crossed goat-legs, upon this old, old world: so self-complacently enlightened, so theoretically advanced, so esthetically civilized—so elementally the same!

Among the many tools of which the ambitious sailor had made use for the fashioning of his career was the study of languages, for which reason indeed he had now been specially selected for his present mission. And characteristically enough, having kept himself sternly aloof from all personal acquaintance with the sordid passions of life, he had a secret romantic love of poetry.

As, in reward of his peregrinations, he at length caught a glimpse of a white figure in the green recess at the end of the terrace, a line of Heine which he remembered to have haunted him—oddly enough with its sheer music of words—one full, purple, solitary night on tropical seas, as he tramped his deck till dawn, now sprang again to his mind with a sudden intimate meaning:

"Die Kleine, die Reine, die Feine, die Eine, die Eine!"

If ever a poet out of his own heart sang the love of another man, surely the Jew had sung the sailor's wonderful love: *Little*—just as high as his heart—child to him at once and woman! *Dainty*? Why, there was no word in his own tongue to express this perfection of daintiness, save, indeed, now the one word: *Joy*. *Pure*! His heart contracted with a feeling that was almost pain at the thought of his beloved's exquisite purity, an attribute so

divine in woman, so personal it seemed to herself, so immeasurably above his rough man's nature, that even to dare ponder upon it became a sort of desecration. The pure, and last of all—oh, wonderful sickly poet to have thus cried the cry of the strong lover's soul!—the *one*, the *only one*!

Had she seen him coming? She showed no surprise; showed neither pleasure nor the reverse; merely shifted her attitude a little, as he took a seat beside her, and turned a face supported on the palm of her hand sufficiently in his direction to bring him under the glance of her eyes. These curious eyes of hers were so nearly hidden under the drooping lids that all he could see of them between the thick lashes was a long liquid gleam. It was only afterward that these details came back to his mind. Then he only knew, by the thick beating of his heart and the stress of his emotion, that he, the man, was at the mercy of this little crouching wisp of a creature that he could have caught up in his arms and run away with, laughing.

"Miss Joy," he began, after a pause as long as a century to him, "I have been looking for you this hour."

The dark stars of her pupils slid away from their cool contemplation of his face to seek once more the window where the blind was pulled down.

George Dodd drew a long breath. He did not waver in his determination; but the preliminaries seemed to him diabolically difficult. Clutching the ledge of the bench with both hands, he began afresh:

"You weren't hiding from me, were you?"

The girl's eyes went back to him. The long lashes were lifted a little. The childish mouth parted.

"Hiding?" she repeated, composed to the verge of impertinence.

"You are not afraid of me?" he asked, incoherently tender.

Joy's short white teeth flashed for a second. Then, reflectively and slowly, as if weighing the truth of her own words, she said:

"I don't think I know what it is to be afraid. Have I ever been afraid of any one? I do not think so."

No sooner were the words spoken than

the memory of one—a horrid, wise-eyed, gray-bearded old man—whose look she could not meet, whose very presence seemed to paralyze her, struck chill upon her heart. She shivered. The man beside her saw the sudden alteration of her features, felt her tremble; his passion leaped out, goaded by tenderness.

"Yes, you are frightened! Good God, afraid of me! Look at me: I am a rough, strong fellow, yet it is I who am frightened. Ah, you don't know what a man feels before such a being as you! My dear, I can't make pretty speeches. I—I—Joy, I love you!"

He held out his great brown hand, and indeed it shook.

Joy's eyes now rested upon it. His words echoed idly enough in her ears. The tempestuous circling of her thoughts round a single central, towering idea, caught them, tossed them, as the waters of the whirlpool catch and toss straws and broken twigs, only to cast them finally away.

"Love. Love? Love? What could this one know of the love I know? Oh, what ugly, coarse hands! The nails have been broken, the veins stand out like cords. My lover's hands are the hands of a king. When he laid his hand upon my cheek, his touch was like music. I kissed his hand, then he let it lie in mine. He has such long fingers, and they taper. The nails are like almonds. I remember how I looked at his palm and then I kissed it. My prince! And did he think I should not know it again? Ah, but I kissed it again!"

"I love you," repeated Dodd, drawing nearer to her. He saw that her whiteness had become colored as from an inner crimson flame; and he took heart of grace, stretched out his arm to enfold her, but then paused tremulously on the brink of bliss for chivalrous awe of her delicate maidenliness. "Do you love me? Do you love me?" he cried, varying his note unconsciously.

It was as if the crimson flame flickered and died out. The dark eyes in the pale face looked at him full; but they were now as if veiled, and told him nothing of the soul within. Nevertheless he could not but feel her detachment, and for the first

time an icy doubt of success gripped him.

"Speak, answer me," he pleaded.
"At least tell me if I may hope."

After a wait, as though the cry had taken some time to reach her in the midst of her own thoughts, Joy said, with a sort of deliberate impatience:

"What is it you want of me? What can I say?"

"I want you for my wife," said the other, with his square simplicity. "I want you to say you love me."

All at once there shot a light into her veiled eyes, a new flame so eager that, quick, the long lids must droop to hide it. Her slight frame swayed under the pulse of a new hope.

He (there was only one being beside herself in her world: the rest were shadows)—he should be made to pull up that blind! Ah, there were things no love could bear! Did she not know it? She had learned many things this last month; she had learned the strength of love's endurance; she had learned its limits. He might be silent so long as he knew her there, safe, his own if he chose. But now she would make him speak, if it was only a word that he and she alone could understand.

"I may hope then," he cried, joyfully, as he marked how she thrilled and flushed and wavered.

She replied dreamily, "I don't know." He caught her hand. "That means——" he exclaimed joyfully. There seemed now but the breadth of a second, but a span of space, between him and those pure, fresh lips, yet the next instant found him alone upon the bench.

She had disengaged herself as quickly as a bird. He dared not close his great grasp upon her, and she was free. A pace away from him she stood, smiling and dimpling.

"Ask the Duke," she said.

It was very sweet. She was adorable. But he wanted his kiss—that kiss he had dreamed of day and night since that first evening; he wanted it more madly than he had ever wanted anything. But as he sprang to claim it, once again, in some indefinable way, she held him back.

"Ask the Duke," said she again, slowly.

He gazed after her; did not attempt to follow her as she moved away with deliberate steps, passing in and out of shadows and sunshine, and finally standing for a second to look back at him once again, an airy white silhouette against a patch of blue sky. Then she was gone.

Dodd stood and stared. He felt baffled, puzzled. But man, born out of mystery, surrounded by mystery, going to mystery, is ever most allured and drawn by mystery. Moreover, from all time, the desire is greater than any possible realization. This attraction for the unknown, for the elusive ideal, seems a law of our human life leading the seeker to revelation or perdition. All creative arts, all music, all poetry or science, all glory of love, all in fine that is beautiful and high, comes to us in and through this striving, and that is *revelation*. The *perdition* comes when the ideal has flown: when the mystery is solved or believed to be solved.

George Dodd now was ten times more enamored, ten times more set on his purpose, than he had been an hour ago; and indeed he was far enough from the solution of his mystery.

"I take it," he said to himself at last, after reviewing as well as his troubled thoughts would allow him the few words he had been vouchsafed, "I take it it's the French custom. Silly sort of custom I call it—silly as all the rest. . . . The little fay! 'Ask the Duke,' she said. But she stopped. Aye, she stopped twice and looked back! George Dodd, I believe you've been a fool. You could have had that kiss."

He fell back upon the bench again and into a passionate reverie. Over his head the faun smiled on, with young lips and old eyes.

"Great heaven!" cried the sailor suddenly, and sprang to his feet. "What am I doing here? Love does make a pretty kind of fool of a man. Well, I'll go and ask the Duke—and then——" His strong, clean-cut lips broke into a smile.

What a rare tune the faun could have piped!

(To be continued.)

WHEN WILL THE WORLD BE FULL?

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

Illustrated by the author.

THE last year of the nineteenth century and the first year of the twentieth century are those in which the inhabitants of the earth are again counted by some of the chief nations of the world.

The twelfth decennial census of the United States was compiled in 1900; the eleventh British census is being made in 1901, which is also the year for the next census of France; the Germans and Austrians were counted again in 1900; Italy's census-year is 1901; the next census-year for Russia is not fixed.

It is interesting to glance at the progress of population which has been made during the nineteenth century by the various nations of the world: to see which are the nations that are keeping up a good supply of human energy and which those are that are falling behind in the motive-power that runs a nation. It is also of interest to use past experience of population-growth in the whole world as a basis for making a forecast as to the time when the earth will be so densely populated as to bring about conditions akin to those that cause a crowded theater to display the legend, "Standing-Room Only." During the nineteenth century, several estimates have been made of the world's population by reliable statisticians, who have based their estimates upon census results and upon less formal enumerations of nations. From these I quote the following:—

YEAR	Population of the World AUTHORITY	NUMBER OF PERSONS
1810..	Almanach de Gotha	682 millions
1828..	Balbi.....	847 "
1845..	Michelot	1,009 "
1874..	Behm-Wagner ...	1,391 "
1886..	Levasseur	1,483 "

We obtain a clearer idea of the increase expressed by these figures by looking at Diagram No. 1 than we can obtain from inspection of the figures themselves, which are beyond the limits within which type-

expressed numbers convey a definite meaning to the mind.

The heights of the black columns in No. 1 suggest very plainly the great increase in the world's population that has occurred from 1810 to 1886. The big jump in population from the year 1845 to the year 1874, which is so noticeable in Diagram No. 1, is due to the fact that an interval of twenty-nine years is covered by this increase in the world's population: an interval that is very considerably longer than any of the other intervals of time which separate the other dates—these intervals being:—

From 1810 to 1828..	18 years
" 1828 to 1845..	27 "
" 1845 to 1874..	29 "
" 1874 to 1886..	12 "

The next step is to find out what has been the rate of increase during these various parts of the nineteenth century, for it is the rate of increase of population that must form the basis for any forecast from the known past into the unknown future—but not necessarily the unknowable future.

I find that these rates of increase in the world's population have been as follows:—

Period	Rate of Increase
During 1810 to 1828..	12 per 1,000 per year
" 1828 to 1845..	10 " " "
" 1845 to 1874..	11 " " "
" 1874 to 1886..	6 " " "

Thus, comparing these four periods of the nineteenth century, we see that the quickest growth of the world's population took place during the first period, 1810 to 1828, and that the slowest rate of growth was during the most recent period, viz., 1874 to 1886.

This result is pretty much what one would expect, for there have been plain signs in more than one important section of the world's population that during the latter part of the dying century increase was checked—most notably in the case of

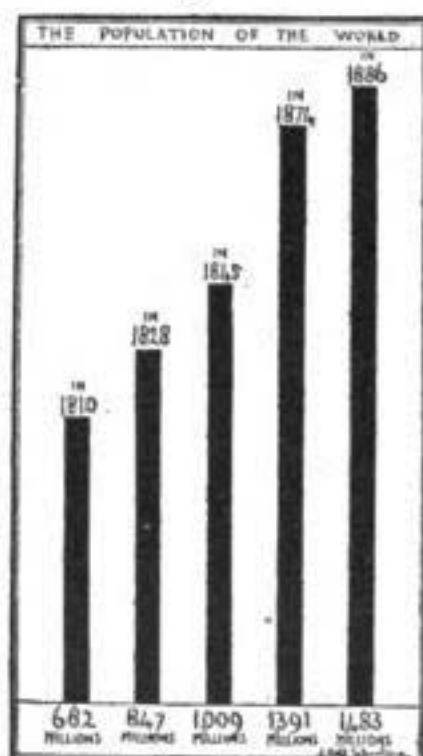


DIAGRAM NO. 1.

France, and with effects fully recognized as injurious to France. But on this score we shall see some interesting results later.

If we ignore the intermediate periods which we have considered, and now turn our attention to the average yearly rate of growth of the world's population from the year 1810 to the year 1886, we find that this growth has been at the rate of just over 10 per 1,000 per year during the whole period.

In order to make absolutely clear the meaning of a population-growth which proceeds at the rate of 10 per 1,000 per year, I may say that this is precisely analogous to the growth of capital invested at compound interest at a rate of 10 per 1,000, or one per cent., per year.

For example, the population of the world in the year 1810 was 682 million persons, and applying to this population our average yearly growth-rate of 10 per 1,000, we find that the population in years later than 1810 was as follows:—

Year	Population of the World
1810.....	682,000,000
1811.....	688,820,000
1812.....	695,708,200

and so on until we reach the year 1886 with a population of 1,483,000,000.

Thus, we may take as our unit of comparison the fact that the population of the world has increased during the nineteenth century at an average yearly rate of 10 persons per 1,000 of the population. We will now look at the populations of some of the leading nations of the world and see how their respective rates of growth compare with this standard unit of comparison.

Here are the populations in 1800, in 1850 and in 1890, of eight nations:—

	Population in the Year		
	1800 MILLIONS	1850 MILLIONS	1890 MILLIONS
United States.....	5½	23	62½
United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.....	15	27½	37½
France.....	27½	36	38½
Germany.....	23	35	49
Austria-Hungary..	25	32	40
Italy.....	17	24	30
Russia.....	35	68	92
Spain.....	10½	14½	17½

The above results are extremely interesting, and they contain a meaning of vital and international importance, which we shall see as we handle these facts. For the purpose of getting these results into a stronger light than printed figures can give to them, I have shaped the facts for 1800 and for 1890 into Diagram No. 2.

A mere glance at this diagram shows very strikingly how enormous has been the growth of population in the United States during the nineteenth century. Holding, in 1800, the very lowest place of all these eight nations in point of population, the United States has leaped up into the prominent position so strongly marked in the second part of Diagram No. 2, and we there see that now only Russia tops the United States in point of population.

How grimly significant are the columns in Diagram No. 2 that relate to the respective populations of the United States and of Spain in 1800 and in 1890!

We shall now see what the rate of growth has been during 1800 to 1850, 1850 to 1890 and 1800 to 1890, in the populations of these eight nations.

I arrange the nations in the order of the quickest population-growth during 1800-1890. These are the facts:—

	Yearly Rate of Growth per 1,000 of Population		
	DURING 1800-50	DURING 1850-90	DURING 1800-90
United States....	39	25	28
Russia.....	14	8	11
United Kingdom..	13	8	10
Germany.....	8	8	8
Italy.....	7	6	7
Austria.....	5	6	6
Spain.....	7	5	6
France.....	6	2	3

Here we see a sufficient explanation of the cause of that towering column in Diagram No. 2 which represents the population of the United States in the year 1890: the population has been increasing during the nineteenth century at an average yearly rate of 28 per 1,000, or, to use my previous analogy, at very nearly three per cent. compound interest per annum—and capital (or population) does increase vastly during ninety years under such accumulative condition of growth. From 5½ millions in 1800 to 62½ millions in 1890 is a world's record, which will probably never

be seen again. Not one of the other nations comes anywhere near to this rate of growth of the United States. Russia is a bad second, with just over a one per cent. rate, and the British rate during 1800-1890 comes third, being exactly one per cent. per year throughout the ninety years, on the average.

All these three nations had a considerably quicker rate of growth during 1800-

1850 than during 1850 to 1890. The preceding statement of the rates of growth shows this feature very plainly.

Germany, fourth in the list, has had an equable and constant rate of growth during the century, of 8 per 1,000 per year—a curious illustration of the characteristic national trait of German stability.

Italy, Austria and Spain, all with slow rates of growth, show but slight variation, either as regards nation and nation or as regards the growth of each nation during the three periods stated.

France is last on our list, with the very low rate of growth of 3 per 1,000 per year during 1800-1890, a rate which is reduced to only 2 per 1,000 per year when we look at the more recent period, 1850-1890.

This is very serious for France. Her European rivals, Germany and the United Kingdom, had during the period 1850-1890 a rate of growth four times as quick as France's poor rate of 2 per 1,000 per year, and if this condition is to continue, France will be left completely behind in the struggle for existence, through sheer

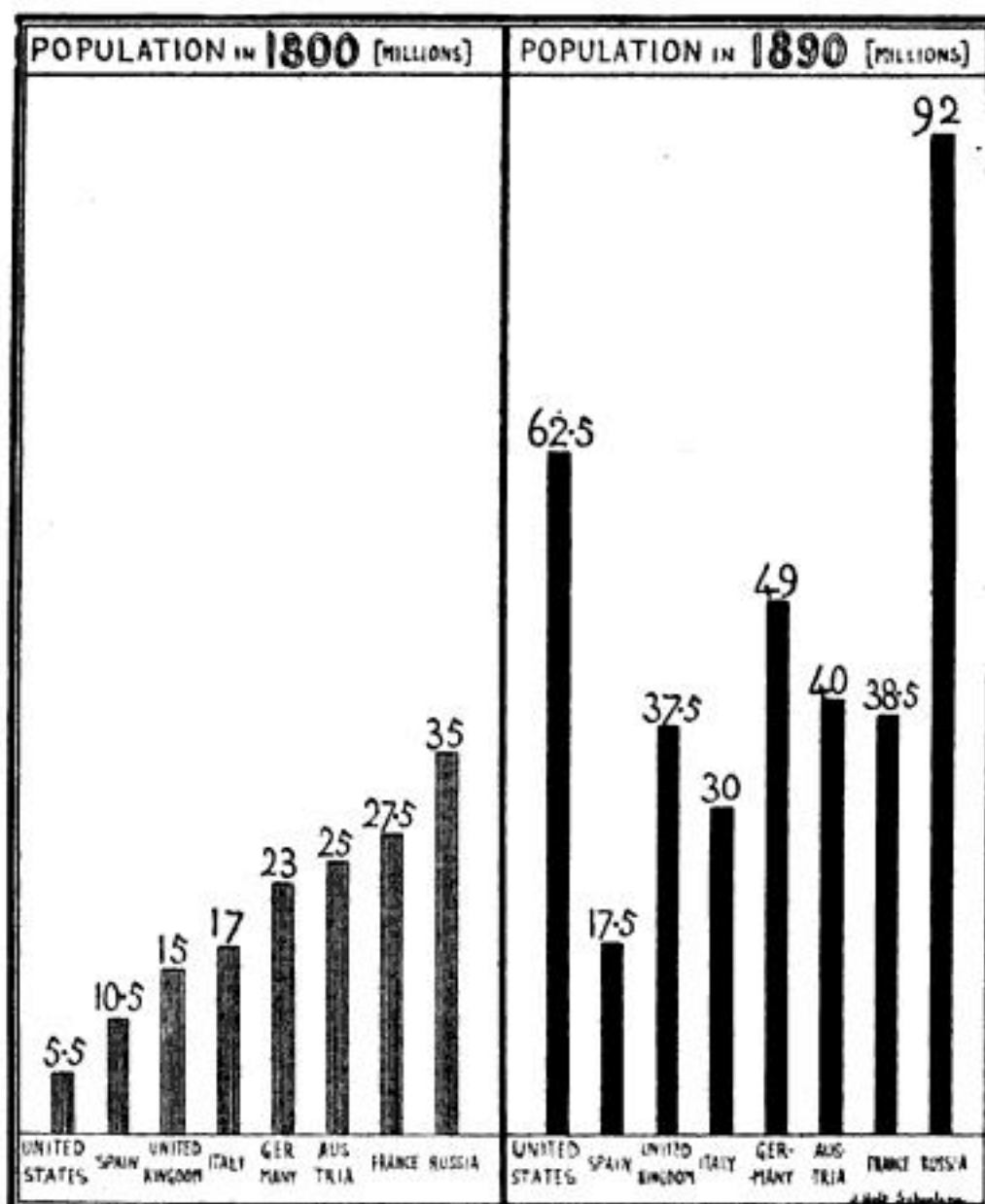


DIAGRAM NO. 2.

lack of human material to supply her with working energy and to keep up her fighting strength, which even now is overweighting the capacity of France's working-unit, upon which, of course, her fighting-unit is sustained.

Before we leave this part of our subject, which relates to the "filling-up" of individual countries of the world, we will look at a very remarkable re-

sult that comes out of the facts we have been considering—the great supremacy that has been won during the nineteenth century by the Teutonic race over the Latin race. This striking result is shown in the following statement:—

	Population in			
	1800	1830	1860	1890
	MILLIONS	MILLIONS	MILLIONS	MILLIONS
Teutons...	43½	67½	98½	149
Latins...	55	64½	77	86

"Teutons" comprise the population of the United States plus the United Kingdom plus Germany; "Latins" comprise the population of France plus Italy plus Spain.

We see that in the year 1800 these Latin nations had a considerable lead over the Teutons, but before the year 1830 was reached the Teutons had already gained a numerical superiority over the Latins. In 1860, after another thirty years had passed, the lead of the Teutons was still more pronounced, and in 1890 they were ahead of the Latins to the extent of the difference between 149 millions and 86 millions—a lead of 63 millions.

The negro population of the United States, of about $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1890, is more than counterbalanced by the Teuton stock in Australia, Canada and elsewhere, no part of which has been included in the above statement of Teuton populations.

At the century-end, 1900, the population of the United States, United Kingdom and Germany was 171 millions as compared with 90 millions of France, Italy and Spain. In other words, there were 526 of these Latins to every 1,000 of these peoples of Teutonic race.

The Teuton stock, using the term "Teuton" in its broad sense of appertaining to Anglo-Saxon and Germanic peoples, has most wonderfully stamped its mark upon the world during the nineteenth century, and if the virile stability of the Teutonic peoples of the earth be destined to impress the twentieth century in a similar fashion during the process of filling up the earth and the corners thereof, we shall at the end of the twentieth century have a result that may be forecast with approximate accuracy as follows:—

Year	Teutons MILLIONS	Latins MILLIONS	No. of Latins to every 1,000 Teutons
1900	171	90	526
1930	258	105	407
1960	388	122	314
1990	585	141	241
2000	671	149	222

Diagram No. 3 illustrates the extraordinary numerical predominance of the Teutonic over the Latin that will occur in the twentieth century unless very material changes take place in the reproductive forces of these two races. It is probable that many of us now living will witness in the twentieth century a forcible example of nature's great law which inexorably enforces the succumbing of the relatively unfit to the relatively fit. The working of this law is not always to be seen in the case of individual men, for the basis of observation is often not sufficiently extensive, but taking, as we have here, a

century's view of nations, we have found a concrete illustration of this law of the most striking kind, which must impress itself upon everybody who pauses to consider what are those vital and elemental qualities of a nation or of a race that tend to make such nation or race relatively fit or unfit. The past has been with the Latin race, the future is for the Teuton stock, whose modern representatives are the peoples of the United States, the United Kingdom and Germany.

We have seen how the population of the world has grown, and we have noticed some important changes in the populations of the leading nations of the earth. We will now see how the passing of the nineteenth century has influenced the amount of space that is available for these populations: to what extent the land of the earth is getting filled up.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of filling-up during the nineteenth century has been in the United States. In 1800, the density of the population of the United States was only 15 persons to every 10 square miles of land: $1\frac{1}{2}$ persons to the mile. During the nineteenth century its density has increased from 15 persons to 214 persons on every 10 square miles of land: a density in the year 1900 of over 21 persons to each square mile.

This is a very much quicker rate of filling up the land than has occurred in the world as a whole. In the year 1800 there were 116 persons to every 10 square miles of land in the world, and this has increased during the century to a density of 308 persons, or nearly 31 persons to every square mile of land in the world.

Thus the density of population in the United States is materially less than that of the world as a whole, despite the extraordinary increase in the density of the United States population which has been such a marked feature of the vital statistics of the nineteenth century. There is, as yet, plenty of room in the United States.

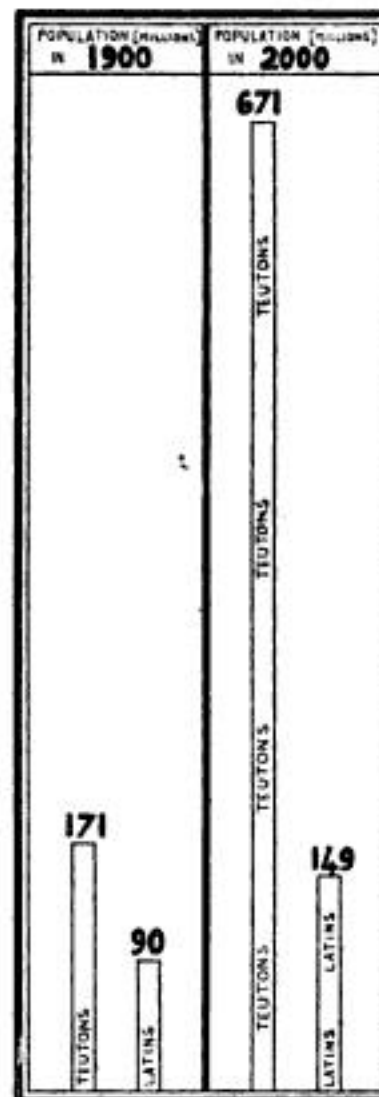


DIAGRAM NO. 3.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

We shall now see how some of the other nations have been filling up, and in some instances it will become apparent that this matter of density of population—of the filling-up of the land—is even at the present time much nearer to actuality than can possibly be the case in the United States for a very long term of years.

Ten nations are compared in Diagram No. 4 as regards their degrees of density of population in the year 1900, the number of persons to one square mile of land being in each case the unit of comparison.

Some remarkable differences are displayed by this diagram. There is huge Russia with a scanty population of only 15 persons to the mile, and at the other end of the list comes little Belgium packed with 572 persons to the square mile.

The ten nations here compared come in the following order in point of density of population, the least-populated countries coming first:—

	<i>No. of Persons to One Square Mile of Land</i>
1. Russia.....	15
2. United States.....	21
3. China.....	95
4. Spain.....	96
5. France.....	186
6. Germany.....	263
7. Italy.....	289
8. United Kingdom.....	339
9. Holland.....	411
10. Belgium.....	572

The three great countries at the head of this list have plenty of room left for the future expansion of their respective populations. But when we look at the end of the list, we see that the United Kingdom, Holland and Belgium are already showing signs of becoming filled—especially Holland and Belgium. The Dutch, by their indomitable perseverance and engineering skill, have literally pulled their country out of the encroaching sea, and now they have in hand a vast scheme to reclaim I don't know how many square miles from the menacing Zuyder Zee by the titanic process of filling up the sea and so turning the part reclaimed into habitable land. The pressure of population must certainly be felt both in Holland and in Belgium.

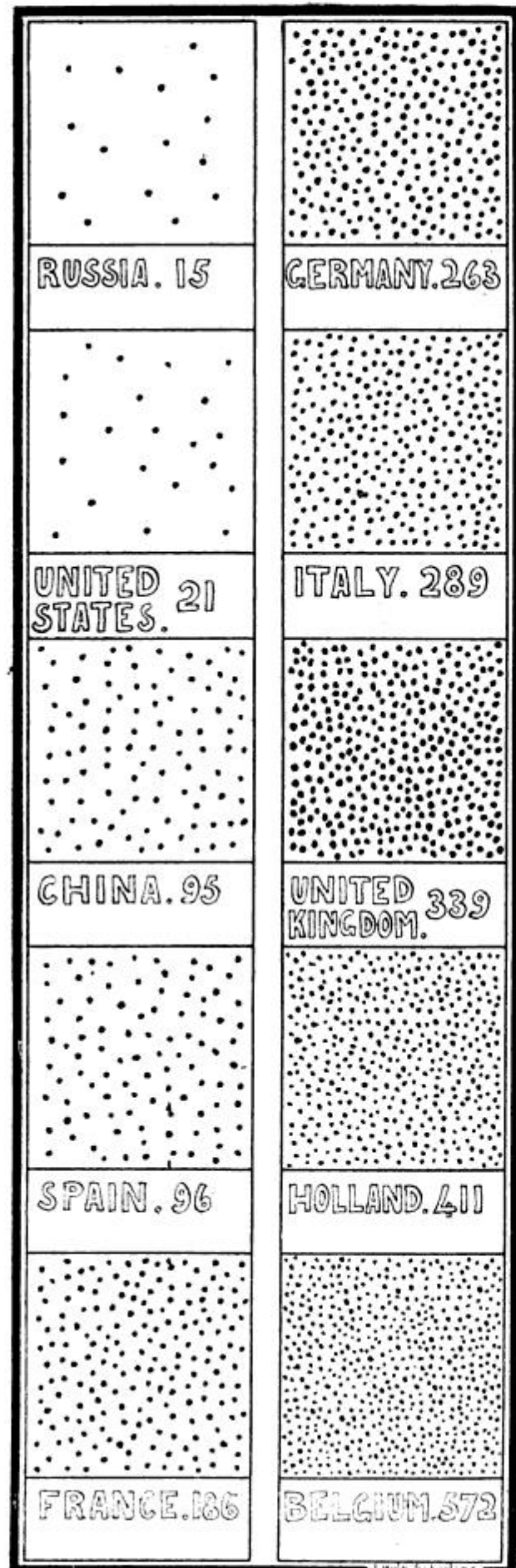


DIAGRAM NO. 4.
THE DENSITY OF POPULATION IN 1900 SHOWN BY
THE NUMBER OF PERSONS TO ONE SQUARE MILE.

We have now to look into the future, and ascertain when the world will be full. I propose to take as equivalent to "full" a population of 1,000 persons to each square mile of land in the world: this is a density of population which is not far short of being twice that of the thickly massed population of Belgium—572 persons to the square mile.

At this rate of 1,000 persons to every square mile of land on the earth, the space for each person would be, on the average, less than two-thirds of an acre apiece, or a square-shaped land-space each side of which measures only $55\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This average land-space for each person living in the world would have to suffice for all purposes: agriculture, mining, roads, houses, parks, railways, factories, et cetera, and thus an average density of world-population that is equal to 1,000 persons per mile of land may be regarded, not inappropriately, as equivalent to the world's being full.

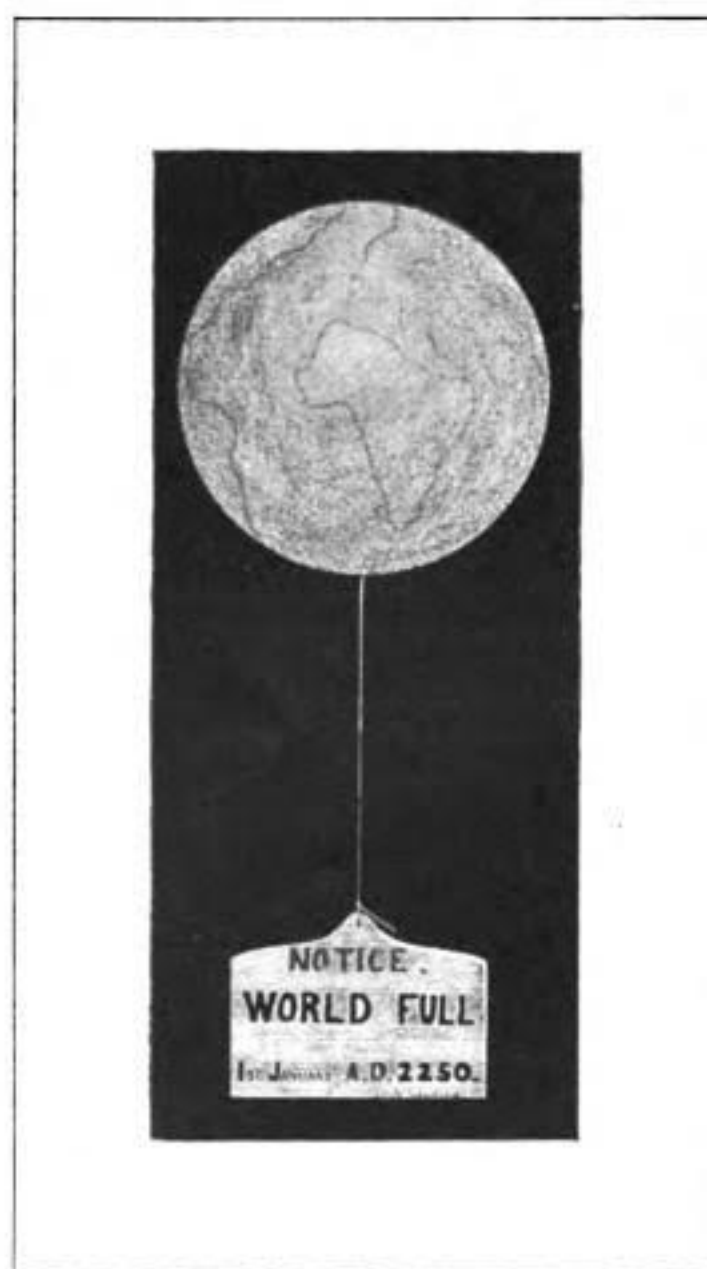
If we apply to the future growth of the world's population the rate of increase that has obtained during the nineteenth century—one person per hundred per year—we obtain the following forecast:—

Year	Millions of Persons	No. of Persons to One Square Mile
1900.....	1,600 or	31
2000.....	4,328 or	83
2100.....	11,706 or	225
2200.....	31,662 or	609
2250.....	52,073 or	1,001

As there are 52 millions of square miles of land on the earth, and as we are to consider 1,000 persons to each square mile as the equivalent of the world's being full, it follows that we want a world-population of 52,000 millions of persons to fulfil this condition.

A glance at the above statement of growth in the world's population shows that the necessary growth from 1,600 millions in the year 1900 to the 52,000 millions of persons wanted for our purpose will eventuate in the year 2250, almost three hundred and fifty years ahead of the present time, when, as the illustration suggests, it may be necessary to hang out a notice to the effect that the world is full to the utmost limit.

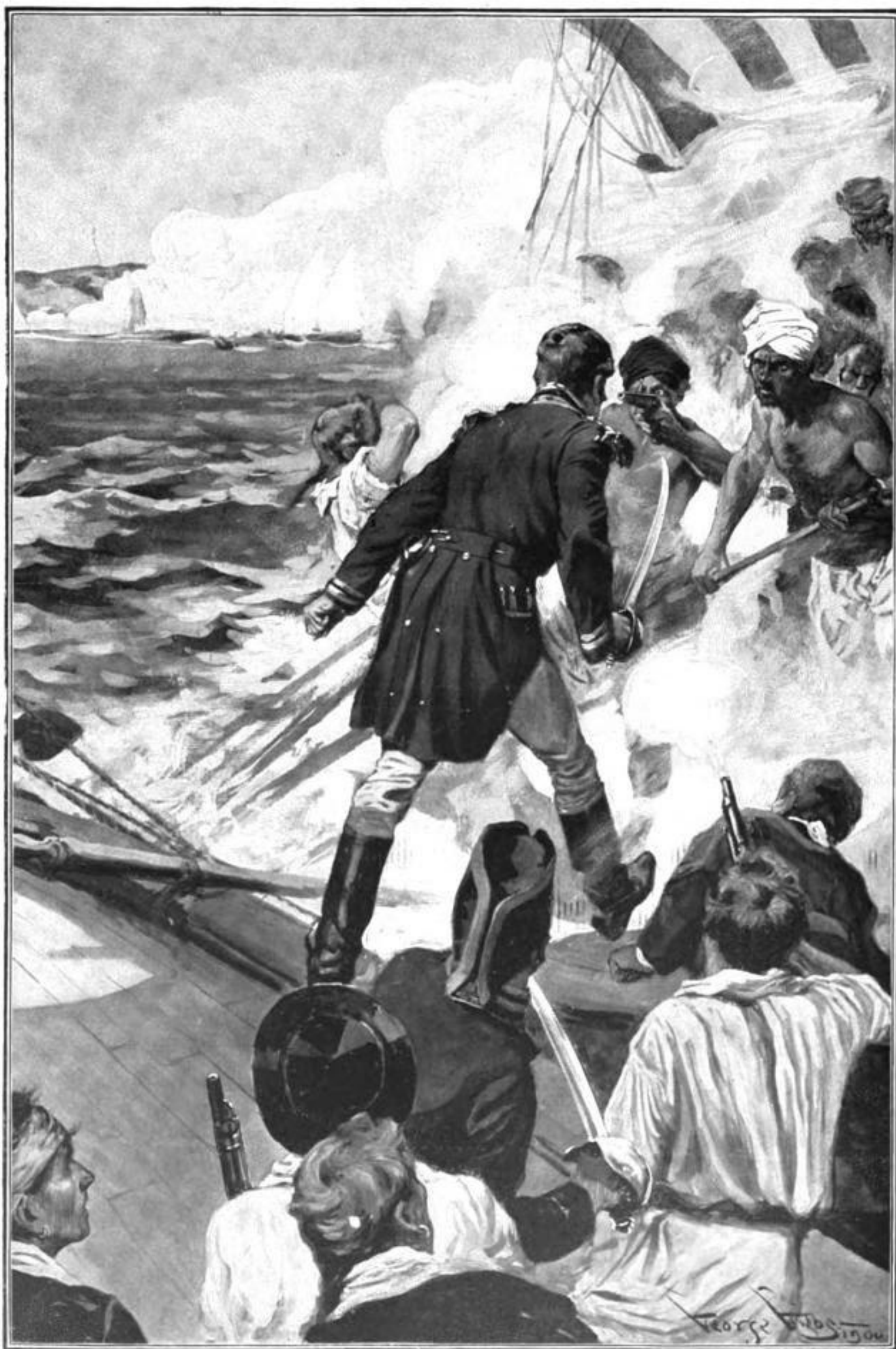
At the present time, the density of population in the world is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the population of the United States. In the year of 2000, the density of the world-population will



THREE AND ONE-HALF CENTURIES HENCE.

still be considerably under the present density of China or of Spain; in the year of 2100, however, this density will be on the track of Germany's present density of population, and will have passed the present density of France; while in the year 2200, the density of world-population will have gone beyond the present high density of Belgium's population; and in the year of 2250, there will be 1,000 persons to every square mile of land in the earth and the world will be full.





Drawn by George Gibbs.

STEPHEN DECATUR ATTACKING THE TRIPOLITAN CAPTAIN.

See "The Revenge of Decatur," page 400.

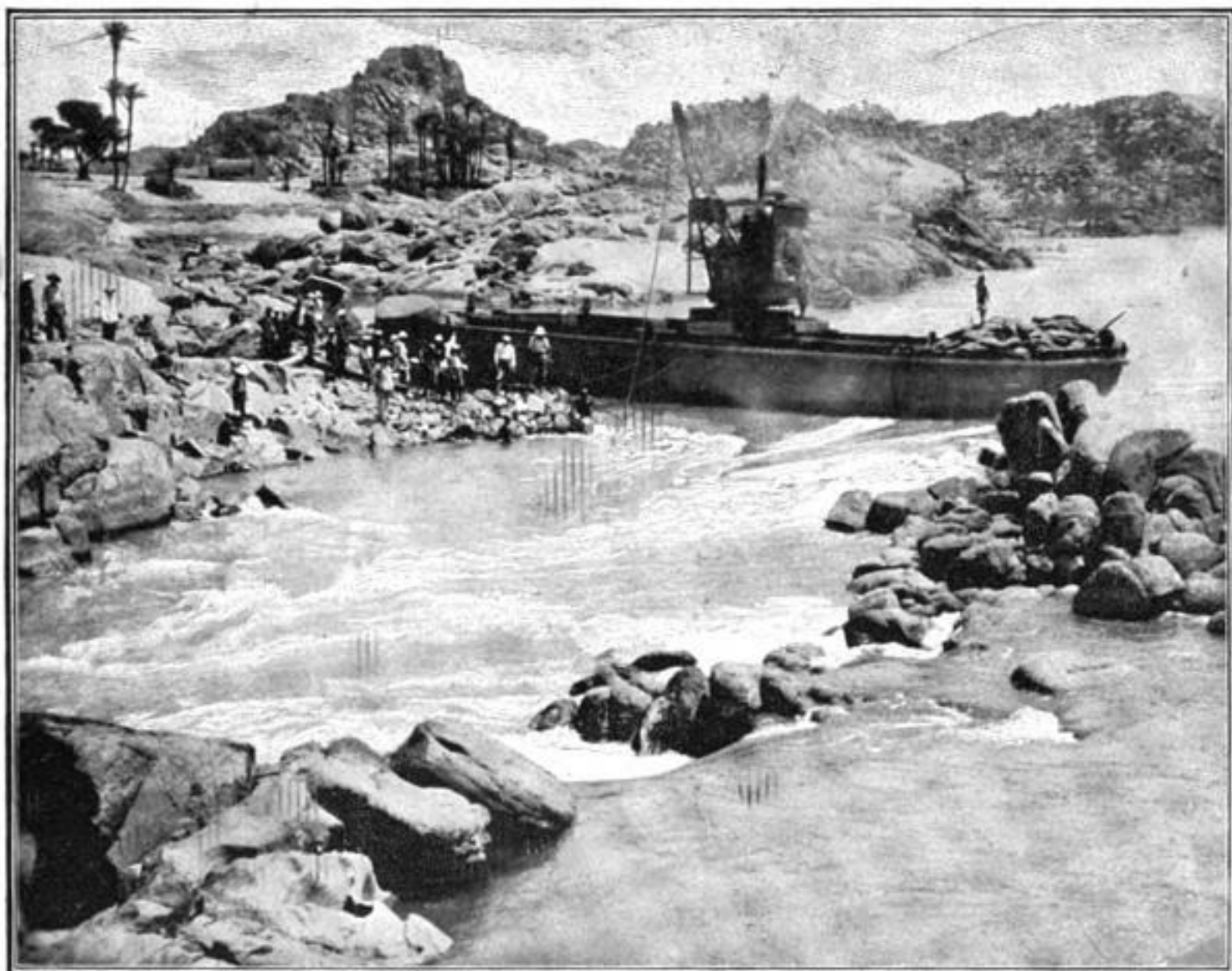
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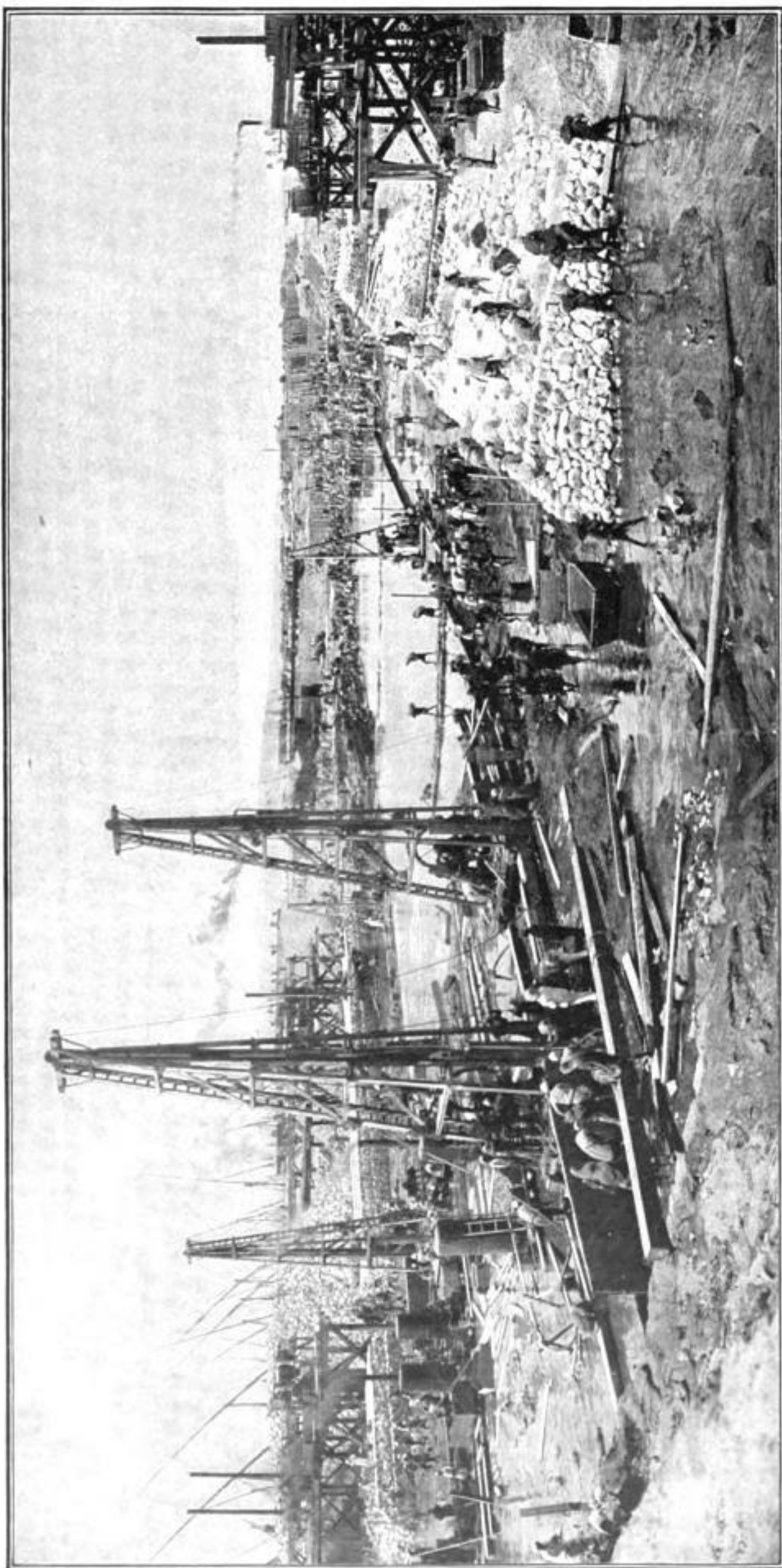
SUDDING THE CHANNEL AT DACHANEA.

THE REJUVENATION OF EGYPT.

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

THIRTY centuries ago Egypt was the dominant country of the earth. Even Rome in the zenith of its power was insignificant in comparison with the land of the Nile during the epoch of the Pharaohs. Under the administration of Joseph the Hebrew, the country experienced a term of exceptional prosperity. It became the granary and garden of the world. The fertility of the land was remarkable and the product prolific, owing to the fact that three, and occasionally four, crops could be raised in one season. This state of affairs is due to natural conditions. While Egypt proper is parched and dry beneath the torrid summer sun, the country in which the Nile has its source experiences heavy rainfalls, causing the river to rise to a high level. As the river in flood pursues its course through the upper reaches, it gathers up millions of tons of rich mud and silt, which it carries along with it toward the sea. During its progress through Egypt, owing to its abnormally

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CONSTRUCTION WORK AT ASSIOUT FROM THE WEST BANK.

high level, the river overflows its banks and floods the immediately surrounding region, which, when the water recedes, is covered with the valuable alluvium brought down by the river. This soil is heavily impregnated with the substances peculiarly conducive to fruitful agriculture. A comprehensive evidence of this fact is offered by the wonderful fertility of the land at the delta of the Nile, which is composed entirely of this mud and silt. Under these circumstances it is apparent that, if the areas inundated by the Nile while in flood were extended, the productive capacity of the country would be extensively augmented. While Joseph was in power he partially realized this scheme: he constructed several canals

leading from the Nile to the most barren parts of the country, thus converting them into fertile districts. When the reign of the Pharaohs ended and the prosperity of the country declined, these waterways were permitted to fall into desuetude, and in due course of time were filled up with the desert sand. One of these channels, however, the largest work of its kind ever constructed in Egypt, known as the Bahr-Yusuf—which interpreted means Water of Joseph—is still extant, and remains an

the effect of which would be to double the cultivable area of the delta. Subsequent rulers of Egypt have also recognized this salient fact and have striven to utilize and develop the natural resources of the waterway. But the ruined finances of the country have militated against the realization of such a Utopia. It is true that one ruler, Mehemet Ali, endeavored to bring the scheme to a successful issue. In this instance he was actuated by purely selfish motives, for he enjoyed a monopoly in the



A HUMAN DERRICK CONSTRUCTED ON A MODEL INVENTED OVER FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

enduring monument to the enterprise and astuteness of the Israelite.

For the last thirty centuries, however, Egypt has remained in a moribund condition. Her finances have been at a low ebb, simply because the developments of the industries of the country were meager and stationary. "The Nile is Egypt, and Egypt is the Nile." Without the river the country could not possibly exist. Even the great Napoleon stated that the salvation of Egypt lay in the Nile and suggested the construction of a huge dam near Cairo,

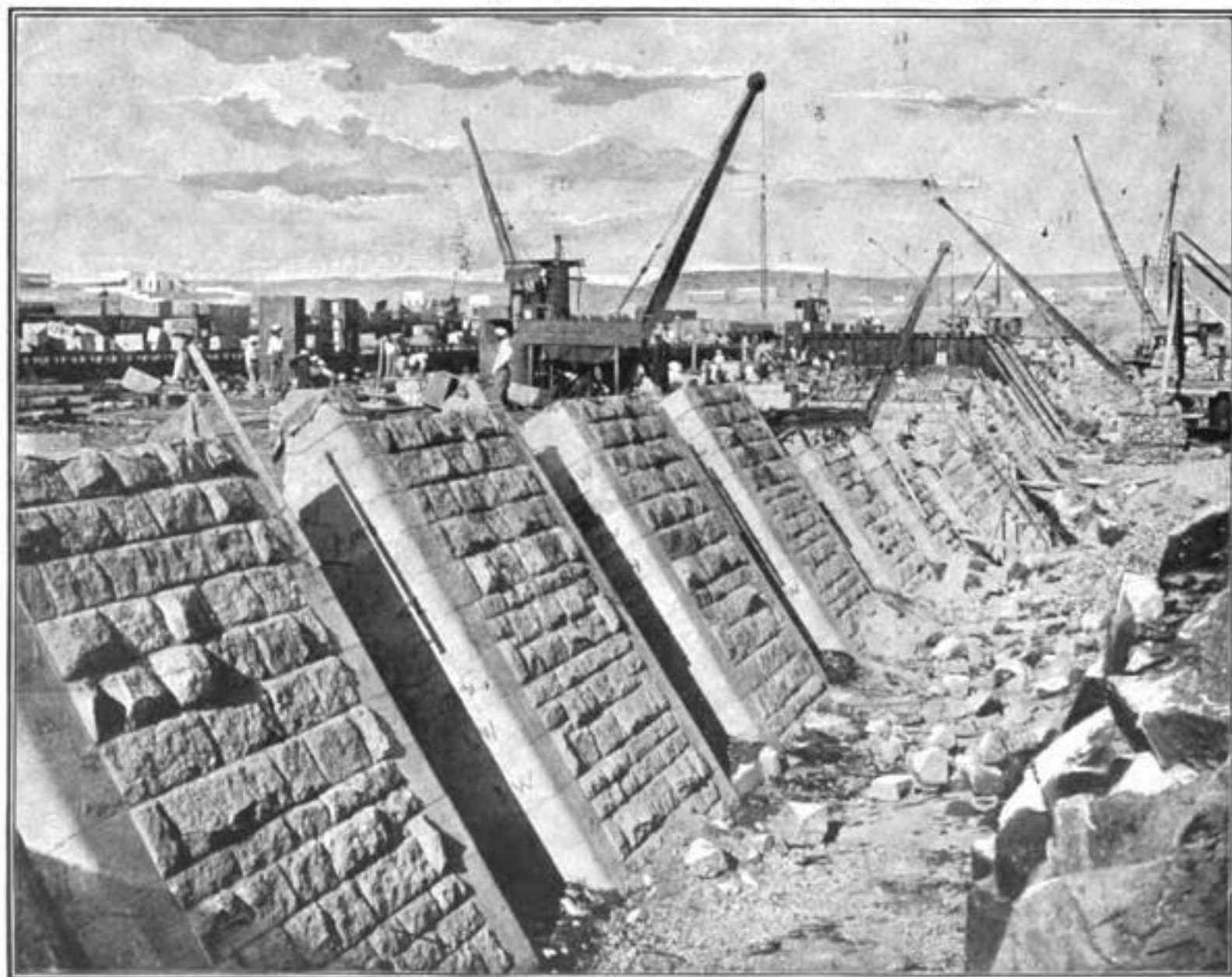
sugar- and cotton-growing industries, and he was not slow to appreciate the fact that if the cultivable area of land were doubled, his personal income would be considerably increased.

Mehemet Ali secured the services of a prominent French engineer to carry out his schemes. Two barrages were erected, one at the Damietta and the other at the Rosetta branch of the river. The French engineer, subsequently known as Mougél Bey, prepared his plans, which received the approval of Mehemet Ali, and the work

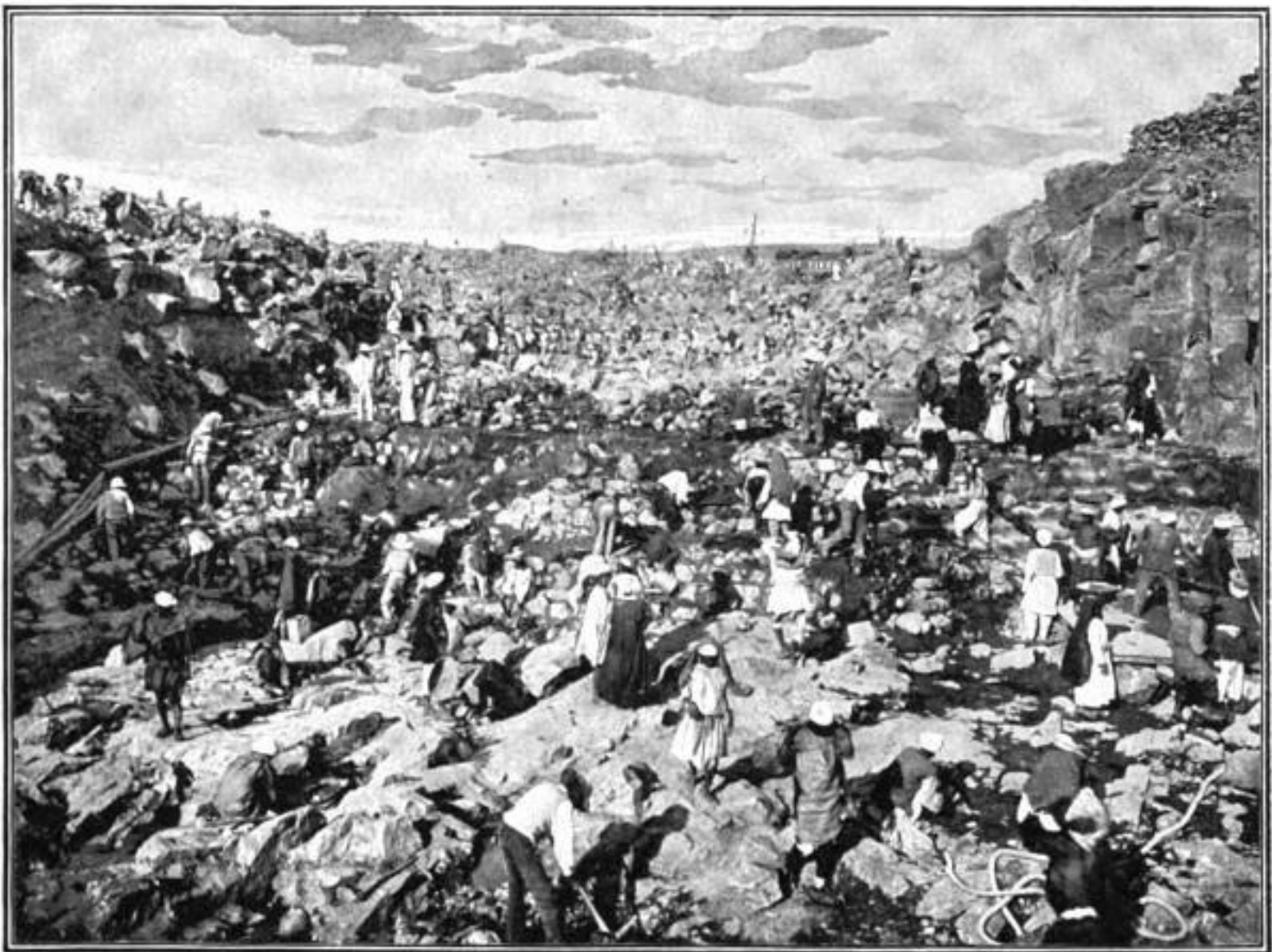
was commenced. The design of the dam suggested by the engineer consisted of an extensive viaduct of arches, very artistic in appearance but deficient in solidity and stability. The engineer was further handicapped in his work by the limited financial support accorded to him and the supply of unskilled enforced labor. The natives were torn from their homes and compelled to work, as the Israelites had been three thousand years before, under the sting of the driver's whip. The work occupied no less than twenty years, since the walls were continually washed away or rendered insecure by the periodical risings of the river. When the dam was finally completed and the sluices were closed at high Nile, the pressure of the pent-up water was too great for the barrage to resist, and the result was that the structure cracked in all directions, slipped bodily forward and displayed ominous evidence of collapsing totally. Had such a catastrophe happened, the damage to life and property in the surrounding country would have been appalling. The sluices were opened in frantic haste and the dammed water rapidly es-

caped, so that in a short time the river had resumed its normal level. By this means the structure was saved, but its utility was completely nullified. The French engineer hastily left the scene and was not discovered again for several years. He was then found in Cairo, utterly ruined and in a starving condition. He was taken in hand by the British government officials, and through their influence he was awarded an annuity as a compensation for the work he had accomplished, which resulted in a dismal failure not so much through the fault of the engineer as through insufficiency of funds to carry out the scheme.

Upon the conclusion of the Egyptian campaign and the routing of the dervish rebel, Arabi, by the British, several prominent engineers were dispatched from India to Egypt to examine the Cairo dams and to restore them if possible. One expert suggested that, instead of spending a small fortune in restoration, a few thousand dollars should be devoted to their complete destruction by explosives. Sir John Fowler, the well-known British civil engineer, however, stated that the expenditure



BUILDING THE SLUICES AT ASSOUAN.



DIGGING THE TRENCH NEAR BAB-EL-SOGAIR.

of about five million dollars would render the barrages serviceable. Sir Colin Moncrieff, assisted by Mr. Willcocks, a talented civil engineer, offered to undertake the work for half that sum. His offer was accepted, and the work was successfully carried out. When the piers of Mougel Bey's creation were examined, they were found to be *minus foundations*! No wonder they slipped away under the enormous pressure of the dammed water. Mr. Willcocks bored beneath the piers and constructed a solid foundation for them in the river-bed, while the structures were thoroughly overhauled, braced together and strengthened wherever any signs of weakness were apparent. When the work was completed, they performed their functions thoroughly and have continued to do so for the past twelve years. The cultivable area of the land at the delta has thus been considerably extended, and the money expended upon the restoration of the barrages has been adequately repaid.

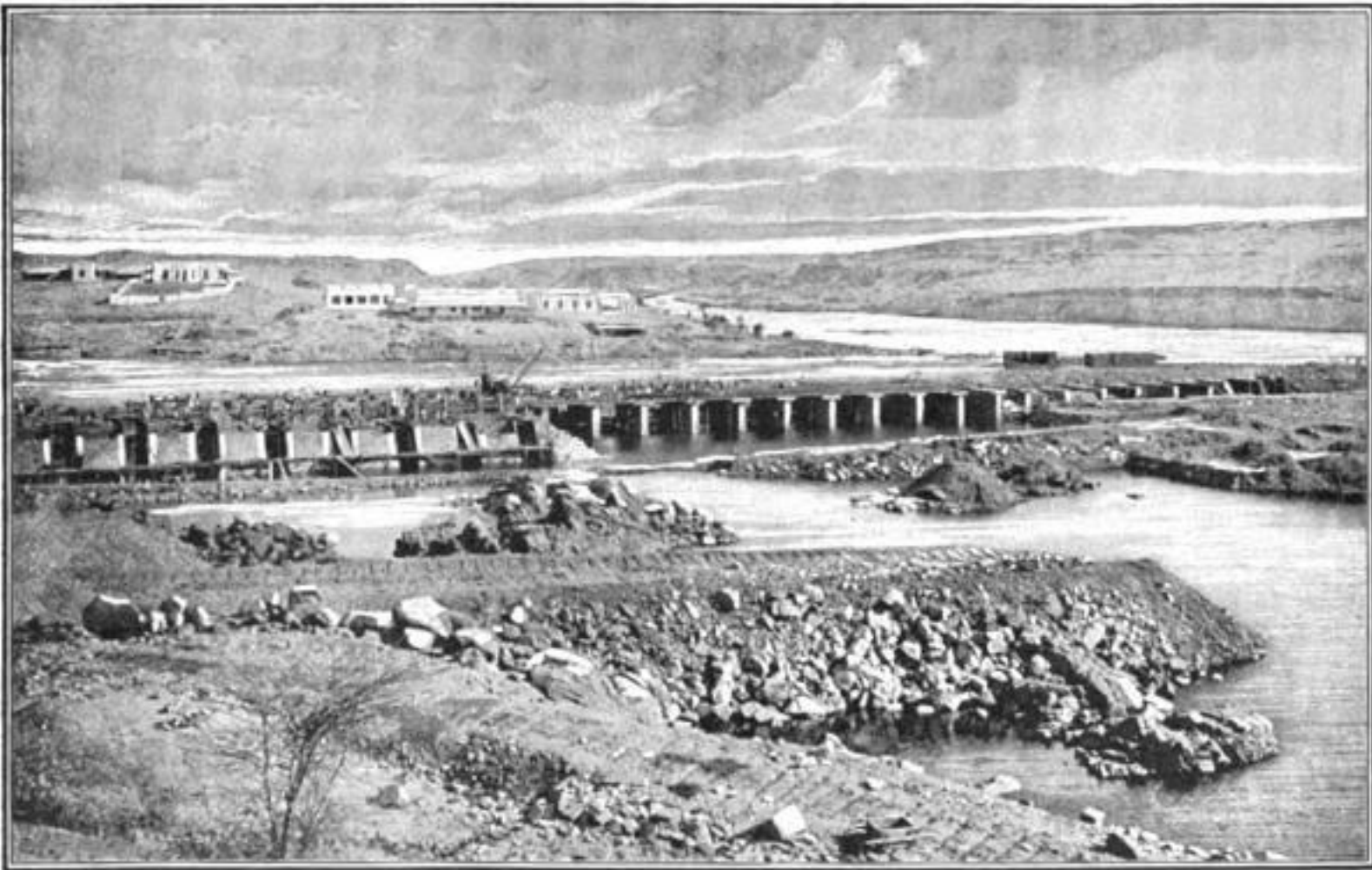
In view of the signal success that had attended the restoration of the Cairo barrages, Lord Cromer turned his attention to the possibility of similarly storing the

Nile for Upper Egypt. Mr. Willcocks, who now had firmly established his reputation as the greatest of irrigation engineers, was dispatched upon an expedition to survey the Nile for one thousand miles. Several years were occupied in this work, and he prepared five alternate schemes. But at this juncture matters came to a deadlock. The French were assisting in the international control of the country, and they thwarted the British in the realization of their scheme by refusing to appropriate the necessary funds. Mr. Willcocks, disgusted at this turn of affairs and disheartened by the apparent wasting of many years in the survey, resigned his position. Lord Cromer, however, despite the hopeless outlook, was convinced that a satisfactory solution to the problem would be discovered, and his anticipations were soon fulfilled.

The celerity with which the contract for this great enterprise was carried out reads like a romance. A conclave of gentlemen in London, aware of Lord Cromer's dilemma and recognizing the true import of his perspicacity, approached Sir Benjamin Baker, the celebrated engineer and

designer of the Forth Bridge, and Sir John Aird, the head of the famous firm of contractors, and laid before them their scheme for accomplishing the work. Both Sir Benjamin Baker and Sir John Aird approved of the suggestion, and the necessary capital with which to commence operations was supplied by Mr. Ernest Cassel, the well-known London financier. These three gentlemen then hurried to Cairo and offered to build for the government two huge dams and a number of canals, asking that they be paid not a single penny until the work had been satisfactorily completed. It was estimated that the total cost of the undertaking would amount to

two huge dams across the river at Assouan and Assiout respectively. By this means two great reservoirs would be created from which it would be possible to irrigate the country. In the scheme suggested by Mr. Willcocks, he advocated the erection of the dam at Assouan to store up one hundred and twenty feet of water. The realization of this scheme would have resulted in the complete submersion of the historical and beautiful island of Philæ, whose ruined temples and ancient inscriptions are so dear to tourists. Such an act of vandalism was regarded with horror by the prominent Egyptologists, who gathered under the leadership of the late president



THE CENTRAL SLUICES AT ASSOUAN.

twenty-five million dollars, and the payment of this sum was to be spread over a period of thirty years. This signifies an annual expenditure of about eight hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, but the revenue from the extra water-supply thus furnished would amount to about two million dollars a year. The government approved of the plans, the contract was signed, and operations were immediately commenced. Only four days elapsed from the time the London men approached Sir Benjamin Baker and Sir John Aird until the signing of the contract.

The scope of the project was to erect

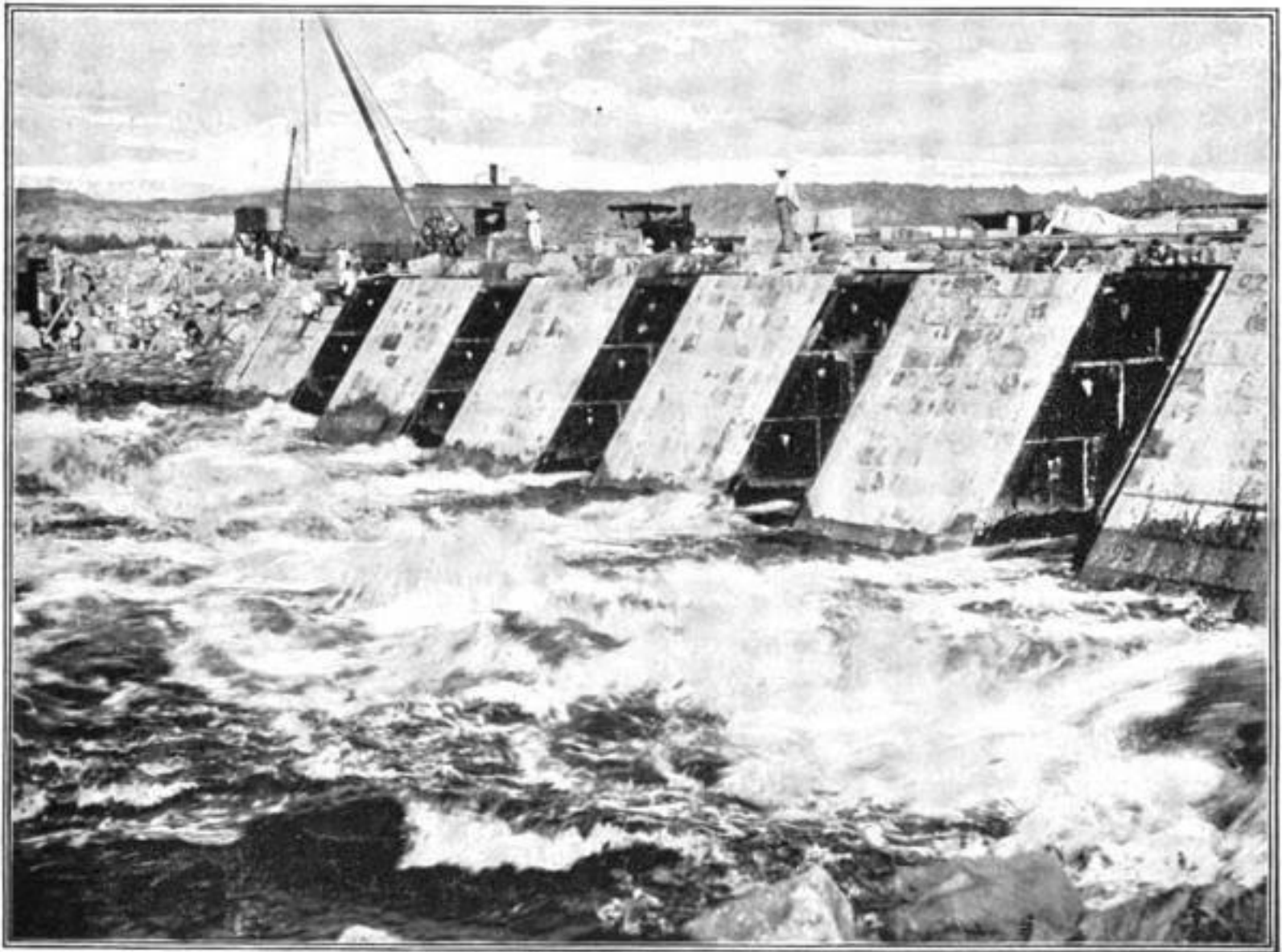
of the British Academy and vigorously agitated against such wanton destruction. The Egyptian government endeavored to satisfy these petitioners by reducing the height of the reservoir by almost one-half, that is to say, to sixty-five feet. By this means, although the island of Philæ itself will be submerged, together with the walls and lower ruins, the higher temples will stand above water and will thus be accessible by boat.

The river at Assouan is over a mile in width, and the dam stretches from the right to the left bank, a total distance of a mile and a quarter. It consists of a solid

wall of granite rising ninety feet above the level of low Nile, and is about sixty feet in width at the summit. A roadway will be constructed along the top, thus affording a means of communication between the two sides of the river. To carry out the construction of this cyclopean dam, the channels of the river had to be diverted to permit the excavation of a huge trench to carry the foundations to support the superstructure. The trench was excavated through the solid granite rock which constitutes the bed of the river and was one

Indeed, it is safe to assert that had it not been for this invention, or one similar to it, the undertaking could never have been realized.

By the means of Mr. Stoney's patent, notwithstanding the massive nature of the machinery, the heavy weight of the steel doors and the tremendous pressure of the dammed water, a small lever which a child can work serves to actuate the whole mechanism easily and readily. The inventor unfortunately did not live to witness the employment of his wonderful inven-



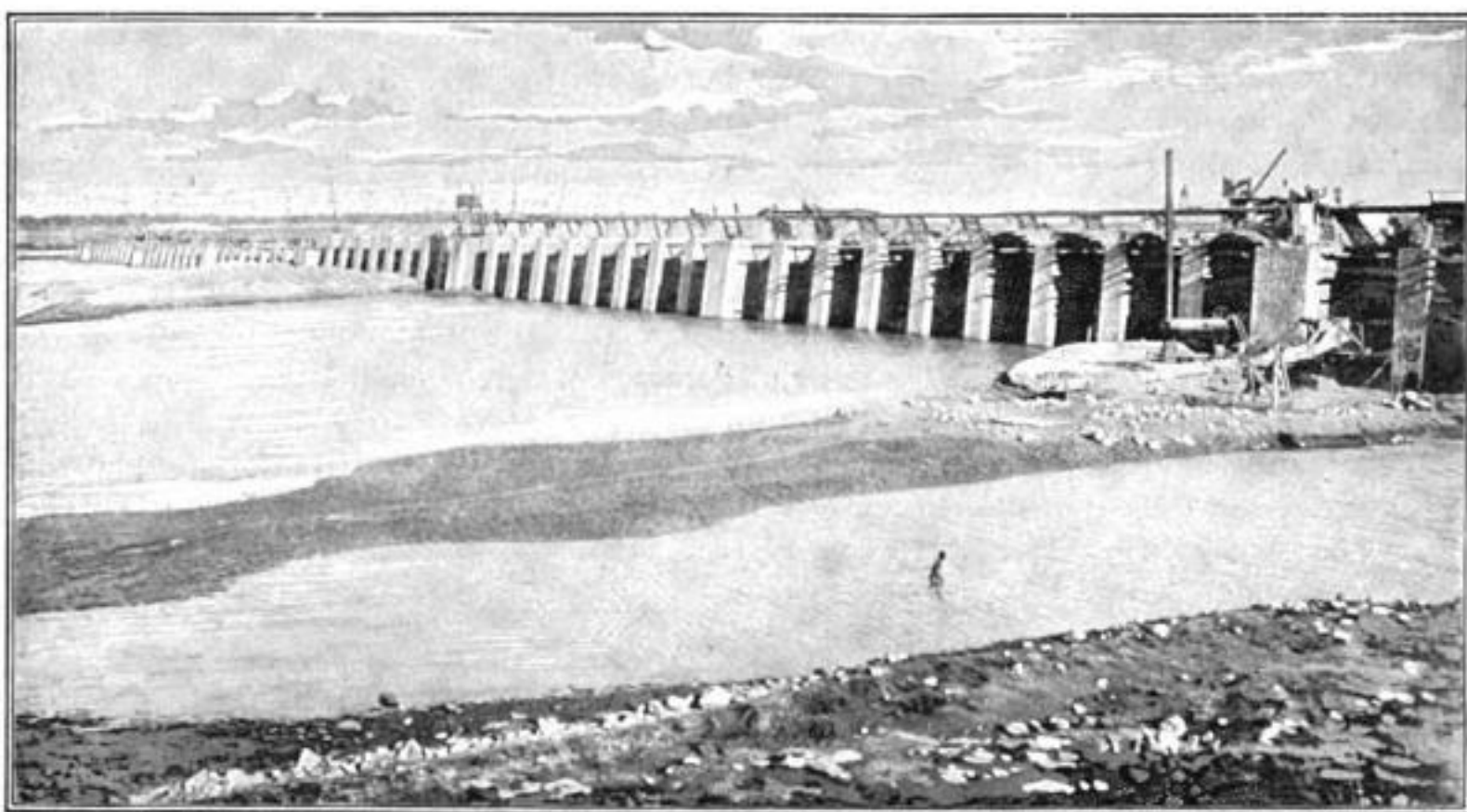
BAB-EL-KEBIR, AFTER THE SUDD WAS CUT.

hundred feet wide by as many deep. In some places, where it was considered that the water might possibly escape, the foundations were carried to an even greater depth. This huge trench was then filled with concreted rubble, thus producing a huge solid bed of rock. Upon this have been erected the granite piers for the sluices and supporting the viaduct. The dam is pierced with one hundred and eighty sluices.

The enormous steel doors with which these sluices are equipped are constructed upon the late Mr. F. M. Stoney's patent.

tion in this gigantic achievement, though it has been in use for some years past at the Richmond Weir on the River Thames. One of these sluices was set up in the barrage at Cairo, and its efficiency was firmly established in the presence of Lord Cromer and the inventor himself.

This dam at Assouan will store up over one billion tons of water. It will form a huge lake over one hundred and forty miles in length—that is to say, the effect will be appreciable upon either side of the river for a distance of one hundred and forty miles. The work has been carried on



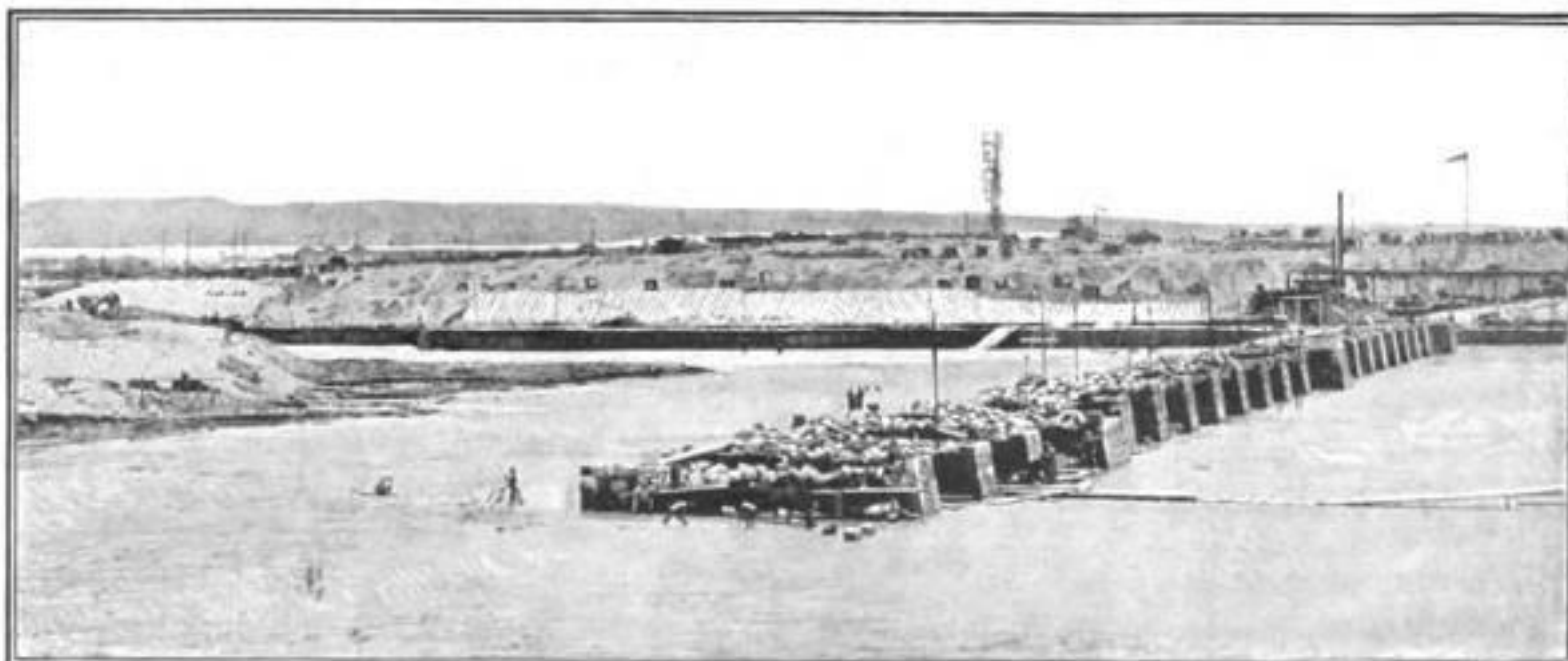
BELOW THE PIER AT ASSIOUT.

incessantly night and day, since it was imperative that it should be pushed forward with all possible speed, owing to the compulsory cessation of labor for several weeks during the time the Nile is in flood. Some eight thousand five hundred natives have been employed upon the task, working in day and night shifts.

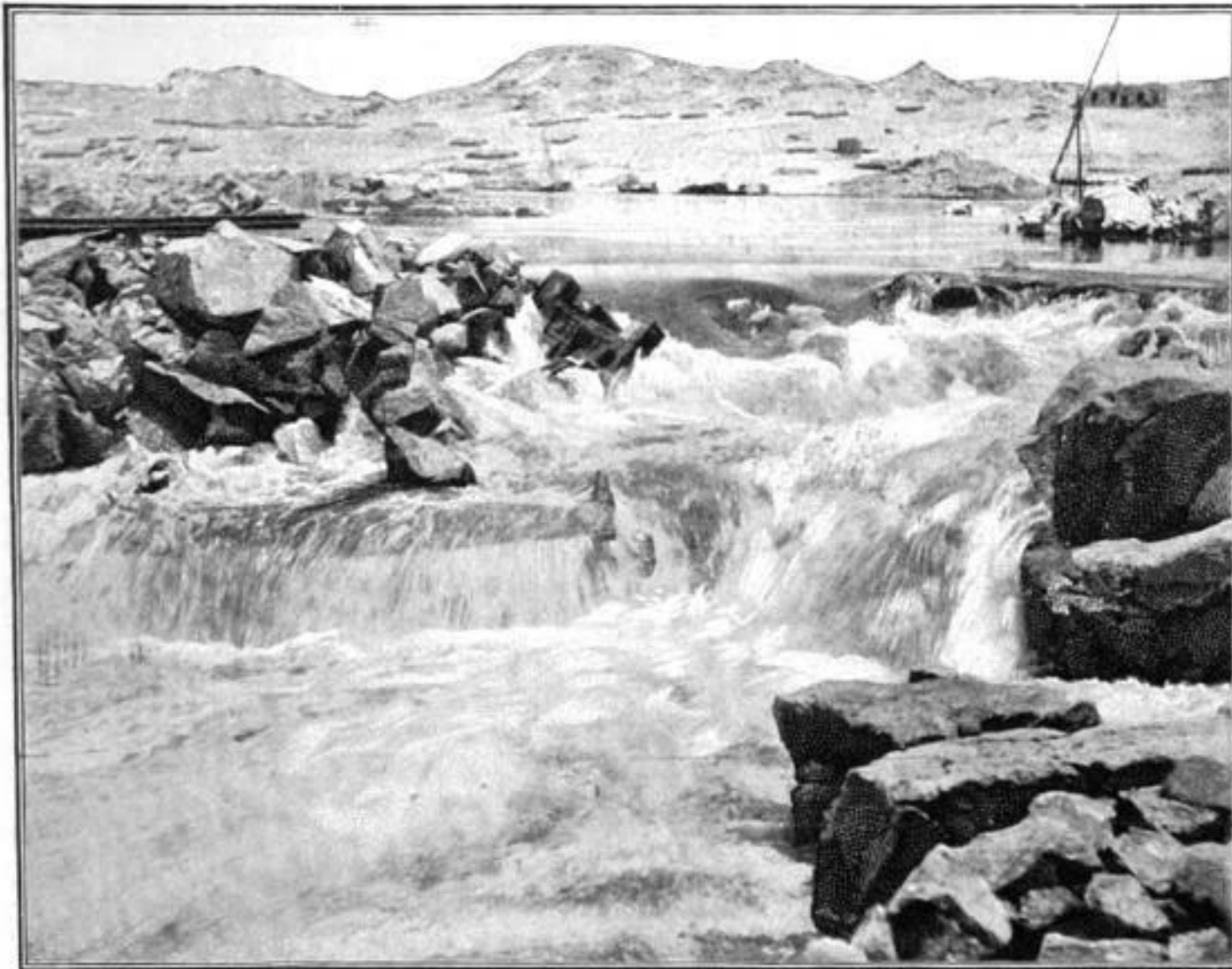
The granite blocks of which this dam is constructed have been excavated from the same quarries that supplied the stone for the temples of Philæ and Cleopatra's Needle. Indeed, many of the blocks bear the marks of the wedges employed thirty centuries ago. The stone is transported by natives from the quarries to the temporary railway, which carries it to the scene of operations at the dam.

At Assiout, between three and four hun-

dred miles distant from Assouan nearer Cairo, a smaller reservoir is being constructed, but in many ways this dam is more remarkable than the gigantic work at Assouan. It is one of the most remarkable engineering achievements the world has ever seen. In the case of the Assouan dam the engineers excavated the river to a great depth to obtain a solid foundation for the masonry superstructure, but in the Assiout weir the dam is built upon the bed of the river itself. No excavations have been made, and the foundations do not rest upon rock. Mr. Willcocks, when he repaired and restored the Cairo barrage, conclusively proved that a permanent floor could be laid down upon the bed of a river, sufficiently stable to support rigidly any masonry that might be built upon it,



SLUICES IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



CLOSING THE CHANNEL AT ASSOUAN WITH GRANITE BLOCKS.

without any danger of the entire structure slipping away under the pressure of the pent-up water. This principle has been adopted in the Assiout weir with conspicuous success. A masonry and concrete floor, ten feet in thickness by eighty-seven feet in width, has been laid down upon the bed of the Nile forty feet below low-water level. The length of the dam is about half a mile, and it is provided with one hundred and eleven sluice-gates. The masonry superstructure is as solid and as massive in proportion as that at Assouan. To obviate any possibility of the substructure being undermined by percolating water, cast-iron sheet piles have been driven into the river-bed thirteen feet below the substructure on both up- and down-stream sides. The purpose of this reservoir is to

supply sufficient water for the Ibrahimieh Canal. On the western side of the weir is a navigation-lock fifty feet in width, so that the traffic of the river is not impeded.

These new dams will add two thousand five hundred miles to the cultivable area of Egypt, the value of which will amount to about four hundred million dollars. By this it will be seen that Egypt is on the eve of a new era of prosperity. Properly controlled, the land of the Nile should be the richest country in the world. The construction of the Nile dams constitutes the greatest engineering achievement the world has ever seen, and will remain as permanent a monument of the British occupation of the country as the Pyramids are of the greatness and prosperity of the land of the Nile under the Pharaohs.





Photograph by Ryron.

"EXTRA WOMEN" MAKING UP.

THE ART OF MAKE-UP.

BY EDITH DAVIDS.

THAT beauty is the touchstone of dramatic talent has been proved abundantly. While it is undoubtedly true that no woman has ever achieved a great dramatic success with beauty as her only possession, yet to the actresses who were beautiful the public has forgiven much.



MAY ROBSON.

To the actresses who *seemed* beautiful, rather. And this is the saving grace of the plain: That, in the scene, to seem beautiful is to be beautiful; to seem young is to be young. There have been "professional beauties" to whom the footlights were as an

enchantment, casting over them a magic spell of beauty; beauties in whom, viewed by the cold light of day, could be found scant vestige of comeliness. There have been many youthful dramatic heroines well stricken in years; ingénues of advanced age. Meet her on the boulevards, in the streets, even in her own boudoir, and look for Anna Held's much-talked-of "beauty." You will not find it. It is but the creation of the artistic hand, the make-up box and the footlights. Of course, there are types of beauty for which stage art can do little, faces which in coloring and classical purity of feature have little to demand from artificial aid. They are, however, exceedingly rare.

In that it is a potent factor in creating this illusion of beauty, make-up is an essential portion of the histrionic art. An actress' success in a play has been marred



MAY ROBSON IN "BARBARA FIDGETY."



MAY ROBSON IN "FORE-GONE CONCLUSIONS."



MAY ROBSON IN "SAPOLIO."

by the proportion of red to white in her facial make-up.

The make-up box can work wonders even with the most ordinary of physical foundations to work upon. Make-up is to the actor's face what costume is to his body, a means of decoration or a disguise, as the case may require. When used as a disguise, as an aid to the actor's assuming this or that character and concealing his own personal identity from the spectator, it becomes what is known as "character" make-up, and forms an important element

in the art of the "character" actor. As a decoration it is in requisition by all actors and actresses, and, as such, it is known as "straight" make-up.

The face of every actress—or actor—who goes upon the stage must, of necessity, be made up with paint and powder and pencil, else in the glare of the lime-light it would assume an aspect of ghastly pallor. A chaotic disarray of grease-paints and cosmetics, rouge-paws, powder-puffs and eyelash-quills, French powders and Oriental creams, litters the dressing-



Photograph by Byron.

CHORUS MEN MAKING UP.



Photograph by Byron.

MAY ROBSON IN HER DRESSING-ROOM.

table of every actress, even though she use only a "straight" make-up. This form of artificial facial expression, infinitely less complex though it is than "character" make-up, involves the use of cold-cream; white grease-paint; two shades of flesh-colored grease-paint, a pale tint and a darker; dry rouge; lip rouge; black cosmetic, and face-powder. It is not the dainty little cold-cream vial of the boudoir that one sees on the actress' dressing-table, but an ample jar, often indeed a can. The grease-paint comes in sticks, varying in size from that of a man's thumb to that of a lead pencil; the slender, pencil-like sticks being of

dark brown, or black, and used for emphasizing certain lines in the face. Black cosmetic is used by the brunette actress to throw a shadow about her eyes, blue by her fairer sister. Some actresses use blue above the eye and black beneath. Face-rouge of a deeper red is used by the brunette than by the blonde. The face-powder used for make-up is coarse and heavy; in color it is of white or flesh-color, according to the complexion of the actress using it.

A good make-up is the creation of an artist in expression. To make up well is not a simple matter. The technique employed by the actress in painting a picture face upon her own is like that employed by the artist



Photograph by Byron.

WILLIAM NORRIS COMMENCING TO MAKE UP.



Photograph by Byron.

WILLIAM NORRIS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS MAKE-UP.

in painting a face upon canvas. The principles involved in painting are the principles which guide the artist in make-up. Is any part of the face to be brought into prominence? A touch of white is given. On the contrary, a coat of dark grease-paint given to an unduly prominent feature throws that feature into shadow and the desired inconspicuity. The application of red gives an illusion of fullness to too obvious hollows.

The process of making up "straight"

is as follows: The actress first applies a liberal coat of cold-cream to her face, rubbing it well into the pores of the skin, so that the grease-paint and rouge to follow it may not injure her natural complexion. Next follows the application of the flesh-colored grease-paint, the darker shade to the nose, the paler to the rest of the face. This slight darkening of the nose is on the theory that that feature, presenting itself nearest to the audience, is apt to appear unduly large, just as a hand or foot com-



WILLIAM NORRIS IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

ing nearest to a camera will present an abnormally large appearance in the photograph. Not infrequently one hears the remark made concerning an actress who is careless about her make-up, "Why, what an immense nose!" In point of fact, the aspect of size may be due simply to over-whiteness. There is a certain type of face in the making up of which the darker grease-paint may be applied with advantageous effect to the sides of the face just beyond the cheekbones. The type referred to is that known as the "platter-faced"—the most difficult type of face to make up attractively. The shadows thus thrown on either side of the face at the line of its greatest breadth will do much to soften the ugly aspect of flatness and broadness. After the application of the grease-paint the face appears a perfect blank, but in two tints of flesh-color. A thick layer of powder is now laid on, and the rouge-paw passed very lightly over the entire face, so that there may be nothing aggressively

white about the make-up. The cheeks are then given their bright coat of rouge. If they are too plump, the lower halves of them are slightly darkened previous to applying the rouge. If too thin, an effect of fullness is produced by emphasizing the principal line about the mouth with the dark-brown pencil and leaving just beyond this line a narrow rim of white. Next in process come the eyes. A portion of black cosmetic is scraped off the stick and placed in a tiny, spoon-like vessel, which is held above the gas flame until the cosmetic is melted. In this liquid form the cosmetic is applied to the eyelashes with what is known as an "eye-lash-quill," and as the drop applied to each separate lash runs down and forms into a bead at the end, the process is called "beading the eyelashes." When the cosmetic is cool and partially set, it is used in drawing a heavy dark line at the edge of the eyelids both above and beneath the eye. The lines, meeting at the outside of

the eye, are elongated into a tapering line to produce the dreamy, almond-eyed effect. A tiny dab of lip rouge is added in the corner of each eye to lend an expression of brilliance. The ingénue produces an expression of limpid, large-eyed innocence by inserting a line of white directly below the eye just above the lower lashes. The actress who possesses an exceedingly small eye frequently makes it up by painting in the entire hollow below



WILLIAM NORRIS IN "A DANGEROUS MAID."

with blue grease-paint. The nose may be either shortened or lengthened, according to the character of its imperfections. The former may be accomplished by a slight darkening of the end just above the nostrils; the latter, by drawing a white line down the center of the nose, and on either side of this another of bluish-gray tint. The nose which is too broad is helped by bringing the rouge of the cheeks well up on the sides; next, a thick layer of powder is laid over the entire make-up, and the whole is well blended with the stiff "blending-brush." The last touch to the actress' facial make-up is that given to the lips in the application of the brilliant-tinted lip rouge, necessarily so vivid to give the contrast to the exaggerated tints of the rest of the face. The actress who is afflicted with a scrawny neck will paint all the lines and hollows with white grease-paint, concealing the artifice with a thick layer of powder.

Again, it becomes necessary for players who have decided that their faces should be pictures to decide from what part of the theater such works of art are to be viewed. Hence one finds, in the third-rate theater, where the actor "plays to the gallery," that he is made up in much more vivid coloring than he who plays to the pit.

Skill in creating "character" make-up is a rare kind of genius, and among those who possess it May Robson is unique. Aside from her appearance in "Are You a Mason?" in which Miss Robson played the part of an elderly woman, she has scarcely shown her natural face to the public.

In the gallery of "slaveys" which she has created for us, and under such semblances of grotesquery and antiquity as she created in "Foregone Conclusions," "The Conquerors" and "Lord and Lady Algy," her face was distorted until it became

a freak, a caricature. That Miss Robson is a fresh, handsome woman, with a fair face and sparkling eyes, one would never guess from seeing her upon the stage. The art of "making up ugly" is consummate. Her success as "Little Poulette," the antiquated Parisian

ballet-dancer in "The Conquerors," was duplicated last season in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," in which Miss Robson's excruciatingly funny make-up excited much favorable criticism. Perhaps no other actress can get quite so much startling effect out of her nose as can Miss Robson. Most of her parts call for a turned-up nose, and, naturally, her own turns down. Describing how she made up her nose in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," she said: "I take a

long, narrow piece of sticking-plaster and slit it in two half-way up. The upper part I paste on my forehead between the eyes, and that brings the two slit parts on the sides of my nose. Each one of these



WILLIAM NORRIS IN "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."



WILLIAM NORRIS IN "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

I stick to the nostril so that it is caught up, and then, to prevent the skin of the nose from sticking out above the bridge, I place a strip of plaster flat over that. Of course, I can't wiggle my nose once it is made up, and as all the company know

that, they do their best to make me laugh whenever they have the chance.

"In a play where I was cast for a negro girl," Miss Robson added, "I wore wood in my nose to make it thick and flat. I got the property-man to make two little round disks with holes through them, and I simply stuck them in my nostrils, which distended them until they were thick and flat."

Miss Robson is an adept in assuming curious poses and in the production of strange and startling effects. It is this skill, not only in facial make-up, but in carrying imitation into those other physical details which go to make up the artistic perfection of the whole—it is this gift which makes William Norris's impersonation of Adonis, the court fool, in "In the Palace of the King," so notable. Mr. Norris has always had a genius for make-up, the versatility of which was proved by his characterization of Panagl in "A Dangerous Maid," Peter Stuyvesant in "The Burgomaster" and the Jewish poet Pinchas in "The Children of the Ghetto." But in the part of Adonis, not only is his facial make-up perfect, denoting in every line that uncanny expression which is peculiar to the physically deformed, but the imitation is carried into the back, bent with the curve peculiar to deformity, and into the very motion of the knee-joints in walking. With the exception of some of Crane's impersonations, there has not been a more remarkable make-up since J. E. Dodson created the old-man character of John Weatherby in "Because She Loved Him So."

William Crane is generally conceded to be the chief exponent of the art of char-

acter make-up in this country. His different parts constitute a complete text-book in the art. His appearance in "David Harum" is a notable example of the perfection of his art. As I sat one night in his dressing-room, watching his little Japanese valet busying himself deftly with wigs and other accouterments of make-up, and Crane himself gradually transforming his features into something wholly unlike themselves, I thought of a remark which Joseph Jefferson made to some one who was speaking of Crane's "luck." "Fudge! fudge! don't talk of Crane's 'luck,' but of Crane's hard work." The effects which Mr. Crane succeeds in pro-



WILLIAM NORRIS IN "A DANGEROUS MAID."

ducing appear the more wonderful when one learns that he is so near-sighted that he is obliged to make up in a magnifying-glass of exceedingly powerful degree.

"When I first began to act, there was no such thing as grease-paint," he said to me. "We used chalk instead, and for reddening, in place of rouge we used Chinese vermilion. The lines of the face we emphasized with India ink."

Just then Mr. Crane screwed his face up into a mass of wrinkles, and passed a rouge-paw over it lightly and rapidly, leaving the lines where the wrinkles would naturally come white. These lines he then traced with a pencil of dark-brown grease-paint, leaving beyond each line a rim of white. Thus he gave his whole face an effect of corrugation, like that of a man who has lived much of his life out of doors and in all kinds of weather.

"Now, the book speaks of David Harum as having a mouth drooping at the corners," said Mr. Crane. And he proceeded to lengthen the mouth at either end by a short drooping mark of lip rouge, and to place a tiny dab of brown

grease-paint below the mark. Mr. Crane's face is, naturally, rather long and thin. The effect of shortness necessary to the face of David Harum he produces by darkening the lower part of his chin, thus throwing it into shadow; that of fullness by bringing the rouge well down over the jawbone. Instead of darkening his eyes as in a "straight" make-up, Mr. Crane smears them over with a stick of white grease-paint, making them resemble the burnt-off

lashes of a man who has been much exposed to the sun and also lending the eye an appearance of being small, shrewd



MAY ROBSON MAKING UP.

and twinkling. The large mole "half the size of a pea" is made of red jeweler's cotton and is pasted on the face with spirit-gum. The last touch which Mr. Crane puts to his make-up is the mascaro which he applies with a sponge to his hands and lower arms to give them an aspect of tan. Not a detail of his make-up is ever neglected. The work on his face alone takes this actor just one half-hour, and that when the season is well advanced and he is thoroughly accustomed to his make-up.

No one understands better than Mr. Crane the part that make-up plays in an actor's success or failure. "The knowledge was borne forcefully home to me," he said, "on the second occasion when I essayed to play



MAY ROBSON IN "THE HOOP OF GOLD."



MAY ROBSON IN "MAKE WAY FOR THE LADIES."



HURRIEDLY MAKING UP THE SUPES.

the part of Falstaff. I had played the part once before, when Robson and I were in partnership. Then I went upon the stage with the scantiest of preparation, knowing so little of the part, indeed, that I did not realize the limitations of my knowledge in that behalf until I had been upon the stage for some moments. I was hale and hearty at the time, however, stout, robust and overflowing with spirits, and my work in the part was warmly received. Years afterward, when I had grown in knowledge, it became my pet ambition to put an elaborate production of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' upon the boards, with myself in the part of Falstaff. I went to England to study for it. There I collected sketches, memoranda, et cetera—everything which



WILLIAM NORRIS IN "THE BURGOMASTER."

might aid me in a proper conception of the part. The costumes and scenery, also, were designed and executed on the other side under the personal direction of the man who had put on the production so successfully in England. Well, I spent three years studying for that part, and it was a failure. It failed because I was in such reduced physical condition as to make it impossible for me to 'look the part.' In the first instance, I looked the part without knowing anything about it, and it was a success. In the second instance, I knew all about the part, but did not look it, and it was a failure."

It is, indeed, well-nigh impossible to make the fat of figure lean or the lean convincingly fat; but, aside from this, there is almost no limit to the transmutations to be worked by make-up.

AMERICAN WOMEN-MUSICIANS.

BY HOBART H. BURR.

OUT of the eight hundred millions of the feminine sex in the world, there are but few who do not sing or perform on some musical instrument. Perhaps a hundred million of them have some musical education. No doubt a million of them have at least local celebrity. A thousand of them may have national reputation. But I doubt if any one can, on the spur of the moment, name more than fifty women who are known to international musical fame.

Did you ever consider the price of international fame? The cost is precisely the same to men as to women. Some musical talent must have shown itself at the age of six to nine years. The girl must have been given in charge of a music-teacher by the age of nine. For the following five years music must have been cultivated assiduously, the girl not being allowed to perform or sing before any one. In that period the voice or the fingers must have been "placed." The placing of the voice is

the basis of a great soloist, and the placing of the fingers the basis of a great performer on any stringed instrument. During the following two or three years the girl must

have been "finished" in Europe by the very greatest finisher, say a Leschetizki on the piano or a Lamperti for the voice. It is at the age of from eighteen to twenty-one years that the greatest women-musicians have been ushered into fame. Patti stepped forth on the rostrum of the New York Academy of Music at the age of sixteen, and backed off an empress of the queens of Italian song. Nilsson burst forth at the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris, before the royalty and nobility of Europe, a great and dazzling star at the age of twenty-one, but she came from the far, cold north, where wits are



MADAME NORDICA.

slower, and required more time for molding than did the southern Italian-Spanish-American Patti. Having brought the world to her feet in a single night with a single note, what must our famous



MISS INGEBORG BALLSTROM.

girl-star do thereafter? Practise four hours every day of her musical career. Man or woman, vocalist or pianist, violinist or 'cellist, all alike must work like Trojans daily to preserve the advantage gained by years of the severest study.

Far from its being remarkable that we have so few American girls known to international musical fame, it is really extraordinary that we have so many. All the practice and severe toil set forth above will not in themselves make great musicians—giants and giantesses of instrument and song. Divine power must have touched the candidate with the electric spark of genius. Endowed, then, with genius, having musical education and practice, our girl candidate still has an awful ordeal before her. When she makes her début to a critical world, if a soprano she will be gaged with mathematical precision by comparison with Patti, Nilsson, Sembrich, Melba or Nordica; if a contralto, with Scalchi; if a mezzo, with Calvé, Materna or Gadski; if a pianist, with Rubinstein, Paderewski or Rosenthal; if a violinist, with Ole Bull, Sarasate, Remenyi or Krisler. Her rank will be ex-

actly defined, and she must fight for place with the great living or the greater dead.

An American girl who has stood these tests and achieved the front rank is indeed a wonder, and those who have attained a second rank are a credit to the nation. Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, of Chicago, has won the enviable position of the greatest American pianist. All critics were unanimous, during the past season, in awarding her that proud title. Indeed, but for Paderewski and Rosenthal, Mrs. Zeisler in Europe and America would be considered the most eminent pianist living, instead of one of the three most distinguished. She had to conquer Germany before American critics would be convinced, so belittled is a prophet at home. Mrs. Zeisler is the ideal type of a great woman. She remains the happy wife, the fond mother, and the mistress of a beautiful home. She was born in Brelitz, in Austria, in 1865, but her parents removed to Chicago very shortly afterward, and that city now lays claim to having presented us with the greatest American pianist.



MISS MAUD POWELL.



COUNTESS HELENA HASTREITER-BURGONZIO.



MISS LOUISE HOMER.

Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt-Pendleton has penetrated the upper guild of sopranos, and that without so much as a hearing in grand opera—which is by no means the fault of Mr. Maurice Grau, who has made her flattering offers. Mrs. Pendleton prefers singing to enormous audiences five or six nights in the week, with large and plethoric box receipts, to awaiting in a hotel the occasional production of the opera for which she may be cast. Until she does sing in opera, it will be impossible to define her exact rank among the world's great singers, but it is certain that she ranks in no second place among American sopranos. As a concert singer, she is said to have netted by her season of 1900-01 forty thousand dollars, and she had the honor to be selected to sing at the Verdi Requiem at Queen's Hall, London—England's high tribute to the dead composer.



MRS. LILLIAN BLAUVELT-PENDLETON.

Miss Sara Anderson, like Gadske, has a voice which is still expanding. She is a New York girl, and the only American girl singing at Bayreuth, at Frau Cosima Wagner's opera festivals. The season of 1901 will be her second at the Wagner center of the universe. It should be understood

that young girls who win immortal fame at their débuts, à la Patti and Nilsson, do so in Italian repertoire. It would be impossible, or at least unprecedented, for them to make a début as Brunnhilde or Isolde. The Wagner parts require big voices that have gradually expanded to their caliber from the middle register by constant singing. The débutante in Wagner opera must have been graduated from the Italian repertoire to the lighter Wagnerian parts, expanding by practice



MISS SYBIL SANDERSON.

to the middle-heavy parts and thence to the heaviest rôles. Miss Anderson has achieved great rank and fame to be singing in Bayreuth in lighter and middle-heavy Wagnerian parts such as Senta and Elizabeth. Great will be her place among the best of the world's sopranos when her voice expands to the compass of Lillie Lehmann's and she can look down, Juno-like, as does Nordica, on mere pigmies singing Italian parts. The Brunnhildes and Isolde are certainly the rarest sopranos the world has developed, but one is not prepared to say that they are the greatest. It speaks well for Jacques Bouhy, the French teacher, that he made a German-opera singer out of Anderson as readily as he made Blauvelt an all-rôle singer.

American girls were in the majority as stars at the Metropolitan Opera House during the past season. These were Lillian Nordica, of Farmington, Maine; Zélie de Lussan, of New York city; Miss Suzanne Adams, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; Miss Susan Strong, of Brooklyn; Miss Louise Homer, of Pittsburg, and Miss Carrie Bridewell, of New Orleans. To these should be added, Emma Eames-Story, of Maine, temporarily retired from the Metropolitan Opera, but singing at the Covent Garden, London, this spring as Aïda—and one of the most beautiful and statu-

esque women that ever graced the stage. She was born in 1867. Nordica, of course, is the greatest living exponent of heavy Wagner rôles. Miss Adams is eminent as the Infanta in "Le Cid," Marguerite in "Faust," Juliette, Gilda in "Rigoletto" and the Queen in "The Huguenots." Miss Strong is distinguished as Venus and as Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser," Elsa, Sieglinde, Aïda and Fricka. Miss Homer is known to fame as Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana," Siebel in "Faust," Maddalena in "Rigoletto," and Aïda. Miss Bridewell went to the front as Amneris in "Aïda," Siebel in "Faust" and in various repertory in German opera. She was graduated from a church choir direct into grand opera. Miss Zélie de Lussan is believed to be the only woman in the world who was graduated from light opera into grand opera. She is the greatest Nedda in "I Pagliacci" this country has produced, and closed the recent Metropolitan Opera season as Carmen. Only Calvé outranks her in the latter rôle. She was born in New York in 1863. Another American girl whose work in the late Metropolitan English Opera Company foreshadows a high career, is Ingeborg Ballström. A



MISS SUZANNE ADAMS.

charming Lucia she made, with beautiful golden hair almost touching the floor. Only Melba does Lucia better.

America has produced the greatest Orpheus of all nations in the person of Helena Hastreiter, contralto. Madame Hastreiter and Emma Juch, Orpheus and Eurydice, went down to history as the sole distinction of Mrs. Thurber's unfortunate venture, the American Opera Company. Madame Hastreiter continues to sing her great part in Rome and Milan, where she has always been popular. She is a happy wife and mother, the Countess Burgonzio, whose husband is proprietor of the enormous spa at Cossila. No Orpheus has arisen since her time, as very manly proportions are required for the rôle as well as a great voice, although Mrs. Clara Butt-Rumford essays the Orpheus arias in concert. The Countess Burgonzio was born in Louisville, Kentucky, November 14, 1858. She was a pupil of Lamperti. Emma Juch was born in Vienna in 1863, but came to New York two years later. She has left opera and public concerts forever and only the friends who know her as Mrs. Francis Wellman now hear her sing.

Two American girl-



Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN.

violinists have won distinction, Miss Lenora Jackson and Miss Maud Powell. Had not Miss Currie Duke, of Kentucky, retired to married life as Mrs. Matthews, we might possibly have had a feminine Ole Bull. As it is, however, the critical world refuses to believe that women can "fiddle" as well as men, and it may be long before a woman is accorded very high rank. Certainly, no woman either of this or any other country has exhibited genius in violin-playing in addition to high execution. Miss Powell, however, is the greatest violinist America has produced, and is the foremost girl-violinist of the world to-day.

Sybil Sanderson was a girl of whom Jules Massenet, the composer, predicted that she would become another Christine Nilsson, but his prediction, unfortunately for the world, miscarried, and Nilsson still remains the brightest star that ever gleamed from the operatic firmament, because her repertory included all operas of all nations, and her voice roamed over all ranges, and her bank account started with a copper and increased to over a million pounds sterling. Massenet, however, had some basis for his hopes. Sybil



MISS SUSAN STRONG.



MISS LENORA JACKSON.

Sanderson was born in Sacramento, California—where her father was for many years presiding Judge of the Supreme Court—in 1865, and her tone really proved golden. Her successes were in the "Manon Lescaut" of Massenet and the "Phryné" of Saint-Saëns, notably at Milan, Italy, in 1896, although she was considered a failure in those parts at the Metropolitan Opera House a few years later. She made her début at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in 1889. She was renowned for the "Eiffel Tower note" that she attained in "Esclarmonde," which Massenet composed especially to suit her remarkably high register. At her Milanese performances, she was considered an artist both as actress and singer. Four years ago, she married Mr. Antonio Terry, a rich Cuban residing in Paris, and retired from the stage at his request. A year later she became a widow. Mr. Terry's daughter by his first wife resides with her, and the two are quite deeply attached.

Pending the settlement of her husband's estate, delayed by a disputed will and the snail-like rapidity of the French and the Spanish courts, Madame Sanderson has returned to the scenes of her former triumphs. Beautiful in voice and feature, she is again smiled on by Fortune. During the past season, she sang at the Winter Garden of Berlin and elsewhere in Europe,

passing on to St. Petersburg and Moscow for the spring season. Her coming operatic venture will be at the Opéra Comique in Paris, taking the leading rôle in "The Carmelites," composed by Rynaldo Han, with a libretto by Catulle Mendès. Jules Massenet continues to write all his music adapted to her voice. Should there be a change in public taste in America, by which the operas in which she is queen become fashionable, she can return and score an overwhelming triumph. As it is, America needs some preliminary education in that field of operas which lies between the high levels of light and grand opera.

There are still other American girl-musicians who have honored their country and won fame in musical annals. Marie Van Zandt was a Texas ranch girl, born in 1861. She was a pupil of Lamperti at Milan, made her début at the Opéra Comique, in Paris, as Mignon, and sang throughout Europe and America. Her chief success was in "Lakmé," which was hardly a success as an opera. Emma Thursby was born in Brooklyn, November 12, 1857, and was a pupil of Rudersdorf, Errani, Lamperti and Maurice Strakosch. After world-wide successes, she settled in New York city, to teach music. Emma Albani, a stage name for Marie Louise



MISS SARA ANDERSON.

Cecilia Emma Lajeunesse, was born at Chambly, near Montreal, November 1, 1852. She removed to Albany, and sang in the cathedral in 1864. Later she studied under Duprez, of Paris, and Lamperti. She made her début at Massena in 1870 in "La Sonnambula," and later became the wife of Manager Ernest Gye of Covent Garden, London, where she sang many years. Emma Nevada, daughter of Dr. W. W. Wixom, was born in Nevada, in 1860, and it is from this state that she derives her name, just as Albani derives hers from Albany. She studied with Marchesi in Vienna and made her début in 1880 in London in "La Sonnambula."

Of an earlier generation were Clara Louise Kellogg and Annie Louise Cary. They saw the light in the same year, 1842, the one at Sumterville, South Carolina, and the other at Wayne, Maine, and both began their musical careers by study under the Italian masters. Miss Kellogg was the first to return to her native land, making her début at the Academy of Music in New York, in 1861, as Gilda in "Rigoletto," and scoring her first great success three years later as Marguerite, the same rôle in which she conquered London at Her Majesty's in 1867. Meanwhile Miss Cary—as great a contralto as Miss Kellogg was a soprano—was still studying, and her début, which was made at Copenhagen, did not take place until 1868. In 1870 she came back to America, however, and there-



EMMA JUCH—NOW MRS. FRANCIS L. WELLMAN.

after it was Kellogg and Cary who, under the management of the Strakosches and Colonel Mapleson, kept alive the sacred fires of grand opera in the United States in the intervals between the visits of Patti and the great European stars.

Another American woman who did much for the cause of music in America was Emma Abbott, who was born in Chicago in 1850. Some who recall her may incline to smile at her art and to say her fame will rest chiefly on the "Emma Abbott kiss." But for many years her companies sang "The Bohemian Girl" and "Martha" in corners of the United States where opera had otherwise been an empty name; and she reaped her reward, not only in the large fortune she left at her death in 1891, but in the grateful remembrance in which thousands still hold her name.

Are we not entitled also to Adelina Patti, of Italian parents, born in Madrid, February 10, 1843, brought to New York at the age of two years, and launched at the Academy of Music as Lucia at the age of sixteen years? Even the best of her musical education was received in New York at the hands of her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch. All of her family, by the way, were musical geniuses, in contradistinction



MISS CARRIE BRIDEWELL.

from the majority of musicians, who had no musical ancestry or family affiliations whatever. Her father, Salvatore Patti, was a professor of music; her mother, Catrina Chosa, was the famous Signora Barili, of Rome; and her sisters Amelia and Carlotta had distinguished careers. It would be difficult for any nation really to claim Patti, for she added to her Italian parentage, her Spanish birth and her American education, an English citizenship, which she has now abandoned to become a Swede to oblige her most recent husband, Baron Cederstrom.

Miss Doty, of Rochester, New York, transformed herself into "Mme. Louise Dotti," and became a dramatic soprano of considerable international fame. She was a pupil of San Giovanni at Milan, where she made her first successes in opera. Mapleson naturally secured her, and she made American "triumphs" as Elsa, Aïda, Gilda, Leonora, Marguerite.

Miss Schwening, of Baltimore, went forth to conquer the world as Mme. Alwina Valleria. After Sir Julius Benedict made a great pianist of her at the Royal Academy of Music in London, Signor Luigi Arditi took her and metamorphosed her into a great soprano. With true American courage, she made her debut in St. Petersburg in "Linda di Chammounix." She conquered the Russian, and

then proceeded to subjugate the remainder of the world under the direction of Mapleson and Abbey.

Miss Lillian Baily was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1860. Having accomplished that important start in life, she went forth to find fame and her affinity, who appeared in the person of Prof. Georg Henschel in 1881. Her tutors were Mesdames Rudersdorff (Boston) and Viardot-Garcia (Paris). Mrs. Henschel has achieved an international fame in her own peculiar field of the highest intellectual classicism in music, singing only with philharmonic and symphony societies and in concert.

From first to last it is a notable list, and the United States has just cause for pride in its American girl-musicians. It must be noted, however, that each and all of our great galaxy of musicians, whether born here or immigrants, not only were instructed by foreigners but generally made their initial reputations abroad. Patti alone conquered the world in about two minutes, on an American forum, the New York Academy of Music. She alone went abroad with royal honors and all Europe awaiting her. But even in her case, Europe took the word of Horace Greeley and other eminent Americans because it knew by experience that all of the Patti family were geniuses.



ADELINA PATTI AT HER DEBUT
—SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.

IN TUNE.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

LIKE to the bee that saves its harbored sweet;
From summer's feet,
I fain would draw anew from every flower
My little hour;
Like to the tree that cradles sons of spring
Yet sees each thing
Fly hence and leave it voiceless, stripped, to stand
'Neath the wind's hand,
I, treasuring some harmony once strong—
Even unspoken song—
Though fluted reed be silent, June be past,
Would keep the heart in tune until the last.

ABANDONED THRONES.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THRONES are very gratifying objects. Artistically they are quite decorative. Symbolically they succeed in representing human stupidity at its apogee. But they are not fixtures. One of these days they will be tossed into the lumber-bins of history. Meanwhile the "Chronicles of Europe" are incomplete.

When they are finished they will consist of three books. The obvious title for the first is "Idolatry." The second will be called "Imperialism" and the third "Independence." It is the latter which has yet to appear. Already there are royals who, after collaborating in the idiocy of the second, are providing illustrations for its text.

Among them is a son of the vikings. From some height of his own, it may be from an ivory tower, he fumbled with blue, disdainful

eyes the tra-la-la of state and negligently renounced it. At the time he was Oscar of Sweden. To-day he is merely Prince Bernadotte, or, more specifically, a gentleman affiliated with the reigning house but otherwise an unimportant person.

As is the case with the third volume of the "Chronicles of Europe," the "Advan-

tages of Unimportance" is a work which is not yet out. But there are gospels, however inaccessible, of which the purport may be divined. The elevation of the evangel, together with the perspectives to which it pointed, Oscar appears to have foreseen. What he lacked was a guide. Were we

writing haphazard and helter-skelter, we should say that Chance provided one. But there is no such thing. There is, though, in and about us all, an active abstraction which shapes our lives, and that force propelled him into the presence of a very pretty girl. Her name was Munck. We know of nothing else against her. Maid of honor to the Queen, she sang like a seraph and looked like a saint. To quote Petrarch, or rather a term which he invented, Oscar's heart she promptly im-



THE WIDOW OF CROWN-PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA AND HER SECOND HUSBAND, COUNT LONYAY.

Here the plot thickens. The girl was shyly willing, but royals may not marry whom they will. Thereat ensued the tears of the maiden, the vows of the Prince. Here the plot grows still thicker. The King, acquainted with this side-play, summoned Oscar and commanded him to desist. Defiance on one hand, rage on the

other. Enter the Prime Minister. Sense, subtlety and soft soap. It was suggested that the lovers form what is euphuistically known as a morganatic alliance. The indignation of the Prince, the protestation of the maiden, the perturbation of the King. Exit the Prime Minister. Last act: Oscar renounces his rights and proceeds with his bride to participate in the advantages of unimportance. Curtain and loud applause. In the latter we participate. If we knew how, we would set the little idyl to music and put it on the stage.

The fashion in which Alfred of Coburg abandoned a throne deserves also a stage setting. It constitutes a drama of the good old kind. There is comedy in it, sentiment too, with tragedy—and real tragedy—for climax.

Alfred, son of the Duke of Edinburgh and as such grandson of Victoria, was not expected to rule except perhaps in the Upper Bohemia which lies between the Court of St. James and that of Bankruptcy. It was thought that he might follow in his father's steps and develop into a brave sailor of safe seas, afraid of nothing but danger and expenses. For at the time, the Coburg succession was remote and the lad was but a charge on the taxpayer of Great Britain. But when, through the convenient death of a grand-uncle, he became ipso facto heir to a throne, instead of a princeling there was a prince.

Alfred then was eighteen. A little be-

fore, a sister of his had married her cousin, Ferdinand of Roumania. A few months later, another sister married another cousin, the Grand Duke of Hesse. At this juncture, another cousin became Tsar of Russia. Already, a fourth cousin was Emperor of Germany. There were just so many courts at which, apart from that of his grandmother and independent of that of Bohemia, he was entirely at home.

Of the lot, those of his sisters pleased him most. But that was natural. At Petersburg there was—and is—a little of the archangel. At Berlin there was—and is—too much of the martinet. But at Bucharest and at Darmstadt there was plenty of what we think we have seen described as *laissezaller*, the effort of young royals to have a royal old time. Darmstadt is still part and parcel of the Middle Ages. Bucharest is a fringe of the Orient yet. In the Middle Ages sovereigns lived in a fashion entirely sovereignly. In the Orient princes were princes in something else than name. These young people all did their best to live up, or, if it be preferred, to live



ARCHDUKE JOHANN OF AUSTRIA ("JOHANN ORTH").

down, to the traditions of the past.

Alfred's collaboration in their efforts was earnest, constant and close. It was an apprenticeship to which he took very kindly, and for which, much as it deserves condemnation, we do not blame him in the least. In the flush of youth he was in the thick of the fun. Though it fail to shock us, it scandalized his grandmother, and in any event was too fast to last. The

quarrels and ruptures which ensued and which partially disintegrated these seraglios belong to another story. It will suffice to note that presently Alfred, nominated Lieutenant of the Guards, was promenading Berlin in search of pastures new. He found them, of course, yet among them what he did not expect—the unexpected. The latter was Love. In courts as they are conducted to-day that is a very unusual apparition. But Alfred was young. So too was the apparition. In London, Darmstadt, Bucharest, there had been others, girls fairer than the memories of a fallen god, women who with but a look had clothed him down with kisses, yet the flowers they put in his thoughts had faded. The form invisible yet divined which stirs the heart of the adolescent, and which is but the unincarnated soul that is destined to enchant it, had been absent. And then that form emerged, a form like that of Psyche, yet a Psyche retouched by Doucet. Unfortunately, before it there emerged too, precisely as a barrier might, the form of a husband, a fat Fürst who



CROWN-PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA.

ate with his knife and spoke all languages with the same accent.

In circumstances such as these a Medici, a Borgia and even a Bourbon would have known quite well how to act. The fat Fürst would have been potted, he would have been fed on a poisoned peach, in any event his Princess would have been purloined. Alfred, who was no better and no worse than any other young Englishman of his age, and who as such was incapable of any wickedness however spectacular and splendid, took at first quietly and then noisily to drink. He took to cards too, to other diversions as well; he took to whatever would banish the beauty of that apparition; he took to these things so plentifully and, ultimately, in a fashion so unfastidious that finally he was invited by his cousin the Kaiser to vacate Berlin. Alfred had no recourse but to go, yet wherever he went the memory of the apparition surged in haunting loveliness before him. Presently from Coburg, where he had wandered, it was officially announced that he was mad. A week later he was dead, though whether by his own hand or not we may surmise and perhaps never know. In any event, a Lieutenant got a furlough that will last him forever, a lad that was in training for a throne said farewell to life and to love.

The story is rather crude, yet it is a nursery tale in comparison with the emotional quality of a drama which occurred in Vienna and which, shuttled with splendor and stamped with sin, still surprises and doubtless will surprise while romance and royalty last. One has to go back to the young days of old Greece to find anything which in pathos and passion resembles it. For fancy a Prince, young, handsome, debonair, a Prince who might have stepped from a ballad, rising from life as from a



BARONESS MARIE VECSERA.



EBBA MUNCK. WIFE OF PRINCE
OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

love, said Madame de Staël, is choked with tragic tales. There is one to throttle it. Here are the facts:

It was the misfortune of Rudolph of Austria to have married, for state reasons, a woman for whom he did not care. But in court circles, particularly in those of Vienna, the consolations which a Prince may obtain are many. Among those which, without seeking, he found, was that of Marie Vecsера, a young gentlewoman of rank who had succeeded in the difficult task of being remarked for her beauty in a court in which the beauty of women is remarkable. She had not, however, contented herself merely with that. She exhaled the very things which the Princess lacked—simplicity, sympathy, sweetness and strength. Even to royals, aromas such as these are heady. They appealed to Rudolph as nothing earthly had, so potently even that he petitioned the Pope to annul his marriage to Stephanie of Belgium and thereby enable him to make Marie his wife.

The Pope returned the petition to the Emperor. In a conversation between father and son which ensued, it is rumored

feast, vacating not merely existence but empire, tossing sovereignty aside like a garment, retiring from titles, from tributes, from possible triumphs as well, and, thus divested, plunging down into death after a girl who had called him. The realm of

that the Emperor told Rudolph that Marie Vecsера was his sister. Be that as it may, all hope of any union was ablated. That much was conveyed to the girl, and it was arranged that she and her lover should have a final meeting. It was at Mayerling, a hunting-lodge in the Wiener Wald, that the meeting occurred. Accounts concerning it vary, but this much is history. When Rudolph, leaving other people who were there, went in search of the girl, she was dead. Near by was this letter:—

“MEIN EINZIG GELIEBTER RUDOLPH:—

“Ich sterbe weil ich ohne dich nicht leben kann. Du hast versprochen mich zu deiner Frau zu machen, aber du hast dein Wort gebrochen. Ich vergebe dir. Wenn du mich liebst, komm und folge mir.

“M.”*

The morrow came and with it servants. The room was entered. Marie lay lifeless on a sofa. By her side was the Crown-Prince, a pistol at his feet, a bullet through his head, his spirit gone to join her.

The romance of the story, a trifle faded now, moved the world to tears and, as is usual, to gossip also. Politics was dragged in by the heels, assassination for state reasons was alleged—in brief, mys-



CROWN-PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

*“MY UNIQUELY BELOVED RUDOLPH:—

“I die because I cannot live without you. You promised to make me your wife, but you have broken your word. I forgive you. If you love me, come and follow me.

M.”

tery and murder where only love had been. But Time, who always has the last word, long since has had his say. The dual death, however prodigal, was recognized as voluntary—forgivable too, it would seem, for not long since, the Emperor, after raising the lodge, erected there a chapel which he dedicated to the memory of an episode as tragic and as poetic as ever issued from the uplands of dream.

A drama less emotional, yet perhaps more entertaining, is the story of Johann Orth. In it the tragic element, while not entirely lacking, is paler and more effaced. In lieu of madness there is mystery—a mystery, parenthetically, which years have left unsolved. The beginning suggests a rearrangement of "*Le Roi S'Amuse*." You get the same coups de théâtre, the same antitheses, the infinitely great and the infinitely little, the poverty of the poor and the splendor of state. The scene is, or rather was, Vienna. And naturally. *Es giebt nur ein Weiberstadt, es giebt nur ein Wien*.

There, in a small shop, lived a man named Stubel. Apart from his cheap wares and few customers, his chief concern was his daughter, Mizzi, a delicious little beauty who was just nineteen. Every evening Stubel took her to some theater or other, and every night brought her home. During the interval she assumed minor operetta rôles. But the chaperonage was needless. Mizzi was honest, as that term is used; in addition, she was in love. A student had succeeded in detaining her perhaps rather volatile heart. The student was poor but not proud. Stubel liked him very much. Then it so fell about that at some review of the army father and daughter saw that student glittering with gold, astride a stunning charger, and learned, and suffocated in learning, that he was a Prince of Hungary and an Archduke besides.

On the morrow, when the villain called at the little shop, he was received by an outraged father and told to leave. But having, as it happened, turned Bosnian rebels into so many dead flies; having won, as it also happened, a marshal's baton, and being not merely and really a student but a scholar and a soldier to boot, the villain was not in the least abashed. Quite the

contrary. He smiled archly as an Archduke should, and declared that his intentions were not to leave but to marry Mizzi. What! Yes, indeed. He was as good as his word, too. And, though the law prevented him from turning a cantatrice into a consort, it could not and did not prevent him from making the beauty a bride.

This, of course, while highly honorable and passably romantic, was not at all to the Emperor's taste. But what is the use of being a prince if you cannot snap your fingers at a king? Johann Salvator Balthazar of Tuscany, Hungary and Austria had snapped them several times before. On this occasion he snapped them once too often. Francis Joseph turned his back on him. By way of showing how much he cared for that, the Archduke renounced his titles, renounced his allegiance, took from an estate the name of Orth, took from a bank what money he had, took from Vienna his bride, went to England, obtained a navigator's license, purchased a brig and sailed away.

Months later, the ship, after touching at Buenos Ayres, cleared for Valparaiso. That is eleven years ago. Subsequently the wreck of the brig was reported. It was reported also that Johann was drowned. These reports, officially accepted, were generally disbelieved. Stories were concocted by the yard, by the acre even. Johann Orth was said to be raising hexameters in Terra del Fuego. He was said to be exhibiting monarchal tendencies amid the amber mists of the Marquesas. He was said to have developed into the Japanese General Yamagata. There were people who had an uncle whose nephew was intimately acquainted with a man who knew that the Archduke was fomenting revolutions in Bolivia, unless he happened to be running a lift in New York. As these stories could not all be true, it is possible that all are false. Disappearances are deceptive. In any event, not long ago there died at Gmünden a Princess of the imperial house of Austria who by a late codicil left him a third of her fortune. The lady must have known what she was about, she must have known that the dead cannot give to the dead, and she must have added that codicil to her will in preparation of the return of the living. Should this

meet the eye of Johann Orth, he may thus hear of something to his advantage.

Meanwhile the story is instructive. Taken in conjunction with those which precede it, it shows, or seems to show, that there are and have been men occupying positions quite as ideal as that of the young gods of old Greece and yet who for love's sake only were willing to abandon it all. That which is still more instructive is the fact that occasionally there are women quite as prodigal.

A case in point is that of Carolyne of Sayn-Wittengenstein. By race a Slav, in spirit a Latin and by rank a Princess, she was educated like a man and mated to a mediatized Teuton whom she detested. To lull the languors of an ennui which must have been infinite, she began and, what is worse, completed a work in twenty volumes on "The Internal Causes of Christianity's External Weakness." The work is not published yet, but when it is it is rumored that it will place her on a par with Saint-Simon and Lamennais. Perhaps it may, but that is a side-issue. Meanwhile, the languors were lulled but not her dislike of her husband. Presently that dislike was accentuated. She met Liszt. For twelve years thereafter she

wondered what she could do. With a view to becoming the wife of the composer, she stepped from the mediatized throne of her husband and got a divorce. As, however, she was a Catholic, it was necessary that the Pope should grant a dispensation. That the Pope ultimately consented to do. The altar was then prepared. At the last moment, word came that the Pope, influenced by some occult force, refused. The blow, which was terrible, was not lessened by the fact that the Tsar, angered by the divorce, had confiscated her estates. Then suddenly the clouds broke. Her mediatized husband died. She was free, free to marry, free to love. It was that moment which Liszt selected as the proper one to enter the church. It was through him that the Pope had been influenced. In those twelve long years he had wearied of the lady who had written twenty volumes on "The Internal Evidence of External Weakness." We can't say that we blame him, but who was it said that men were deceivers ever? And yet consider the guile of the wretch who could write rhapsodies with one hand and betray princesses with the other. Surely Madame de Staël was right in declaring the realm of love to be choked with tragic tales.

RICHES.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WOULD I might borrow from the mines of morn
 A little of their brimming store of gold !
 Would I might filch from out the sunset's hold
 Some of the rubies that its breast adorn !
 Would I might heap lip-high a plenteous horn
 With emeralds of the springtime's magic mold,
 And gather diamonds flawless as unfold
 Along the meadows when the day was born !—
 Then through some alchemy of cold or fire
 Transmute these riches into dazzling stone !
 My sweet, this wish I wish for you alone,
 That whatsoever is your heart's desire
 From world's end unto world's end, zone by zone,
 May lie before your feet, your very own !

ONE WAY OF LOVE

BY
FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON



I. CAVANAGH stood leaning against the door of the summer ball-room with the expression usual to an American at a masked dance, one of mingled boredom and suspicion. There was the gleam of an intent watchfulness in his eyes, however, which tallied with his state of mind, for he hoped to see among the crowd of dominoes one figure that would repay his folly in having come.

He was quite content to be left in the nearest approach to solitude such a crowd permits, and there was that in his general bearing which did not encourage advances.

He had at all times a well-appointed air, of being used to the best of the things of this world, an air on which it took considerable self-confidence to intrude, and though he was better-looking than most of the men about him, with height and elegance of carriage, he had deep-set, chilling gray eyes that women were not inclined to impose on.

If it had been a year earlier in his life, his face would have expressed a readiness

to be amused, a willingness to keep his end up, and an absence of inconvenient chivalry, that put him swiftly on easy terms with that half of the sex who prefer to be admired rather than respected. But Cavanagh's face wore that expression no longer. There had come a change in him, and it was with this change that his thoughts were occupied as he scanned the whirl of dancers.

The night was wearing on, and there was not an alleviation to hope for. The supper is never good at a watering-place, and as Cavanagh remembered this last fact afresh, his manner to an aggressive mask who sought his company was unpleasantly morose and discouraging, and she left him with that frank expression of her poor opinion of him that is one of the features of such an evening.

Just at this moment of darkness came the dawn—in other words, he saw the object of his search flitting within ten feet of him and alone. Three long steps brought him to her; he laid a detaining hand upon her fluttering black garment—even here Cavanagh did not dare to touch the gloved hand that was near his.

"What haste, pretty mask?" he asked.

She stopped, hesitated, would have gone on had he not maintained his hold upon her dress.

"Do not leave me," he pleaded. "I am having such a miserable time! I am looking for an affinity, and I can't even find an attraction! Perhaps you are my lodestar—do let me talk to you and guess at your charm. Be good, be kind, be charitable." He spoke half laughing, half in earnest; the mask fixed her inscrutable eyes on him and again hesitated.

"I have seen you," she whispered. Her voice, very low and sweet and husky, changed, and yet his heart leaped at this confirmation of his hazarded guess. "I don't know where, but somewhere. I shall remember; you also may remember.

We had better seek strangers for our evening's amusement."

"Why?" urged Cavanagh. "You don't really know me, I certainly do not know you—I am sure of this—but an hour later and we will have changed all that! We will reveal hidden places in our characters which will make an evening worth living. Come, I found a quiet corner when I first came, even in this hurly-burly—come, we will sit and talk. I feel a longing to listen to your voice again. If you refuse me, I shall commit some outrage on this motley company and stop their jingling music." She stood gazing at him curiously, and now laughed to herself.

"I was mistaken," she answered in her stealing whisper. "I have certainly never seen you before; the man I knew was quite another man. Come. Certainly I will go with you. Where is your corner?"

Cavanagh drew her hand through his arm.

"See," he murmured in her ear as they walked among the dancers, "they make way for us, they know by instinct that to-night Folly has beaten Wisdom and brought together what her Majesty Discretion would have kept apart"—he felt her hand move on his arm, and added, looking down at her—"has brought together inflammable stuff and a flame."

She laughed. "Are you inflammable?" she said. "Your face belies you."

He recognized the note of relief in her voice. "She feared I knew her," he thought. "If I keep her convinced that I do not, I may say anything. If she suspects for a moment that I do, I can say nothing."

He drew a chair forward out of the darkness at the extreme end of the long porch, where a jut in the framing of the house protected them somewhat from the laughing horde of pleasure-seekers, and as she seated herself, placed his seat as close to hers as propriety would permit; and Cavanagh's ideas of propriety were elastic. She was no prude, apparently, for she permitted thus much of freedom, and when he leaned forward and looked long into her eyes, met his glance without faltering.

"You cannot tell very much, can you?" she said at last. "I have an unfair advantage—I can look for the falsity or truth of your speeches in your face."

"Do you think a man's face is never a mask?" asked Cavanagh, and laughed. "You are a lovely, ignorant creature; mask and all, you are less than my match. But first I want to know one thing—the color of your eyes? Surely that isn't much to ask. I can see your rounded chin, a tendril of your curly hair"—she put up her hand quickly as she spoke, and he caught it gently in his, and detaining it, looked at it steadily. "A little hand too," he added; "I am in luck to-night."

She drew her fingers away and gave a sort of shake of her graceful shoulders.

"You are very personal in your impertinences," she said lightly, but with a note underneath that he recognized and wished passionately might have been absent. "How many women have you complimented this evening on their chins and their hands?"

He leaned back in his chair and folded his arms. "Not one," he answered slowly, "not one! To tell the truth, I was looking for a 'particular she' whom I could not discover, the most lovely woman in the world, whom I worship from afar; but you have made me betray my allegiance."

She played with the black Japanese fan she carried. "So," she said, "you are really wanting to talk to another woman, while I am wasting my——"

"Call halt," interrupted Cavanagh. "I am quite happy. I did want to talk to another woman, but for the first time for many months she has a rival. You have, as she has, a special subtle magic that makes me love you just to see you." He laughed at his own extravagant words, but he did not deprive them of the power to bring an added color to her face; in a gleam of light from the colored lantern over their heads he saw it, on the bit of her cheek visible.

"You are an easy conquest," she responded, "and, I'll chance it, as easily lost."

"I wish to heaven I were," returned the young man with a sudden, impetuous bitterness. "I have loved another man's wife for six months now without a word having passed between us that might not have been addressed to her butcher, her baker, her candlestick-maker, and it looks very much as though I should persevere in my folly indefinitely."



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Pearce.

"SHE LOOKED AGGRESSIVELY AT HER HOSTESS."

There was a moment's silence between them. "Will she care? Will she question me?" thought Cavanagh.

"Does it amuse you to be made a confidante at a half-hour's notice?" he went on, with another laugh that only made his words more serious. "I wish you would

act the part of fairy godmother, take off your mask and make me fall in love with you and safe out of my trouble. Perhaps you might be taught to like me, while she—she is in love with her husband."

"In love with her husband?" repeated the mask. "Would you have it otherwise?"

Is it such a very common thing that we can afford to barter it? You had much better forget her and think of—of me, for instance, who am unattached and will repay you better. Besides, there is generally something wrong with married women when young men fall in love with them; she is probably a vain coquette, if you only knew it."

"My chance," thought Cavanagh. "I wish she were," he answered. "Instead, she is what I never believed in till I knew her: spotless as the stars, true as the stars, fair as the stars—you see, if I am not an original lover, I am a thorough one. But don't let us talk of her—rather of you. I hope you have blue eyes; hers are brown—that you have fair hair; hers is chestnut—that you will let me kiss your white hand; she would never permit me even to press hers—it belongs to her eternal Godfrey."

"Godfrey?" repeated the mask's whispering voice.

Cavanagh bit his lip; he was an excellent actor. "James, George, Henry, what you will," he said. "And now let us forget everything in the world but yourself and myself." He leaned forward and again possessed himself of her hand, but she drew it from him and stood up.

"The night is hot," she said, "and it is time for some cooling thing to eat or drink. Take me to the supper-room," and she laid her hand on his arm.

Cavanagh had risen also, and now piloted her through the crowd. Finding a chair, he left her and made his way to the crowded supper-table. As he reached it, he felt a light touch upon his shoulder. It was the mask.

"Come over there," she said, pointing to the end of the room not far from them. "It's cooler; there is a window."

Cavanagh looked to where an open window showed the black night outside. A group of men stood near it at a small table.

She left him, and crossing to where they stood, touched one of them on the arm. He turned; all four of them faced her. Cavanagh knew them—Featherstone, Har-
mor, Carter and Davidge. They had been sailing all day; the flush of the wind and sun was on their faces; but something was added, too, by the wine that had filled their empty glasses.

She made them a courtesy. "Good-evening, gentlemen," she said. "Is there no room for a woman at your table?" Her whisper had changed; she spoke in a high, level voice that Cavanagh felt he should never have recognized had he not already known her.

Featherstone bowed deeply and laid his hand on his heart.

"We are charmed, Princess," he said. "May I present my companions-in-arms? We swear allegiance at a moment's notice. Chair we have none to offer—may I suggest the table?"

For answer, she swept the glasses to one side and seated herself lightly on the end of the wooden table. "Thank you," she said; "I appreciate your hospitality."

There was a burst of approbation from all four of them, and Cavanagh snatched up a plate of chicken from the supper-table and, joining the group, stood before her.

"Are you deserting me for these seafaring men?" he cried. "They are fickle and will forget you. Besides, you have a rival with them already here," and he pointed to their glasses.

"Not a bit of it," protested Davidge. "We'll smash them if the Princess so orders."

"You see," said the mask, "these gentlemen discovered my rank at once, and you after half an hour remained in ignorance of it. I shall first raise them all to the peerage, turn their heads, and then ask one of them to escort me home."

Another enthusiastic outburst from her court, and Cavanagh, in the moments of badinage that followed, made out what it was that he had not understood in Godfrey Featherstone's face. He had been drinking—not so much that he could not talk, laugh, and by the law of his nature behave like a gentleman, but his hand was very unsteady and his balance even not quite perfect. Cavanagh hated his handsome, flushed face for the reason that it retained its native nobility, even though the lines of the mouth were weakened and the wide eyes dimmed.

He thrust forward and, gently catching her gown, tried to win her back again.

"It's hot in here." He spoke low and the mask alone heard him, for the other men had turned to fill their glasses.



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

"'I LOVE YOU. I AM VERY UNHAPPY.'"

"Come, leave these men. Have you forgotten your promise to——"

The domino laughed, and slipping from her seat, put one hand through Featherstone's arm. "Princesses always forget," she returned, "and I am going to dance with this present fancy of mine, whom I create an earl that he may be worthy of the privilege. His name——?" She turned to Davidge.

"Godfrey Featherweight," was the laughing rejoinder.

"A most excellent title! My Lord Featherweight and I will tread a measure," and before Cavanagh and the others quite understood her intention, she had drawn Featherstone some distance across the room. A moment more and they saw him try laughingly to lead her to the dancing-room, but she had changed her fickle mind, it seemed, for they disappeared in the darkness of the porch together.

It was half an hour later that Cavanagh stood in his bedroom in the dark, looking out at the water below the hotel, black, and

shining with a streak of white where it met the beach.

"Shall I ever find another woman like that," he thought, "who will cover my follies with such tenderness and yet permit herself none? O that I had never met her, never guessed what it is to love her!" He turned back into the room, and undressing, lit a cigarette, and setting his candle by his bed, read himself to sleep.

II.

The Featherstones' piazza had every charm of a piazza and all the advantages of a room. With the Persian lattices to interpose between you and the sun, and like friendly clouds roll away when unneeded; the blue-and-white rugs and chintz-covered cushions; the light bamboo tables and long chairs; books and magazines; a vase filled with flowers—what more can you ask on a warm summer afternoon except iced tea?—and that also was not lacking.

Mrs. Featherstone sat upright in her

lounging-chair. She was stirring the tea to melt the ice in it; it looked very black and strong. Miss Dabney, who lay stretched at ease near-by, was stirring nothing; physical exertion of any kind she never made if it could be avoided.

The silence was broken by the latter young lady.

"So," she began, lazily clasping her arms above her head—"so our peaceful and unregenerate state is over; we are letting the serpent in our Eden—for which act of folly all the blame is yours." She looked aggressively at her hostess, who returned her gaze with no meekness of expression.

"Laura," she said, "let us have it plainly understood now: I will not have Lewis Farrell badgered."

"Will not?" Miss Dabney's voice sounded inquiring.

"Will not or won't, whichever you like best." Mrs. Featherstone's dark eyes shone as she regarded her guest. "You have a bad, malicious look," she added, "and I don't intend Lewis's one miserable week to be ruined by your wickedness. He isn't to be run, or rigged, or any of those disagreeable things you have such queer names for."

Miss Dabney broke into a happy laugh. "Good gracious! I shall write a book called 'The Saint and the Spitfire,' and you shall stand for both characters. No respectable young married woman ought to care enough about the happiness of any unattached young man, even a parson, to lose her temper."

Her hostess returned to her stirring. "If that is a canon of respectability," she said, "I abandon any title to it. And now, Laura, remember," she added, rising, as she heard wheels at the side of the house, voices and steps, "you would come here while Lewis was to be here, and you must abide by my laws of hospitality, not yours." She crossed the piazza and stood between the fluttering curtains of the French window waiting for the two men who advanced toward her. Featherstone stood aside and let the new-comer take the two hands outstretched to him.

"My dear Lewis," said Mrs. Featherstone.

Godfrey Featherstone felt the gentle tenderness of her voice echo within him.

He looked at her with an expression that made Miss Dabney stare. "It is a queer world," she thought; "there are even men in it in love with their wives." Then her eyes rested on Farrell. He still held one of Mrs. Featherstone's hands in his; he was looking down into her eyes from his lanky height of six feet two with the look of a man who drinks from a friendly spring.

"If you knew," he was saying—"if you knew what it is like to be here. To get away from the heat and horror of the lower city to this haven of blue sky and green fields. To catch a glitter of the sea from the car-window and breathe the salt air again." He drew a deep breath, and she led him out on the piazza.

"Say good-day to that lazy creature," she said, "and then sit down in this comfortable chair, which I have had great difficulty in keeping for you; Laura wished to use it as a footstool," and they all laughed. Miss Dabney's views of comfort were well understood.

"Tea?" As she began pouring out the amber-colored liquid, she looked first at Laura, then at Farrell, then at Godfrey.

"Rather! What a question!" It was Godfrey who answered her. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he doesn't like iced tea? Not only tea, but then tea and after that tea." He drank off a goblet as he spoke, and then, vaulting the piazza railing, turned to the stables. "I'll come back for more," he called out gaily as he went off.

Miss Dabney looked after him over the top of her glass.

"He's so excessive!" she said. "He's a berserker spoiled. His colors are all barbaric."

Farrell's eyes met hers. "I don't agree with you in the least," he said. "I consider Godfrey an advanced product of civilization. Do you think his manners were made in the midst of a Scandinavian row? I have never known any one whose behavior was as intrinsic a part of his soul as his."

"His soul?" repeated Miss Dabney. "Oh, I don't know anything about that. Your terms are too technical for me. I shouldn't know one if I saw it."

Her hostess broke into a spontaneous laugh. "The strict truth for once, Laura,"

she said, her eyes shining. "She is a hamadryad," she went on, turning to Farrell. "Don't you think so? A thing born of the earth and sun—with modern views of dress and some other things."

"Who is a hamadryad?" said another voice, and Cavanagh stepped out through the window, and shaking hands with his hostess, bowed to the other two. "Not Miss Dabney. She is a cockney. You can't be both."

"Why not?" Miss Dabney sat up. "Come, Mr. Cavanagh, if you think you can come on a hot summer's afternoon and dictate my limitations to me, you have reckoned without your——"

"Dabney," finished Godfrey, looking in on them over the piazza railing. "How are you, Cavanagh? I'm just off to the club to see about a pony for Davidge. How's business?"

Cavanagh stirred his tea a moment, then turned his keen eyes to his host's face. "All bad," he answered deliberately, and there was a moment's silence.

"Now, Godfrey, if you begin to talk business I shall have to get up and go away. Please stop." Miss Dabney had sunk back in her chair, her eyes shining between her heavy lids.

"Very well, I won't. It's too hot for business, anyhow," he answered, and refilled his glass.

"That's better than having business too hot for you," the girl retorted. "And now let us have a nice conversation on a cool, low level. Mountain heights are barred, marshes preferred. And Mr. Cavanagh is chosen to begin it, as he is the nearest approach to a pagan we have. I should have chosen Godfrey, but Mr. Farrell says he has a soul, and he ought to know."

Cavanagh laughed. "Mrs. Featherstone, I came for that walk you promised me, and I propose we begin it at once. I object to being called marshy and low."

She turned to Farrell.

"Are you too tired?" she asked.

He hesitated. "I am not at all too tired," he answered, "but may I get a dip in the sea first?"

"You poor fellow," Mrs. Featherstone exclaimed—"of course. How inhospitable of me not to have thought of it! We will all go down with you to the bath-houses

and wait while you bathe, and walk afterward"—which they proceeded to do, amid a shower of remonstrances from Miss Dabney; who, however, accompanied them, while Godfrey rode off to the polo-field.

It was after six when Cavanagh found himself alone with Mrs. Featherstone, sauntering along the hard, firm beach, Farrell and Miss Dabney some distance in front of them. He had considerable power of enjoying the moment; he looked about him at the beauty of the sea and sky and then dropped his eyes on his companion.

She had no beauty, he admitted half reluctantly, but you would have noticed her in a crowd from a look of race, of breeding, and from another rare attribute, grace. Her features were irregular; her coloring was that of health, but with no striking charm to it—why then was it he could never get enough of the sight of her face? With his eyes fixed on her profile, he spoke.

"Aren't you afraid Miss Dabney will lead Farrell away from his vocation, to the world, the flesh and the devil?" he asked, idly enough.

She looked at the two figures before them and laughed.

"I should as soon fear her commanding the waves to arise and drown us," she responded, "or the sun to tumble out of the heavens."

"Do you believe his goodness to be immutable as the laws of nature?" exclaimed the young man, feeling a jealous pang. "You must think him inhumanly perfect."

"I don't think him perfect at all, but good, yes. He is one of my sheet-anchors. Were the devil to take him up into a high place and offer him the glories of the world, I would trust him to stand firm."

The lines of Cavanagh's face deepened into a melancholy bitterness. "Ah, it's easy enough to see why you haven't much use for the rest of us, if that's the sort of man you have for a friend," he said. "The devil knows my price without taking the trouble to climb a mountain, but he doesn't think enough of my soul, it seems, to buy it. I used to think," he went on, "that a strong use of a strong will was enough to get almost anything, but I've been badly shaken lately. Do you think wanting a thing hard has much to do with getting it?"

Mrs. Featherstone shook her head. "I have no such convenient theory," was her answer. She glanced at him as she spoke.

He met her eyes a moment, then turned his gaze on the sparkle of the sea. "May I speak, Mrs. Featherstone?" he began again. "From my—my heart, or whatever you choose to call it? May I make some confessions? May I be myself for a while? It is a luxury one isn't often permitted, and I have a craving to be for once irretrievably sincere."

She stopped in her walk, her hazel eyes looking straight into his. "Wait a moment," she said. "If you mean this—if you want to speak the truth and get in over your head and mine, go on. I'll warrant myself able to swim ashore. But if it is only going to be half real—then don't. I don't want it, and you wouldn't be a bit the happier for it either."

Cavanagh had stopped also.

"That's a bargain," he said. "I won't try to get the benefit of two positions, as I did at the ball the other night. I'll tell you when I'm going to begin to show false colors. Until I do, you'll give me what I desperately need—your thoughts, your understanding, and perhaps your pity. For I am to be pitied—did you guess it?"

She hesitated, and turned toward the sea. "No, I shouldn't have thought it. If I am to be equally frank, I have believed you too well able to look out for yourself to be pitied."

"It is like this with me," Cavanagh went on slowly. "I have taken life from a purely material standpoint." He stopped, glanced at her, hesitated. "Here begin my confessions, you see," he added.

She gave a little nod. "Go on."

"Well, then, when you are a materialist, to give it a big name, you try to please yourself. If you want money, you work for it, make it and spend it on yourself. If you want wine, you drink; food, you eat; excitement, you gamble; and so on along the line. If you are ambitious, you seek power and use it for yourself. But a materialist *must* be successful. His plan of life fails utterly if *he* fails. What is he to do when he commits the hopeless folly of falling in love with a good woman who is another man's wife?"

There was silence. Cavanagh resumed.

"I love you—absurdly. What am I to do? Will you help me? I am very unhappy."

Mrs. Featherstone turned, and walking a few steps to where the sand lay flaky and dry and shining, she sat down. Cavanagh threw himself down beside her. She fixed her eyes on the sea.

"To justify your saying this," she said, "there must be something to be gained. You don't think I want to hear it—it can't give you pleasure to say it when I don't want to hear it. Will you tell me what you honestly want?"

"What I honestly want," repeated Cavanagh, "what I honestly want, is you. I would do anything to get you, or a piece of you however small. But that I know I may not have."

A deep color suffused her face; her lips set in a hard line. He watched her and went on. "I do not use extravagant words, because it is understood between us that I am speaking the truth—the bare truth. I may not have you, but yet in some way I must get near you. I, who have never wanted to do anything but please myself, will stop short in my life and remake it at a word from you. I will be anything you please. You know I am not a fool. I have capacity of a kind. I can make money—I will spend it as you think it should be spent. I will do more—I will spend my days as you think they should be spent. And in this I shall get all I ask from you, for I only ask that I may feel that I in a sense belong to you, not that any jot of you belongs to me. I understand, I know you love Godfrey, you are his. Very well—that is my misfortune; I accept it; and it is the foundation on which I build."

He had lit the lamps in her eyes—at least he had seen her deeply moved. He drew a long breath. She had turned to him; the color had stayed, dyeing her cheek richly. She met his look, gazed straight into the very depths of his eyes.

"You wonderful tempter!" she said. The young man flushed crimson.

"That means you despise me too utterly to believe in me," he said.

"Despise you?" she repeated; "do you think one despises Satan?"

"Don't, don't," he pleaded. "I mean it—I mean it. Take me, don't reject me."

I will prove my utter sincerity by showing you what you will raise me from. As I live, I confess I would commit a crime to reach you. Since that is not the road to you, I take the other. I seek virtue only to win a place near you—I admit it. Can you not let it be the means of my salvation?"

For the moment he was handsome, he was so in earnest. She looked at him, and smiled with a sweetness that was one of the things that had brought him where he was.

"I am human, and you make my head swim," she said. "But don't say any more. I can't say I am sorry you have said what you have, for I know much I did not know five minutes ago.

But for the end of it all, you must know it, of course. I cannot take any such position.

There is only one thing for us to do. We will part now, until you forget me—no, that isn't fair, you won't forget me—but until you like some one else better. When that happens please come, and we will be friends. We part now nearer than I ever thought we could be.

Here comes Laura. We will resume our usual masks.

To the real Mr.

Cavanagh I say 'Good-by' now."

She got to her feet, and Cavanagh stood up beside her.

"Must I be silent?" he said. "Is this all?"

Mrs. Featherstone raised her brows. "Do you forget?" she said. "We have ceased to be the people who talked just now."

And they walked in silence to meet Miss Dabney.

III.

The game was well under way. The ponies thundered across the field with their little twinkling hoofs, and the people on the side line wavered. One rider had the ball in advance of the others; he kept his advantage—he used it. "Goal!" was shouted by the excited spectators, half of whom had been looking at anything but

the game five seconds before, and then came the usual moments of intermission. Cavanagh wandered restlessly through the crowd, stopping now and then to talk,

but never long, and his eyes after making the circuit of the polo-field always came to rest on the drag where the Featherstones sat—or, more properly speaking, where Mrs. Featherstone sat, for Godfrey, having joined a group of men near the ponies, was betting, laughing, and occasionally spending the five minutes necessary

for a drink inside the club-house. He was hand in glove with the players; he loved horses; and though much of his life had been spent in an office, he threw off the memory of it when freed from it as though it had never fettered him.

Cavanagh had approached Mrs. Featherstone when the game had opened, had met her frank eyes, and received a bow which made it impossible for him to join her, and so he had ample time to study the faces of



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

"I DIDN'T THINK SHE OUGHT TO COME—WITH YOU."

the gay crowd, for he attached himself to no one.

It was a pretty sight—the extravagant colors of the women's summer gowns, with the wide grassy field as a background; the row of carriages, their black varnish taking high lights in the sunshine; and in one corner a crowd of restless little ponies walking about or standing with their blankets on. The first half was over when he came again within hailing distance of Miss Dabney, and he had no sooner done so than he heard her voice calling him.

"Come up here," she said; "she has gone, and you can have a chat with me."

He climbed up and sat down in silence beside her.

"I want you to do something for me," she went on. "Remind me of the importance of things material! Convince me of the joys of Mammon. I have been talking to Lewis Farrell so long that I am getting confused. I looked down at my skirt just now and wondered whether it was any better to wear real lace—that perhaps imitation would have done as well, and the difference supported a family!"

Cavanagh laughed.

"So even you feel it too, do you?" he said, with a half-melancholy bitterness.

"That makes me feel better. I thought you had gone Achilles one better, and were steeped in cynicism even over your pretty French heels."

"Cynicism!" repeated Miss Dabney severely; "I call it common sense! Gracious! you are no good at all. I thought you were a person of force and character, a real free lance, a genuine mercenary, and I hoped you would give me a whiff of my native air."

"Do you know which your native air is?" Cavanagh returned. "I don't. I only know I am not breathing mine, and I think I never have. Good-by." He slid down as he spoke. "I will see you again later," and he disappeared as Mrs. Featherstone came back to her seat.

"There is something, then," thought Cavanagh, walking off to the club-house, "something that attracts even Miss Dabney in a being above her. Well, I wish I had never discovered the beauty of virtue," and he went up to the bar and ordered a drink.

As he drank it, the place filled with a crowd of thirsty men from the field, and among them Featherstone. It made the other man's heart jump, and then sink, to see that he was quite under the influence of the wine that he had drunk. They had got to champagne, it seemed; it went very fast, and it did very quick execution, aided by the summer sun, and Godfrey could stand, but no more.

Cavanagh looked at him, overcome with a hopeless wonder. Wine had never been a temptation to him. He was not really convivial or laughter-loving, and to let it take one past one's self-control at such a time was beyond his comprehension.

A telegram was brought to Featherstone, who opened it, and reading it, was visibly troubled and confused.

Cavanagh crossed over to him. "Is anything the matter?" he asked. His quick wits had already supplied the contents of the message.

Godfrey looked at him. "I've got to go to New York," he said, "but I don't know exactly why. What does Frank mean by Pacifics dropping?"

Cavanagh put aside the telegram which Featherstone held out to him.

"Why, stocks, old man; what did you think? You ought to go home and catch that six o'clock connection. Why don't you?"

"I will. I'll get the mare and the dog-cart." He was slightly sobered. "Will you tell Mrs. Featherstone? I'm driving her."

Cavanagh followed him to the stable, got the man in charge, and the trap was out and ready in a moment. The mare was as fresh and gay as a young creature should be, but the man looked doubtfully at Godfrey as he climbed in.

"He might come to trouble, sir," he said to Cavanagh. "Mrs. Featherstone hadn't ought to go with him." Godfrey looked down at him.

"Will you get my wife or shall I drive over there?" he said.

"Wait here," returned Cavanagh; "I'll see about Mrs. Featherstone," and he walked off toward the crowd. It took him a moment only to decide that she should not go with Godfrey, and he turned, and going back, got up beside the other man.

"Your wife will come home later. She gave me her place. I want to make your train too," he said, and Godfrey accepting this with a nod, they drove off.

It was a strange half-hour. They talked a little about the game, and Cavanagh sat with his arms folded while Featherstone grazed everything within possible reach and made time that must have been the mare's record. It was touch-and-go so often that Cavanagh only set his teeth as he saw the excellent opportunity for a spill which the entrance to the Featherstones' grounds presented, and it took him by surprise after all when they struck one gatepost after the other, the cart tipped over and they landed on the gravel drive.

He lay still a moment. Something hurt him sharply, he was too confused to know just what, but Godfrey's voice brought his senses into connection with a jump.

"Are you hurt?" His host was leaning over him, his eyes sobered, a look of apprehension on his expressive face which Cavanagh answered with a slow smile.

"Oh, no; my head smarts, that's all." He got up and passed his hand over his hair, and looked at it. It was bloody.

"You are cut. Come along to the house." Godfrey pushed him gently toward the lawn. "I will fix you up. I'm horribly sorry, old man. It's all the fault of my imbecile good-fellowship, and you pay up. I'll bring the mare along if you don't mind, and get Joe to come for the cart. The wheel's off. You go straight to the house; I'll cut across to the stable."

And he went off on a trot, with the mare obedient and docile but rather shaken up.

Cavanagh sat on the piazza and wiped away a little trickle of blood that dyed the back of his collar. It was nothing, as he had said, but it did up his handkerchief, and he was glad to have his host bring cold water and sticking-plaster and attend to him. The process was neatly completed, when Featherstone turned, as he was entering the house for a fresh handkerchief.

"Cavanagh," he said slowly, "what am I here for? Why did we come?"

"You're going to New York," the answer was spoken from expressionless lips, "at six-thirty."

Godfrey's hand went to his pocket. "I had a telegram," he said; the color had

jumped into his face. He drew the message out and read it. "I see; I ought to get off in an hour. But my wife—I thought you went for her. It seems strange she should not have come."

Cavanagh folded his bloody handkerchief neatly up and put it into his pocket.

"She didn't know you were coming," he answered.

Godfrey tried to remember. "Oh, I thought I asked you to tell her."

"You did."

The two men were facing each other.

"I didn't think she ought to come—with you," Cavanagh said, and there was a silence.

Godfrey went up to the railing and looked out over the lawn. It was several moments before he turned to look into the other man's face.

"That's about all a man can bear to have said," he began slowly. "It's all right, only—it doesn't stand talking about. For your share in it, why, I'm obliged to you. It was very good of you to risk your neck. I'm very glad it was no worse than it was. I'll have to go and pack. Will you tell Joe to put the horse in the light trap and go back to the game?"

An idea came to Cavanagh. "I would like that," he said. "You go ahead, Featherstone. Don't waste time with me, and I'll go to the stable and get the horse and go back. Will you give me a note to Mrs. Featherstone? She might get over here in time to see you."

"It's too late for that," said Godfrey, looking at his watch. A dark color mounted to his face as he spoke. "But you might as well see the rest of the game," and going to the side of the piazza, he called the groom, who with the gardener was dragging the dogcart to the stable.

"Harness Blowgun to the trap," he said, "and bring him round for Mr. Cavanagh." And nodding to Cavanagh, he went into the house.

IV.

"May I speak to you?" said Cavanagh, standing with his hat off beside the drag.

"Anything very special?" Mrs. Featherstone smiled, but she showed no sign of descending.

"Yes," returned the young man coldly. "I will keep you only a moment." He held out his hand to help her down. She took it, and jumping lightly to the earth, turned to the less occupied part of the grounds.

"This way, please," said Cavanagh. "Featherstone has been called to New York on business, and he asked me to tell you and bring you home, perhaps in time to see him before he went."

"Has he gone—from here?" Her color fled and returned with a rush.

"He is at home packing," answered Cavanagh, helping her in, his mouth set very hard. "We'll have to hurry."

They were off and down the road in the even trot which was Blowgun's specialty when he was properly driven. It was nearly six—the sun not even low. A long, full hour of life was left him—one of the best hours of the day. The heat was over, and yet there was light, light everywhere—pervasive, soft light that beautified the country. Their way lay through the marshlands, with red grass and green leaves, bulrushes and yellow flowers, the little strip of road winding firmly through it; and then the village; then a wood; then along the sandy beach, and so to their destination. Mrs. Featherstone, with fingers tightly interlaced, sat very still beside him. No solitary word had passed her lips or his, and getting out at the side-door, she entered the house through a long window, while Cavanagh drove to the stable.

"Godfrey," she called. She ran upstairs, came down, fled through the rooms, and on a table in the hall saw a note. She opened it with trembling fingers. A few lines told of his departure, that he would write that night from New York, and that was all. She walked almost mechanically into the drawing-room and looked vacantly about. Her eyes were caught amidst its fragrant orderliness by a finger-bowl and a stained napkin on a table. She moved up to it. The stains were unmistakable; the water was bloody, too. It took her half a second to reach the piazza. Cavanagh was walking away toward the gate.

"Mr. Cavanagh, please come." She stood leaning on the balustrade until he had reached the top of the steps.

She held out the napkin. "This—means——?"

"Oh"—Cavanagh hardly hesitated—"we ran into the gatepost coming in, the cart tipped over—it was nothing."

How her eyes could blaze! "Nothing! Godfrey hurt!"

"Godfrey?" he repeated. "It wasn't Godfrey!"

"Who was it?"

He put his hand to the back of his head. She noticed the plaster there for the first time.

"It's a mere scratch." He turned to go. She made a step toward him.

"How did it happen?"

"I've told you."

"But you—why were you with Godfrey?" she persisted.

He looked at her. "As you aren't even sorry," he said, with a slight, bitter smile, "what matter does it make?"

She again moved nearer to him. "But I am sorry—don't you see—I am—I am——" a sob choked in her throat. She turned from him and leaned against the pillar.

Cavanagh held out both hands, then dropped them at his sides. "How you love him!" he said, and struck his clenched hand on the railing, then turned from her, and going quickly down the steps, he left her.

V.

It was the end of a long rainy day. The drip-drip of the raindrops on the piazza roof still sounded persistently. Mrs. Featherstone had had the lamps lit early. Their rosy shade made the room brighter and their warmth helped to banish the gray dampness of the twilight. The room was filled with flowers—their faces fresh-wet and even a little muddy, for Mrs. Featherstone had picked them in the rain, and had enjoyed her first moment of pleasure for the space of four days when she changed her wet clothes, put on a pretty gown and came downstairs to wait for Godfrey, who was to come from New York that evening. His three short notes had told her nothing. As she wandered about the drawing-room, straightening a picture, setting a book upright and putting a cushion in its place,



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Pearce.

"WILL YOU TAKE IN MRS. FEATHERSTONE?"

she tried unhappily to conjecture the reason of his reticence. He was apt to write so freely to her. And then she heard the sound of wheels.

She waited. She could not trust herself

to meet him in the hall with the maid there; she waited. The outer door opened, shut; she heard him ask the maid where she was, as he took off his wet coat; he came through the door, pushing it to behind him,

and catching her in his arms, pressed her in a painful clasp.

They neither of them spoke until he pulled her down on the sofa beside him and, holding both her hands, looked fondly into her eyes. Then he glanced about him.

"You almost need a fire," he said. She laughed out of the extravagance of her joy.

"Don't I?" she answered. "Don't we, rather? Oh, Godfrey, to get you back!" She suddenly bent her head and touched his hand with her lips.

"Don't, darling," he said, and taking her hands, kissed them again and again.

"I've some hard things to say," he began. "I might as well get them all out at once. You are not the kind that needs to have things broken to you. So here goes." He gently dropped her hands, and sitting up, folded his arms across his chest.

"I've been playing the fool for some time, it seems. I didn't grasp how easily the skein unwinds, in business, that it has taken such labor to wind the other way, and this week there has been a panic in the street, and Frank didn't let me know until too late. When I got there, things I should have got rid of were dropping out of sight and carrying us with them. I had neglected the office—we had bad luck—the pull came, and we—we have gone under." He had grown very white; the wide, bold eyes looked straight into hers. "I am sorry, darling," he added slowly.

She slipped nearer to him and rested her head on his shoulder. Then she suddenly sat upright.

"You aren't thinking I care," she cried passionately. "You aren't making any mistake and thinking I care, are you, Godfrey?" She rose, and putting both hands out to him, she laughed. "Only for you, my dear, I'm sorry," she went on; "but you will make the money over again, and after all be as happy doing it. And what do I care for the money? What good has it been to us? And lately—lately——" she slipped down on her knees before him, and resting her head against him, broke into a passion of sobs that shook her slight frame.

He bent over her. "Ah, that too," he

said, with a bitterness she had never heard in his voice before. "That fault I have expiated with such suffering in these last four days that you need never fear you will know the sight of it again."

He put her aside, and walked up and down the room, with his hands clenched at his sides. The tears dried on her cheek as she watched him.

"It was the root of it all," he cried—"my thinking that I was wiser than other men; that I had done my work so well that I could leave it to look after itself; that a man was a noble animal, best when his impulses were unfettered; that I was too good a fellow to be anything but the better for wine. And it took the approach of ruin to bring me to my senses. Not even your eyes"—he turned to her, his handsome face working—"looking at me with wonder and misery, as they have done half a dozen times in the last month, knocked the conceit out of me, shamed me into wisdom. The first knowledge that, instead of being something more than most men, I was below them, came to me when I found Cavanagh was protecting you from me—the irony of it." He took another turn about the room, then coming back to her sat down beside her.

"I must tell you something," he said. "When we smashed two days ago, we were cleaned out and had a deficit—not a big one, but something to the bad. I hunted up every one, and we have good friends"—he drew a deep breath that told her just how difficult it had been to ask help—"but they were most of them hit; it was no go. I thought we should have to get into the papers. And then there turned up a man I have never especially been friends with, somehow, and he lent me money enough to pay our liabilities, and added capital to carry on the business. He put seventy-five thousand dollars into my hands, and I have it and the firm exists, and we owe it to one man."

She stood up, her eyes shining. "How splendid!" she cried. "Godfrey, how splendid! It makes one think better of the whole human race."

"Doesn't it!" He put his arm about her shoulder. "And he shan't lose a penny of it, either. When I am sane, I can make money; it will be uphill work,

but that's all right. You should have seen old Frank's face; he almost wept, and he said it was not only our getting out of the hole, but that there was such a good fellow alive, don't you know." He looked down at her. "You want to know his name?"

"Want to know his name?" she laughed happily. "What do you think? Tell me quickly."

"Why, it's a friend of yours—it's Cavanagh." He smiled into her eyes.

She met his look a moment, then gently drew away from him, and walking to the unlit fire, pushed a log with the tip of her slipper. "Mr. Cavanagh?" she repeated slowly. "I thought—I thought he had rather the reputation of being a hard man of business?"

"He has," returned Godfrey. "It's just that that gives one a sort of lift. We've none of us known him, and now—now we do. And I asked him to come here to-night and dine," he hesitated. "I didn't want him in one way, our first evening"—he put his arms about her—"but somehow I felt as though it would be niggardly to let even twenty-four hours go by without having him know how I felt. You can't nearly break a man's neck and take his money from him, and then begin thinking of yourself. And just because I cut such a sorry figure"—he set his teeth—"why, that's my medicine—I take it."

She put her hand on his coatsleeve. "You must be tired. And look at your boots—how thoughtless I am!" she said. "Do go up and change. It's dinner-time and after."

As she finished speaking, the door opened and the maid stood in the doorway.

"Mr. Cavanagh, ma'am," she said.

"You stay with him"—Godfrey crossed the room as he spoke—"and I'll run up and change my clothes. I won't be long."

She heard him greeting Cavanagh in the hall, and in a moment, still standing rooted where she was, she saw Cavanagh enter the room and come toward her.

There was silence between them; it grew heavy on the air.

Mrs. Featherstone took a step toward her visitor.

"You have put me in a dilemma."

Her voice was husky and very low. "What am I to do?"

His usual dark, ruddy color left him.

"To do?" he repeated. "A dilemma? I don't understand."

She made an impassioned gesture.

"How can I let Godfrey take this money when——?" she stopped.

"You have forgotten," returned the young man almost savagely, "that when we had our conversation on the subject of my feelings toward you, you forbade me ever to refer to it again. I never shall. What better right have you to do so?"

She stood struck dumb.

"Did you think," he went on, "that I took this way of gaining a hold on you? Can you not see that, if I have a decent instinct in me, it silences me forever?"

Her lips parted in a sort of sigh; something was rising high in her throat.

"After to-night," he went on more hurriedly, "I can avoid seeing you. I expect to be—to be away for some time. But to-night I could not refuse Godfrey without hurting him." He paused a moment, looking straight into her eyes. "Surely you will not mistake me, you will not let a distrust of my good faith strike with one blow Godfrey's welfare and my own? If I am willing to abandon forever any chance of seeking you, I may do so, may I not? And if it happens that I am a better fellow for knowing you, you will not grudge me that?"

Mrs. Featherstone pressed one hand against her slender throat, the other she held out to him.

"Forgive me," she said.

He took her hand and looked at it as it lay within his own, then raised his eyes to hers. They were usually so cold in their deep setting that the brilliant shining of them now was like a fire, and startled her and warmed her too.

"Thank you," he said, and let her fingers go.

"Dinner is served," said the maid, and an instant later Godfrey came toward them. His fair hair was brushed as straight as the curl would allow; his sunburnt fairness brought a sense of vitality into the room.

"Isn't this a relief after the wet heat in town?" he said. "Will you take in Mrs. Featherstone?" and they went in to dinner.



A MOTHER knelt on the tessellated floor of the Temple of Fate, praying earnestly for boons for her unborn infant. The pavement was rich with colored marbles and precious stones, the grateful gifts of generations of votaries. Before her in a niche stood the shrine of the goddess—inscrutable, ineffable, an unending mystery.

Of a sudden, as she knelt there, an opalescent cloud seemed to fill the sculptured niche as with a halo of glory. It was oval in shape, and intangible in substance; but it opened slowly, dispersing itself in pale-blue smoke, and disclosed to view, sphinx-like, the visible form of the goddess.

"What would you have of me?" she asked, in strangely familiar tones, yet echoing from the past, the present and the future.

The mother looked up, overjoyed though terrified. "I ask gifts," she cried, "for my unborn babe, whom I bring on my bended knees as thy votary."

The goddess leaned forward in her blandest mood. To one in ten thousand she assumes that demeanor. For caprice is to her the very breath of life: she makes one happy, and myriads miserable.

"Take what you will," she answered, smiling. "Your prayer has moved me. But take my advice as well, and be guided by me in the blessings you crave for him."

"What better could I ask, O Fate?" the mother answered, all tremulous. "I put him in your hands. Do what you think is best for him."

The goddess looked down upon her with quite human affability. How affable she can be in her moments of good humor!

"Well, then," she began, "I suppose, first of all, you wish him to be successful."

The mother's voice trembled a little. She had a true woman's sense that duty should come first and success only afterward—not knowing that these two are forever sundered. "I would wish him to be good," she said, "O Fate, if it is all the same to you."

The goddess stroked her own face. "Yes, he may be good enough," she replied, in a dubitative accent. "That is to say, about as good as the average of his countrymen. Of course, I would advise you not to let him be criminal: he should avoid open theft, deeds of violence, perhaps mere swindling. On the whole, I wouldn't even let him go into bubble companies. But he mustn't be *too* good—morally earnest, I mean—in advance of his time—in one word, quixotic. I take it for granted what you aim at is to make him happy. Now, his happiness, I assure you, will be best subserved by keeping him in the center, as it were, removed from all extremes: neither too good nor too bad; neither virtuous nor vicious. He should just attain the average moral level of his well-to-do contemporaries. Men who fall below that standard are apt to get into trouble: imprisonment for fraud, or at least exposure and expatriation, await them. Men who rise much above it have a far harder time: they are persecuted and misunderstood, and are martyrs to conscience. Here in my wallet I have plenty of good, safe, conventional moral characters to bestow. Be guided by me; accept one of these for your beloved child; and be convinced of this truth: *medio tutissimus ibit*."

The mother bowed her head. "As you will," she said meekly. "You, Fate, know best. Who am I that I should oppose you?"

"That's well," the goddess replied, quite pleased at her acquiescence; for mortals as a rule are so *very* unreasonable. "I see at a glance you're a practical woman. And now, as to intellect? You'd like him, I take it, to be moderately clever."

"I should like him," the mother answered, "to be wise and able, a lover of lovely things, beautiful-souled and poetical."

The goddess frowned. "You mean well," she answered; "but I see you don't know how to adapt your means to the end you have in view for him. You wish him to be happy. Now, if you'll listen to me, you won't ask any such useless gifts as those for his happiness. What is wanted for success is a good, sound, able, mediocre intelligence. He should see just far enough ahead to know what is coming in the immediate future. He should have excellent practical parts; be fitted to take events at the turn of the tide; know how to use them to his own advantage. He should be adapted to his environment. Poetical ideas and beautiful aspirations would only be in the way for him; they are mere will-o'-the-wisps which divert a man from the serious pursuit of success and happiness. Deep insight and a wide outlook are almost equally dangerous. They lead men astray from the lodestar of self into the devious by-ways of philanthropy, speculation, the good of posterity, the general advantage. Short views are best; narrow horizons safest. I have always fancied those men get on most in the world who have fair average intellects, great energy and determination, no marked philosophic or poetical bent, and a steady resolution to succeed before everything. Very high intelligence, like a very noble moral character, leads only, as a rule, to failure and misery. Commonplace pays. If you wish me to give a disposition of that sort to your unborn child, you may rest perfectly satisfied I shall have done just the happiest I can for his future."

The mother's face quivered. A tear hung glistening on her long dark lashes.

"That was hardly the dream I had cherished for him," she murmured, with some natural human regret. "It is sad to resign it. But since it is for his happiness, O Fate, work your will with him."

The goddess bent down, still more gracious than ever. "That's right," she answered. "I seldom have met so sensible a mother. Put your case in my hands, and I'll do everything for your boy. I'll give him sound health, an excellent digestion, moderate good looks—too much is apt to turn a man into a puppy—a medium intelligence, firm logical grasp of all middle principles, respectability, conventional morality, and no fads of any sort. I will make him, all round, a strong, able, vigorous, strenuous, unimaginative, unemotional, ordinary man. In the struggle for existence, he will rise of himself to the top like a cork in water. Of course, I will give him just enough taste in literature and art to enable him to enjoy himself; but he shall never be troubled with yearnings and aspirations, ideals in life, or passionate sympathy for suffering humanity. Subscriptions to charities will suffice his soul; he will prefer Gilbert and Sullivan to Ibsen or Wagner. In short, he will thoroughly understand and make the best of the present, while he will be troubled with no foolish qualms about the future."

"And what would you do about the choice of a walk in life for him?" the mother asked dubiously.

"Oh, as to that," Fate replied, "it's absolutely indifferent. With the qualities I have bestowed upon him, he is sure to succeed, whatever you do with him. If he goes into the army, he'll rise to be Field-Marshal and be given a peerage; if he prefers the bar, he'll sit upon the wool-sack; if he chooses the church, he'll die an Archbishop. Literature and art I do not recommend; but even there, he would be sure of a popular triumph. However, you can safely leave all that to himself. Priest or soldier, he will know on which side his bread is buttered."

And the mother rose from her knees with tears trickling down her cheek. For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul—his own higher nature?

OLD FRENCH ROMANCES.

III.—KING FLORUS AND THE FAIR JEHANE.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

AFTER "Aucassin and Nicolette," the prettiest story which such lovers of old French literature as Mr. Lang and William Morris have rediscovered for us is the "Tale of King Florus and the Fair Jehane." Also, it comes to us in its English dress with the advantage of having been translated by William Morris. It is one of the happiest, least mannered, of his translations.

With its central incident we have all been familiar since we read "Cymbeline"—the wager about a wife's honor. Shakespeare, of course, found his motive in Boccaccio, who again found it somewhere in folk-literature, in which all over the world it is of common occurrence.

The story really ought to be called the "Tale of Squire Robin and the Fair Jehane"—for King Florus is brought in for little more than decoration. As I have hinted before, the old medieval romancers were great snobs. No doubt they had to be. They depended for their livelihood on the fashionable, moneyed class, called in those days "the great" and in later times "the quality." No one under the degree of a knight could be permitted to love within their high-bred pages. So the author of "King Florus and the Fair Jehane" evidently felt that the loves of a high-born lady and a simple squire, however beautiful and humanly touching, needed to be set in a gilded frame of royalty to make the picture acceptable to eyes polite. The picture could be taken out of the frame, with the greatest ease, and the real story remain complete.

King Florus, indeed, has hardly more to do with it than the conventional "Prince" in the envoy of a ballade has to do with the ballade. It is apparent that in his heart the old romancer cared little for Kings and Princes, for, after telling us in perfunctory, formal fashion that there was once a King who "had to name King Florus of Ausay," married to the daughter of the Prince of Brabant—both happy, God-fearing young people, who governed well and led useful lives—he, with undisguised eagerness, leaves them at once to tell of "a knight who dwelt in the marches of Flanders and Hainault."

Now this knight "had to wife a full fair dame of whom he had a much fair daughter, who had to name Jehane and was then of the age of twelve years. Much word was there of this fair maiden; for in all the land was none so fair." As Jehane was now twelve years old,

her mother was naturally anxious to have her married, and she was forever "admonishing" her husband on the subject; but he was so taken up with "tournays" that he gave it but little thought.

However, one day as he rode away from tourney with his valiant and well-beloved Squire Robin, he gave the subject serious attention. Robin, it must be said, had, quite innocently, promised his lord's wife to recall the matter to the knight's mind. The knight had done so well at the tourney, borne off "the praise and the prize"—"by means of the good deeds of Robin, his squire"—that he was in an accessible mood. The romancer gives us no hint that Robin had any ulterior motive when he impressed upon his lord that it was high time he should betroth his daughter. The outcome of his importunity seems to have been as little foreseen by him as by the reader. The romancer never speaks of the knight by name, but he has succeeded in making him live for us as a singularly attractive, simple, honest, warm-hearted man—a man whom one can imagine going on "tournays" if for no other reason than to escape the "polite" atmosphere of his wife's drawing-room. The conversation between him and his squire deserves to be read in its entirety, it gives the man so well: "'Robin, thou and thy lady give me no peace about the marrying of my daughter; but as yet I know and see no man in my land unto whom I would give her.' 'Ah, sir,' said Robin, 'there is not a knight in thy land who would not take her with a good will.' 'Fair friend Robin, they are of no avail, all of them; and forsooth to no one would I give her, save to one man only, and he forsooth is no knight.' 'Sir, tell me of him,' said Robin, 'and I shall speak to him so subtilly that the marriage shall be made.' 'Certes, Robin, thou hast served me exceedingly well, and I have found thee a valiant man, and a loyal, and such as I be thou hast made me, and great gain have I gotten by thee, to wit, five hundred pounds of land; for it was but a little while that I had but five hundred, and now have I a thousand, and I tell thee that I owe much to thee: wherefore will I give my fair daughter unto thee, if thou wilt take her.' 'Ha, sir,' said Robin, 'God's mercy, what is this thou sayest? I am too poor a person to have so high a maiden, nor one so fair and so rich as my damsel

is; I am not meet thereto. For there is no knight in this land, be he never so gentle a man, but would take her with a good will.' 'Robin, know that no knight of this land shall have her, but I shall give her to thee, if thou will it; and thereto will I give thee four hundred pounds of my land.' 'Ha, sir,' said Robin, 'I deem that thou mockest me.' 'Robin,' said the knight, 'wot thou surely that I mock thee not.' 'Ha, sir, neither my lady nor her great lineage will accord hereto.' 'Robin,' said the knight, 'naught shall be done herein at the will of any of them. Hold! here is my glove. I invest thee with four hundred pounds of my land, and I will be thy warrant for all.' 'Sir,' said Robin, 'I will naught naysay it; fair is the gift since I know that is soothfast.' 'Robin,' said the knight, 'now hast thou the rights thereof.' Then the knight delivered to him his glove, and invested him with the land and his fair daughter."

But, as may be imagined, this disposal of her daughter's hand was little to the taste of the ambitious and elegant mother. She calls her family together—"her brothers and her nephews and her cousins germain"—and they plead with the knight. He acts with his usual common sense. There are many rich men amongst them, he says: will any one of them give her four hundred pounds of land? If so, he will give her elsewhere.

"A-God's name," is their answer, "we be naught fain to lay down so much."

"Well, then," said the knight, "since ye will not do this, then suffer me to do with my daughter as I list."

"Sir, with a good will," said they.

Thereupon the knight made a knight of Squire Robin, and Robin and Jehane were wedded next day.

And here the tale begins. Robin had made a vow to visit the shrine of St. James the day after his knighting—whatever that day should be. It chanced to be his marriage-day, but none the less Robin was firm on his vow, in spite of criticism. Every one, including his old master and friend, took it ill of him. Yet his determination remained unshaken. Among others who mocked him was a certain Sir Raoul, a black-hearted knight who offered to bet four hundred pounds of land that he would win away the Fair Jehane's love before Sir Robin's return. Sir Robin takes the bet gaily, and takes the road for "Saint Jakem."

Now, while Sir Robin is away, Sir Raoul tries every means in his power to win his wager, but in vain. Finally, a few days before Sir Robin's return, by the treachery of her waiting-maid he



Drawn by Louis Rhead.

SIR ROBIN AND THE FAIR JEHANE.


surprises Jehane as she is taking the rare bath of the Middle Ages, and descries a mole upon her right thigh. The reader will here, of course, recall "Cymbeline."

On Sir Robin's return, Sir Raoul boldly claims the forfeit, and for token that he has really won his wager he imparts to Sir Robin the information thus foully obtained.

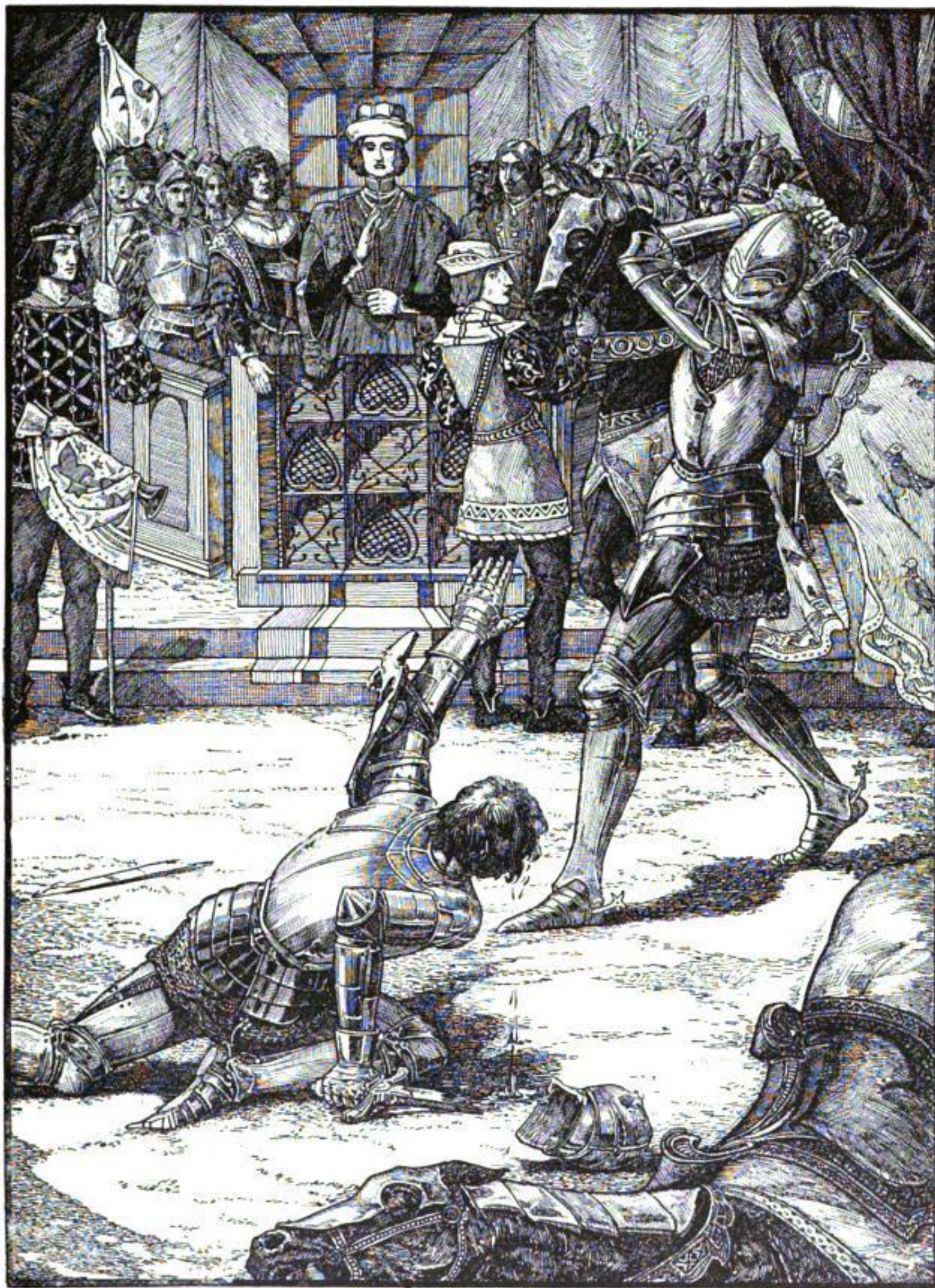
Sir Robin on the morrow pays his forfeit to Sir Raoul, and rides away once more, sad of heart, to Paris. But he is

hardly on the road before Jehane is after him. Here the old romancer tells his story so charmingly that it is sacrilege to attempt to retell it.

"On the first hour of the night," we read, "the lady arose, and took all pennies that she had in her coffer, and took a nag and a harness thereto, and gat her to the road; and she had let shear her fair tresses, and was otherwise arrayed like to an esquire. So much she went by her journeys that she presently came to



Paris, and went after her lord; and she said and declared that she would never make an end before she found him. Thus she rode like to a squire. And on a morning she went forth out of Paris, and wended the way towards Orleans until she came to the Tomb Isory, and there she fell in with her lord, Sir Robin. Full fain she was when she saw him, and she drew up to him and greeted him, and he gave her greeting back and said: 'Fair friend, God give thee joy!' 'Sir,' said she, 'whence art thou?' 'Forsooth, fair friend, I am of old Hainault.' 'Sir, whither wendest thou?' 'Forsooth, fair friend, I wot not right well whither I go, nor where I shall dwell. Forsooth, needs must I where fortune shall lead me; and she is contrary enough; for I have lost the thing in the world that most I ever loved; and she also hath lost me. Withal I have lost my land, which was great and fair enough. But what hast thou to name, whither doth God lead thee?' 'Certes, sir,' said Jehane, 'I am minded for Marseilles on the sea, where is war as I hope. There would I serve some valiant man, about whom I shall learn me arms if God will. For I am so undone in mine own country that therein for a while of time I may not have peace. But, sir, meseemeth that thou be a knight, and I would serve thee with a right good will if it please thee. And of my company wilt thou be naught worsened.' 'Fair friend,' said Sir Robin, 'a knight am I verily. And where I may look to find war, thitherward would I draw full willingly. But tell me what thou hast to name?' 'Sir,' said she, 'I have to name John.' 'In a good hour,' quoth the knight. 'And thou, sir, how hight thou?' 'John,' said he, 'I have to name Robin.' 'Sir Robin, retain me as thine esquire, and I will serve thee to my power.' 'John, so would I with a good will. But so little of money have I that I must needs sell my horse before three days are worn. Wherefore I wot not how to do to retain thee.' 'Sir,' said John, 'be not dismayed thereof, for God will aid thee if it please him. But tell me where thou wilt eat thy dinner?' 'John, my dinner will soon be made; for not another penny have I than three sols of Paris.' 'Sir,' said John, 'be naught dismayed thereof, for I have hard on ten pounds Tournais, whereof thou shalt not lack.' 'Fair friend John, hast thou mickle thanks.'



Drawn by Louis Rhead.

SIR ROBIN SHOWS MERCY TO THE TREACHEROUS SIR RAOUL.

"Then made they good speed to Montlhéry: there John dight meat for his lord and they ate. When they had eaten, the knight slept in a bed and John at his feet. When they had slept, John did on the bridles, and they mounted and gat to the road." But, alas! nobody wanted soldiers in Marseilles, and, as it was palpably impossible

for a newly made knight to do anything else but fight, there seemed nothing for Sir Robin or his Squire John to do but presently starve.

But here Squire John's accomplishments as a woman come charmingly to the rescue; he makes this proposal:

"'Sir,' said John, 'I have yet well an hundred sols of Tournay, and if it please thee, I will sell our two horses, and make money thereby: for I am the best of bakers that ye may wot of; and I will make French bread, and I doubt me not but I shall earn my spending well and bountifully.' 'John,' said Sir Robin, 'I grant it thee to do all as thou wilt.'

"So on the morrow John sold the two horses and bought corn and let grind it, and fell to making French bread so good that he sold it for more than the best baker of the town might do; and he did so much within two years that he had well an hundred pounds of chattels."

Can one ever eat French bread again without thinking of Sir Robin and his faithful squire?

The fairy-bakery continued so successful that the ambitious Squire John designs to open a hostel. "I rede thee well," he says to Sir Robin, "that we buy us a very great house, and take to harboring good folk."

Sir Robin agrees with the condescending grace of a born aristocrat. Things went so well with Squire John's loyal industry that "Sir Robin had his palfrey, and went to eat and drink with the most worthy of the town, and John sent him wine and victual so all they that haunted his company marveled thereat."

So five years went by, and all this time Sir Robin had never recognized his wife in the faithful squire. Nor did Sir Raoul recognize her either, passing through Marseilles and inevitably putting up at Squire John's hotel on his way to penitential pilgrimage through the Holy Land. Sir Raoul's priest had imposed this penance upon him, and he had promised that on his return he would make confession of his crime and restitution of his wrongfully gotten lands. All this he confides unsuspectingly to Squire John.

After a while Squire John works on his master to bring about his return to his own country. Seven years have they been in Marseilles, and grown rich. But Sir Robin hesitates. Squire John reassures him, and adds, "Doubt thou nothing, for in all places, if it please God, I shall earn enough for thee and for me." At last Sir Robin consents.

Now when Sir Robin and Squire John arrived in their own country, they found that Sir Raoul had repented him of his pious impulse to confession and that he still held Sir Robin's lands. Sir Robin thereon challenges him to battle, and does so mightily against him that Sir Raoul begs for his mercy—and, that being granted him, goes overseas and so out of the story. Sir Robin's victory, however, seems but a barren one for him, for his wife is gone no man knows whither, and his faithful squire has not been seen for a fortnight. Both, however, are all this time comfortably hidden in the boudoir of a friendly cousin of the Fair Jehane, engaged in making "four pair of gowns"—"of Scarlet, of Vair, of Perse, and of cloth of silk"—and in nursing the womanly beauty which had no doubt lost a little of its bloom and delicacy in the disguise of Squire John.

When Jehane is adjudged to be once more her fair self, she is revealed duly to her husband. So great was their joy at meeting again that they embraced together "for the space of the running of two acres or ever they might sunder."

And very soon after, Squire John is also restored to the lord he has so faithfully served.

"Thus," as the old romancer charmingly says, "were these two good persons together."

There, properly, the story ends; but beauty and virtue such as the Fair Jehane's cannot be finally rewarded by anything short of a royal marriage. So, after many years of happiness, Jehane is left a widow, and is in due time sought in marriage by King Florus, who, all this long while, has been vainly hoping for an heir to his kingdom. His first loved wife, of whom mention was made at the beginning of the story, has, at the instance of his disappointed subjects, been placed in a nunnery; and a second wife has died leaving him still childless.

In his widowerhood, friends bring him report of the beauty and wisdom of the Fair Widow Jehane, and at length he sets out to sue for her hand. This she gives him with appropriate ceremonies—and this time the prayers of King Florus were answered: for of their union were born a daughter who had to name Floria and a son who had to name Florence. This Florence in after days became so famous for feats of arms that "he was chosen to be Emperor of Constantinople." While the daughter Floria "became queen of the land of her father, and the son of the King of Hungary took her to wife, and lady she was of two realms."

So, you see, we take leave of the Fair Jehane in the very finest company. But, after all, one likes to think of her best in that little French bakery at Marseilles. Was there ever a prettier fairy-tale of the devotion of woman?

A STORY OF THE BIG TIMBER.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

THE snow was six feet deep on the level around Lavery's camp. There was a little opening in the evergreen canopy of the forest overhead, and the stars in the cold zenith shivered as one looked at them through the blast of heat and smoke that rose from the chimney. I stood many a night at the door of the big log shanty and saw the sparks shoot up and crackle in the leeward boughs of hemlock. It was forty miles to the clearing on the southern side of the camp, but at every point in the northern semicircle of the compass there was a trackless and unmeasured deep of timber. At a certain opening in the ridge, near Lavery's, one could look ten miles across a rolling sea of green parted by the frozen waters of the Ottawa that lay like a belt of white in the valley. The "big skid" flanked the river at the end of the trail down which "hawbuck" and teamster started in sulky silence before daylight, and up which they came hallooing merrily at supper-time. Then the "hawbucks" stalled their oxen in the big shed, and the teamsters put away the horses that came in hoary with frost. I was the cook's helper at Lavery's and had won fleeting fame in the tossing of flapjacks. My hand had lifted the flapjack to a proud position of indispensability on the upper Ottawa. For the rest, beans and molasses, salt pork and potatoes, bread and butter and apple-sauce were the most popular items in the "filling." The table was spread before the roaring fire of logs every evening, and the men sat down to eat in their shirt-sleeves. The keen air went to their blood like wine in the work of the day, and the shanty roared with laughter as they ate. Songs were the solace of the evening hours, while the big lumbermen lay lounging on the bunks or sat in easy attitudes around the fire. The brogue of Scotch and Irish and the quaint dialect of Frenchmen mingled in their talk. There was the brute majesty of the lion in these men as they shook the mighty muscles of breast and arm in their laughter or when the furrows moved and tightened on their brows in the stern dignity of anger.

There were a number of men who could sing doleful ballads, and one who often harangued them with mock-oratory that provoked noisy applause. The ancient game of "whack Sal," in which two men, blindfolded, struck at each other with straps, was sometimes proposed, but not unless there had been drinking, in which old grudges were apt to be revived.

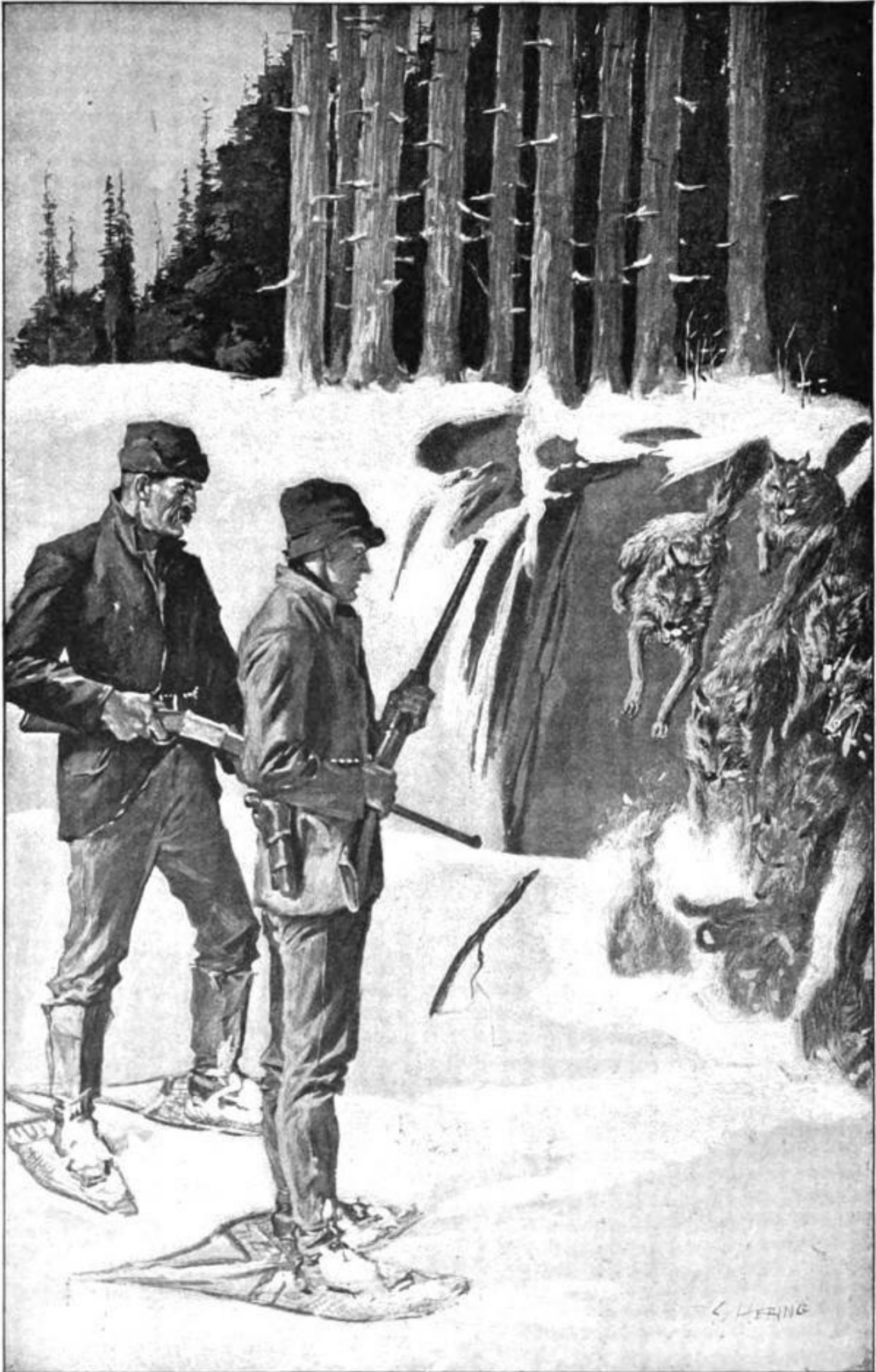
These northern woodsmen love the smell of powder and the feel of a gun. It is an inborn, overruling passion with most of them. Generally an idle hand had a gun in it, and the itching palm was one that had long been deprived of its birthright. These godless men of the forest spent their Sundays, in good weather, hunting on snow-shoes, and the roar of their guns rushed through the timber and bellowed in the distant waste. It happened sometimes that a luckless hunter ventured too far from camp and never got back for one reason or another. I heard much of one "poor Tom" who had gone away hunting of a Sunday, the winter before, and met his end somewhere in the great wilderness. Occasionally two or more of the men would wake in the dead of night when the timber-wolves were howling and get up and peer out of the window and speak of "poor Tom."

One cold Sunday morning in midwinter, I started over snow for Long Pond with a brawny Scotchman known as McVeigh. That was four miles beyond the Ottawa, and hard walking in the light snow. We wounded a caribou on the farther side of the river and followed its trail of crimson for miles to the top of the great ridge in the north, and then westward through the burnt timber. The sky was clouded over and the cold unusually severe. McVeigh seemed to know every tree in the forest, and we were continually coming upon landmarks that reminded him of a story. We had stopped a moment to light our pipes and were striding with long steps through the soft snow. The woods were silent, and I could hear only the creak of our snow-shoes and McVeigh puffing at his pipe. He halted suddenly and turned his ear to listen. I could hear then a faint

Drawn by E. Herzig.

"THE BIG LUMBERMEN . . . SAT IN EASY ATTITUDES AROUND THE FIRE."





Drawn by E. Hering.

" 'WE HEARD A SMOTHERED ROAR AN' . . . THE WHITE SNOW SHUT OVER 'EM.' "

but growing sound in the far distance back of us.

"It's wolves," said the old woodsman, "an' they're on this line o' blood. We'd better leave it an' make for the top o' the ridge."

We turned to the south at once, intending to cross the ridge and make our way down the valley to camp. It was a stiffer climb than we expected, however, with the snow-shoes, and even before we got to the top that fearful echo was ringing in the near woods. Little avalanches of snow fell on our heads as we hurried in the underbrush. We strode through the open timber at the top of our speed, and as I turned to my companion I noticed a mighty serious look in his face. He stopped suddenly and looked back a moment.

"They're out fer man-meat to-day—that's sure," he said. "I'm thinkin' we must 'a' got some o' that blood on our shoes."

There was a great slash in the timber right before us. The steep southern side had been stripped quite bare by the lumbermen for a distance above and below the track of our snow-shoes. The line of the ridge swerved northward some ten rods at this point and then came back, describing a sort of oxbow, walled with rock, a hundred feet or more in width, and the sides of it fell sharply to the river valley fifty feet below. From Sunday to Sunday the sky had been thick with snow that flew before the dry wind like down. Every flake that fell in the big slash had been driven to this rocky gore by the wind coming up the river out of the east. There was full fifty feet of snow in the deep pit, which, under a slender crust, lay light and dry as a heap of feathers. On the far side the trees stood to their boughs in the drift. The great gloomy cavern under the canopy of the forest was choked with snow. McVeigh picked up a fallen branch of dead pine as we came to the bend, then cautiously stepped out upon the dome-like top of the great drift. I was a mere boy of eighteen, and but for the coolness of my companion I should have lost my head and probably my life.

"Hold there! Step careful, now," said he, as I came running after him, frightened at the near sound of the wolves.

"Ye might go t' yer ears if ye broke it here," said McVeigh, and, as he spoke, he thrust the long rod of timber down into the heap of snow.

"See there!" he continued; "the weight o' yer finger sends it down out o' sight. We'll stop an' rest awhile an' ye'll see a bit o' fun here."

We crept, with shortened steps, to the white summit of snow near the far side of the pit, and its slender sheathing cracked and crumbled under our shoe-frames, though, fortunately, it was strong enough to hold us.

"By the living Lord!" said McVeigh, in a sharp voice, as we turned about, "look there! Stand still now! Don't move!"

There was a fearsome ring and echo in the air as the gray pack wallowed up the top of the ridge in the dead timber. There was near a score of them, so McVeigh claimed—and he would have it always that he had counted them—with legs so long, as I now remember, a fair-sized dog could walk under their bellies, and they ran in a close bunch, the snow-spray flying over them. They were the big, gray timber-wolves. Now that the danger had come close, I was quite cool, and when they stopped at the brink I actually began to count them. It seems incredible as I think of it now after all these years.

"The leaders give a jump an' the whole pack o' them stopped when I hollered," said McVeigh in telling the story, when we were safe in camp. "Then they made for us, jumpin' clear every move o' their legs. There was a fall o' six feet at the edge o' the pit an' they jumped in a bunch. The big heap o' snow trembled when they hit it an' they sunk as, if it had been water. We heard a smothered roar an' seen the splinters o' crust fly an' the white snow shut over 'em. Then it stirred like the boil in a pot an' caved an' ran down at the break like sand in a hollow, an' then, praise God! it was still." That is the end of the story.

We got to camp as quickly as our legs would take us, and told how we wallowed the wolves. The boys listened with much interest, but not a man would believe us! The first big thaw that came, we took them over and showed them what there was there in the deep of the pit.

The Revenge of Decatur

By GEORGE CIBBS

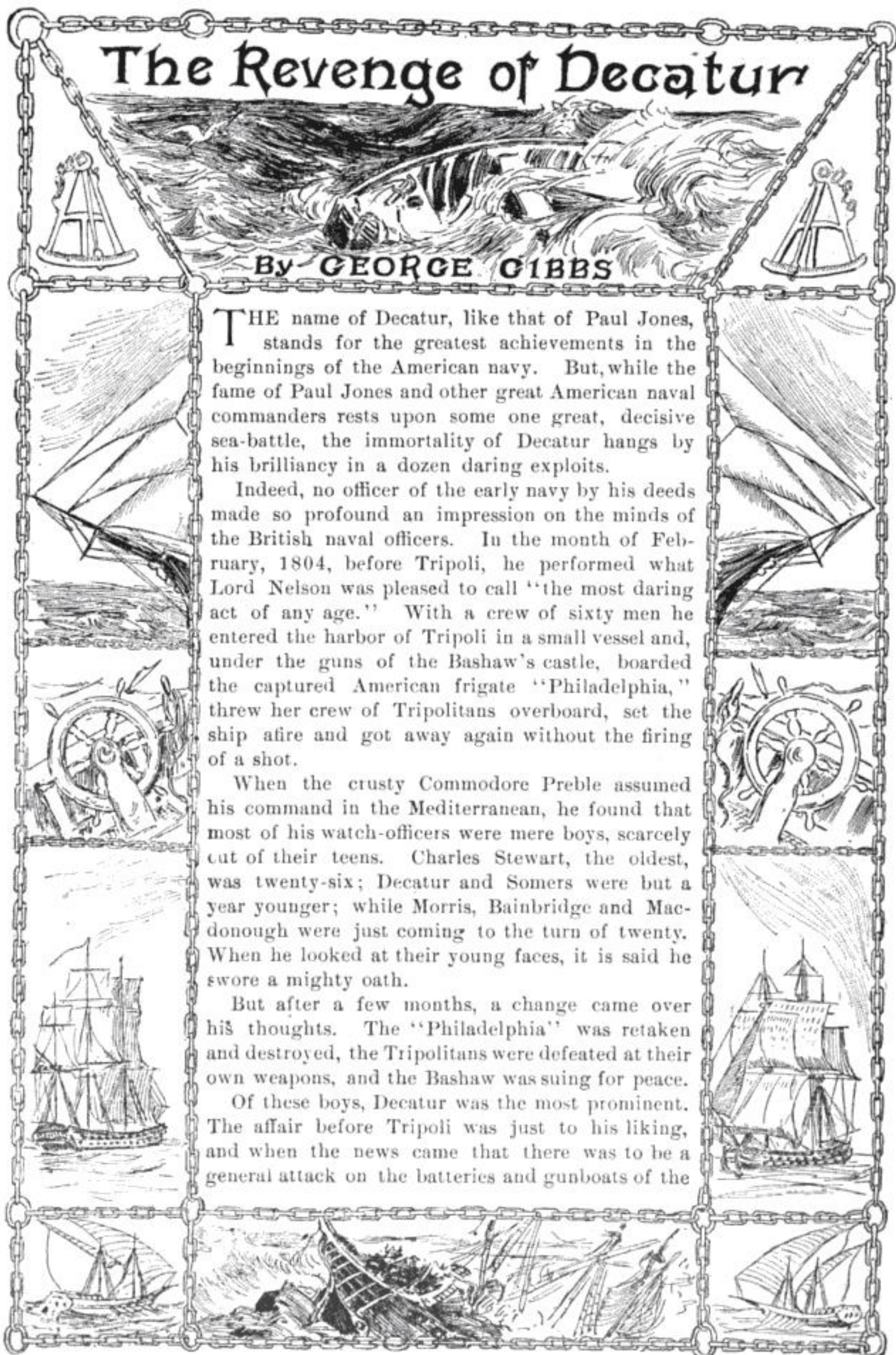
THE name of Decatur, like that of Paul Jones, stands for the greatest achievements in the beginnings of the American navy. But, while the fame of Paul Jones and other great American naval commanders rests upon some one great, decisive sea-battle, the immortality of Decatur hangs by his brilliancy in a dozen daring exploits.

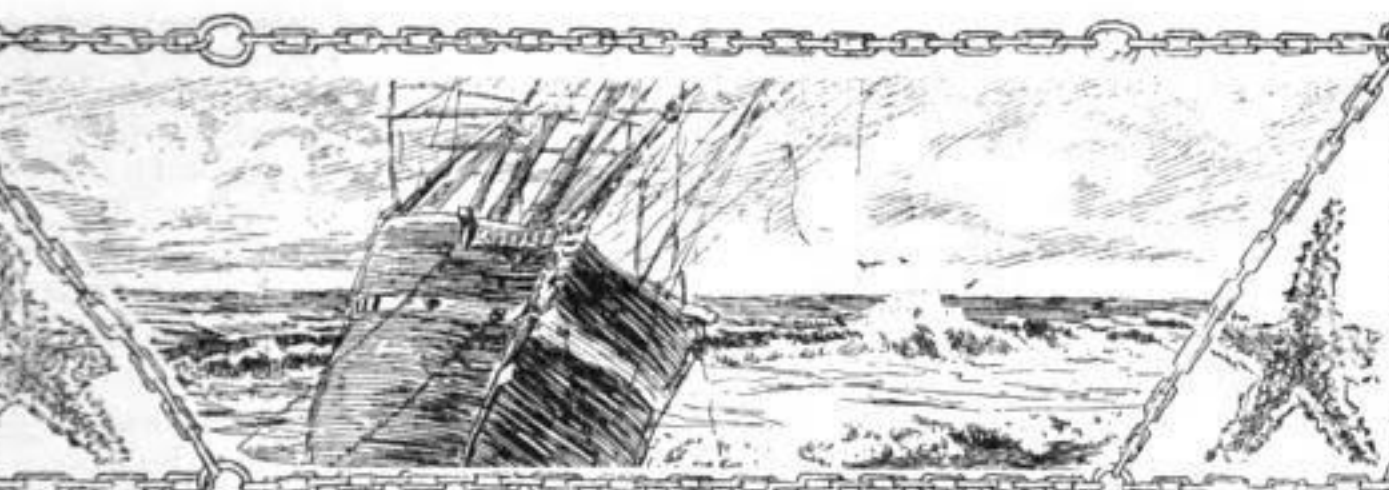
Indeed, no officer of the early navy by his deeds made so profound an impression on the minds of the British naval officers. In the month of February, 1804, before Tripoli, he performed what Lord Nelson was pleased to call "the most daring act of any age." With a crew of sixty men he entered the harbor of Tripoli in a small vessel and, under the guns of the Bashaw's castle, boarded the captured American frigate "Philadelphia," threw her crew of Tripolitans overboard, set the ship afire and got away again without the firing of a shot.

When the crusty Commodore Preble assumed his command in the Mediterranean, he found that most of his watch-officers were mere boys, scarcely cut of their teens. Charles Stewart, the oldest, was twenty-six; Decatur and Somers were but a year younger; while Morris, Bainbridge and Macdonough were just coming to the turn of twenty. When he looked at their young faces, it is said he swore a mighty oath.


But after a few months, a change came over his thoughts. The "Philadelphia" was retaken and destroyed, the Tripolitans were defeated at their own weapons, and the Bashaw was suing for peace.

Of these boys, Decatur was the most prominent. The affair before Tripoli was just to his liking, and when the news came that there was to be a general attack on the batteries and gunboats of the







Bashaw, there was great joy in wardroom as well as steerage. The Tripolitans were generally reckoned the best hand-to-hand fighters in the Mediterranean, and so any laurels in a gunboat attack would be won on equal terms.



On the morning of August 3, 1804, the American fleet, consisting of the "Constitution" frigate, six brigs and schooners, two bomb-vessels and six single gunboats, reached the African coast. The storm which had made their approach hazardous died away, and by twelve o'clock all the conditions were fair for manœuvering the gunboats past the reefs which guard the eastern entrance of the harbor.



Stephen Decatur, just commissioned as Captain, in reward for the destruction of the "Philadelphia," was given command of one division of the gunboats. Master-Commandant Richard Somers, his best friend, had the other. With a shifting breeze they bore for the Tripolitan fleet. Decatur was the first to weather the point, and it was soon apparent to him that but two other gunboats—those of his brother, Lieut. James Decatur, and Sailing-Master John Trippe—could share with him the honor of the first assault.



But he boldly shifted his helm and headed fearlessly for the Tripolitans, who with three times his force were bearing down to meet him. Soon the Mussulmans' shot were whistling through the rigging and striking all around the little craft.

In a few moments, when he came close to one of the larger vessels, Decatur gave the order to fire, and at the same moment shifted his helm quickly and lay the Tripolitan alongside.

A short but very fierce combat ensued. The Tripolitan vessel was divided amidships by an open



hatchway. Giving the enemy a volley of pistol-bullets, Decatur dashed down one gangway and Thorn and Macdonough down the other. In all they were but twenty-five men, but so furious was their charge that the Turks were all cut down or driven overboard.

Meanwhile, the other gunboats which had weathered the point were in the thick of the fighting. James Decatur came alongside one of the largest Turkish vessels and sent in so telling a fire from his long-gun that the Tripolitan immediately struck his colors. The Turkish Captain, seeing how few were the Americans, leveled his pistol at Decatur and fired. The officer sank into the arms of one of his men, dead.

After this dreadful act of treachery and murder, the Mussulmans' vessel drifted away and was soon flying for the shelter of the protecting batteries. Stephen Decatur saw the Turkish vessel speeding away, but not until a boat dashed alongside of him did he learn of the murder of his brother. With scarce a moment's delay, he cast off the line with which he was towing his prize to safety, and getting out his sweeps, set after the fleeing enemy. Macdonough, on the forecastle, again and again fired at the retreating craft, the shot striking under the counter and in the sweeps of the oarsmen, among whom there were soon signs of disorganization. Decatur's tars drew up on the Tripolitan, who, seeing that further effort to escape was useless, put over his helm and prepared to receive the Americans.

Decatur poured in a deadly fire of the musket-balls and then swung in and grappled the enemy under cover of the smoke. Before the vessels had ground together, Decatur was on the deck of the Tripolitan looking for the Captain. Presently they espied each other and sprang forward at the same moment. Decatur was not six feet in height, but he was lithe and quick as a panther. The Mussulman, a giant in stature, was reckoned the most dangerous man in the Tripolitan fleet. Decatur had seized a boarding-pike, but as he lunged, the Turk with a mighty effort succeeded in

wrenching it from his hand. Decatur raised his cutlass just in time to parry the return, but the blade broke short off at the hilt. He caught the next blow on the cutlass hilt, then sprang to one side in time to save his life at the third thrust, but the pike of the Tripolitan cut him severely in the arm and chest. He knew that his only chance was at close quarters and so sprang in, clutching his burly adversary around the waist, hoping to trip him. But the man was so powerful that Decatur's arms were torn away in a moment and he found himself borne to the deck, one arm pinioned, and unable to draw another weapon. The Tripolitan was in little better position in this regard, but at last succeeded in getting his dagger loose. Another Turk was aiming a blow with a yataghan, and Decatur gave himself over for lost. He cowered, and seized the dagger-hand in death-like grasp. He saw the yataghan descending, but a shadow came between. Reuben James, a sailor, had closed in quickly and caught on his own head the blow intended for his young Captain.

Then came Decatur's opportunity. His pinioned hand came free, and he succeeded in getting a small pocket-pistol from the breast of his shirt. He pressed it against the heart of the Tripolitan and fired. As the muscles of his adversary relaxed, Decatur struggled to his feet, bruised and bleeding, but still red with the passion of the fight. Seizing a cutlass from the deck, he sprang into the thick of the turbaned figures, and in a moment turned the tide of a fight which for a time had seemed like to be his last. The Turks, discouraged by their leader's death, fled forward and were cut down without mercy. Decatur brought his prizes back to the "Constitution" in safety, but his men had suffered severely. This has been called "the biggest little fight in American naval history," and there was not a man engaged in it who did not suffer two or three serious wounds. But, although the price was heavy, there was no man of the crew who thought the revenge of Decatur too dearly bought.

IMPRESSIONS IN FRANCE: THE PROVINCIAL WIFE.

BY JULIEN GORDON.

AN American lady asked her maid, the other day, why, with every effort at economy, she found her income inadequate. This income was considered sufficient by French people who lived in comfort. While denying herself all the pleasures of existence, it was almost impossible for her to meet daily expenses. The maid—a Savoyarde who had never before left her native hills, where she had lived in the service of the provincial aristocracy and the haute bourgeoisie—replied, as she tossed up the lady's hair, "The standards, madame, of my late mistress's existence were as different from yours as hers were from her washerwoman's."

The American lady, who had penetrated into some of the interiors of Aix, Chambéry and Grenoble and found in these châteaux, villas and apartments, if not artistic taste and elegance, at least pleasant surroundings, with great neatness and order, was surprised.

Madame M., with whom the servant had remained seven years, was the wife of an official—a man who made speeches at public conclaves, received ambulant dignitaries, attended state banquets; a man of importance, something of a personage. He was supposed to live well, and in fact did so. Closely questioned, the *femme de chambre* unfolded to the interested American more than the glimpse afforded by a half-hour's call in the shaded salon of well-dressed and polite women.

From the day of her marriage—although she had brought her husband some fortune—Madame M.'s expenses as well as her conduct were absolutely guided and controlled by her husband. She would, indeed, have been in fear of expending a franc without his permission. For her own toilet and that of her daughter, a school-girl, she was accorded the sum yearly of one thousand francs, or two hundred dollars; upon this he expected that she and the *fillette* should always present a refined appearance.

"But how was this possible?"

"My lady and her little girl," said the maid, "were always well-dressed. Most of her day was passed at home. She wore few boots and shoes, because she never

'took walks.' In the house she wore neat though cheap slippers and a dark, short peignoir—dark and without a train that it might less easily become soiled. The street-costume was never put on except for visiting, an occasional afternoon at the *cercle* to hear the music, or la messe of a Sunday. Upon return to the house, this dress and her hat were immediately brushed and carefully laid away. She never went out when it rained."

On her jour, a satin gown, which was expected to last several years—being duly refashioned for the changed mode—was donned; this also did service for calls of unusual ceremony. One rich velvet, a part of the trousseau, was the evening accoutrement of half a lifetime. This also was skilfully manipulated into new shapes with the added grace of a fresh gleam of jet or gold or a touch of lace. There was one handsome fan kept specially for dinner-parties. These were rare. Invitations were few. As to the toilet-table, all Frenchwomen use *poudre de riz*, but the creams and delicate perfumes, sachets, expensive soaps and essences—usual accessories to a dainty Yankee's arsenal—are unknown to the bourgeoisie or economical aristocrat. It is a fact that these articles, which are so widely fabricated in France, are almost exclusively for foreign usage, and are provided to our American market in such quantities that they are cheaper in New York than in Paris.

The wash-bill was closely inspected. A table-cloth had been known to last more than a fortnight, the family taking extreme care of it! If a spot fell from a careless hand, a clean napkin concealed it at the next meal.

In Monsieur M.'s library were some historical, scientific and political works; these alone were supplied for the wife's delectation. She was not allowed to choose or purchase for herself any lighter literature, even a subscription to the circulating library being frowned upon. An occasional novel was smuggled to her under the *bonne's* apron, with urgent insistence that "the mari shouldn't know of it!"

In fact, the mari in a French household

is rather the enemy to be placated than the benevolent deity for sacrifice and love. Yet, though the French husband is hardly a lover, allured and alluring, the Frenchwoman, through her natural coquetry, still desires, it seems, to be attractive in his eyes.

To all social functions, however insignificant, the husband invariably accompanies the wife. When it bores him to go with her, she stops at home.

Meals with the French are a pleasure lingered over, slowly enjoyed; no hurry abridges the sacred rite. And the wisdom of this is apparent, in that leisurely digested food nourishes and the nervous prostration due to imperfect assimilation is less prevalent than with us. The table is nicely served, and excellent even in modest households: soup, fish, roast—always several dishes—a vegetable, fruit, cheese, wines at both breakfast and dinner. But not a crumb is wasted, not a drop thrown away.

The lady's time is spent with her children, in the detailed care of her household, sewing, and, in idler moments, at her embroidery.

"Then, madame," said the maid, "look at the mail!" Every day an American lady of position receives her bundle of newspapers, her magazines, books, letters, from all over the world. These are frequently insufficiently stamped, requiring payment before delivery. There are the answers to all these. The postage of such a correspondence is a large item, at which a thrifty ménage in France would look twice. Madame M. received a couple of letters in a month, possibly wrote one.

Then, there is no traveling. Madame M. considered a trip from Aix to Annecy sufficient for the year's change of scenery and atmosphere. Monsieur occasionally took a longer journey on public or private business. In fact, all extra expenditure or self-indulgence was invariably the husband's, not the wife's. Her limitations were as definite as the laws of the Decalogue. "Thou shalt not spend," was her *vade-mecum*.

A male visitor is unknown to provincial French ladies unless accompanied by his wife, and even her women friends she rarely sees *en tête-à-tête*. Her relatives she receives in her bedroom *en robe de chambre*, but the general visitor is ex-

cluded except on the jour; thus the fire, flowers and lights, which are provided for this reception-day, are saved.

If her husband is much occupied, she has little daily companionship with any one except the *bonne*. This is usually deprecated by the husband, who desires her to "hold her rank."

Madame M. had lately died—young—and the maid inadvertently dropped the comment that she didn't think she was very anxious to live; she had made no special effort to get well. When asked why, the maid reflected and then astutely answered, "I think she was ennuyée."

Here then lies, in a nutshell, the gist of Flaubert's remarkable study of Madame Bovary. For the mediocre, this stifled monotony suffices. To a woman of brains, energy, or of that beauty which demands homage as its due, it means death.

It made of Flaubert's heroine a criminal. Critics praise him for his calm, impassive attitude toward his unfortunate puppet. We, on the contrary, seem to see in his cynical vivisection that contemptuous hatred which would animate the French bourgeois who has tried in vain to clip the wing which beats to soar. The soaring may be a mean business enough, vicious, corrupt and low; but the tragedy remains, the tragedy of futile hopes, unprofitable effort, crushing defeat! For in the veins of her who is not mediocre has crept the spirit of the times, with its unrest, its dissatisfaction, its demands. The feminist struts boldly before the appalled vision of the conservative Frenchman. What shall be done with her?

In the mean while, it is no doubt more expensive to be free than to be fettered, unless indeed a woman uses her freedom as a source of income. It is perhaps not surprising that women who accept the conditions of which we have spoken, while doubtless admirable in many respects, must remain timid and narrow. It may explain what an intelligent Frenchman said to us when we asked him why the French colonies were deserts: "It is the fault of our mothers. They will not let us go, nor will they give their daughters to pioneers. They have killed our colonies."

These women will have to learn that stagnation is not profit.



SOME of you may recollect the story of Loose-heels, otherwise Lucille's, where the road above the fishing-village branches into two, with a sign-post at the angle; and of the marsh behind it and the two Outlandish Ladies who dwelt there and died and left the monkey-flowers which bloom to this day in the marsh and along the banks of the stream below. But I did not tell you how the stream brought them to Monsieur Benest; and indeed Monsieur Benest did not come into the tale at all. "One thing at a time," said the Mayor of Tregarrick, when a thief stole a watch with a second-hand.

When first Monsieur Benest appeared in the village with his wooden leg and took lodgings with Mrs. Carnarthur, next door to the three Pilchards, every one set him down for a Guernsey merchant; and so for a whole week, though a good many whispered, nobody asked his business openly—for where the trade was concerned our folks used to say that a still tongue makes a wise head, and acted on it. But in the end Parson Morth let out and made no secret that the lodger was a French prisoner of war on parole, and had been chef de hune, or chief petty officer, of the "Embuscade" frigate captured a year before by Sir John Warren. In this action Monsieur Benest had lost his leg, and perhaps the loss accounts for the indulgence shown him on leaving hospital; though the parson hinted that many Frenchmen of high birth found it prudent, during the Terror, to change their names and take up with callings

below their real rank. Certainly it seems odd that a mere petty officer should have been allowed to live on parole beside a haven where, for two pounds and less, he might have found a boat any night of the week to smuggle him over to Roscoff. But there he was, and there he stayed; and Parson Morth, as the nearest justice of the peace, seemed quite easy in mind over it.

Well, as it turned out, the parson had no call to trouble. In the course of the first week he and his prisoner marked out the bounds together—Talland Church gate to the east; to the west the white stone over the Udder mark; these were for coast walks—and up the coombe, inland, the cross-roads below Loose-heels. These were the limits, and Monsieur Benest kissed the book upon them.

And after a while the folks came to know he would lose his life sooner than pass one of those boundaries by a yard. When his walks brought him to one or the other, it would be wheel and turn and home again like a man who could look the world in the face. At first, though, he walked very little—being awkward, as yet, with his wooden leg—and seemed happier tending the big geranium on Mrs. Carnarthur's house-wall, or pottering about the quay and chattering with the children or letting them chatter. The youngsters worshiped him, not for the halfpennies only—though he usually had one to spare and on feast-days, when the sweet-stalls arrived, he would go about with his skirt-

pockets bulging—but for his stories and rhymes and the smile he had with them, and because he was never too busy to drop his gardening and be umpire at “tig” or “prisoners’ bars.” As for stories, he was a walking cabinet des fées, and to this day the little ones on the quay-side chant over the boats a rigmarole which they do not understand and you might take for a mere string of meaningless sounds, but which in fact is the traditional form of a song which Monsieur Benest taught to their little great-grandfathers:—

“ Papa, les p’tits bateaux
Qui vont sur l’eau,
Ont-ils des jambes ?
— Mais oui, petit bête,
S’ils n’en avaient pas, ils n’ march’raient pas ! ”

Also he taught them “Giroflé, Girofla,” and “Sur le Pont d’Avignon,” and “Savez Vous Planter les Choux” (this was for the very smallest), and “La Tour, Prends Garde” (to the tune of which they played “King of the Castle”), and “Compagnons de la Marjolaine,” with its jolly chorus:—

“ Gai, gai, dessus le quai ! ”

In short, Monsieur Benest and his wooden leg and snuff-box and brown redingote and queer, three-cornered hat endeared themselves to every one; and old Zebedee Minards even offered “for love” to slip him across one night to the French coast, and was both puzzled and distressed at the wrath the offer aroused.

“There, there,” he said; “the Lord knows we don’t *want* ’ee to go. If ’twas only to pleasure ourselves, we’d keep ’ee ’long with us forever.”

As nearly as I can discover, Monsieur Benest had been lodging for close on a year in the village when the two Outlandish Ladies arrived by night and took up their abode in the cottage which came to be known as Loose-heels. No doubt, too, there was plenty of talk and speculation about them during the first week or two; but Parson Morth alone knew their nationality for certain—a “foreigner” in Cornwall is any one who comes from beyond Tamar—and, for the rest, Monsieur Benest’s head was no better than a sieve for gossip.

So it was partly by chance he learned

that they were compatriots. One spring afternoon he had stumped up the coombe and was facing about for the return journey, when from behind the garden hedge of the cottage—a stone’s throw and more beyond the sign-post which was his boundary—there came to him a voice singing in his own language:—

“ Vive Henri Quatre,
Vive le Roi Vaillant !—
Ce diable à quatre
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre
Et d’être un vert galant . . . ”

The voice was tremulous and perhaps a trifle uncertain of its upper notes; but it fetched Monsieur Benest right about face again. He stared at the hedge long and earnestly, but all he could see that day was a pea-stick waving above it.

He came again, however—not the next day, but the day after—and was rewarded by a glimpse of a “bassorny,” or purplish, cap within the gateway, beside which Parson Morth had reined up for his usual exchange of greetings.

“Bon jour, Mamzelle Henriette”—this was all the French the parson knew. And the lady would answer in English:

“Good-day, Parson Morth.”

“And Mamzelle Lucille?”

“Ah, just the same, my God! All the day stare—stare. But if you had known her beforetime, in the old days, so beautiful, so gifted! All the same, I think she loves the flowers.”

Monsieur Benest did not, of course, hear this conversation. Yet he slackened his pace as he drew near the sign-post and, I believe, would have halted and pretended to tie up a shoe-lace if his wooden leg had allowed.

He had scarcely turned homeward before Parson Morth overtook him and, in passing, gave him good-day as usual with the pun fetched out of his little store of Latinity.

“Morning to you, Monsieur Benest. Si vales, bene est—hey?”

And now Monsieur Benest became very cunning indeed. He bought a fishing-rod.

There are, I suppose, half a dozen trout at most in the stream—or, as we proudly call it, “the revvur”—between the village and Loose-heels; but I never spy one without a thought for his ancestors whom

Monsieur Benest used to hook so apologetically and so hastily restore. The poor man started with no knowledge of the art and to the end would sigh whenever his top-piece quivered with a bite. But he was forced to acquire at least a show of expertness to deceive the wayfarers, for the stream runs close beside the road, and in the end, it is even asserted, the fish came to enjoy disconcerting him, and

"For the hook strove a-good
Them to entangle."

You must understand that Monsieur Benest had no foolish illusions about the bassorny cap so cruelly separated from him by fifty yards of road and his word of honor. He knew, as did every one in the village, that the tenants of the cottage were two elderly ladies of whom one, for some reason or other, never appeared; and that they bought neither fish nor butcher's meat nor bread, but, apart from the pint of milk which the parson sent down every morning from his dairy, must depend for food upon their garden. They must be poor, then—often hungry, perhaps—these compatriots of his, shipwrecked like him, and so close to him, upon this odd angle of an unfriendly land. Also they were of gentle birth, and brave: she must be of the true blood of France who quavered out "Vive Henri Quatre" so resolutely over her digging and hoeing. Ah! Did Monsieur Benest know what it cost sometimes to chant "Gai, gai, dessus le quai!" with the proper spirit? He had thoughts, once or twice, of questioning the parson about them. But, no, he decided; he had no right to intrude upon their secret.

He was unaware that tongues wagged in wonder how the Outlandish Ladies supported life; and when a withering suspicion began to blow upon them over the mysterious disappearance of sheep from Carne farm, up the valley, he caught no breath of it. It so happened that on the fatal day in July when the populace—Parson Morth being away on a visit to Exeter—took the law into their own hands and broke into the cottage to search, Monsieur Benest had pretermitted his angling for a stroll along the cliffs. But on his return Mrs. Carnarthur brought in the tea-tray and her speech was loosened.

"It was a burning and a wanton shame . . . A dirty rabble! but the parson would teach them yet . . . two poor ladies that wouldn't hurt a fly; and one, they tell me, so horrible to look upon that the first sight drove them to doors and out through the garden. Yes, sir, some horrible disease or other . . . but only think of that pack of cowards thrusting in upon two poor women!"

Monsieur Benest set down the tea-pot, caught up his hat and stick and stumped out of the house. The most of the folks were indoors at tea, discussing the afternoon's sensation; the few he encountered got no greeting from him. He looked neither to right nor to left, heard neither the chatter of stream nor the splash of his friends the trout as they rose at the evening flies. He reached the sign-post and walked past it—yes, for the first and last time in his life—without so much as a thought for his parole. The gate of the cottage stood ajar, and he pushed it wide with his stick.

There were signs of trampling on the flower-beds; but the whole garden blazed with flowers—tall hollyhocks, carnations, sweet-peas, sweet-williams and ten-week stocks—above all, with the yellow monkey-flowers which grew so profusely in the marshy soil by the lower hedge. The air was weighted with the scent of mignonette and of the honeysuckle which climbed the wall and almost choked the climbing roses.

The cottage door stood ajar also. He thrust this open, too, and for the first time stood face to face with the little lady in the bassorny cap—Mademoiselle Henriette.

She sat by the deal table, with one arm flung across it and her small body bowed in grief. At her feet lay a scattered, trodden posy of the monkey-blossoms. In her abandonment she had not heard even the tap-tap of his wooden leg on the slates of the path. But she sprang to her feet and faced him, across the yellow blossoms.

"Mademoiselle, I have just learned—but it is infamous! Allow me—I also am French, and though you do not know me, perhaps——"

He stammered and came to a halt, for

in her eyes he read more than woe. They were accusing—yes, accusing—*him*. Of what? What had he done?

"You, monsieur! You—a French officer!"

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Your parole, monsieur—have you forgotten it? Listen, then! We know how to suffer, we Frenchwomen—the little one there who is dead, and I, who shall soon be with her—but we have kept ourselves from dishonoring our country to the end. It will soon be the end indeed, *sous-officier*: now go—go!"

She stamped her small foot on the yellow flowers, and poor Monsieur Benest turned and fled from her; nay, taking a short cut toward the sign-post in his haste, plunged his wooden leg deep in the marsh, wrenched it out of its strap, and tumbled helpless, overwhelmed with shame, as he heard the door shut behind him and the bolt drawn.

He never passed the sign-post again; never again caught a glimpse of Mademoiselle Henriette's bassorny cap. Three days later, as you know, Parson Morth broke into the cottage and discovered her seated, dead and stiff, her hands stained with digging her sister's grave.

And the cottage never had another tenant. Only Monsieur Benest continued to eye it wistfully as he cast his flies in the stream below and pondered on his offense, which Mademoiselle Henriette had died without forgiving.

But one July, two years after her death, a patch of gold appeared on the marsh beneath the hedge—a patch of the monkey-flower. Some seeds of it apparently had been blown thither or carried down by the stream.

Next July the patch had doubled its length.

"The flowers are traveling toward me," said Monsieur Benest.

And year by year the stream brought them nearer. That was a terrible July for him when they came within two feet of the sign-post; but he would not stretch a hand beyond it.

"She coquets with her forgiveness, poor Mademoiselle Henriette. But I can wait. I must not dishonor my country at the last."

Before the next July he had made sure of one plant at least on his side of the sign-post; and fished beside it day after day, waiting for the first blossom to open. But when the happy morning came and Monsieur Benest knelt beside his prize, he drew back a hand.

"But is it *quite* open?" he asked. "Better wait—since all is safe—for the sun to warm it a little longer."

And he waited, until the trout began to think themselves completely forgotten. To remind him, one of them took a fly with a splash right under his nose. Then Monsieur Benest started, and his fingers closed on the yellow blossom.

"She has forgiven," said he; "and now I can forgive myself."



ON THE MAKING OF AN ACTRESS.

BY VIOLA ALLEN.

IT may appear ungracious in the woman who has attained what is called "success" upon the stage to withhold from the novice, struggling for a foothold, any knowledge that will set her in the right direction.

Yet this advice, so often and so eagerly sought, is not easy to give, nor is it always of practical value.

To begin with, in an art where personality plays so important a part, it is well-nigh impossible to form general rules to fit each varying individual. But let the girl who desires to go upon the stage be sure beyond a doubt that Nature has started her on the road; that she is equipped at the outset with temperament, good health, a pleasing voice, a quick and ready sympathy, plenty of courage and determination, and at least a fair share of personal attractions. Absolute beauty is not necessary, though few can deny that it is desirable. But there must always be about the actress who hopes for success a general air which pleases and satisfies the

spectator. Moreover, to these natural qualifications there should without doubt be added some advantages of education and accomplishments, without which the struggle will be an unequal one.



VIOLA ALLEN AS DOÑA DOLORES IN "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

Then comes the question of special training for the stage, in which the practical knowledge of proper use of the voice takes foremost place. This may be gained from the dramatic schools or instructors, and sometimes through actual experience. The advantage of studying under competent directors is that a pupil soon learns in what vein her talent lies, and should she prove unequal to any branch of the art it will save endless suffering and bitter disappointment if she be made aware of it at the beginning.

Moreover, if she has a special

aptness for a certain field of work, an experienced teacher may discover it almost by instinct, while it might cost the pupil years of failure and bitterness before she found her proper sphere.

Then, too, the first engagement is often



AS ESMERALDA—HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

ofttimes beyond reach, and it would be in most cases highly unwise to advise such a one to borrow money on the very uncertain prospect of being able to repay from her earnings.

The other course, then, must be to apply to the various managers and dramatic agents. Only one who has attempted this can realize its difficulties. Even when the applicant is successful in obtaining an interview, the result is frequently very discouraging, for it seldom happens that a New York manager is willing to intrust a part to untried hands. The stock company, perhaps one of the many located in the various cities outside the metropolis, may afford an occasional opening to some fortunate one, should a vacancy there occur or any other opportunity arise.

The final resort, however, is what is called "going on as an extra," which means being one of a crowd of others in a scene,

obtained through talent shown in the training-school performances. But with a girl who is suddenly cast on her own resources, who feels herself suited for a dramatic career, the necessary funds for tuition are often having individual stage-business but seldom being called upon to speak a line alone. Having a line to speak is a long step forward. To this is sometimes added the chance of being made understudy for some more or less important part. Not that this should be regarded as wholly encouraging, for it may mean long, weary waiting with little gained. But, perchance, if good Dame Fortune smiles, it may lead to opportunity; and to be ready for the chance whenever it comes and to take advantage of it—therein lies the greatest hope of the beginner. Nor need the girl who is thoroughly in earnest waste a moment of her precious time even while waiting for advancement. She should acquaint herself with stage-literature, and become familiar with Shakespearean and other standard plays. Knowledge of this kind might prove of inestimable value when



AS ROSAMUND ATHELSTANE IN "SOWING THE WIND."

least expected; and as it adds to the general education and culture of an actress, every spare moment may with profit be occupied in this way.

Much is said of the remarkable financial returns from the work of the successful women of the stage, but we hear little of the vast majority who toil for just a bare living, and perhaps have the same struggle each season to procure engagements, or endure a possible loss of time and remuneration by the failure of a play or the disbandment of a company.

We hear, too, the constant cry that it is only those fortunate ones possessed of influence who can succeed upon the stage. Never was there a greater fallacy. It is true, of course, that influential friends may secure for the aspirant advantageous introductions; this might and does occur in other walks of life, but success or failure lies within oneself alone, and no amount of influence or money can make it possible for any one to act unless the gift is inherent; neither can these things make an audience



AS GLORY QUAYLE IN "THE CHRISTIAN."



IN "ARISTOCRACY."

appreciate an actress. Talent alone can bring ultimate success, and nothing can make the sympathies and approval of the public more difficult to enlist than the knowledge that "pull" is keeping an actress in the position she occupies.

While it may be true that the dramatic profession affords a woman the speediest and perhaps surest means of attaining position, influence and monetary independence, it must be remembered that success cannot come to every one who desires it. So let the girl who would win fame in the drama be sure she has the right to attempt it, be true to herself and work honestly, without ceasing.

While the player's art is largely a matter of temperament, personality and intuition, the intellect is a most important factor, softening and blending the emotions and



AS RENÉE IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE."

making the ideal picture, the substance of which is verity while the atmosphere is poetry. Rules of acting may be laid down, methods formulated, technique approved, but each artist works as she must by methods which experience has taught are best for her.

The stone over which many stumble is the temptation to imitate. All around her the novice sees actresses whose popularity, she fancies, is largely due to certain qualities and mannerisms apparently easy to analyze. If she allows herself to adopt this or that trick of speech or gesture, she not only is stamped as an imitation, but stands in grave danger of entirely losing the power to be simple, natural and sincere. Of course, the methods of others can be profitably studied, just as the man of letters reads and benefits by the works of his predecessors, but it does not seem possible to indulge in conscious imitation of

another actor's or actress' methods save at the expense of losing one's individuality. The ability to see truth, plus the power to express it in such a manner as to convince and appeal strongly to the emotions of an audience—these are rare qualities, but they are essential to the person who would win success on the stage. Without them it may be possible to entertain an audience pleasantly, but to become truly an artiste—never.

The technique of acting may, of course, be acquired, just as any one with ten fingers and plenty of patient application may acquire the mechanics of piano-playing; but the result must be like the performance of a well-tuned automatic instrument as compared with that of the musician who puts his soul into his finger-tips. Audiences are remarkably quick to detect the

soul in an actress, and their failure to find it means in every case for the actress loss of prestige.

Good training and proper development of her powers are, however, as valuable and necessary to the actress as to the aspirant in any other art or profession; but



AS VIRGINIA IN "VIRGINIUS."

surely the great sympathy, the quick imagination, the keen intuition, which transport the true actress out of herself and make her for the time think, feel and, one might almost say, be the character assumed, are not born in every one.

It is said that when Mr. Macready retired from the stage, his pet project was to establish a great school of acting; but after earnest consideration he felt that, while he could teach elocution, grace of movement, and much skill in stagecraft, he could not implant the "temperament," which is innate—the "feeling," or real emotion, which nature alone can put into the heart and mind, and so his project was reluctantly abandoned. The embellishments of acting—the externals, as I may say—can usually be acquired by intelligent study; but not the essence—not that inspiration which comes only from within, impressing a sense of reality, carrying abso-

lute conviction and defying all limitation.

The great Rachel was handicapped at the outset of her career by a harsh, rasping voice and an awkward, ungainly appearance that made even her friend and teacher, St. Aulaire, shake his head sadly and in fear for the future success of the young girl who was in such dead earnest to overcome all obstacles in the way of it; but when, as a child of twelve years, she recited the narrative of Selema in the

"Abufar," describing the horrible agony of the mother who, while expiring of thirst in the desert, gives birth to a babe, with such thrilling and convincing force that even the hardened judges of the Conservatoire forgot the displeasing guttural tones and thin, scrawny little figure before them, hearing only the awful suffering in the sound and seeing the horror in the great, luminous eyes and pinched, white face, she proved herself possessed of the

true dramatic fire, for which they so often looked in vain from the many ambitious candidates for histrionic fame who came before them year after year.

We are told that as Othello the elder Kean, while in reality low of stature, appeared to tower above his fellows by the compelling power of his genius; but when he played Iago his figure seemed to shrink to mean proportions.

Many persons can look at a subject from only one standpoint—the one which they



AS JULIET.

have been taught from youth is the correct point of view; they can feel in only one way—the conventional and proper one, of course; but the man or woman to whom are given the passion and soul for acting can, like the accomplished lawyer, adopt either side of the case—can feel with Iago as well as Othello—can put himself or herself into a state of mind or emotion entirely foreign to the native temperament and idiosyncrasies.

But surely, if it is to be any more than the means of a livelihood, before starting the struggle she should ask herself a few earnest questions: Not always, How can I get to the stage? but, What can I bring to it?

No one could seriously hope to achieve anything in so important and delicate an art with so slender a foundation as many seem disposed to build, from whence to spring forth the "dramatic diadem," which they seemingly expect they can clutch at a single bound.

Be certain that the desire to act is not mistaken for the ability to do so. The consciousness that she has it within her to do better than those who do well, would be no more than sufficient warrant for

entering the ranks. There is already a large corps of those who do fairly well in the field and who would "aspire to mediocrity or be content with failure."

After an aspirant for histrionic honors has worked earnestly for some years without recognition of any kind from her manager, she often becomes disheartened and longs to abandon a career which seems so hopeless, for anything else which may offer itself. Yet failure to win instant recognition is the rule and not the ex-

ception in almost every private history. Meteoric careers are given such publicity in the press that we often lose sight of the fact that hundreds of even, uneventful careers exist unknown to the public for every one of sudden brilliancy. The profession of acting is not one for which many are fitted, but once such a career is determined upon, the possession of staying power

is a condition precedent to success. Self-confidence and a tendency not to be easily dismayed are really necessary.

It is a general rule that the aspirant who has true intrinsic merit, coupled with perseverance, will ultimately find her opportunity to gain the success she craves. The world permits very few people to hide their light. Gen-

ius is too rare to go long unrewarded, and a searching analysis of the so-called "unrewarded genius" will usually reveal some fatal defect in her claims to the title.

Truly I think the great ones of all mankind are born, not made by subsequent training. The sculptor, the painter, the scientist, the inventor, and so on, each is born with his peculiar faculty, which is enlarged by hard work, developing the natural bent, so making each supreme in his sphere.



IN "A WOMAN'S REASON."



MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



ELLA WHEELER AT TWELVE.

and I obey, even at the risk of having my readers think me a bore.

Some one asked me, not long ago, when it was that I first conceived the idea of a literary profession and at what age I first found myself something of a celebrity.

I do not remember when I did not expect to be a writer, and I was a neighborhood celebrity at the age of eight.

The youngest of my mother's children, I seemed to have had my career arranged for me by conditions before my birth.

It has always been my belief that children inherit the suppressed tendencies of their parents. A clergyman's son frequently shows abnormal tastes for the pleasures that his father denied himself; and talent is quite often the full-blown flower of a little shoot which circumstance has crushed under its heel in a former generation.

So at the age of eight I began to compose prose and rhyme, because the literary tendencies of my mother had never been gratified. The poetical gift was no doubt greatly the result of her having accidental access to a library of the poets, for the first time in her life, the year previous to my

SOMEbody has defined the bore as the man who talks of himself, while you want to talk of yourself.

Yet the editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN has requested me to talk of myself,

advent, and the happiest and most hopeful year of her life.

Until I reached the age of fourteen, the neighborhood and the school satisfied me as an audience. I hailed composition-day with an eagerness equaled only by my terror of an examination in mathematics. It is human to love to shine, and equally human to dislike being humiliated in our fellow-beings' eyes. One of the most depressing days in my life was when I stood twenty in a scale of one hundred in mathematics.

My early literary outlook was not one which would encourage most aspirants. My family had left a comfortable, even a luxurious, home for those days, in Vermont to seek fortune in the new West—Wisconsin—before the year of my birth.

My father had been a music-teacher all his life, and when he attempted to become a business man and speculator, he made a failure of it. By the time I was a year or two old, he had lost the little competence he brought



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

West with him, and the family (two parents and four children, including myself) was obliged to begin life anew, at the foot of the ladder, upon a Western prairie, distant twelve miles from



A PHOTOGRAPH OF ELLA WHEELER TAKEN IN 1880.

the nearest town. This town was Madison, Wisconsin's capital.

I had no literary advisers or coaches. My parents were intellectual; my mother was a great reader of whatever came in her way, and was possessed of a wonderful memory. The elder children were excellent scholars, and a grammatical error was treated as a cardinal sin in the household. But no one knew anything about the methods of getting into print, and we had no literary associates. We were, in truth, while poor in worldly goods and knowledge and customs, the intellectual aristocrats of the locality.

We had few books and only a weekly newspaper. In an old red chest upstairs were religiously preserved copies of "The Arabian Nights," "Gulliver's Travels," "John Gilpin's Ride" and a few of Shakespeare's plays. The "New York Ledger" and the "New York Mercury" were

sent to us by relatives for several years, and the first literary feasts I indulged in were the weekly serial stories of Mrs. Southworth and May Agnes Fleming. They were like tobasco sauce to the appetite—exciting but not healthful. They gave me false ideas of life and added to my discontent with my lonely environment. There was nothing in my situation to cultivate poetical talent, and I no doubt owe my early development as a poet to that fact—paradoxical as the statement may seem.

Born with intense cravings for pleasure, I should have been the veriest amusement-seeker in my youth, had not Necessity stood at my elbow. Whatever genuine talent we possess must reveal itself in time; but my early start in my profession was due to my desire to change and enlarge my horizon and better the conditions of the home, where no one was contented.

At the age of nine I completed a novel

of eleven chapters headed with original rhymes. (I have it still, bound in paper which I took from a loose panel on the kitchen wall.)

It was soon after this period that I saw my first editor. He came from Madison with a railroad official to ask for subscriptions for some proposed new line of railroad. He came in a "covered carriage"—my idea of elegance and wealth, as I rarely saw anything better than lumber-wagons or runabouts. I came from school, a long mile walk, on a hot sum-



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

mer afternoon, tired and curious to know who was within. As I entered the room, some member of the family presented me, and the editor took me on his knee.

"You look as delicate as a city girl," he said. "You ought to be more robust, living in this fine country air." Pleasant editors have said many things of me since then, but nothing which ever gave me such a sense of being a superior being as that. To look like a city girl!—what joy! Yet I had never seen a city girl then, I am sure.

During my thirteenth year the "New York Mercury" ceased to come to us. I missed its weekly visits with an intensity scarcely to be understood by one who has not known the same lonely surroundings and possessed the same temperament. There was not money enough floating about in those times to permit a subscription to the "Mercury," and if I were to possess it I knew I must either obtain a long list of subscribers, which would be a difficult and laborious undertaking, or earn it by my pen.

I resolved to try. But fearing failure, I did not want the family to know of my venture. I wrote two essays—just what the subjects were I have forgotten, and the clippings were lost years since, I regret to say. How to post my letter was the next question. I often acted as mail-carrier to the post-office, five miles distant, riding across fields and over fences on my graceful single-footer, Kitty, in company with a schoolmate, Alice Ellis, who possessed a Shetland pony. We rode without saddles, blanketing and bridling our own steeds—and it is fortunate I did not live in Buffalo Bill's vicinity or my career might have terminated in the Wild West Show.

While I could post a letter unknown to my family, the stamp had first to be obtained. Finally I decided on a stratagem. I was corresponding with a young girl, several years my senior, who was in the freshman class at Madison University. I confided in her, inclosed the "Mercury" letter, and assured her she would be reimbursed for the stamp when we next met. I would save my pennies for that purpose.

Jean posted my letter and watched the news-stand for results. Two months later, long after I had relinquished all hope, she

wrote me that my essays had appeared. Whereupon I wrote a stern reproof to the editor for not sending me the paper, "at least, as pay for my work," if he could afford no other remuneration. Shortly afterward, a large package of back numbers of the "New York Mercury" came addressed to me through the country post-office.

Even at that immature period I had a wooer—a young man past voting age, possessed of a mustache, a tenor voice and no visible means of support. He played the violin and sang "This night or never my bride thou shalt be" in a truly fascinating manner. He had been given to understand

by the family that his room was preferable to his company, however, and had ceased to call. When the enormous roll of newspapers direct from the editor's office came to me, a stern senior member of the household at once concluded that the love-lorn swain had subscribed, to win new favor in my eyes. This accusation was made before I was questioned on the subject. Perhaps the most triumphant and dramatic hour of my life was when I stepped forth, in short skirts and long ringlets, and announced to the fam-

ily that not my would-be lover, but my literary work, had procured the coveted "Mercury" for our united enjoyment.

The world seemed to grow larger and life more wonderful from that hour. I was then fourteen.

I wrote to Jean and asked her to send me a list of all the weeklies and monthlies she could find in the book-stands, and to each and every one I sent essays, stories and poems, with enthusiasm and persistency. Every penny was saved for postage, and the family entered into my ambitions with encouraging faith in my success.

I soon filled the house with all the peri-



ELLA WHEELER AT SIXTEEN.

odicals we had time to read, and in addition the editors sent me books and pictures and bric-à-brac and tableware—articles from their prize-lists, which were more precious than gems would have been to me. They served to relieve the bare and commonplace aspect of the home, and the happiness I felt in earning these things with my pen is beyond words to describe. It is a curious incident that the first bit of silverware which came into the home was manufactured by the house with which the man whose name I am fortunate in bearing to-day was afterward associated.

The very first verses I sent for publication were unmercifully "guyed" by my beloved "Mercury." The editor urged me to keep to prose and to avoid any further attempts at rhyme. He said that, while this criticism would wound me temporarily, it would eventually confer a favor on me and the world at large.

I recall only two stanzas of that unfortunate poem. It related the woes of a love-lorn maiden, and I described her as

"She flew to her room, locked and bolted the door,
And in anguish and grief threw herself on the floor."

This was precisely what I did when I read the editor's cruel comment. Yet, after the first despair wore off, I set to work with new fervor and determination and sent poems and essays and stories to the "Saturday Evening Post," "Demorest's," "Peterson's" and "Arthur's" magazines, "Harper's," "Leslie's" and a score more of periodicals. My first poem published appeared in the "Waverley Magazine."

About the time I appeared in print, I left the country school. My record there had been wretched in mathematics, while excellent in grammar, spelling and reading. I lost interest in study, and my mind would not focus itself upon school-books. I lived in a world of imagination and pictured for myself a wonderful future. In this I was encouraged at home by the ambitions of my mother, who despised her life and felt herself and her family superior to all her associates, and was forever assuring me (and them as well!) that my future would be wholly apart from my early companions.

Fortunately for me and for all concerned, I was a healthy and normal young animal,

and fond of my comrades and enjoying all their sports, into which I entered with zest, despite my mental aspirations and literary tendencies. I was passionately fond of dancing, and at fifteen attended the merrymakings of the grown-up girls and young men of the neighborhood, looking with disdain upon a boy of my own age. An elder brother and sister felt concerned at my lack of education and my propensity for pleasure, and the family made great sacrifices and managed to send me off to Madison University at about this time.

I was not at all happy there: first, because I knew the strain it put upon the home purse; second, because I felt the gulf between myself and the town girls, whose gowns and privileges revealed to me, for the first time, the different classes in American social life; and third, because I wanted to write and did not want to study. I had lost all taste for school-books.

On composition-day I undertook to distinguish myself by writing a "narrative," as the class was requested, but my ardent love-story only called forth a kind rebuke from gentle Miss Ware, and I was told to avoid reading the "New York Ledger."

After one term, I begged my mother to allow me to remain at home and write, and she wisely consented.

I turned to my profession with a new ardor and enthusiasm after that.

My first check came from Frank Leslie's publishing house. I wrote asking for one of his periodicals to be sent me in return for three little poems I had composed in one day. In reply came a check for ten dollars, saying I must select which one of some thirteen publications they issued at that time.

This bit of crisp paper opened a perfect floodgate of aspiration, inspiration and ambition for me. I had not thought of earning money so soon. I had expected to obtain only books, magazines and articles of use and beauty from the editor's prize-lists; and I had not supposed verses to be salable. I wrote them because they came to me, but I expected to be a novelist like Mrs. Southworth and May Agnes Fleming in time—that was the goal of my dreams. The check from Leslie was a revelation. I walked, talked, thought and dreamed in verse after that. A day which passed without a poem from my pen I considered

lost and misused. Two each day was my idea of industry, and I once achieved eight. They sold—the majority—for three dollars or five dollars each. Sometimes I got ten dollars for a poem—that was always an event. Short love-stories, over which I labored painfully, as story-writing was an acquired habit, also added to my income, bringing me ten or fifteen dollars, and once in a while larger sums, from "Peterson's," "Demorest's," "Harper's Bazar" and the "Chimney Corner."

Everything in life was material for me—my own emotions, the remarks or experiences of my comrades and associates, sentences from books I read, and some phases of nature.

At a Thanksgiving Eve ball I recollect waltzing with a very good-looking young man whom I met there for the first time. The band played one of Strauss' waltzes. As we floated about the hall I thought to myself, "If I were desperately in love with this man and he cared for some one else, this waltz would sound like a dirge to me." So the next day I wrote a little poem called "The Dirge" (which paid for my slippers), which was widely copied.

"The Waltz-Quadrille," one of my most popular early verses, was similarly conceived. I had promised the quadrille at a commencement-ball at Madison University to a man on the eve of a journey, who was unable to find me when the number was called. Although I did not have the pleasure of a dance with him, I wrote the poem and sent him a copy of it, saying, "This is the way I should have felt had I been in love with you and had I danced the waltz-quadrille with you just before your departure from Madison."

The editors seemed to want these heart-wails, and one returned a historical poem I ventured to write, saying, "Send us little heartache verses—those are what our readers like."

A new line of railroad came through the county, and we had three mails a week and a post-office only three miles away. My good single-pacer was sold, but my father had taken an old horse, Burney, in trade, and my brothers had purchased a light top-buggy. I used to write my daily stint of several poems, and perhaps a story, and with a half-dozen manuscripts

addressed to as many editors, I would harness old Burney and drive to the post-office with my brain wares, and great was the day when I brought home a check. Harper paid me fifteen dollars for one poem, Leslie sent me a check of forty dollars for ten poems and a short story, the "Saturday Evening Post" sent me a set of Dickens, all within a period of six months after my first money success.

It seemed wonderful to me, and to the family and to the neighbors.

Until I began to earn money, the neighbors had criticized my mother for keeping me out of the kitchen and allowing me to "scribble" so much. But when they found me able with one day's work at my desk to hire an assistant in the house for a month, they began to respect my talent.

I often wish the scores of grown men and women who write me for "aid and influence" in getting into print, could know just how I found my way into the favor of editors. It was by sheer persistence. It never occurred to me to ask advice or assistance of strangers. I am glad it did not, for the moment we lean upon any one but the Divine Power and the divinity within us, we lessen our chances of success. I often receive letters now from writers in the West asking me to use my influence with editors in their behalf, and saying, "You must realize from your own early struggles how impossible it is to get a start in an Eastern periodical without a friend at court." No more absurd idea ever existed. Eastern editors are on the lookout for new talent constantly, and if a writer possesses it, together with perseverance, he will succeed, whether he lives in the Western desert or in the metropolis, and without any friend at court.

I frequently sent out ten manuscripts in one post, to have nine come back with drooping heads. But I set them forth on another voyage by the next mail. I kept a series of crude books with a list of the periodicals and the travels of each poem or story inscribed therein. Many a manuscript took nine or ten journeys to New York and Boston before it found acceptance. One story declined by nine editors (and ridiculed by the ninth on the margin) brought seventy-five dollars from the tenth—the largest price I had ever received.

My world grew larger with each sunrise, it seemed to me. People from Madison, Milwaukee and Chicago began to write me and seek me out. I was invited to visit city homes, and while this was a delight bordering on ecstasy and a relief from the depressing atmosphere of home anxieties, it yet brought with it the consciousness of the world's demands, which, added to those of duty and necessity, made a larger income imperative.

A Milwaukee editor offered me forty-five dollars a month to edit the literary department of a trade magazine. I accepted, but the office hours and order of work were wholly distasteful to me. I was not sorry when the venture failed at the expiration of three months. It was the only experience of my life in attempting an office position.

Much of the very earliest work of my pen was devoted to poems on total abstinence—a subject on which the family was very enthusiastic. These verses, some fifty in number, were issued in book form, during my teens, under the title of "Drops of Water." I received fifty dollars for the copyright, and am sure Mr. Rockefeller feels no richer to-day with his millions than I did with my book and check.

A year or two later I published, by subscription, my first miscellaneous collection, "Shells," now out of print. Then I grew ambitious to write a story in verse, and devoted the best part of a summer to composing "Maurine." Even the name was my own creation—suggested to me by a short poem of Nora Perry's entitled "Norine."

When my book was completed, I made a visit to Chicago and called upon Jansen & McClurg, expecting that staid firm eagerly to seize upon my proffered manuscript, which I thought was to bring me world-wide fame and fortune. Instead, it was declined with thanks, and I was informed that they had never heard of me. After repeated efforts and failures, I induced a Wisconsin firm to get the book out. It barely paid expenses. But two years later I was made happy by having Jansen & McClurg write and request the privilege of republishing the volume, with additional short poems.

Much of my earlier work was tinged with melancholy, both real and imaginary. Young poets almost invariably write of

sorrow. Naturally of a happy disposition, I had my moods of depression, veritable luxuries of misery.

There was continual worry at home. No one was resigned or philosophical. My mother hated her hard-working lot, for which she was totally unfitted, and constantly rebelled against it, like a caged animal beating against iron bars; while she did her distasteful tasks with a Spartan-like adherence to duty, doubting the dominance of an all-wise Ruler who could condemn her to such a lot. Like thousands of others in the world, she had not learned that through love and faith only do conditions change for the better.

The home was pervaded by an atmosphere of discontent and fatigue.

From reincarnated sources and through prenatal causes, I was born with unquenchable hope and unfaltering faith in God and guardian spirits. I often wept myself to sleep after a day of disappointments and worries but woke in the morning singing aloud with the joy of life.

I always expected wonderful things to happen to me.

In some of the hardest days, when everything went wrong with everybody at home, and all my manuscripts came back for six weeks at a time without one acceptance, I recall looking out of my little north window upon the lonely road bordered with lonelier Lombardy poplars, and thinking, "Before night something beautiful will happen to change everything." There was so much I wanted! I wanted to bestow comfort, ease and pleasure on everybody at home. I wanted lovely gowns—ah, how I wanted them!—and travel and accomplishments. I wanted summers by the sea—the sea which I had read of, but had never seen—and on moonlight nights these longings grew so aggressive I often pinned the curtain down and shut out the rays that seemed to intensify my loneliness, and I would creep into my little couch under the sloping eaves, musing, "Another beautiful night of youth wasted and lost." And I would waken happy in spite of myself and put all my previous melancholy into verses—and dollars.

Once I read a sentence which became a life-motto for me. "If you haven't what you like, try to like what you have."

I wish I knew who wrote it—it was such a help to me just as I was nearing the borders of the family pessimism and chronic discontent. I tried from that hour to find *something* I liked and enjoyed in each day—something I could be thankful for; and I found much, though troubles increased and conditions did not improve about me.

The elder children married and had cares of their own. I was so sorry for them—missing the beautiful things I knew life held.

Slowly, so slowly, it seemed to me, my work and my income increased. I longed for sudden success, for sudden wealth. It was so hard to wait—there was so much to be done. There was a gentle hill south of the house; often on summer evenings, after writing all day, I climbed this ascent at sunset and looked eastward, wondering what lay for me beyond the horizon. I always had the idea that my future would be associated with the far West, yet it was to the East I invariably looked. My knowledge of the East was bounded by Milwaukee and Chicago—the goal of happy visits two or three times a year.

Sometimes I walked through the pasture and young woods, a half-mile, to call on Emma, the one friend who knew and sympathized with all the family troubles. And Emma would walk back with me, and we would wonder how many years longer these walks and talks would continue for us. I would tell her of my successes in my work, and she and her gentle mother rejoiced in them as if they were their own personal triumphs. Such restful walks and talks they always were. Dear Emma!

When publishing "*Maurine*," I had purposely omitted more than twoscore poems of a very romantic nature, in order to save the volume from too much sentiment. Letters began to come to me requesting copies of these verses—ardent love-songs which had appeared in various periodicals. This suggested to me the idea of issuing a book of love-poems to be called "*Poems of Passion*." To think was to do—for I possessed more activity than caution in those days.

As just related, every poem in the book had been published in various periodicals and had brought forth no criticism. My amazement can hardly be imagined, there-

fore, when Jansen & McClurg returned the manuscript of my volume, intimating that it was immoral. I told the contents of their letter to friends in Milwaukee, and it reached the ears of a sensational morning newspaper. The next day a column article appeared with large headlines:—

"TOO LOUD FOR CHICAGO.

"THE SCARLET CITY BY THE LAKE SHOCKED
BY A BADGER GIRL, WHOSE VERSES
OUT-SWINBURNE SWINBURNE AND
OUT-WHITMAN WHITMAN."

Every newspaper in the land caught up the story, and I found myself an object of unpleasant notoriety in a brief space of time. I had always been a local celebrity, but this was quite another experience. Some friends who had admired and praised, now criticized—though they did not know why. I was advised to burn my offensive manuscript and assured that in time I might live down the shame I had brought on myself. Yet these same friends had seen these verses in periodicals and praised them.

All this but stimulated me to the only vindication I desired—the publication of my book. A Chicago publisher saw his opportunity and offered to bring out the book, and it was an immediate success. It has been issued in London also, where it met with immediate favor.

The first proceeds of its sale enabled me to rebuild and improve the old home, which was fast going to ruin.

Life, which had been a slowly widening stream for me, at this period seemed to unite with the ocean of success and happiness.

My engagement, though not announced, occurred the week my book was issued. One year later, in 1884, I was married, and came East to live. Burdens long borne alone were lifted by strong, willing hands, and dreams long dreamed became realities. But work, which had been a necessity, had grown to be a habit and still forms a large element of life's pleasures for me.

The questions and longings of those summer evenings when I stood in the dying glory of a Wisconsin sunset on the south hill back of the lonely little home, have all been answered.

For I am one who lives to say
My skies have held more gold than gray,
And that the glory of the real
By far outshines my youth's ideal.



By Phæbe Lyde.

MORTIMER'S thoroughbred mare carried him lightly and easily up the mountain road. She was a beautiful creature, turning her shining neck about with feminine curiosity and jumping with all four feet at a flying shadow or a chattering squirrel in a manner that showed her education to be still incomplete. Her rider, however, was undisturbed by these vagaries, managing her with the perfect seat and careless grace of one brought up in the saddle. There is perhaps no position better calculated to display masculine good points; to be a well-favored man is the gift of Fortune, and though Mortimer was not vain, he was by no means unconscious of the advantages which that fickle jade had bestowed on him.

His lean, sinewy figure was in riding-dress of the latest London make, serviceable and sportsmanlike; the broad-brimmed hat slouched across a close-cropped dark head, shading hazel eyes, deep-set, and brilliant and impenetrable as jewels. Something in the thin

brown face, with its high cheekbones and aquiline cast of feature, suggested an Indian type; indeed, Mortimer piqued himself on his Pocahontas descent. While a trick of lifted chin, of drooping eyelids, an upward twist of the short mustache, gave him a slightly supercilious air, which women seldom found unbecoming.

Hot August noon lay on the mountains, a white glare of sunshine beating across the highroad. On one side the ground sloped away to the pasture-lands of the valley, whence it rose again in range upon range of blue hills. On the other side was the cool green shadow of the wood, all its undergrowth glowing with goldenrod and tiny sunflower, pale-yellow foxglove and staring black-eyed Susan, here and there a tuft of blue asters waving over a clump of fragrant bracken. Mortimer went steadily upward, savoring

the spicy odors of bay and juniper wafted on the pure, light air, his keen glance moving right and left in critical appreciation of the landscape.

Suddenly, round a bend of the road, his eyes fell upon a grass-grown trail, curving away and lost to sight among the trees.

Who has not felt the charm of a path that dips down into the forest? Every wood holds a sleeping beauty in its dreaming depths, and its leafy aisles are full of mystery and romance. Here lurk gnomes and kobolds, and the "little people" make their fairy rings; dryads peep among the branches, and the wood-nymphs hide. What was that glimpse of white yonder under the willow—the curve of a snowy shoulder, or the flash of a flying foot? Is it the brook which bubbles with laughter in the distance? Nay, but the ivy-crowned bacchanal, whom the satyr follows ever deeper and deeper into the dim delicious green.

Mortimer paused, caught by the fascination of the trail. Above him wound the white road, ever higher and higher: all his life Mortimer had disdained the beaten path. Suppose he were late for luncheon, why, then—why, then, if a fair head should turn unconsciously, listening for a lingering footstep; if a pair of proud gray eyes glanced somewhat impatiently at an empty place—Mortimer's experience of life taught him that impatience is not, in the feminine vocabulary, a synonym for indifference; also that in the oldest game in the world it is possible to score a point by being absent.

It was very still. The tinkle of the sheep-bells rose from the valley; near by, a locust gave his shrill call; a thrush in the thicket broke into a sudden gush of song. Part of Mortimer's charm lay in the fact that he seldom resisted his whims; he stroked the mare's arching neck gently, speaking to her in a voice whose singularly sweet and caressing quality was at variance with his haughty air.

"Which is it to be, Sultana?" he said. "Do you vote for exploration or for provender?"

The mare whinnied, tossed her graceful head, and, as though she understood her rider's words, made a dancing step toward

the wood. Mortimer's joyous laugh startled the caroling thrush.

"Trust your ladyship," he cried; "never was a woman, from Eve down, who wouldn't barter paradise itself to gratify her curiosity. The die is cast, and I accept the omen." Turning from the glaring sunshine and the dusty highroad, he was engulfed by the shadow of the wood behind him as he cantered gaily down the trail.

Richard Mortimer held his world in the hollow of his hand. He had passed forty, but he not only looked, but was in every thought and feeling, at least ten years younger. He was well-born and -bred; a modest income had enabled him to gratify dilettante tastes, a love for adventure and sport, and, when touched by the literary ambition of his generation, to cultivate at his leisure a very delicate and graceful talent. After a short period of journeyman work, he had in his first book, "*Mountain Laurel*," scored an immediate success. It was a touching little story, told with simplicity and feeling and a certain amount of real power.

A young painter, on his holiday tramp through the hills, falls in love with a beautiful mountain girl. He feels that marriage would mean unhappiness for them both, and he will not descend to an alternative which her passion and ignorance make only too easy. After a struggle with himself, he returns to his work in town; but through the long months that follow, he grows to believe that his love for her is an essential part of his life; and when the laurel season comes again, he goes to seek her. As he climbs the mountain, in the radiant glory of a June morning, he meets a little train of mourners returning from the lonely graveyard on the slope. The girl has died of a lingering mountain fever, and they tell him that as her life slowly burned away, her great eyes always stared through the window, watching, watching for some one who never came. It is all over; he can only kneel in agony by the silent grave, covering it with the pink-and-white blossoms of the laurel-boughs she loved.

A jaded public, tired of problems and epigrams, wept delighted tears over this pathetic little idyl; while critics on both

sides of the Atlantic ran a gamut of admiration, extolling its dewy freshness of style, its delicate romantic fancy, the woodland charm of the girl's innocent passion, her lover's proud self-restraint and the chorus of rugged mountaineers.

Mortimer was the literary hero of the hour; and there was not wanting the piquant suggestion of an underlying bit of autobiography, to achieve his popularity with that portion of his readers to whom hero-worship is peculiarly dear.

Many and subtle forms of incense had been burned in his honor, most of which he bore with considerable indifference. But he had tasted the real value of success when Diana Trelawny had said to him, in that exquisite voice, crystal-pure and crystal-cold:

"Since you care so much for mountains, Mr. Mortimer, suppose you come up to Tredinock for a bit in August. 'Tredinock,' you must know, means the House on the Hill; father, in an unwonted spasm of imagination, called it after the birth-place of the original Cornish miner. I suggested the Breakers, or the Coal-Hole, as equally emblematic, but he only thought me light-minded."

A few days later, the coal-king himself had ratified the invitation. "Di tells me you're due in August," he said, in his leonine manner; and when Mortimer professed his gratitude, the magnate disclaimed it, figuring himself as a properly broken-in American father.

"It's Di's show," he had declared. "She runs the business. I just take a back seat and see the cash-drawer ain't empty."

It had not needed the week at Tredinock to convince Mortimer that Diana Trelawny was the one woman he had ever wished to call his wife; and as he rode deeper into the greenwood, he lost himself in a day-dream over her perfections. The Cornish miner's granddaughter had a cold and virginal beauty, a proud and maidenly reserve, an extraordinary air of quiet distinction, which satisfied all his finest instincts. For her millions, to do him justice, he did not care; nor for the splendors of Tredinock, flaunting its terraces and gardens on the steep hillsides and treasuring the spoils of east and west within its marble walls. These glories

were but the fit setting for such a jewel. It suited Mortimer's fastidious taste that the woman he loved should be, as it were, a fairy princess on an enchanted isle, hidden by a rosy mist of beauty from the workaday sorrows and struggles of humanity.

Yet how simple the girl's nature really was, how unspoiled by the luxury and adulation which had surrounded her from childhood. Mortimer recalled an incident of one of their first rides, when on their way home they had passed one of the mountain women, toiling up the steep road. The poor creature was plodding along wearily under a heavy basket, her bare feet bruised and dirty, her bent figure in a torn, shapeless calico, the drooping face hidden by a draggled sunbonnet. Mortimer felt a sharp sense of revolt that this squalid object should even cross Diana's pathway, but the girl, leaning from her horse, spoke with unwonted gentleness:

"What splendid huckleberries! Will you bring them to the house? You shall be paid there, and you can get supper and a lift down in one of the farm wagons. You don't know," she said, turning to Mortimer as they rode on, "how often I think about these people. I want so much to lift their sordid, miserable lives a little. I have been making plans to establish some cottage industries which would give them fresh interests and purpose. I can speak freely to you," she went on, "for I have been sure, since reading your book, that we feel alike about many things. I could not be—be friends with any one unless our ideals were the same. People say that is difficult for a man and a woman. But I am very modern," the girl had said, holding her head high; "I do not see why honor need mean a different thing to the two sexes, nor why the virtues should be run as trusts, one side taking the monopoly of truth and courage, the other of purity and self-restraint."

Mortimer winced a little as her words came back to him; but he was not deeply troubled. If there are few men whose lives could be judged by a standard of ideal purity, it is perhaps only just to remember that it is not all women who set it. Life was not run on those lines, he reflected, but later on one could trust to

the generosity of a woman toward the man she loved. Just now it chiefly delighted Mortimer to note Diana's superiority over girls who proved the equality of the sexes by bandying innuendos and laughing at the latest scandals.

Let fools and flirts call her cold and proud, Mortimer would not have bated his triumph by a hair's-breadth. To know the dawning consciousness in her clear gray eyes, to rouse the exquisite rose-flush on her cheek, to catch a faltering sweetness in that crystal tone—these were prizes worth the winning. He was not half good enough for her, but then, who was or could be? And if she loved him—Mortimer found himself murmuring, like the veriest young Romeo:—

"If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve."

He smiled at his own infatuation, and looking up from his reverie, found he had somehow wandered off the trail.

The wood here had changed in character. It was almost entirely composed of pine- and fir-trees, with only an occasional oak or chestnut; while it had evidently been burned over during the past year, for the ground was blackened and much of the undergrowth destroyed. The trees also had suffered severely. Some of them were only charred stumps; in others the fire had eaten through near the roots, so that the tall shaft, tottering and helpless, leaned its plummy head against a neighbor for support; many stood upright, but with strange, twisted shapes, as though they had perished in agony and still pointed their black skeleton arms in ominous menace or solemn warning.

A gray pall of cloud had rapidly gathered, the atmosphere had become terribly oppressive, and a low muttering in the distance warned Mortimer that one of the sudden mountain storms was approaching. He cursed his own folly; idiot that he was, he might have been safe at Tredinock by now, had he not taken that unlucky turn.

He glanced impatiently at the sky, but the sun was quite hidden and he could get no indication as to the points of the compass. Suddenly and, as it seemed, but a short distance ahead, a loud and jarring laugh echoed through the wood.

It was unmistakably human, though there was something curiously disagreeable in its quality, and Mortimer rode on in the direction from which the sound had come, guiding Sultana carefully among the half-burnt trees.

Presently he emerged on a little clearing and found, to his surprise, a fair-sized stone house, probably built by some early settler and, though falling into ruin, still showing signs of human habitation. The whole place had an air of inexpressible squalor and desolation. Every line was bent askew, all trace of paint had long since disappeared; what glass remained was caked with the dust of years, while its absence was occasionally accentuated by a wad of paper or a bundle of rags. There was the same evidence of poverty and neglect on all sides. The ground was strewn with unsavory rubbish and refuse, among which scratched a few forlorn fowls and some lean black pigs were rooting, while a skeleton cow browsed on the neighboring bushes; even the woodland air seemed tainted and impure.

Mortimer's swift glance took in the scene with disgust and fastened on a sprawling, lubberly figure, lounging, apparently half asleep, on a bench by the door. A filthy shirt and trousers hung on the gaunt, powerful frame, while a shock of coarse black hair almost hid the face dropped on its breast.

"Hallo, there!" said Mortimer, sharply. "Look alive, you fellow; I want to ask my way."

The creature before him stretched awkwardly, slowly shook back its matted hair, showing a face of repulsive idiocy, gaped at Mortimer with blank, unseeing eyes, and broke into the same harsh and jarring laughter.

Mortimer felt his gorge rise.

"What devil's nightmare is this?" he muttered. "I must get out of it somehow."

Jumping from his horse, he threw Sultana's bridle over his arm; the mare stood quietly enough, and Mortimer gave with his riding-crop a thundering blow on the rotten door, while the idiot mumbled and chuckled in hideous mirth.

In a few moments a heavy, dragging step was heard inside, an impatient pull opened the reluctant door, and a woman's figure

stood on the threshold. That it was a woman was testified by the ragged calico wrapper; otherwise all trace of her sex was obliterated from the gnarled and rough-hewn shape. Her grizzled hair, cut short, hung in wild elf-locks round a weather-beaten face, seamed and lined, scorched by the heat of summer, roughened with the winter frost. Her features were coarse and heavy, though with a certain regularity of outline, and the fierce black eyes stared sullenly under the frowning, overhanging brows.

Mortimer lifted his hat, with his habitual careless courtesy.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in his musical voice. "Can you direct me to the trail which leads out on the highroad? I want to find Tredinock—you know Mr. Trelawny's place?"

The idiot chuckled again, and the woman cuffed him sharply, then, with arms akimbo, fixed her insolent gaze on the stranger. Mortimer repeated his question more distinctly. What stupid fools these mountaineers were!

"You ain't changed, Dick," said the woman, in a loud, harsh voice. "Father always allowed you could talk the hindleg off a mule, if you'd a mind to." She gave a jeering laugh at Mortimer's start of perplexed amazement. "I reckon you've forgot your old friends. I'm changed enough, Lord knows, but I ain't forgot you. I knowed you the first blink I had of you, riding up the road last week with your head in the air. Just so you looked when you rode off and left me, at the Laurel Run, nigh on to twenty years ago."

Mortimer's sunburnt face paled to a livid gray.

"Good God!" he said; "Miranda!"

"Ay," answered the woman, fiercely; "'Admired Mirandy.' Oh, I ain't forgot your play-acting ways. I ain't forgot nothing, Dick. I've had twenty years to remember you in, and I done it with curses night and day. I was honest, and you knew it. I loved you, and you knew that, too. I came of decent folks, that had always held their heads high and been respected; but you shamed them, and ruined me, and went your ways with never a backward thought."

In a lightning-flash of memory, that half-

forgotten page of his life rose before him—the little mining-town in the mountains, his midsummer madness for the engineer's beautiful daughter, and that primrose path down which so many feet have gone. This vague dream of his youth, clothed in vaporous mists of fancy, had served him as an artistic impulse; but it started now, like the writing on the wall, in fiery judgment.

Mortimer's haughty head bent before his accuser.

"Miranda," he stammered, "I was only a boy—I never meant to harm you. You had a dozen sweethearts; I thought you had married one of them years ago. I sent you money——"

"Curses on you and your money," she cried, all the pent-up passion of long years breaking forth like a mountain torrent. "Yes, you sent me money, and what did I do with it? I threw it in the Laurel Run, and I threw myself in after it. But they couldn't let me rest in peace; a blundering fool picked me out, and took me for the nuns to pray over. So you thought some decent man could have your leavings, did you? No, Richard Mortimer, I'd been an honest woman; I knew my shame wasn't wanted in other folks' houses. Father turned me out of doors once; there was no need for a husband to do it again. Look"—she gave a fierce gesture toward the idiot, who mowed and whimpered beside her—"look. There's your work. That was a pretty plaything for a bride to take with her, and rarely welcome the good man would have made it."

She paused, exhausted by her own vehemence. Mortimer stood silent before her, his hand clenching the bridle in a grip of steel.

"No," she went on, more sullenly, "nobody wanted to father your bonny boy; and if I tried to get work it was useless, every one's hand was against him—little wonder, he's fit to break a body's heart with mischief. But I wouldn't put him away any place, like they all bid me; he was all I had left. I reckoned I'd fight through somehow. I took to tramping, doing odd jobs here and there, and I come across the mountains, Lord knows how many miles or what I've been through. At last I chanced on this God-forsaken

place, and here I stayed. We keep house with the rats, and can live and die with them, for aught anybody cares. This is your doing, Dick Mortimer, and proud you may be of it."

Mortimer caught his breath hard.

"Miranda," he said, hoarsely, "I wronged you—but, as God is my judge, I never knew about the child."

"You never knew," cried the woman, lashing herself again into fury. She was dry-eyed, but her words came like sobs. "You never cared. You'd had your pleasure, and I might pay the piper. You set me on the road to hell, and left me to find the rest of my way alone. Small thanks to you if I got no farther down than you took me."

Mortimer's face hardened; he had regained his self-possession, and the woman's hysteric passion moved him with cold repugnance. How sordid, how banal, it all was, like some scene from a tawdry melodrama. He had been to blame, yes, but he had only acted after his kind. How many men would have done differently? He had never tried to deceive her; the girl had thrown herself into his arms willingly enough. The girl—faugh! was it possible this coarse virago had ever been young and beautiful and he her lover?

"That will do," he said, coldly. "We've had enough of this. I tell you I regret most bitterly my boyish folly and guilt; I will do what I can to atone for it now and make proper provision for you and—and your child. After all, I have no proof but your word that what you say is true."

"Proof!" raged the woman, with a terrible screaming laugh; "proof! P'raps you'll wait for that till you see your fine lady on the hill yonder with my boy's brother at her breast."

The hidden depths of Mortimer's nature were cleft asunder, and the lurking savage within sprang out, naked and unashamed. He struck blindly across her face with his riding-crop.

"Get back to your kennel!" he snarled

between his set teeth, "and keep your foul mouth closed, or, by God, you and your devil's brat shall rot together in the madhouse where you belong!"

He leaped into the saddle, and with a furious oath urged his horse forward. The woman cowered before her master, but the idiot, uttering inarticulate sounds of rage and frenzy, flung himself on the bridle, under the mare's very feet.

His mother gave a shriek that rang through the forest.

"My God, Dick," she cried, "it's your own flesh and blood you're riding down!"

Mortimer wrenched the mare's head round, striking her with whip and spur; at the same instant a jagged flash of lightning cut the air, and the muttering thunder broke in clamorous din above them. Sultana swerved sharply, reared her full length, and, taking the bit between her teeth, started at a dead run through the wood.

Deafened by the uproar of the storm, blinded by a whirlwind of dust and ashes, stung by flying branches, lashed by overhanging boughs, Mortimer was swept on in a wild race with death. He sat fearless as a centaur, guiding the mare as if by instinct past every peril, his whole being filled with burning desire to conquer the maddened creature beneath him, to outride the fate that followed ever faster and faster behind.

The chase was not a long one. With a crack, as though the sky had split, a quivering bolt plunged into the earth near by and ran off in a ball of fire. Sultana gave a frantic bound to the right, dashing her rider's head with terrific force against a huge, half-fallen pine-tree that leaned across her path. The reins dropped from Mortimer's hands; without groan or sigh he sank backward.

For a few moments the lifeless figure dragged at the stirrup, battered and bleeding; then with another bound the mare freed herself from her burden and turned suddenly into the trail, the echo of her flying hoofs dying away in the distance; while the storm, its first fury spent, rolled sullenly down to the valley.



AN ANALYSIS OF THE STEEL TRUST.

BY RICHARD T. ELY.

PREVIOUS articles on the new billion-dollar trust—or more accurately speaking, billion-and-a-half-dollar trust—have mostly regarded this new gigantic enterprise as a unit. It is a unit as a business undertaking, but on its economic side it is a unit which is made up of varied and complex parts and forces, and it cannot be understood as a manifestation of industrial evolution, unless we pull it to pieces—mentally!—who is powerful enough to pull it to pieces literally?

It is an undoubted fact that in this new trust we have one of the most startling phenomena in the economic history of mankind. It is quite natural that in *THE COSMOPOLITAN* for April it should be spoken of as constituting the "World's Greatest Revolution," while Mr. Charles S. Glead in the May number is forced to compare the magnitude of the operations involved to the incomprehensible figures which greet us in astronomy, in order to give us some notion of the vastness of this new corporation of corporations. Yet the thought occurs to us that we can measure astronomical forces. Can we not by analysis gain a clearer apprehension of the industrial forces which have met together and united in the United States Steel Corporation? While in human affairs we may not expect to discover the fine accuracy of astronomy, we cannot know how nearly we may approximate such exactness until we have tried.

One of the first things revealed to us by analysis is that in the steel trust we do not encounter something new in kind. The forces at work in this combination are old and familiar, and it is simply the degree in which they manifest themselves that is new. This becomes clear enough to us if we examine the kinds of industries which have been brought under unified management. What then are the kinds of industries which have been gathered together into this new trust?

Among the most prominent of these industries we find those engaged in mining operations. The appropriation of natural treasures, existing below the surface of the earth, is a chief feature in the projected

work of the steel trust. These treasures are all more or less sharply limited in supply, and in many cases the limitation is such as to make monopoly easy. In the case of the rarer treasures, or in the case of treasures with comparatively few especially fine sources of supply, we have the conditions prepared for natural monopolies of one variety. This is a mere truism. Theory and practice have for hundreds of years distinguished between these natural resources and other forms of property. The great legal systems of the world have for centuries recognized, more or less clearly, this distinction. For over six hundred years on the continent of Europe the law has, generally speaking, placed in a category by themselves natural treasures, and in 1865 Prussia passed a truly great mining law which established public property in the more important unappropriated mineral treasures in that kingdom, and did so to protect public interests. Even in this country, where we are somewhat slow to recognize public as opposed to private rights, this distinction is not unknown, and in fact, in an important case in Indiana, involving the waste of natural gas, property in this natural treasure was most sharply discriminated by the Supreme Court of that state from other forms of property. Among the theoretical writers who have recognized this distinction Prof. Henry C. Adams may be mentioned, who has some illuminating observations on this subject in his book on "Finance."

Many manufacturing processes are included in the work of the steel trust, especially, of course, the manufacture of iron and steel. If space were not too limited it would be worth while to quote from the charter the objects for which the United States Steel Corporation was formed. We note among these objects the following: "To apply for, obtain, register, purchase, lease, or otherwise to acquire, and to hold, use, operate and introduce, and to sell, assign or otherwise to dispose of, any trade marks, trade names, patents, inventions, improvements and processes." Our analysis here reveals again the presence of monopoly, and monopoly established of

design by public authority in order to promote inventions and industrial improvements. We have here to do with a union in one concern of the more important protected patents and processes in great classes of industries, and so far as these are concerned, we have clear-cut monopoly.

Among the objects for which the corporation is formed we notice, furthermore, the following: "To construct bridges, ships, boats, engines, cars and other equipment, railroads, docks, slips, elevators, water works, gas works, and electric works, viaducts, canals and other water ways, and any other means of transportation, and to sell the same, and otherwise to dispose thereof, or to maintain and operate the same." We have here again to do with industries of which the non-competitive character has long been clearly recognized; in other words, we once more find ourselves within the field of monopoly. Moreover, it has long been known that many other businesses, especially manufacturing businesses, stand in such dependent relations to these businesses that they can extend their monopolistic character to fields which otherwise would be competitive in nature. This is especially the case with transportation agencies, for, by special rates, they can easily build up favored ones as monopolies. In fact, even unwittingly, favoritism may creep in and form monopoly. It is only through the most scrupulous impartiality like that of high-minded and disinterested judges, having ever in mind the danger of monopoly, that equality of opportunity for competitors can be maintained. Let us but reflect on the following as ways in which inequality of opportunity in transportation may arise: (a) general facilities, as supplying cars to one competitor more promptly than to another; (b) rushing through the freight of the favored shipper while that of another is sidetracked; (c) furnishing better terminal facilities to one person than to another; (d) maintenance of such relations between various modes of shipment, as, for example, between tank-cars and barrels, and between rail, water and pipe-line transportation, that advantages come to some which others do not enjoy; (e) classifications of freight made and changed to the advantage of favored classes; (f) making discrimina-

tions in favor of geographical sections in the interest of classes of shippers.

Unless in all the particulars named we maintain rigid impartiality like that of the clerk at the stamp-window of the post-office in selling stamps, it is hard to say where we shall find the limits of monopoly fifty years from now.

Is it conceivable that even excellent men, even those who in their expenditures show strongly marked philanthropic traits and tendencies, will of their own motion endeavor to maintain competitive equality of opportunity for themselves and for others? We have a rapidly growing unification of coal-carrying and coal-mining interests. May we expect that the coal-carriers will in every particular treat independent producers as well as they do themselves in their capacity as coal-producers? Was it one of the purposes of this consolidation to maintain rigid impartiality, and thus competitive equality of opportunity? If not, what then?

In casting about for an answer to these questions, our attention is attracted by a certain general restlessness on the part of the public which has invaded even Wall Street. The consumers of the country believe that monopoly exists and is expanding rapidly, and it is their conviction, as well as that of our courts, that monopoly price must mean high price—that if now it means in some cases low price, this is a mere temporary arrangement. Other producers tremble when they contemplate a billion-dollar trust with which they must have relations. The wage-earner feels that, isolated and alone, he is a pigmy, a nothing, when his individual interests are pitted against amalgamated hundreds of millions, and he is zealous in the formation of labor unions to prepare for conflict. When the citizen reflects on what is readily observable at our various seats of government, he feels that the potentialities of political power residing in a billion-dollar trust are vague, but certainly vast, perhaps illimitable.

It may be said that we are here speaking about psychical states, but psychical states are dynamic forces of society. They deserve the most careful and candid consideration on the part of the publicists.

The fact of tremendous power concen-

trated in the hands of the billion-dollar trust is clearly recognized. We find in this billion-dollar trust three distinct kinds of monopolistic forces, working together and strengthening each other, viz., those proceeding from sharp limitations of supply of valuable minerals; those proceeding from patents and secret processes; and finally those coming from transportation agencies and other similar monopolistic pursuits. We find thus what we may call monopoly raised to the third power. On the other hand, all sources of supply are not as yet embraced in this combination and potentialities of competition still exist here and there, but if untoward events do not beset the course of the billion-dollar steel trust, its monopolistic power is likely to increase.

We then have to do with a union of men, of very exceptional but probably not unique ability, who give economic direction to a considerable percentage of the productive forces—including labor and capital—of the entire United States. Property in its nature means exclusive rights of control, and these men have in their hands these exclusive rights. But our bread, our subsistence, comes from the operation of productive economic forces. Have those who draw this bread from these unified productive forces a power which brings about that equilibrium which maintains interdependence and independence? We remember what Shakespeare said about economic control:

"You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live."

While the fact of unprecedented power is admitted by our editorial writers, the hope is generally expressed that it will be used wisely, and sometimes dark hints are given as to what may follow if this power is misused. Our magnates have again and again been impressively told that the tremendousness of their power is almost appalling, and we are then reassured by grave utterances concerning the sobering effect of power. At bottom, protection is sought in the appeal to good will—to the benevolence of our industrial conquerors, our economic Alexanders and Cæsars. What are the lessons of history? Does past ex-

perience teach us that we may place our hope for economic well-being wholly or in part in the benevolence of any class of men, even the most estimable? Or, turning to the deductive argument, does our observation of human nature, even at the best, lead us to think this a safe procedure? When we question ourselves, do we think we could stand such a test? Noteworthy and impressive in this connection is the following utterance of the late Benjamin Harrison: "The man whose protection from wrong rests wholly upon the benevolence of another man or of a congress is a slave—a man without rights."

If we are not quite satisfied with appeals to benevolence or even to enlightened self-interest, looking ahead and endeavoring to avoid remote and long-delayed evils to our industrial magnates or their children, we must pursue our quest for remedies further.

One of the first things to be asked is this: Admitting that appeals to individuals and exhortation addressed to the great ones of the industrial world may produce gratifying individual action, is it possible that such individual action can produce a social system? There seems to be a growing conviction on the part of the general public that such is not the case; and in this growing conviction is to be found the explanation of the gratifying fact that we are able to find no general inclination to blame the men who have played a leading rôle in the vast industrial combinations of the present time. The general public is awed, almost dazed, by the stupendousness of industrial events, but reproaches are not hurled against our economic kings. Mr. Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, is reported to have said in Congress that as a private citizen he would take advantage of conditions favorable to monopoly, but that so far from aiding to pass laws calculated to build up monopoly, he would do all in his power to defeat any proposals for new laws of this character, and would likewise exert himself to secure the repeal of existing law calculated to promote monopoly. There is a general inclination to believe that this is a sound and thoroughly ethical course of action; and one finds oneself wondering at times how many of our magnates are socialists at

heart, working out as best they can their theories.

Our presentation of remedies must depend upon the kind of society in which we believe. Do we desire an essentially competitive order of society? If so, we should remember that if competition is to be maintained permanently and to work smoothly, with absence of bitterness and industrial warfare, the number of competitors must be large. Farmers cannot combine into one monopolistic group because there are too many of them, and for that same reason one farmer does not feel that personal blame attaches to his neighbor for the low price of wheat. This consideration of numbers shows us where we may and where we may not have competition. We see why in the case of the transportation agencies, gas-works and many other kinds of business, we must have monopoly, with an option only between public and private monopoly. The present writer has already discussed this question in the pages of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* and need not weary his readers by a repetition of former arguments.

If we would maintain competitive equality of opportunity, we must revise our patent laws, and do so in the light of recent events. There are many different ways of encouraging and rewarding invention outside our patent system, but the most conservative proposition for meeting the situation is that of a former Commissioner of Patents, who would have the government reserve the right to purchase patents and throw them open to public use. In this connection, it is well to call attention to an impressive occurrence which took place a few months ago in Madison, Wisconsin, when the legislature of that state presented a handsome medal to Prof. S. M. Babcock, of the State University, on account of his valuable inventions, especially the "Babcock milk test," worth millions upon millions annually to the farmers of this country, which he had refused to have patented, because he felt that as a public servant he ought to give the general public the benefits of his inventions.

If we would maintain large numbers of competitors in a condition of stable equilib-

rium, is it not necessary to take up the matter of the thorough regulation of bequest and inheritance, including such taxation of the right to receive property by bequest and inheritance as the best experience approves? Our evolution along this line has indeed already begun and must be worked out with reference to American conditions. The concentration of industry is not the same thing as the concentration of fortunes, but under present conditions it promotes it powerfully.

We could continue and mention other changes required for the establishment and maintenance of competitive conditions, among them the reform of the law of private corporations, and, still more important, the better administration of the law; also the elaboration of a public policy for labor, including better methods than we have yet devised for industrial conciliation and arbitration. We must, in short, in our remedies proceed cautiously and analytically, if we desire the maintenance of our competitive industrial society.

We have among us those who desire to see the old order give way to socialism, and these have no patience with the painstaking analysts. They look upon industrial evolution as moving in one straight line to the goal of socialism, by the way of private monopoly, and talk about those who endeavor to discriminate between monopolistic and competitive pursuits as "prating" about two fields of business, et cetera. It is possible to allow things to drift on as they are going, and what the result will be no one is wise enough to foresee. It is alleged that one prominent economist has in such an event prophesied an empire within twenty-five years. While most of us think this is an extreme statement, no one would like to say that we have as yet reached a period of comparative rest in our industrial evolution. The present writer does not feel like indulging in any dogmatism. This is a time for review and consideration, and it has seemed to him, in the present article, wise to throw out and suggest questions rather than to answer them. Certain it is that we need all the help which it is possible for us to receive from free and untrammelled scholarship and wise statesmanship.

THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK III. (*Continued*).—A WEEK LATER.

"And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night. . . . In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even! And at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning!"—*Deuteronomy*.

XXIX.

IN the library sat a tweed-clad Nessie, with her feet on the fender, pointing, ludicrously minute, toward the faint wood-fire (for misery made her cold, despite the glorious sunshine); in one hand was a pocket-handkerchief, large enough to receive five or six moderate-sized tears, in the other a cup of tea. These she brandished at a patiently sympathetic Helen.

"But, really, Nessie," the latter was repeating for the tenth time, "is it not foolish of you not to wait for the answer to Lebel's telegram?"

"I guess there being no answer is a bad sign," cried the anxious wife, and rattled her tea-cup vindictively. "I hope you'll feel sorry, Helen, when you find out how rashly you judged a poor dying man. He mayn't have been a pattern; but, after all, you shouldn't forget he is my husband. If you come to think of it," she added whimpering, "he must be pretty bad to have asked for so little. He m—m—must have been quite delirious!"

The scrap of a pocket-handkerchief was here flung over the scrap of a face, and Madame Rodriguez surrendered herself to woe just as Jean the footman made his entrance with the expected dispatch upon his salver.

"A telegram for madame. Monsieur le docteur sent it," he explained, rolling his eyes with all the French servant's open sympathy for his superior's distress.

The Duchess took the folded slip and dismissed the man with her friendly gesture. Then she laid the missive on Nessie's knee. The small olive fingers clutching the handkerchief were shifted sufficiently to allow a corner of a black eye to peer down suspiciously at the blue document.

"Don't be afraid," said the Duchess, unfailingly amused by her friend's odd gestures, which always reminded her of some small, innocent animal: bird, kitten or squirrel. "Don't be afraid," said she;

"it must be good news, or Lebel would not have sent it to us like this."

Here both the black eyes came into view. They looked at Helen, blinking once or twice. An expression of relief, succeeded by a dawning fury, first relaxed and then tightened the pretty, impish face.

Madame Rodriguez shook the telegram open and sprang to her feet. Her features became suffused with a dark flush. She opened her mouth and choked silently.

"Nessie!" The Duchess was frightened. Could the doctor, after all, have sent her evil tidings so brutally?

Nessie gave a gasp, then broke into harsh, loud laughter.

"Famous! Oh, famous!" she cried. "Listen." Her hands shook as she lifted the sheet and read aloud, her voice rising almost to a shriek. "Listen:

"No case typhus in any hotel here. Gentleman called Rodriguez perfectly well. At present in Casino-pigeon-shooting match. Evidently some mistake.—SCHREIBER."

"Dear Nessie," cried Helen, and encircled her friend with her arms, "I am so glad!"

"Glad?" echoed Nessie. "Glad!" Her gathering fury overflowed: she flung off the embrace. "Helen, you make me tired. Glad, indeed! Glad to see me bamboozled and insulted and betrayed by that—that nigger! Oh, oh!" She beat the air with her hands. "I'll never believe another word he says—no, not if he were a corpse before me. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Hush!" cried the Duchess. "Take care, dear. If the child were to come in!"

If one thing is repugnant to a habitually self-controlled nature, it is the loss of personal dignity in another. Helen's tone was rebuking, and Nessie was quick to feel it so. She turned off the rattling artillery of her anger with the most surprising sharpness and glared a full five seconds in silence. Then, with a subdued

intensity of indignation every whit as effective: "Oh," she remarked witheringly, "I won't pervert your precious innocent. I'll go to my room. Yes, yes, I will, I'll go and write to my lawyer." She rose. "As for that child, as you call her," she continued, "I guess I couldn't teach her anything, good or bad. . . . I guess she's the only girl I ever saw that would about match Rodriguez for slyness."

The door was banged. Every recognized feminine petulance was Nessie's.

Helen flushed angrily in her turn. "Oh, poor Nessie! How unjust, how wicked! How sorry she will be in a minute or two!"

XXX.

"May I ask," said the Marquise de Lormes with elaborate politeness, "if that was the young person whom they call Mademoiselle Gioja who was sitting with you just now?"

Sailing down the terrace at the end of her afternoon constitutional, she had come upon her eldest son at the very moment when, fired with new resolution, he was about to seek the Duke.

The purple silk was kilted up at intervals by the simple expedient of loops of elastic and buttons (an elegant reminiscence of the days of crinoline), and displayed the famous Church feet which neither age, corpulence nor even (oh, horror!) elastic-side boots could altogether rob of shapeliness; a Swiss garden-hat was tied with great precision under the second chin; gray silk mittens incased the plump, bejeweled hands.

"How mother has got herself up!" thought Dodd, unfilially, as his first glance fell upon her. But the second swiftly corrected the hasty impression. The Marian Church who, in her girlhood, had ruled over hundreds of slaves in her beautiful Southern home, had found ample scope for her imperious nature in the social position given by her second marriage, a position which cut her off, as one among the elect, from the common herd of mortals. The rest of the world outside the "*Almanach de Gotha*" was to the Marquise de Lormes (née Church) what the colored people had been on her father's estate—just human beings whom Providence had manifestly destined to be useful to her and her peers. Noth-

ing is more imposing to others than such an intimate conviction of superiority; and George Dodd's second reflection, under his mother's cold, rebuking eye, was decidedly one of more respect.

"By Jingo, she's a regular Queen of Sheba," was the reversed judgment.

"I rather think it was Mademoiselle Gioja," he said, answering her acid question good-naturedly. "Yes, I rather think it was."

Even if he would ever have been inclined to recognize the right of a mother's interference in so private a concern as a man's love, she had herself so deliberately forfeited all such right of her own choice that he was the more disposed to meet her present attitude with humorous indifference.

"Indeed!" She lowered her white silk parasol with the fringes—the same parasol that had first been upheld to shut out from the young Marquise de Lormes' "Legitimist" eyes the shocking sight of the upstart woman whom Paris called the Empress Eugénie. "Indeed!"

"Well, ma'am?" said her son, with a twinkle in his eye.

His tone, his look, the sound of the words, evoked an odious memory. Among his other shortcomings, George had been tactless enough to inherit a remarkable likeness to his father. Actual hostility began to gleam behind the mere coldness of the Marquise's eye.

"In this country," she said, "it is not customary for gentlemen to engage young ladies in conversation by themselves in secluded spots."

"Well, you see," said Mr. Dodd, with a maliciously exaggerated twang, "I had something very particular to say to that young lady, and I don't happen, you see (thank my Maker!), to belong to this country."

Madame de Lormes' hand shook, but she continued as if she had not heard her son's remark:

"In this country, in our society, if a young girl so far forgets proprieties as to have clandestine meetings with gentlemen, it is supposed to be the part of the gentleman to refrain from taking advantage of such immodest behavior, were it only out of respect to those whose hospitality he is enjoying."

The cool bronze of the sailor's cheek deepened to copper; he had a slow temper, but it was ill to subdue when once kindled, and it was now beginning to smolder. He drove his hands into his pockets and faced his formidable mother squarely.

"Look here, mother," he said, still good-humoredly, but with a note of warning, "I don't think I've made much out of those last remarks of yours. Yet, all the same, it strikes me that they aren't altogether dictated by a spirit of kindness either toward myself or toward"—he hesitated, his voice softened—"toward Miss Joy. In case you feel inclined to steer any further on the same course, I think it's just as well to let you know that the young lady in question is going to be your own daughter-in-law."

"Going to be my daughter-in-law!" Madame de Lormes' horror was voiceless, but her lips formed the words in dumb show. She tottered and had to support herself on the handle of the fringed parasol. Then the power of expression returned to her in force. "Going to be my daughter-in-law!" she said, in bass tones that would have made the fortune of a tragedian.

George Dodd was extremely amused, more so perhaps than the occasion seemed to warrant. He was as good a fellow as ever breathed, but he had old scores against his mother's vicarious pride of birth.

"Yes—if your son can make her so," he affirmed, and showed all his strong teeth.

The unmistakable mischievousness in his expression struck the Marquise with a new horror almost too hideous to be formulated.

"Is it possible, sir, that you can refer to my son, the Marquis de Lormes?" ejaculated she; and only (as she afterward averred to a kindred soul in the Rue St. Dominique) the benevolence of heaven itself kept her from swooning on the spot. Whether or not the benevolence of heaven was actively engaged upon sustaining the lady at that moment, it is certain that what commoner mortals would call plainly a good hot temper had something to do with the stiffening of her frame.

"No, ma'am," said the sailor; "I refer to your son Lieut. George P. Dodd." Then he added in his coolest American, with that quaint emphasis on the unimportant word which, in some inexplicable

fashion, gives such extraordinary pointedness to a deliberate phrase: "And, ma'am, I will add that *if* I could think that little individual capable even *of* the thought of making such a choice for himself, he would rise considerably higher *in* my estimation than he stands now. To be frank with you, ma'am, he doesn't stand at any giddy altitude there *at present*."

These words, while they removed the great lady's first appalling anxiety, added considerably to her anger.

"I might have known," she began, icy on the surface of her boiling heat, "that from a Marquis de Lormes I need have no fear of such degradation."

"Degradation! Go slow, if you please," said the man, warningly mild.

"But, however you may forget," she went on with a deadly flow of words, "your duties as a son—and indeed it is but what I have been so well accustomed to almost from your very birth——"

"I imagine," interrupted he, speaking in a sort of soliloquy, "that when that commandment to which I presume you refer was framed, the Almighty meant it for those boys and girls that have a father and mother at home to honor. It isn't so very easy to behave scripturally to a parent across three thousand miles of ocean."

Madame de Lormes paused, breathed deeply and glared. Then, it being evident that her direct attack was likely to be more than parried, she went off suddenly at a fierce tangent:

"That girl!" she said. "You presume to ask my permission to introduce a person of such a description into my family?"

"I do not," said Mr. Dodd. "I merely communicate my intention."

"I forbid it," cried the lady. "Do you know, sir, whence she has sprung?"

"I do not, ma'am, and I don't much care."

"Rash, unhappy man, do you not see what she is?"

"Well," said the son, "that's about it: I do see what she is." The slow fire in his eye kindled now into flame.

"Ah, you think you can defy me," cried she, almost losing self-control. "But, thank God," she laughed hysterically, "the customs of this country are not those of the unbridled land where you were

brought up! There are laws, sir, here, specially framed to protect families, homes, mothers, against such disgrace as you would bring upon them; laws to prevent the introduction into distinguished households of such intriguing upstarts as that young person. I shall speak to Helen. This affair shall go no further. I shall speak to the Duke; he shall refuse his consent."

She turned and began to move her vast proportions with incredible celerity toward the house. The man turned also and walked beside her with long, easy strides. "I'm going to speak to the Duke myself," he said.

XXXI.

The relatives of the Marquise de Lormes were accustomed to behold that lady moved to majestic wrath at least two or three times in the course of the day. There were so many in the imperfect world outside her own special radius who offended her peculiar sensitiveness, so few even in that select circle who understood the true inwardness of their position as she did, that it was no wonder (as she frequently told her confessor) that "the blade was wearing out the scabbard."

Therefore, when she entered into the library, breathless from haste, with portentous storm-clouds lowering upon her massive brow, the three who were seated in such apparent comfort round the tea-table beheld these symptoms without much surprise.

Helen, busy in the preparation of fresh tea, drew a slight sigh which breathed more of resignation than anxiety. If Joy, crouching by her side, pensive and quiet upon a little stool, had not as swiftly veiled the upward glance she cast upon the new-comer, cool contempt would have been the emotion read in the unchildlike eyes of the child-face. Totol, with a large piece of cake sticking in one lean cheek, stopped his busy jaws for a second to gaze with protruding orbs and to draw his lips into an expressive voiceless whistle; he then rounded his little shoulders philosophically and went on with his mastication.

"Tiens, maman in a rage again!"

George Dodd followed his mother into the room with an exaggerated sea-lurch, a slight smile on his lips and that aggressive air of ease and indifference which in some natures covers a white heat of indignation.

As Madame de Lormes was for the first moment or two quite incapable of speech, he took the lead, and, slipping into a chair behind Helen, murmured into her ear, keeping his eyes on Joy's pale, averted cheek the while:

"Helen, you'd best prepare for a squall. My mother is in a tantrum this time and no mistake."

"My niece," gasped Madame de Lormes, "where is your husband?" She drew a heaving breath, untied the ribbons of her hat and flung them over her shoulders. Her massive body was trembling. "I have to speak to the Duke," she continued, raising her voice.

"So have I," said Mr. Dodd, quietly. He saw the long dark lashes flutter on the little rim of white cheek.

This time Totol was fain to swallow his cake with a rapid gulp and to bestow undivided attention to a situation of incomparable interest. He rolled his eyes from his mother to his brother, and his quick wits leaped to an approximation of the truth.

In Helen's mind, too, a prescience of the forthcoming disclosure began to dawn. She also looked from her aunt to her cousin wistfully, and then her tender eyes rested on the fair head at her knee. The true woman's pity for the maiden upon whose young shoulders the weight of life is about to be laid, the true woman's joy in the thought of love, a mother's regret, a mother's anxiety, withal a personal relief at the solution of an embarrassing situation—all these feelings were struggling in her heart.

Madame de Lormes' voice broke sternly upon the momentary silence.

"Helen," it said, "I am sorry to interrupt your meal, but I must request you to have the Duke informed that I desire to speak with him here, instantly, in the presence of the Marquis de Lormes, my son, head of our family."

Totol here performed the excellent feat of presenting a profile of deadly seriousness to his mother on the one side, while he administered a humorous wink and grimace to Helen on the other.

"My son, the Marquis de Lormes," reiterated the irate lady, "and in your presence, Helen"—there was withering reproach in her look and tone—"and likewise in the presence of Mr. Dodd, my eldest son."

My eldest son! Never had the poor lady felt the bitterness of this substantial fact so keenly as at this moment. She paused here.

"Certainly, aunt," said Helen, nervously. "Joy, my child, do you know where the Duke is?"

Joy rose, straight and small and slim; stood before her patroness with hanging arms and downcast eyes, the picture (thought her lover) of all pretty, modest girlishness.

"Yes, godmother," said she.

Madame de Lormes extended a shaking, mittened hand with pointed index.

"The presence of mademoiselle," said she, "we can dispense with."

"Not at all," drawled Mr. Dodd; "her presence cannot at all be dispensed with. I particularly desire that she should hear every word I have to say.—The decks are cleared for action," he said to himself, "and, by George, we'll fight this business out to-day."

The Duchess hesitated, glanced once again from her aunt's flushed and furious countenance to the sailor's composed features; she met his steady, sea-blue eyes, and he smiled at her ever so slightly. His square hand rested on the back of her chair. The feeling of his presence was that of a tower of strength. This was the first man she had ever known in whom the stress of emotion seemed to increase self-control and self-confidence.

"Joy," she said then, very gently, "try if you can find the Duke and tell him that I should like to see him here."

George rose. "And then, Miss Joy, come back yourself, if you please," added he.

"Yes, my child," said Helen.

The girl moved to the door which Mr. Dodd, preceding her, held open for her. Madame de Lormes snorted and flung herself back in her arm-chair.

"I am afraid," thought Totol, "that we are turning to the sentimental. Aïe, aïe! It is that that will bore me! Luckily," he reflected further, "we may trust the mama to put some life into us."

Indeed, Madame de Lormes was even then collecting her thunders to that intent.

"I may as well inform you first as last, Helen," said she, "that I utterly and absolutely refuse my sanction to my son George Dodd's insane purpose. Both the Marquis and myself——"

"Well, perhaps it might be useful for me to state first, ma'am, what this purpose of mine is," cut in George, in his cool, slow tone. "My purpose, Cousin Helen, is to marry your adopted daughter, Joy. And I'm not very clear in my mind that I want anybody's permission to do so, except hers. But it seems to be part of the ceremony in this house 'to ask the Duke,' and I don't mind falling in so far with your little French ways. Therefore I *am* going to ask the Duke. There is no harm in adding, however, that I don't care a mite what the Duke says on this subject, if only she says the right thing. And she's as good as said it already, I may tell you."

"Oh!" cried Madame de Lormes, and "Oh!" again. Then with impotent dignity she declared: "Understand, Helen, I have absolutely refused my consent. Anatole, Marquis de Lormes, speak you also, my son."

Totol cracked his fingers and drew up his knees. His wizened face became contracted into wrinkles expressive of wisdom and benevolence.

"Look here, mama," he remarked, "I don't mind saying anything in the world you fancy. But what is the use? Did I not nearly kill myself this morning in the rose-garden trying to make him see reason? He's romantic, you see, romantic, and that's the devil! George, my little brother, you are shockingly romantic, you know."

"Helen," interrupted the Marquise, who would have been a fool indeed not to perceive that upon the sturdy sailor all her energies were wasted, and who, moreover, was alarmed by her niece's silence—"Helen, I have been more than a mother to you: will you, too, turn upon me in my old age?"

Struck by the words, Helen looked up, and there were tears in her eyes.

"God knows," she cried piteously, "I owe you much, aunt. But what is it you want me to do? Is it not the happiness of two young lives that is at stake? Let us be patient. I must hear more before I speak."

Hear more, when the Marquise de Lormes had already given her opinion! Astonishment almost suffocated the lady.

"It is mama who will require her little calming drops to-night, oh, yes!" reflected

the younger son, as he helped himself to another sandwich, shaking his head meanwhile with a reproving expression of countenance.

From the post which he had resumed behind Helen's chair, George spoke again.

"I am sorry," he said, looking with a sort of compassion at the Marquise's inflamed countenance, "to see my mother so upset; but I do claim that a man must have the right to choose for himself what he wants for his own happiness. Helen," he went on in a lower voice, "you'll not try to come between me and my happiness, will you?"

He stretched his hand to her as he spoke, and Helen put hers into it.

"No, George," she answered, and was once more glad to drown her doubts in the depths of his steady eyes. "If I can help you to your happiness, I will." Then smiling, under her breath she added as the door opened, "And here it comes!"

XXXII.

It is easily conceivable that the doomed man who feels the end draw near, by hideous degrees, with every tick of the clock, should hail at last with relief the announcement that the inevitable hour has struck. No more sickening alternations of hopes and fears now, no more ghastly visions in the night, no more impotent furies or cold despairs: it is the end!

When the little tap came to the study door (Joy always knew where to find the Duke), when Favereau went to open it and disclosed the white figure, Cluny felt borne in upon him the strong, inexplicable conviction that his hour had come; and at the same moment his doubt, his agony, his apprehension, were superseded by an extraordinary quietude.

"It is the end," he said to himself with stern composure. "It is the end."

He smiled as the girl delivered her message: "The Duke's presence is desired in the library." It was in the fitness of things that her voice should be the one to summon him to his fate.

"Precede us, mademoiselle, and say that we are coming," he replied.

It was the first time since her entry into his house that he had looked at her frankly and spoken to her naturally.

She had, as usual, her own reasons for curtaining her telltale eyes, afire just now with irrepressible expectation. But, vaguely struck by something unusual, she could not refrain from casting a swift, biting glance at him before turning away.

"What is it?" she said to herself. "He is different. Is it that bad old man? It never means good to me when they are closeted together. But wait, my Duke, wait! I shall make you show your heart."

Fortune had indeed favored her. The plan she had first conceived on the mere chance of provoking some expression of feeling from the Duke which would give a little ease to her hungry heart, had succeeded beyond her utmost expectation: Dodd's unexpected high-handedness would now afford her an opportunity of seeing with her own eyes how matters really stood with her lover.

She smiled upon the thought. Her quick wits had already rehearsed the whole scene, had settled every detail with a childish simplicity of confidence mingling with the fierceness of her woman's passion. He should not betray himself to the others; no, that was not in her arrangements. But, master of dissimulation as he was, she would be able to interpret his every word, his every look. Oh, she could see it all! First, there would be Monsieur Dodd, with his proposal. (She laughed to herself.) Total would be raging, too. (How droll!) The Duke would then see how others wanted her. Ah, that would strike home! Then would come his refusal, of course—a dead, point-blank, cold refusal. "Impossible! the thing absurd! What reason? None. Not to be discussed, that was all." The others would think it was all his pride. "A nameless girl marry into his family? Not to be thought of!" The old woman would rejoice. Let her rejoice; let them all think what they liked! She would just look at the Duke, and the Duke would look at her—a long, long look. "*You know*," his eyes would say; and, "*I know*," hers would answer. That was little enough, before heaven! But to her, in her destitution, how much! Ah, the sweetness of that moment when it would come! Great God, how she loved him! . . . She turned the handle of the library door and slipped in, leaving it open.

As the two men reached the threshold, Favereau stopped; his face was troubled.

"Have you any idea," he whispered to the Duke, "of what this is about?"

"Let us go in!" said the other, briefly. Then he added, quite irrelevantly, "You did your best for me, old man, you did your best." His eyes were extraordinarily bright in his pale face.

"I must stand by him," resolved Favereau; and he felt "the rat, anxiety," gnaw at his heart with physical pain.

XXXIII.

The early autumn dusk was falling after the golden day. Shadows were beginning to fill the dim heights and corners of the library. With the evening had come a chilliness over the land—the far-away breath of the death that was slowly advancing with winter from the north. Logs had therefore been piled again on Cluny's never-extinguished fire, and the charming, flickering light of the wood-flames danced on the group round the tea-table. Now it played on the dark gold of Helen's head, now on the pale baby-curls of the girl seated by her knee; now it threw the set, strong profile of the sailor into high relief, or fantastically illumined the little Marquis' gnome-like visage.

The Marquise de Lormes was lying back in her arm-chair under the shadow of the screen; but as the Duke and Favereau entered, her voice dominated Helen's greeting and Totol's jocular remark: "Family Council. Sentimental comedy à la Feuillet. Beginning of Act II."

"Charles-Edward," intoned the "mère noble," "I thank you for your promptitude in coming to my summons. You find us in a most painful and anxious situation. I look to you, master of this house, to uphold me in my maternal rights, and to assist me in guarding the family dignity." Here the fine roundness of her voice underwent a sudden icy change. "I did not see," she said, "that you were accompanied by Monsieur Favereau. Charles-Edward, this is a family matter."

Favereau laughed. It was impossible to be more determined than he was to keep his ground, but his manner was seemingly that of the utmost alacrity.

"A thousand pardons!" he said. "I

blush for my indiscretion. But pray forgive me, madame. They have so spoiled me here by treating me as one of the family that I am sometimes forgetful enough really to consider myself as such. I will at once retire."

There was, and at once, of course, the protest he expected. Helen stretched out her hand to arrest his perfunctory show of exit.

"Indeed, we always want your wise head and your kind heart," she exclaimed, "and never more than now."

"Favereau stays." The two words fell from the Duke's lips with a very unusual accent of authority.

Dodd smiled humorously. If any one had told him a month ago that he should propose for the girl he wanted, "French fashion," before a whole roomful of people, he would most likely have called him an "iridescent ass," or some equally picturesque name. But now—go to! He was going to see the matter through in style: therefore the more the merrier.

His mother's chair creaked under an impatient movement; flap-flap went her fan with an energy calculated, as Dodd said to himself, to make them all feel hot. Then she spoke again.

"It seems that the whole proceedings are to be carried out in a very curious fashion. I protest. Helen, before your husband, I call upon you again to dismiss mademoiselle from a council at which her presence is most indecorous."

"Mademoiselle remains," said the American. If there had been authority in the Duke's voice, there was mastery in that of the sailor.

Cluny, standing by the table—"the criminal should stand in the dock," he had said to himself, in his new mood of ghastly irony—glanced quickly at the last speaker. Dodd was still smiling. And Cluny, man of nerves as sensitive as a woman's, man of impulses, delicacies, susceptibilities, high-strung passions and poetical ideals, knew that in that solid, healthy, unemotional frame, behind that good-humored mask, sat a spirit of iron resolve; and knew too that the collision of their fates would be his own doom.

Then Madame de Lormes, after the pause necessary for the controlling of her

indignation at this monstrous filial disrespect, spoke again.

"It only remains for me to expose the state of affairs to the Duke of Cluny——" But her rolling period was broken into by the American.

"I take it," said he, "that, as I am the principal person interested, I had better take the lead in this show." (The Marquise subsided with a groan.) "It isn't anything so out of the way, either," he pursued, cheerfully.

He was quite sure of his girl by this time. The little creature (he told himself), for all her funny foreign ways, would never have led him on like this if she were not in earnest. Now and again, in the firelight flashes, he caught a glimpse of her cheek, unwontedly crimsoned: and his heart leaped. He felt a conqueror's joy in her blushes. And he would not spare them; it was part of the sweet punishment she deserved for playing with his strong man's love; and the rest of the score should be settled in a very little while, when his kisses should again bring the young blood to her cheeks more hotly and more beautifully still.

"It isn't anything so much out of the way," said he. "In my country it's a sort of little business which is settled just between two, and we consider that the old folk don't come into it at all, except in the way of blessing. But being in France, and having some very French relatives, I am willing to conform. Cluny, Cousin Helen, I told your adopted daughter, Miss Joy, this morning that I thought I could make her a good husband. I said to her: Would she have me? And she said: 'Ask the Duke.' Well, sir, I do ask."

Of course, Favereau had known as well as all the others what was coming, yet from his shaded corner behind the Duke, Dodd's words struck him as with a blow. The second pause that followed was awful to him, and he thought he could almost feel in his own frame the agonized tension of his friend's nerves.

Madame de Lormes' rapid breathing betokened preparation for a fulminating indictment. But it was Helen who broke the silence. She placed her hand on the fair head at her knee.

"Before we say a word, George," she

cried hastily, "I must know the child's feeling on the matter. We cannot dispose of her heart without hearing what it says."

Her voice was slightly rebuking; her cousin, she thought, should not have exposed the little one to such an ordeal.

"She herself authorized me to speak," said Dodd. "Did you not, Miss Joy?"

Quite unknown to himself, his tone had taken a beautiful inflection of tenderness as he addressed the girl. The crouching figure here rose to its knees, and Joy, turning, leaned her elbows on the Duchess' lap, propped her chin upon her hands and fixed her eyes on the Duke. Then she said slowly, in her small, deliberate voice:

"I told him to ask the Duke."

A moment's silence, full of astonishment, came upon those in the room, with the exception of the two who, alas! knew but too well now the solution to the enigma. Cluny felt the firelight flicker on his face, felt the gaze of general expectancy slowly turning upon him, felt, above all, the narrow gleam between Joy's half-closed lids. His soul was numb within him.

What was this trap she had so evidently laid for his fall? How could he so bear himself as best to spare Helen and his honor? The only emotion left to him was a horrible inclination to laugh. "His honor!"

Helen's sweet voice, a little troubled, rose again. "She is right," it said. "After all, it is Cluny who must approve or forbid. Cluny?"

The flapping of Madame de Lormes' indignant fan ceased; so did Totol's restless finger-cracking and half-suppressed sniggering. Even his small soul felt the indefinable coming of the hidden storm. Joy's intent, watching face became transfigured as with some mysterious triumph. By her attitude, concealed now from the observation of her lover as well as of most of the others, her face, in the side glow of the fire, illumined also startlingly by an inner glow, was in fact then visible only to Favereau.

"What is she aiming at?" he asked himself in ever-increasing doubt. More than once he opened his mouth to interfere, and then the old dread of provoking the catastrophe it was his purpose to try to avert prudently closed it again.

The Duke stood looking straight before

him. Favereau glanced at his face; here too he felt he was standing upon unknown ground. Of the incorrigible Cluny, of Cluny the inconceivably light-minded, he had known every turn; every turn also of the weak, despairing sinner shrinking from fate; but this Cluny, wrapt in himself, cold and disdainful and apart, he did not know. He could not forecast a single one of his actions. Here was no acting as in that first trial of strength with Joy just a week ago; here was now no cloak of comedy thrown over raw despair. This sudden and extraordinary quietude reached, Favereau felt, to the spirit; and this it was which made it seem so ghastly. "He looks like death!" thought Favereau, and fantastic shapes of fear began to flit in his overstrained mind. The strongest motive-power of the Duke's life, he knew, was a certain fastidious, one-sided and specious sense of personal honor, quite distinct from pride of race on the one hand or moral principle on the other. And now, by his own deed and by the fearful force of retributive coincidence, the man had been brought into a quagmire where, turn as he might, every step must plunge him into deeper infamy.

It seemed to Favereau as if he himself had struck the death-blow of his friend a few minutes ago by those words of desperate advice, "Let honor go!"—as if with the death of Cluny's honor the soul of the man had died too, and this were now a mere ambulating corpse, moved by some unnatural power that was not of the soul.

The suspense might have lasted about a minute. The contented smile had gradually disappeared from George Dodd's lips; his face had become set into massive gravity. When Madame de Lormes began to agitate her fan once more, this time with triumphant beat, he remarked, very quietly:

"Whatever your objections are, Cluny, hadn't you better give them a name?"

Helen put out a deprecating hand.

"Wait, George," she said. Then she turned toward her husband. "Cluny," she pleaded, "we must seem romantic, foolish people, and you must be quite surprised at this scene. But the fact is"—she hesitated—"the fact is, Aunt Harriet thinks——" Again she broke off. "Dear

Aunt Harriet, don't be angry with me; surely it is good to put aside conventions now and again——"

Here Madame de Lormes gave an angry, contemptuous laugh, at the end of which she drew in her breath with a hissing sound. This with her was the heralding of that indignation that is beyond words. Helen knew the symptom well. Troubled, yet nevertheless courageous, she pursued:

"Cluny, here are two, I think, that love each other. Am I right, Joy?"

She paused for a second. The elbows propped upon her lap trembled, but no word came from the girl's lips. Unwaveringly as the cat watches the bird, Joy was watching her victim.

"Cluny," then cried the Duchess, the unknown trouble that seemed to be closing around her giving a piteousness, almost a sharpness, to her accents that cut Favereau to the heart—"Cluny; shall we not make it easy for them to be as happy as we are? Cluny, in the name of our love——" Her voice broke off; never before had she called upon him unanswered. The strangeness, the terror, of his silence brought a sob to her throat, a mist to her eyes. Once more a heavy stillness fell upon them all.

Suddenly the girl sprang to her feet, and her shrill cry resounded and echoed through the vast, dim room. It was a cry of delight, of victory:

"The Duke refuses his consent. He refuses!"

XXXIV.

"Upon my word!" said Madame de Lormes. But nobody heeded her, for the Duke of Cluny was speaking at last.

Upon the hearth a couple of logs had fallen apart with a crash, and tongues of yellow flame were leaping up the chimney. Even in this rosy firelight-glow the face of the master of the house showed livid. Yet—terrible contrast!—it was smiling.

"You mistake, mademoiselle. Why should I refuse my consent to your marriage? On the contrary, should I not be gratified at seeing your future so unexpectedly, so well, provided for?"

His accent was very quiet, the words perfectly well chosen and natural, yet every one, except Madame de Lormes, whose narrow brain was filled by her own

absorbing grievances, felt that the something abnormal, the something terrible, in the situation had become intensified.

Helen, fighting against her intangible fear, with all her sublime confidence in those she loved and all her passionate human instinct for happiness, became dimly conscious in her trouble that Joy, with the movement of some little wild animal, was crouching up against her once again. Then her ear was horribly struck by thin, strangled tones, in which she could hardly recognize Joy's small, girlish voice:

"Say it again! Say you wish for this marriage."

It was her husband who was thus called upon!

"Joy!" Helen cried out, as if she had been struck.

Cluny was still smiling. "Say it again?" he repeated. "Why, a hundred times, if you will. It is naturally my wish to see you comfortably settled."

Favereau had already half risen, with hand outstretched, but could not stop the words. Some intuition of the strange workings of the girl's mind had flashed into his own. The miserable creature still loved her betrayer to this desperation; and Cluny . . . What devil possessed the man to answer her thus!

Now it had come!

There was a breathless pause: time just sufficient for the words to sink with their full meaning into Joy's heart. Then she was up like a fury, her hands in her hair—another Joy that none (not even Cluny) knew, the savage, passionate girl-woman of the single idea, of the hopeless longing. "Comfortably settled! Say married off, got rid of! . . . And what if I can now give no man the love he has the right to look for in his wife?"

"Child!" exclaimed Helen, rising too. But Joy's shrill voice cut across the woman's accents.

"What if I had given my love, given it once for all, and all else had been taken from me!"

This cry of the naked soul, with its awful self-revelation, cast dismay in the room. Helen's arms were flung round the girl, her hand laid on the terrible quivering lips.

"Hush, hush, my poor child! You cannot know what you are saying."

Around her own heart she felt the dark waters closing: that unknown sorrow she had always dreaded, she knew, as yet without reason, was upon her at last! True to the practice of her life, her single thought was for the one that seemed to need her help. But Joy struck at her, flung her touch away.

"Oh, leave me alone; your caresses have stifled me long enough!"

It was to Helen as if the first wave of the dark sea had broken over her; the taste of its unspeakable bitterness was upon her mouth.

Favereau came forward. One comprehensive glance took in Helen's stricken face, Joy's distorted mask, Cluny's countenance of death, and the sailor's profile, set as into lines of granite. And hopelessly he resolved to make his last effort. It was a gallant one; he even laughed.

"May I suggest," he said, "that the young lady has been subjected to a very trying ordeal? She seems of a nervous temperament. She certainly does not know what she is saying. Helen, a glass of sal volatile for mademoiselle, and let Blanchette take her to her room."

Like a wildcat Joy turned on him. "You shall not stay my mouth again, you—you old liar!"

Helen stood still, after one look at her husband.

"Quite hysterical," said Favereau, smilingly meeting the girl's onslaught.

George Dodd's figure now suddenly rose, square and large. He began to speak, in a tone of ominous gentleness.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I can't agree with either the Duchess or you. Miss Joy seems to me to know remarkably well what she does mean, on the contrary. She has said too much, or too little, to stop now."

Here Favereau committed what he afterward recognized as the irretrievable mistake of endeavoring to enlist the American on his side.

"For God's sake, Mr. Dodd!" he whispered in his ear, catching him at the same time by the hand with a pressure at once of warning and of appeal.

Mr. Dodd disengaged his sturdy fingers with great composure.

"Look here, Monsieur Favereau," he said almost genially, "I don't quite see

where you come in, sir. Just take my advice, sit down and hold your tongue."

Poor Favereau forced out another laugh, hardly so successful as the first.

"Shame, Mr. Dodd," he cried. "What monstrous significance are you attaching to a school-girl's nonsense!" (Oh, he thought, if he could only get the women away, get Helen away at least, he could deal with the men.) And turning to the Duchess, he cried, with the first impatience he had ever shown her: "For God's sake, Helen, take that girl out of the room. Mr. Dodd must wait for his explanation."

The sailor's deliberate answer was forestalled by Joy herself.

"Mr. Dodd shall have his explanation now: As the love of another man, I refuse to become his wife."

Favereau threw up his hands and withdrew to stand beside Cluny. The latter slowly folded his arms. The horrible smile had left his face: something of the old sweet look had come back to it. He gave one glance at his friend, and in it Favereau read the cry of his own heart, "*All is over!*"

Helen caught the back of a chair to keep herself from falling. But Joy, by her side, stood very erect. Dodd advanced two steps and took the girl's wrist gently between his finger and thumb.

"Just repeat that, Miss Joy," he said. "Another man's love?"

If his voice was cold, it still had the usual gentleness of its inflection when addressing her. She flung back her head and looked at him full. A marked change broke for a second the placidity of his features; for one instant horror leaped into his eyes. Then he dropped her hand and drew back quietly.

The thin barrier which had kept Joy's passion from absolutely riding over her self-control now snapped. She broke into a shrieking laugh.

"His love? . . . His slave! I'd have been his slave all my life! For a word, for a look, I'd be his slave still!"

She clasped her hands to her heart and swayed as she drove the words at Cluny, her eyes straining across the dusk which the falling flame had left in the room

toward his motionless, rigid figure. "One look, one sign!" she repeated, and paused, breathless. The flame leaped up again, Cluny's face appeared with compressed lips and downcast eyes for a second against the gloom. Then in the darkness Joy gave a cry: "Oh!"

It was the cry of a creature wounded to death.

Indistinctly Favereau's figure was seen to advance, but instantly the American's voice struck in like a knife.

"Monsieur Favereau," he said, "if you offer to say another word, I'll knock you down."

There fell another terrible pause—the pause between the lightning and the crash—into this the Lieutenant dropped two more words:

"His name?"

"Turn on the light!" called Joy, in a clear, high voice.

XXXV.

George Dodd sprang to the switch: light flooded the room. Helen had covered her eyes with her hands. Cluny's attitude had not changed. Joy shot forth a pointing finger, the devil of love turned to hate glaring phosphorescent out of her eyes.

"Look at him!" she said briefly.

Mr. Dodd looked. "Aha!" said he. That was all.

"Don't you see the girl's mad!" cried Favereau, in loud, angry tones.

"Mad! Am I?" And she had been afraid of this man! "Yes, I was mad. I am mad still, if you call that madness. I shall be mad till I die. Oh, a month ago I was sane, a month ago I was honest, a month ago——" The slender arms were flung out with a gesture of unconscious pathos toward Helen. "A month ago I was almost what she believed me. I was innocent, I was a child—child enough at least to believe that when a man offered caresses and kisses it meant that he loved; innocent enough to think that love meant happiness; innocent enough to think that for every girl there was a man, somewhere, ready to give her his love; that she had only to look around the world to meet him! Oh!" With tearing, claw-like fingers she clutched at the masses of her yellow hair and drew them back. Her little face,

thus exposed to the brilliant light, was marked with haggard lines of fury that robbed it of all youth. "Oh," she went on, drawing fresh breath with a sobbing gasp, "my hair had been tied up for the first time when I met the man who I thought was to be my own! Oh, you know him, all of you! Do you think I had a chance against him? I gave all he asked—all! And what did he give me? A new self, of which I knew nothing. A wild beast gnawing at my heart, a thousand fiends to tear and mock at me, and"—she caught at her throat with frenzied hands, and the next moment the pearls fell in a milk-white hail from her outflung hands and bounded and rolled in every direction on the polished floor—"and a necklace of pearls!"

Then stillness for one hideous half-minute. A moaning sob came from Madame de Lormes, a sudden deep breath from the American. The others seemed held as by a spell. And Helen stood as before, with hidden eyes.

Joy gathered her failing physical strength together to hurl forth to the uttermost her love, her passion, her despair, her vengeance.

"I gave him such love! She"—pointing a contemptuous finger at her benefactress—"she can prate of her love for him, she the cold saint, who would not as much as dip the tip of her finger into sin for his sake. I—I'd have lied, I'd have betrayed the whole world, I'd have sinned and sinned and died a thousand deaths for another single kiss, for one of his old looks. I'd have done anything he wished, if he had chosen. But now, now, this awful madness that he has left in my soul has nailed his love to my heart. Oh, God!" she screamed, as if in actual physical pain, and stopped, breathless, panting.

The American's voice, with its unnatural every-day tone, was now uplifted:

"Well, you Duke of Cluny, what have you to say?"

"Aye, speak," cried Joy, exhausted, yet still horribly upheld by the strength of her rage. "Speak, Duke of Cluny, alias Monsieur le Chevalier. Defend yourself—deny. It is a chance resemblance,

is it not?" Livid laughter writhed upon her lips. "The Duke of Cluny never met, never could have met, the nameless Joy before! Or if Monsieur le Chevalier did, what of it! A moment's amusement, a whim, a pastime for a dull hour. The toy is broken, throw it away!"

Her voice suddenly failed; she flung herself face forward on the cushions of the divan. With short, light steps, head craned forward, strong lower jaw slightly shot out, blue eyes extraordinarily pale and luminous, their pupils contracted to a pin's point, George Dodd advanced upon Cluny.

The Duke stood in the same attitude, his eyes upon the ground; but at the sailor's approach he raised them and looked steadily at the threatening face.

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Dodd. "What have you to say?"

Very gently, very wearily, Cluny answered, "Nothing."

"Do you deny everything, then?"

"I deny nothing."

The American stood still a moment in the same poised attitude of instant menace. He shifted his tigerish eyes to the little white figure prone on the sofa, and his heart contracted and the blood surged fiercely to his brain. The pathos of his pretty dream shattered into this mire wrought upon him brief madness: he looked back again at the Duke and saw the world red.

"Bastard Stuart as you are . . . would you palm off your discarded mistress upon me!"

As he spat the words at Cluny, he raised his hand and struck him on the cheek.

And Cluny stood motionless, still facing with patient eyes the man he had so deeply yet so unwittingly injured.

In the rush, the uproar, the sudden clamor of voices, Helen still kept erect for one wonderful moment of endurance. Then the bitter waters closed above her head. She gave a great cry:

"Oh, I am falling, falling, falling!"

And Monsieur Favereau, springing forward, caught the stricken figure in his arms.

(To be concluded.)

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

BY LAVINIA HART.

IT'S a mistake to suppose that the ideal husband is the handiwork of the ideal wife. He isn't. He's a species distinct, rare, coveted, and not dependent for fundamental principle upon the woman he marries.

In witness whereof is the established hopelessness of marrying a man to reform him; and likewise the not infrequent instance of a thoroughly noble and unselfish husband with a most unworthy wife.

The ideal husband is the direct result, first, of his mother's training; second, of his early environment and the character and habits that environment has created; and third, of the progressive decade in which he has developed, a decade of higher standards, greater requirement and magnificent fulfilment.

The ideal husband is essentially a twentieth-century innovation. The virtues which make him ideal were not virtues in the past. His liberality would have shocked his ancestors; his attitude of equality toward the sex of his mother would have wounded their vanity, and his wholesome unselfishness, resulting from these virtues and acting like leaven in the loaf of marital happiness, would have taught them lessons filled with greater spiritual truth and beauty than orthodox creeds and Puritan customs.

One hundred years ago, men and women knew but little of each other. Women feared and obeyed their husbands; men protected and directed their wives. Woman's work was limited to housework and the needle, which occupation had nothing in common with the ambitions of men. Woman's education was limited by inferior and incomplete schooling facilities, with sometimes a course on the melodeon, to make her amusing. Woman had no legal status after marriage. When she dropped her name for her husband's, she dropped all individuality, relinquishing her rights to hold property, to collect any wages she might earn, to govern the lives of the children she might bear.

Can women be censured if, confined in a measure already too small, they did not grow? Can we marvel that they did not

idealize when even the practical was beyond their reach? Could they have climbed to the heights with every means of ascent shut off, while men, who made the laws of society and state, refused to place the steps for them?

And who were the great losers by those conditions? Our forefathers! If their wives had been their helpmates, instead of their housekeepers; their equals, rather than their inferiors; intellectually matched with them, rather than outclassed—if the bond of sympathy that welds together on a common basis the ideal married man and woman of to-day had sweetened and uplifted the marriage relations of those pioneer days, creating the perfect understanding that results in mutual benefit and strength—what strifes might not have been saved, what suffering spared, what good increased, what progress hastened! And what a generation the present might have been, with its birthright of perfect harmony and its motherhood of splendid, competent women!

The ideal wife does not make the ideal husband. When man reaches a marriageable age, his habits have taken firm root, and his tendencies are so closely knit they admit of little stretching. But the ideal wife has a great deal to do with the ideal husbands of the future; for mothers are the women who make men. To them comes the responsibility of laying the corner-stone for future homes or the mockeries of homes. To them comes the opportunity to bend the twig while it is tender, and start it firm and straight on its upward growth. The ideal mother gives to her sons a heritage of mental, physical and spiritual health, and devotes her energies, during their childhood, to developing that heritage to the full extent. First she teaches them the value of physical health, for this very practical branch of an ethical training is the rock on which the ideal rests. No chronic dyspeptic ever made an ideal husband; and no sufferer from gout ever maintained the moderate temperament essential to the father who would be an example to his sons. Physical health is the soil from which spring flowers of mental

and spiritual loveliness. From it grow, with a luxuriant naturalness which cultivation cannot bring, cheerfulness, self-control, truth, faith, generous impulse, and poise in the judgment of human nature and human motives. The mother who neglects either to develop the physical health of her children or to impress upon them its importance, does not fulfil the duty which parenthood demands, and lays up for herself, for them, and for their future families misery and disappointment.

Nor is indifference to these rules, or ignorance of them, the only means by which infant constitutions are ruined and infant possibilities laid low. There are more sons pampered into selfishness by the overindulgence of their mamas than can ever be coaxed or threatened into generosity by the wives who must bear with them. It may sound far-fetched to say that a stick of candy, or a woolly dog, or a toy Indian, more or less, conceded to the demands of the young king of the household, will seriously affect the happiness of some unsuspecting little maiden, who is still too young to conjure up ideals of the man she would marry; but this nevertheless is true. Men, even the worthy ones who will make sacrifices in the big things, which women cannot nerve themselves to meet, are proverbially selfish in all those little things that make or mar the life of every day. Yet men do not realize that they are selfish, because it has come to be a part of them, made so in the days when their mothers, not they, were responsible for their ethical acquisitions.

The mistake made by most mothers is in beginning too late. When their idolized offspring have remained out several evenings until ten or eleven, and answer the solicitous "Where have you been?" with an indefinite "Out," a sense of responsibility falls like a blow, and the fond mamas sit them down to think. These reflections usually result in a determination to have a talk with Johnny. He's getting to be a big boy now, and serious problems must soon take the place of play. There are things about himself, and about the world and his relative position toward it, which he ought to know. Whereupon counsel is taken with Johnny in a good motherly talk, or he is advised of the "things he

ought to know" by innuendo, or vague suggestions, or by well-meant references dropped, now and again, to the examples of other boys' lives. But the motherly intention hits wide of the desired mark. It comes too late. Johnny has already formed impressions about the "things he ought to know" and booked opinions about a few things more. There is only one thing worse than planting in the desert, and that is planting on overworked ground. For the desert never would yield crops, but the overworked field has borne fruit for first-comers.

A kindly Providence, however, shields a mother's eyes from the glare of her own errors. She never knows that she stifled her boy's best instincts before he was able to protect himself. She never suspects that the time to prepare him for those "things he ought to know" was when he began to creep over the carpet and cry for everything his chubby fists could reach. Nor is she apt to believe that her influence was on the wane when the little legs got strong enough to play ball and run away from the home-plate. It was then that Johnny found new bases and was governed largely by the fellows he met on the bases, their attitude toward him, and his own receptiveness. After this, the education of Johnny, the forming of his character, the fixing of his standards, the tenor of his habits, are governed almost entirely by influences outside his home. His mother is outnumbered. But the amount of pitch that will cling to Johnny when he wades through it, and the amount of good that will sink into his soul when he contacts with it, will be regulated by the discipline of his creeping, toddling years, when his mother drew upon his soul and mind the outline-map of what the future man would be. And Johnny, in the years that follow, will fill in that outline, with better or worse material as the case may be, within the limitations of the boundary-line his mother set down.

When he begins to think of matrimony, Johnny will have ideals. At least, he should have, if he be a normal, well-poised, progressive young man. His earlier ideals will be transitory. They will hover about a face from which gleam eyes of Johnny's favorite color, a tiptilted nose, dimples, curly hair; and perhaps she must

have an accomplishment or two—French and German fluently, a gift for music, enough of a voice to sing for his amusement only. And if she possess the crowning glory of knowing how to make apple-duff as mother made it, she will surely be his affinity, and they will be happy ever after.

If the Fates are kind to Johnny, he'll live down this first ideal before anything serious happens. If they are not, he will probably join the vast multitude that go down beneath the yoke and count marriage a failure.

For the men who would make ideal husbands must exercise great care in the choosing of their wives. Though wives cannot make ideal husbands, they can mar them. One bad woman can ruin more men than twenty good women can redeem; and one mismated, quarrelsome couple can do more hurt to the institution of marriage than can be undone by ten who are quiet and content.

The girl with the curly hair, and the dimples, and the genius for apple-duff may make a very good wife; but these points will not be a vital factor in her success. Neither will a great fortune or superior social position of itself make life with her for fifty years ideal.

The prospective husband who really is seeking to realize an ideal life must look for inward, rather than outward, beauty in the girl he marries. Not that outward beauty is worthless. All beauty counts, for beauty, of one kind or another, is the point toward which the ideal is striving. But no woman whose intellect is awakened, whose soul is pure, whose motives are good, whose ambitions are lofty, can possibly be ugly to look at. Beauty is like love, it cannot be hidden. When every thought of the mind makes an instant impression on the face, when every good impulse softens the expression and every bad one hardens it, when every smile and every scowl, every tenderness and every harshness, leave their several imprints, can the beauties of mind and heart be separated from the beauty of feature? Not only is the woman of ideal type spiritually beautiful, but, inheriting the most graceless and irregular features, they must surely acquire a beauty of finesse and expression, which will

outwear the beauty of feature and increase as the love for good increases in her soul.

Regarding the material conditions that influence matrimony, they are not to be lightly handled. While no marriage can be ideal without love, which should be its prime incentive, neither can any marriage whose only bond of sympathy is sentimental love attain perfection. An equal plane, and preferably a high plane, of intellectual understanding is essential. The bond created by two hearts that grow together through mutual affection is no stronger than the bond that is cemented by the development of two minds progressing along the same lines of mental activity; particularly when that intellectual affinity is augmented by reciprocated love.

A safe rule for the seekers after the ideal to follow is to marry in their own set. It is rarely that the millionaire makes the mill-girl happy. When the first few weeks of romantic love have settled into the calmer, steady devotion which should follow, the millionaire realizes that the mill-girl's pretty face, and perhaps pretty manners, cannot help her to fulfil demands never before made upon her or to accustom herself gracefully to wealth and its environment, when her life, her nature, her tastes and habits, have been regulated by the narrowness which poverty inflicts. Her awkwardness in the new sphere will be as great a cross to herself as to the man who has made the experiment; and there will come days when the mill-girl will wish she had married a mill-hand, to whom she would have appeared the embodiment of every grace worth having.

It is equally important that a girl who has been carefully reared and gently bred should marry a man who understands the niceties of life. When such a girl marries a man who has not had the advantages of gentle birth or breeding, and who has not acquired an understanding of these things' worth, her future happiness is bound to be marred by a series of daily shocks, sufficiently petty in their nature to wear off all the romance from her love. For of petty things are the hours and days and lives of women made up; and the little kindnesses or the little hurts are what constitute her happiness or misery. When a gentle, refined girl marries an uncouth

man of gruff habits and coarse ways, she begins her married life by chiding herself for noticing such little things, and ends it with nervous prostration.

There are many other conditions that should be considered before marriage, which, though they be no substitute for love, can greatly affect its lasting quality. If a man has strong religious convictions, it is better he should not marry a woman who is an unbeliever. Not only because their differences of opinion on so vital a topic will create feeling and argument; but because a woman who believes in God and endeavors to fulfil every moral standard, not because it is pronounced moral, but out of love and gratitude to the Maker who blessed her with the sense of right and wrong, with the power to enjoy the compensations of doing right, with the conscience to suffer the penalties of doing wrong—because such a woman is better and sweeter for her religion, and her faith in God will have its influence on every department of her character.

The woman who believes in God believes in her husband. Her faith becomes the noblest of her habits. And the husband who is believed in and trusted is the husband who keeps the commandments.

Another important consideration is the matter of money. A very practical consideration to enter into a treatise on ideals! But who shall say where the ideal commences and the practical leaves off? Moreover, the ideal never can be reached except through practical means. Human love is for human beings, and must be regulated by human necessities and conditions. A hungry lover lacks ardor and presents a very weak case. A lover with frayed clothes and worn boots is a butt for unpleasant comparison. A lover who offers himself with empty hands to the woman of his choice is an affront to her dignity and worth. If she be an heiress and accept, he will pay the penalty in humiliation. If she be dowerless and accept, he will pay the penalty in seeing her want. The man who is worthy to win a woman will work for her. There is a means to every end. If a woman wants you, she will wait. If she won't wait, she isn't worth working for; but some one else probably is.

Men have small opportunity for studying women in this age and country, with the days spent in laboring to get money and the nights often spent in laboring to get rid of it. But when the opportunities do come, they should be made the most of.

Every thoughtful man knows that the fact that he is proud to take a well-gowned girl to the theaters constitutes no reason to suppose she will make a good wife. That she has wit, is no proof she has sense. That she can eat birds, does not signify she can broil them. And above all, that she has tastes requiring a twenty-thousand-dollar income, gives no hint that she has twenty thousand a year with which to cater to them; or that she can amiably readjust herself to a thousand-dollar-a-year program for the sake of being Mrs. John Smith and basking in the light of John Smith's eyes and the heat of his cook-stove.

The ideal husband is essentially a provider. The feeling of protection he maintains toward his wife is one of the best feelings he knows. As women prize their gentleness, so men prize their strength. The ideal husband likes to feel that his wife is dependent upon him for happiness, for protection, for maintenance; and the fulfilment of these requirements makes him ideal. The ideal wife will never become so strong in her physical or mental culture that she will not concede to her husband's superior strength. The spirit of dependence upon man is in every woman; and its degree is regulated by the womanliness within her and the worthiness of her husband.

A good woman will live within her husband's income. A good man will supply an income sufficient to provide properly for his wife. And this constitutes another cause why a man should marry a girl in his own set, rather than one who is socially better situated, unless she have an income which she is willing to devote to requirements beyond his means. Many marriages that might otherwise be successful fail because men marry out of their station in life and the impossible burdens they take on plunge them into debt. Ideal marital happiness has no more insidious foe than debt. It eats at the very roots of content; it poisons the whole family tree.

It is only when the practical is neglected

that it jars. If we do not wish the squeak of machinery to interfere with the pleasure of our ride, we must oil well the wheels of our motor.

Nor is debt the only substance that clogs the wheels of the domestic carryall. Jealousy has been found a very grave impediment to the progress of that vehicle.

There is a certain class of young men and women who, with the best intentions, have unsophisticated theories about love, which they try to reduce to practice. It is hard on the practice dog, but the sooner the experiment is tried, the sooner its futility is proved. These theories embrace notions about the beauty of uncertainty, the wisdom of holding something back, the fascination of a little mystery, the mistake of letting the husband or wife become too sure of absolute conquest.

Could there be anything more absurd? Could there be any logic more certain to land its erring victim on the rocks? These theories may apply successfully to flirtations, whose charm is gaged by their brevity. But marriage is serious business. It's a good deal more serious than dying or being born. For when we are born our mothers will take care of us, and when we die our Father will take care of us. But when we marry, we must take care of ourselves and another besides. The first principle that new responsibility embodies is candor. Without perfect understanding, perfect confidence and perfect faith between man and wife, there can be no sounding of ideals. Seeking the truth, telling the truth, believing the truth—these constitute the basic principle for ethical education, for practical demonstration, for ideal conjugal love. There is nothing so magnificent as the love which knows its power; there is nothing so holy as the love which gives and inspires faith without limit. Ideal love is too noble and too great to be whipped into development by the scourge of petty jealousy.

Again, we are repeatedly told that women like the brute in men and cling to men who are their masters. Where do these writers and theorists get their examples? True, Daudet has given us Sapho, whose love reached its exquisite height when

she implored her lover to beat and kick her. But Sapho was an animal, and a very bad animal, too. It was not for the Saphos that men developed from dictators into ideal husbands. It was for those gentle women who are their equals and who love and admire their strength as they recognize it through the tenderness which is its best proof.

This tenderness does not come to all men; but him to whom it does come it makes an ideal husband. It is the acme of every human strength, mental, physical and ethical. It is the embodiment of self-control, self-sacrifice, self-annihilation. And it springs into being in that moment when love for a good woman floods him with the realization of love's best purposes, fills him with new hope, new inclinations, new aspirations; and opens up before him a higher plane of living, which the old life could not know.

And with this realization and its attendant joy, will come another, with its attendant pain—the memory of the years behind him.

What has his record been? Dare he show it to her? Or must his past be buried, with mutual silence for its rites, its ghosts to stalk forever through their bridal-chambers?

Does the young man who will some day want to be an ideal husband realize that a time is coming when he would give all his earthly possessions to wipe out the errors of to-day? Does he realize that the best moment of his life, when the yearning is on him to lay the whole world at the feet of the girl he has won, is to be embittered by the knowledge that he cannot give her even himself without blemish?

There are many instances of immoral men who have led pure lives after marriage; but there never was an instance of a man who could drop the earmarks of a dissolute life at the altar.

Covering up the spots in his moral raiment with cautiousness may satisfy the conventions of the period; but it cannot hide them from his own consciousness. Nor can it modify the discovery, when he comes to examine his raiment, that the spots have eaten into the fabric.



THE ELECTRIC TOWER.

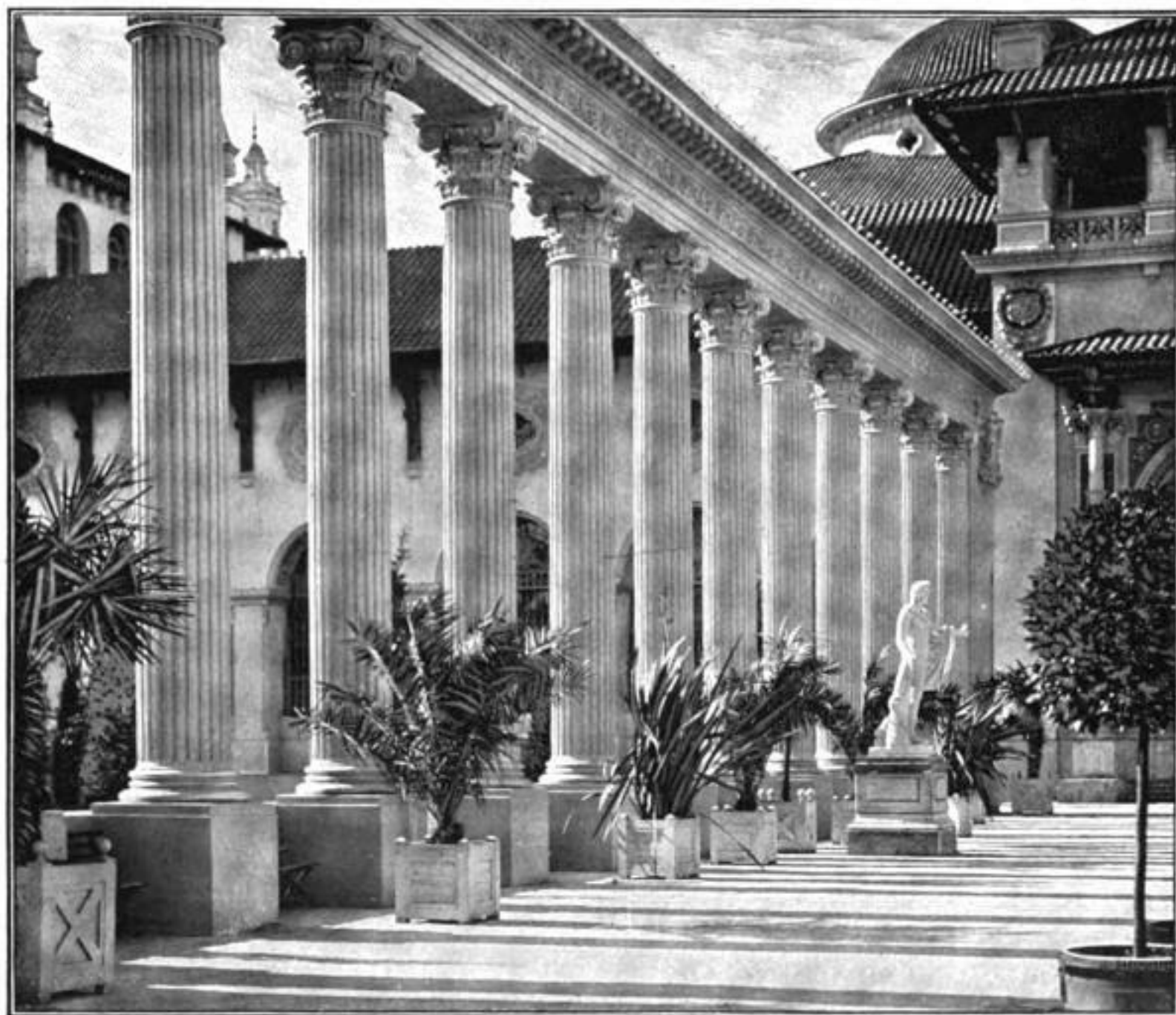
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A COLONNADE BETWEEN THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

NOTES ON THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

BY ROBERT GRANT.

COMPARISONS are odious, and at the same time often inevitable. Here we have a case in point. The free-born American who was so fortunate as to visit Chicago in the year of its White City inevitably asks himself first of all, as he contemplates the glories of the Pan-American, "How does this compare with our great Exposition?"

Moreover, the comparison is forced upon him by what he sees. He sees the same general scheme of department buildings; a

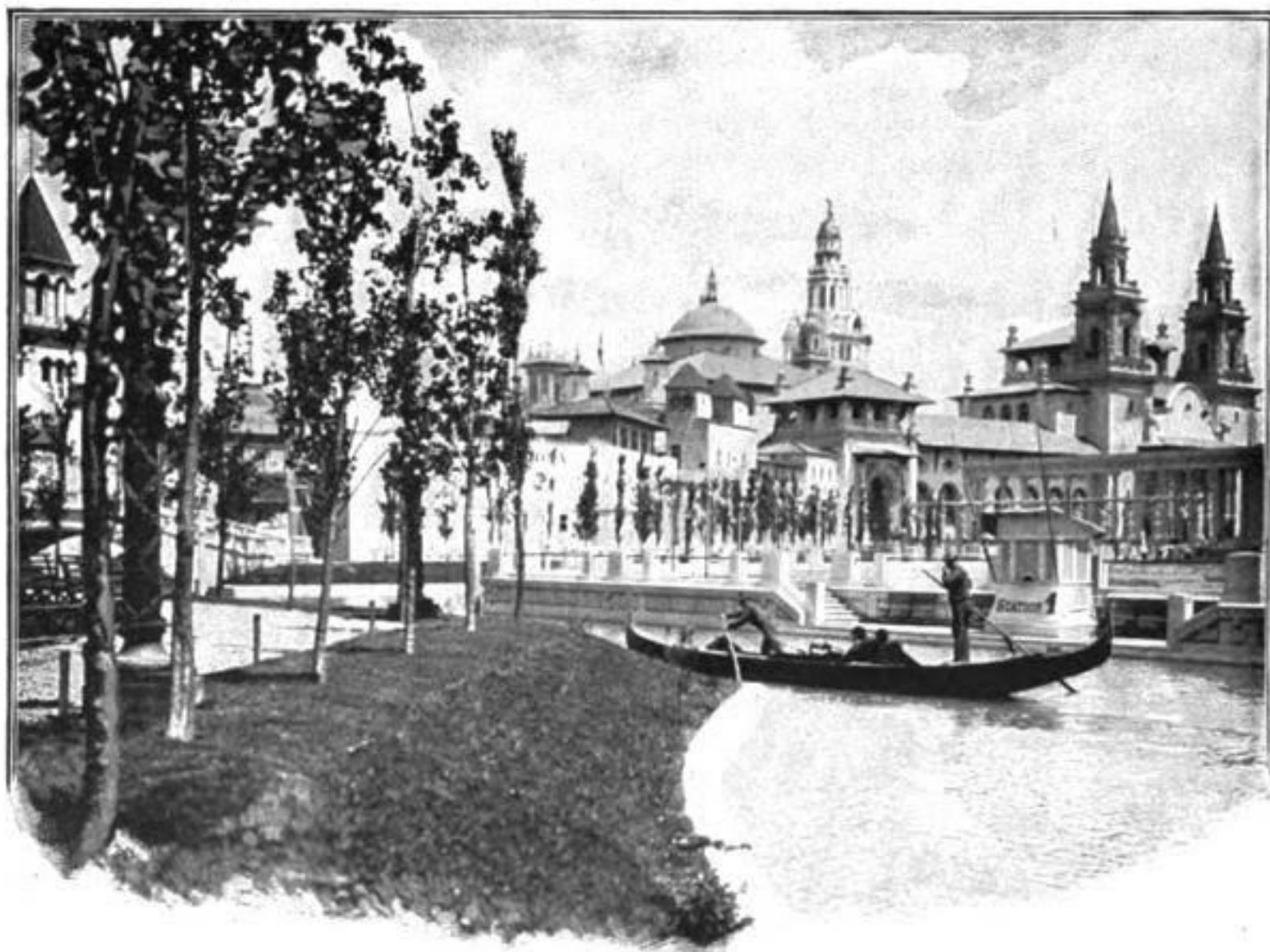
brilliant, imposing city towering in staff as by the touch of a necromancer's wand; a kindred profusion of boldly imagined and freely executed groups of statuary; an analogous system of waterways; the same old Midway with a few novel features; in short, a practical reproduction of what appeared at Chicago—different and yet still the same. The White City with its Court of Honor was an astounding novelty. Many of us went there hopeful yet calm, and scarcely expecting to be thrilled.

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What we beheld amazed us, made us prouder than ever of our country, and opened our eyes to the great power and versatility of the nation. If our heads swam and we reveled in superlatives, there was a legitimate excuse for it. But the Yankee brain is not apt to swim twice from the same intoxicant. Nor will the free-born American, entitled to his own opinion, be restrained from saying, "I have seen something like this before," by the pious thought that the citizens of Buffalo have raised by popular subscription and expended for the gratification of the people

behind by the sojourner at its Fair. Whatever the illusion may have been at Chicago, certainly one does not forget here that an exhibition of this sort is not solely a glorification of art and the humanities for their own sake, but is a business proposition as well, and a grand advertising scheme for the display of the inventions, manufactures and industrial enterprises of the Republic. This is an inevitable and legitimate purpose of all expositions, but the visitor will forget the fact if the enchantment be complete. At Buffalo the spell cast does not suffice to allure the sa-



ON ONE OF THE CANALS.

of the United States one million·seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a sum supplemented by the donation of half a million from Congress.

Indeed, as one surveys with pleased eyes the architecture which the guide-book tersely terms "a free treatment of the Spanish Renaissance, a compliment to the Latin-American countries who are prominent exhibitors," the sardonic thought may intrude that Buffalo can scarcely have intended to make so large a gift to the American public without hope of return, both in glory and in current cash left

gacious into buying a box of stain-removing soap made from the bark of South American trees, or to patronize the ubiquitous purveyors of optic lenses, who for some reason are much in evidence in the buildings. That is, in the daytime. At night one might be tempted to buy anything.

For instance, two friends of mine, cultured and rationally critical men from Boston, had a narrow escape from missing the distinctive and monumental feature of the Exposition. The beginning of the second week of June, when I happened to be there, was far from balmy. The wind

was sharp and overcoats were indispensable. The atmosphere rendered all but the very youthful indifferent to the charm of gondolas and open-air concerts. Returning at night to my hostelry at Niagara, I came upon my two Bostonians, warming their toes over a sea-coal fire. It appeared they were on their way West and had stopped over to see the Pan-American. They had seen it and were disappointed. It was well enough in its way, they said, but—an echo of Chicago without its fascination, and they had been nearly frozen into the bargain. Two hours had been sufficient

“But,” said I to my friends, “have you not seen the illumination?” They shook their heads. Thereupon I took upon myself to assure them that if they departed without seeing it they would be guilty of a cruel wrong to themselves, and that the spectacle was worth a voyage across the Atlantic. They regarded me skeptically, but they consented to go with me on the following evening. It was Sunday, and the atmosphere had softened and mellowed. There was no wind and the sky was without a cloud—a genuine June twilight. I piloted them along the Court of Fountains until we



THE PROPYLÆA FROM THE BAND-STAND.

for them, after a night in the sleeping-car, and they had sought solace in the grandeur of Niagara's falls and gorge, which had restored their faith in the eternal fitness of things. Parenthetically it may be suggested that there was a certain audacity on the part of the projectors of the Fair in setting up their plaster city in such proximity to one of the real beauties of the world. Yet there was method too in their madness, for it is but a step for brides from Goat Island to the Court of Fountains and the Sunken Gardens of the Pan-American.

were at the southerly end of the basin. There we stood and waited with a throng of other watchers, looking back at the Electric Tower. The description of what followed will be trite enough to those who have seen it for themselves; yet who that seeks to specify the crowning and original feature of this Exposition will be able to pass over this unique sight?

The time fixed for the ceremony of illumination is half-past eight, just as the summer twilight is deepening into darkness. A few moments before the appointed hour, one perceives the bulbs of electric light

along the paths and in the buildings diminish in intensity until they become mere tiny specks of flame which fade away. There is a deep silence, and all eyes are riveted on the Electric Tower. Suddenly, in the splendid vertical panel with four brooches which decorates its center, there is a faint glow of light like the first flush of sunrise from behind a mountain-peak. It mounts and spreads, at first gradually, with dignified celerity, then with a swifter effulgent pervasiveness until the entire territory of the Fair has been metamorphosed into a gorgeous vision of dazzling towers, minarets and scintillating gardens. The Spanish Renaissance scheme of color is gone, and in its stead we have a veritable fairy-land; the triumph not of Aladdin's lamp, but of the masters of modern science over the nature-god, Electricity.

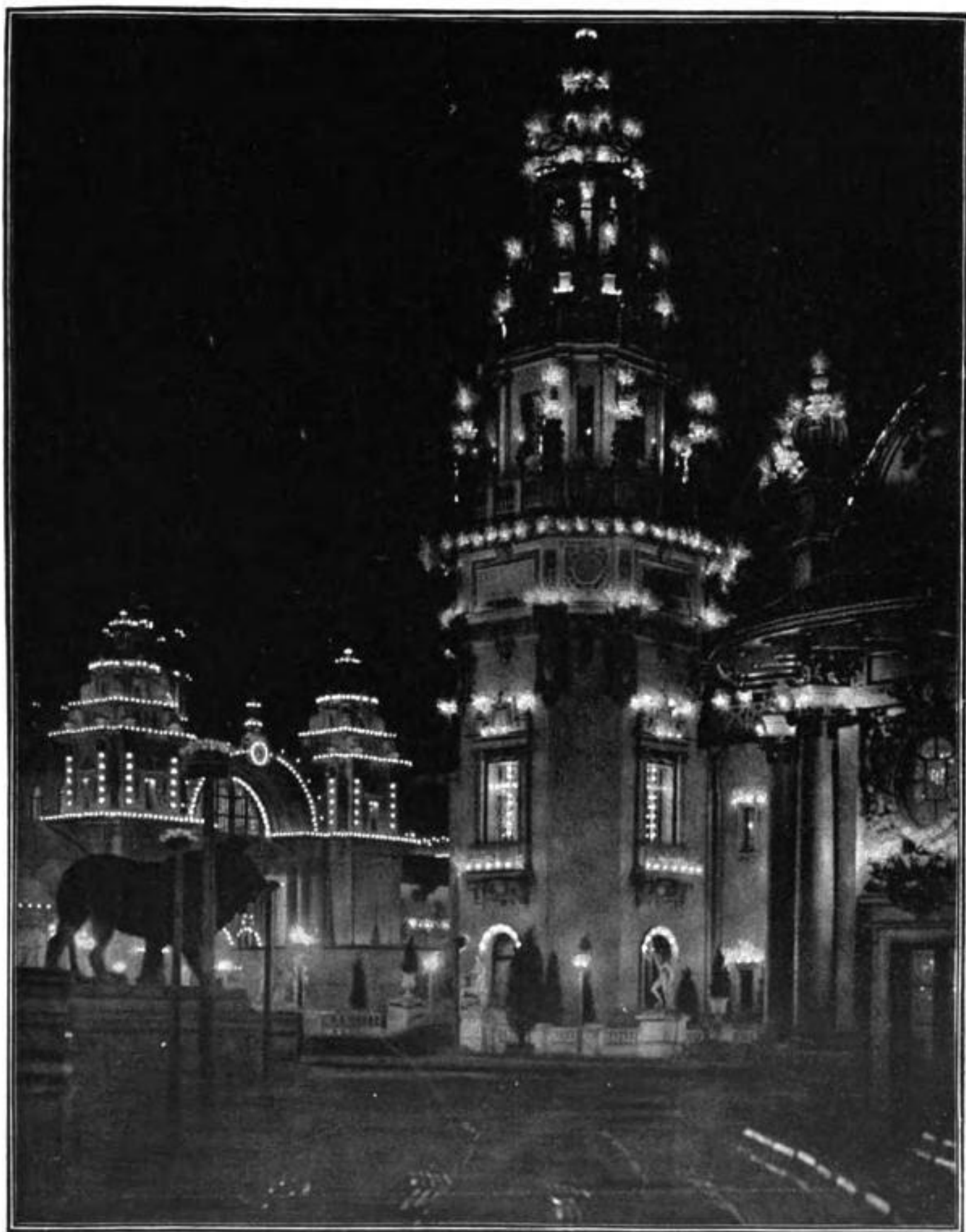
My two friends from Boston acknowledged utterly the spell of the occasion. There was no gainsaying the beauty and genius of the display. Behind the gleaming expanse of myriad jets of marshaled flame hung the clear, cloudless sky, a transporting background of lucent ultramarine, suggesting one of Dante's gleaming heavens. And as we gazed and sauntered

musings, we overheard this pretty dialogue: An elderly couple passed us, and the husband murmured, "If we were to live another twenty-five years, what shouldn't we see?" Her gentle reply was, "You *will* see something very like this—the golden city!" Apt phraseology and an exhaustive popular tribute. Certainly the Pan-American is well worth visiting, if only for this sensation.

On the 7th of June, and subsequent days when I visited the Fair, the exhibition was substantially ready for inspection, but wore in many spots the air of a hasty and incomplete toilet. The State Buildings were almost universally in the early stages of erection; the Fine Arts exhibit was not yet open; few of the restaurants were in active operation; a number of the attractions of the Midway were still incomplete; and even in the main buildings—the Liberal Arts, Electricity, Machinery and Agriculture—though the principal exhibits were in order, there were evidences on every side of tardiness in equipment, and many booths were in a state of confusion. Perhaps discrepancies in punctuality are unavoidable, and it is too much to demand of human imperfection that an exhibition ad-



THE SUNKEN GARDENS.



THE PLAZA AT NIGHT.

vertised to be complete on a certain date should be finished thirty days later.

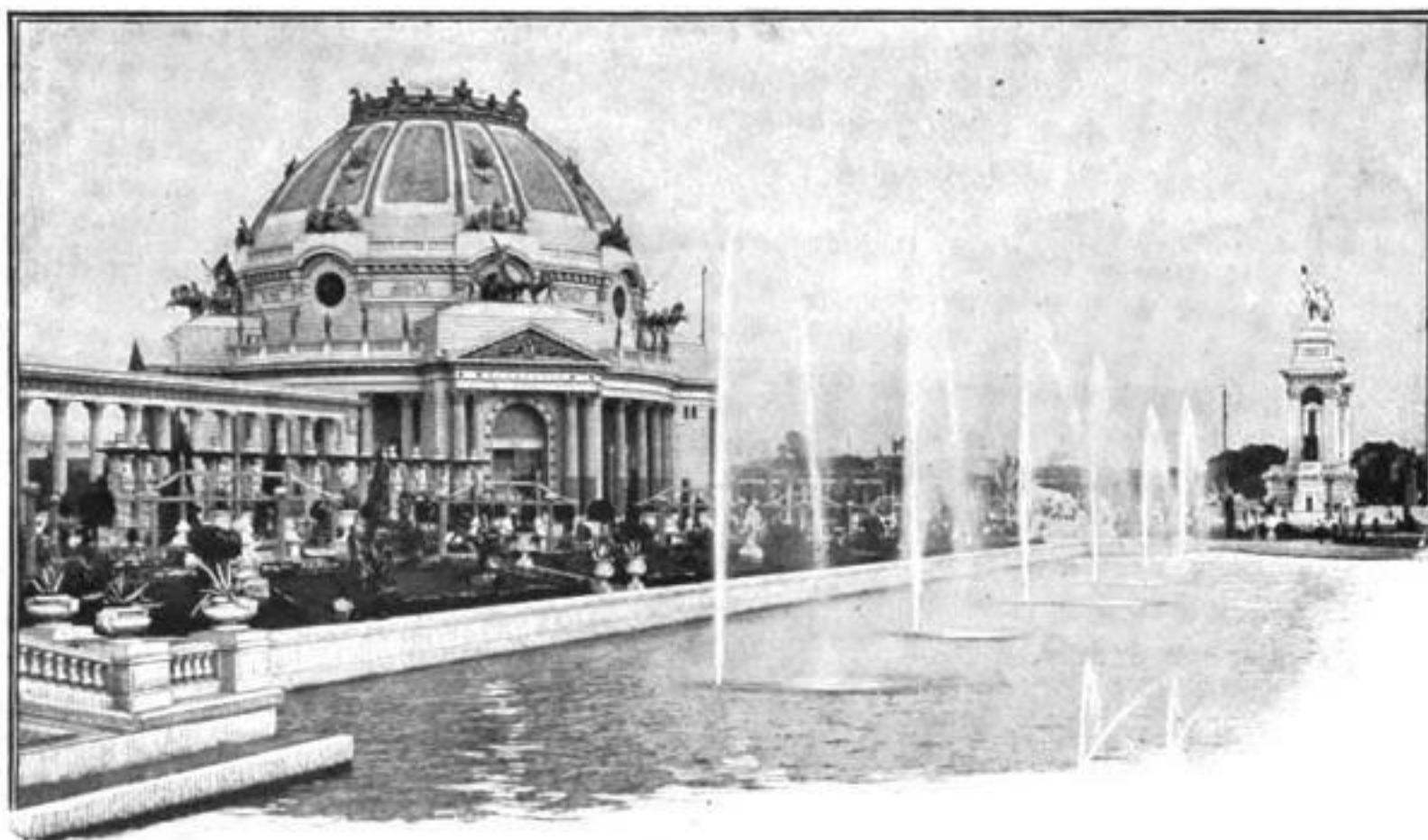
However this may be, the visitor at this period found an agreeable exception in the admirable display at the Government Building. Here everything was in apple-pie order. Intelligence, system and a keen appreciation of the opportunities of the occasion had evidently combined to produce an altogether interesting collection of

Americana. No person, young or old, could fail to be instructed and entertained by the diversified exhibit which the government officials have set forth with due allowance for space and an eye for proper effect. There is no crowding, no superabundance of material. The clean and well-devised presentation of fish in the aquarium is a pleasure to the eye, from the sturgeon hobnobbing with the seal in the large tank

to the group of frail but aristocratic-looking albino trout. Among so much that was worth attention, I recall the carefully planned groups of American tribes in native costumes, with their implements; the comprehensive display of army and navy costumes from 1775 to the present day; the exhibit of ordnance and modern naval apparatus; the choice selection of interesting relics from the Smithsonian Institute; and the reduced facsimiles, offered by the Patent Office, of the McCormick reaper, showing its evolution from the primitive machine of fifty years ago to the complicated engine of twentieth-century agriculture. Every department of the govern-

ment was adequately represented, and in a manner to educate and inspire the great public. Probably, to eight persons out of every ten the effect of visiting a series of large buildings bristling with machinery and the products of the industrial arts is confusing, not to say paralyzing to the brain. Few if any of us can hope by a gentlemanly tour of three days through a great exhibition to carry away accurate knowledge concerning the scientific and mechanical apparatus which we behold. The eye becomes tired and the imagination sated by the plethora of cogs and blades, wheels and dynamos. There are spells when we are indisputably bored. But what a treasure-

house this accumulation within a small compass of the results of American inventive and engineering skill must be to the student in search of practical demonstration and to the specialist who knows what he desires to see or examine! I am so constituted, unfortunately, that the details of machinery produce no more impression on my optic nerves than water produces on a duck's back; but I am in my ignorance, nevertheless, a genuine worshiper of the genius that can generate the marvelous mechanical devices which revolutionize the industrial processes of the world. Such a fine exhibit as the array of huge, grasshopper-like implements in the Machinery Build-



THE ETHNOLOGY BUILDING.

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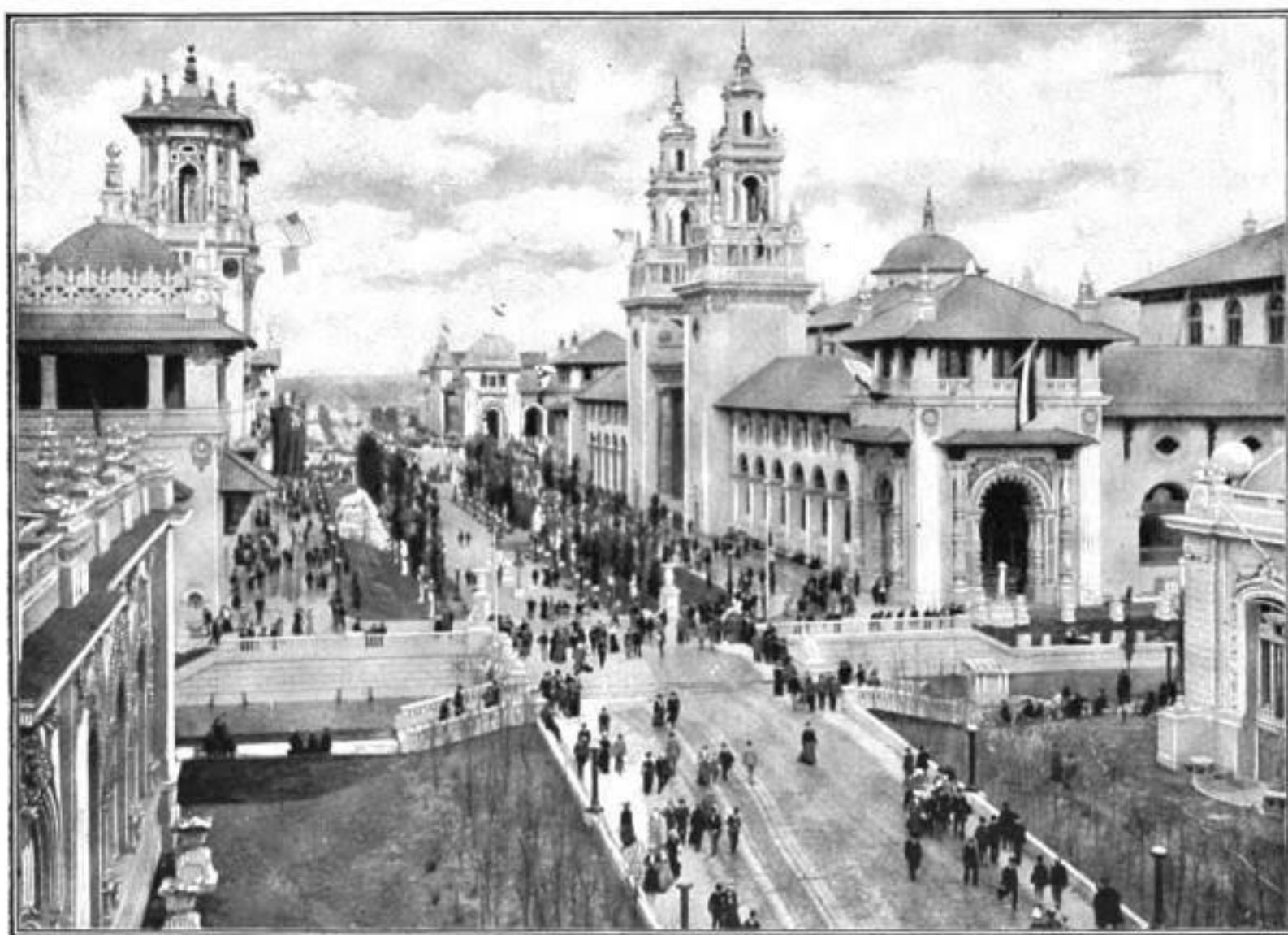
Probably, to eight persons out of every ten the effect of visiting a series of large buildings bristling with machinery and the products of the industrial arts is confusing, not to say paralyzing to the brain. Few if any of us can hope by a gentlemanly tour of three days through a great exhibition to carry away accurate knowledge concerning the scientific and mechanical apparatus which we behold. The eye becomes tired and the imagination sated by the plethora of cogs and blades, wheels and dynamos. There are spells when we are indisputably bored. But what a treasure-

ing, those of the General Electric and Westinghouse Companies in the Electricity Building, and that of the Calumet & Hecla Company in the Mines Building, stirs our pulses with pride, even if we gape at it with unenlightened eyes.

In the matter of the every-day industrial arts I suppose that we are all self-constituted judges of what is edifying and beautiful. In the course of my earthly pilgrimage I have been to many food fairs and to many mammoth bazaars where domestic manufactures, fancy dry goods and glittering small ware were set forth as here in continuous, bewildering booths. No one will deny that the exhibit in the Industrial Arts Building is representative,

comprehensive and highly creditable to the brains, energy and ingenuity of the nation. Who can be offended by such a patriotic declaration as this? Yet there is not much that is new or absorbing in this collection to any one who has kept pace with metropolitan shopping and read the advertising supplements of the magazines. This, of course, is merely a comparative criticism. There will be thousands of people not conversant with cities, and whose opportunities to travel are limited, to whom these variegated booths must be both a delight and a means of education. But I should

or cajoling. I am free to confess that I am not susceptible to souvenirs of this class. Indeed, the passion for souvenir spoons in which some amiable people indulge as an esthetic diversion appears to me closely allied to the mental condition which protests against the nude in art. But there have been expositions where the popular fancy was arrested by keepsakes which were diverting and clever, if not artistic. At the Pan-American everything of the sort which I saw was hideous, and the souvenir card which I posted to an infant son was a cruel daub of the Electric Tower,



LOOKING EAST ON THE MALL.

not advise the traveled and sophisticated bridegroom to cut short his honeymoon at sublime Niagara in order to make time for a conscientious examination of the many foods, fabrics, Yankee notions and minor trinkets spread for inspection in this large building. Let me add that I do not wish to appear unappreciative of the respectability of the exhibit, but merely to suggest that it did not for me possess the charm of novelty or special distinction. Nor will the bride, it seemed to me, find the so-called souvenirs of Buffalo's glory—"something to remember the Fair by"—original

suggesting a gaudy lighthouse struck by streaks of lightning.

The architectural color-scheme of the Fair is one of those ticklish subjects concerning which there are sure to be diverse and conflicting opinions. It is certainly striking and positive. Colloquially speaking, the color is all there, and there is plenty of it. One seems to be walking through a park of South American palaces. Possibly it is the mental effect of being in South America which restrains the soul from complete enthusiasm, for we are not accustomed to think of South America in

superlatives. The architects and artists had constantly upon them as a nightmare the perfection of Chicago, and the problem of how to make another White City which should be the same and yet distinctive—should be entrancing without being white. The South American City with its splurge of Spanish Renaissance is dignified without being tawdry; is picturesque and interesting. But—for, like my fellow-citizens from Boston, I find a “but”—there is no temptation to the spectator to gasp and clap the hands. Naturally the buildings are of different degrees of merit, but the color-scheme is so predominant that in spite of variations of shape they produce at first the effect of looking all alike, just as the Chinese do until we are accustomed to them. Among the orgie of color there is nothing more individual than the commanding Electric Tower itself, with its garish but highly effective treatment in white, blue and gold and its cascade bursting from a

concave panel of cerulean blue and tumbling into the basin below.

Whatever one's opinion as to the comparative value of the architecture, all will agree that the dedications, or apostrophes, on the several main buildings were composed with a fine discretion. Their sentiments are appropriate and stimulating, their diction is euphonious yet simple.

As in the case of the architecture, it seemed to me that the statuary, though the work was often spirited and assertive, was less fine as a rule and as a whole than what appeared at Chicago. It struck me that the free-hand treatment in the minor pieces betrayed at times a lack of finish

which came perilously near being slovenly. But every visitor will admire without reservation the splendid equestrian figures which mark the entrance to the main court on the southerly side, abutting the termination of the bridge which leads from the Park. Are they not masterly, stately and ornamental?

It should be added that criticism of the esthetic attractions of the Pan-American is invidious for the reason that Chicago has given us so stern a standard of comparison that there is danger of seeming unappreciative of the work of the imaginative and public-spirited men whose contributions as

a whole afford an inspiring spectacle to a grateful public. But I doubt, nevertheless, if the South American City can be deemed an overwhelming success from an artistic standpoint.

The visitor to the Fair in the early days of June could not but be impressed by the preparations which had been and were being made for the entertainment

of a great democratic people. It was obvious that the management had planned to provide liberally the miscellaneous and popular attractions which have become prominent features of every large exposition. A big modern fair is now the Mecca not only of those hungry for knowledge or thirsty for inspiration, of the patriotic and of people who travel once or twice in a lifetime, but it has become the stamping-ground of hordes of organizations whose badges flutter in the breeze and whose annual meetings are held in the hotel corridors appurtenant to the Exposition grounds. A few of these marching bodies were in evidence when I was there, but most of them were



THE AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT.



THE GRAPHIC ARTS WORKSHOP.

still to come. A glance at the guide-book reveals that over one hundred annual conventions are scheduled to be held in Buffalo before the 1st of November, and this list, drawn from at random, includes bodies as dissimilar in character as the Western Dancing-Teachers' Association, the Layers' Union of North America, the International Cremation Congress, the Hoo-Hoo National Concatenation and the New York Sabbath Association. It seems to be assured that there will be "strenuous" times at Buffalo as a consequence. And, barring the consideration of heat, what a stirring and agreeable method of spending a holiday week this trip will be to the tired workers of the country—to whom we all belong!

Diversion for the visiting multitudes is provided according to their tastes by the Stadium, by band concerts, by organ recitals in the Temple of Music and by the irrepressible and somewhat irresponsible Midway. At the Stadium—or combination ball-field and sporting-track, in elaboration of that at Athens (and of course larger)—the "continuous carnival" of events arranged for had already begun. Base-ball

games, bicycle races, lacrosse matches, canoe meets, basket-ball championships, track athletic contests and firemen's tournaments will succeed one another with business-like variety. There are diverse open-air band-stands at which one may hear good, indifferent or distressing music according to the quality of the band which one happens to draw in the daily band lottery, for the visiting bands, like the visiting organizations, have their special days. I was not invariably fortunate. I remember listening to one in the forenoon in the Temple of Music, the noise of which was a happy accompaniment to the decoration of that bilious-looking edifice. But the great organ in the Temple of Music is a superb instrument, though, as I was told, it was temporarily not quite in tune. On several occasions I sought a respite here from the fatigue of sight-seeing and joined the appreciative music-lovers and the fugitives from the keen Buffalo wind, who together made a considerable audience for the solitary performer. The acoustics of the building seemed to me excellent, and in the topmost row of the gallery the tones

of the organ came to me full and clear.

The center of diversion, of course, is the Midway, which even in its name is directly reminiscent of Chicago, and which is the same old grotesque but alluring combination of circus, ethnological bazaar and variety-show. At an ordinary circus, even the mature are apt to eat popcorn and drink pink lemonade as a rebuff to their own solemnity, and to a greater degree in this modern annex to a serious exhibition we are all of us led by easy-going curiosity,

or a light-hearted spirit of fun, to poke our twenty-five-cent or ten-cent bits through the aperture in the cashier's cage in response to the fetching eloquence of successive showmen. I did my Midway with some thoroughness, and was more or less entertained — sometimes by the superbly grave fluency with which the employees recited their

lessons rather than by the humor of the show itself. For instance, the running account of Antony and Cleopatra given by the exhibitor throws the portrait of the fair Egyptian completely into the shade and saves one from regretting the loss of the dime. There was nothing more entertaining among the attempts to reproduce foreign peoples than our old acquaintance, the "Street in Cairo," with its glittering bazaar manned by olive-skinned attendants, who, in their whining, wheedling efforts to sell you many things

for which you have no use, drop the price one hundred per cent. as they grasp your arm and whisper: "See here, beezi-ness is bad. I'll let you have it for three dollars."

What, by the way, can be the special charm to the American young woman in being jolted by a camel? On the afternoon when I was there, no fewer than half a dozen girls of eighteen years and upward, generally two on a camel, were bumping through Cairo most ungracefully on these ancient beasts, to the amusement of everybody else.

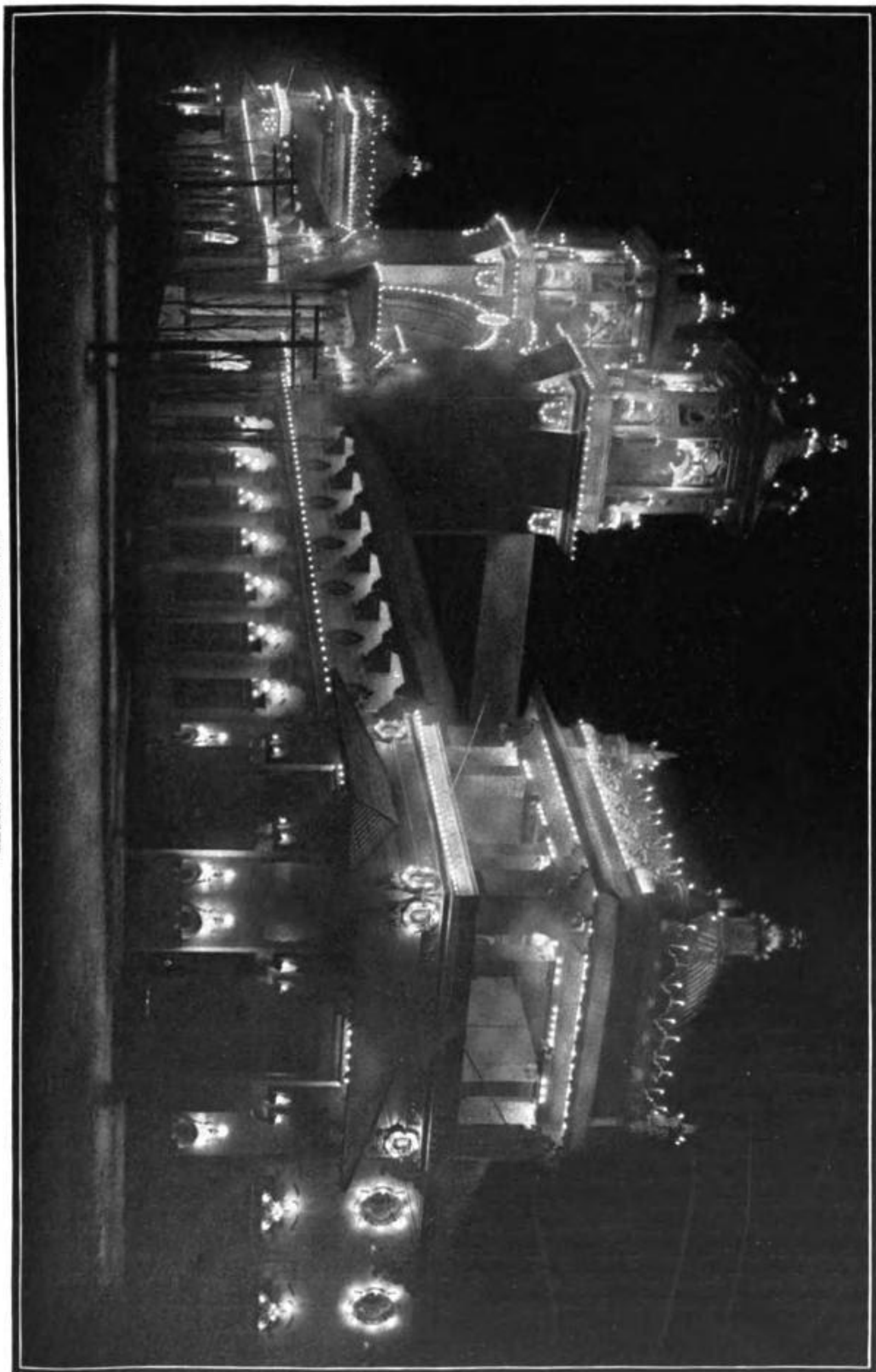
The Indian Congress contains one of the largest and most genuine-looking bodies of warriors which I ever saw brought together for spectacular purposes. Many of the braves and squaws were large-featured, vigorous specimens of the race. They were most lavishly and picturesquely decked out with feathers and war-paint, so much so that

their ochers and reds were a formidable rival to the Spanish Renaissance scheme of color. There was one chieftain who indulged in blue cheeks. On the day of my visit a huge placard in front of the novelty entitled "A Trip to the Moon" announced that Chauncey M. Depew had made the ascent a few hours previous. As a part of the experience you find yourself presently on the deck of a ship journeying toward the lunar sphere. So considerable is the illusion produced that an elderly lady next to me expressed alarm and could not



THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING.

THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING AT NIGHT.



be convinced by her friends or the attendants that the air-ship on which we appeared to be mounting through space was stationary. From this gay performance to the pathos of the infant incubator is a violent change in mental atmosphere and an illustration of the heterogeneous character of the Midway. There tiny babies prematurely born lie on miniature beds in neat little ovens from which they are taken at regular intervals to be fed, weighed and reswathed. One of the most liberally patronized features of the Midway was "Alt

is liable to overlook the interesting and curious collections of their native products and manufactures. But Chili has a distinctive building for the display of its interesting and complete exhibit, and so have Ecuador and some of the Central American countries and Mexico. The Canadian exhibit in a large building of its own is very representative and well arranged, and I noticed that the Canadian display of fruit in the Horticulture Building was equally creditable.

Among the great fairs of the world the



A BAND-STAND NEAR THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.

Nürnberg," a picturesque reproduction of a street in Nuremberg, at the end of which one finds a restaurant, partly in the open air and partly under cover, where one can take luncheon or dine acceptably and listen to a spirited German band.

The exhibits of the Latin-American countries, like the countries themselves, are independent of one another, and so do not present a solid front to the casual eye. Some of them have merely space in one or another of the main buildings, and consequently the visitor (like most of us) without conscientious scruples as to sight-seeing

Pan-American will hold an honorable place. It provides the people of the nation with comprehensive and systematic information in regard to the products and industrial accomplishments of the hemisphere, and at the same time diverts them in true democratic fashion. Its setting is picturesque and interesting, but is not an artistic triumph. Its unique and compelling feature is its electric-light illumination, which is superb and a masterly achievement. Buffalo is to be congratulated. To put the case concisely, St. Louis should gird her loins, but she need not despair.



ON THE CANAL BETWEEN THE STADIUM AND THE AGRICULTURE BUILDING.

THE REAL VALUE OF THE EXPOSITION.

BY ALBERT SHAW.

IT would not be easy to overestimate the educational value of the objects of beauty and of historical interest that have accumulated in such European towns as have had centuries of a noble and distinguished life of their own. In such cities one finds monumental architecture, galleries of paintings and sculpture, museums filled with treasures of other days, and many things besides that stir the imagination, stimulate a thirst for knowledge and awaken and educate the esthetic faculties. It is obvious enough that the modern commercial town lacks many of the advantages of the town with an ancient and important record. But we have also learned that the new city may wholly transform its own character and greatly enlarge the opportunities of its citizens by a display of high ambition and well-directed energy. We

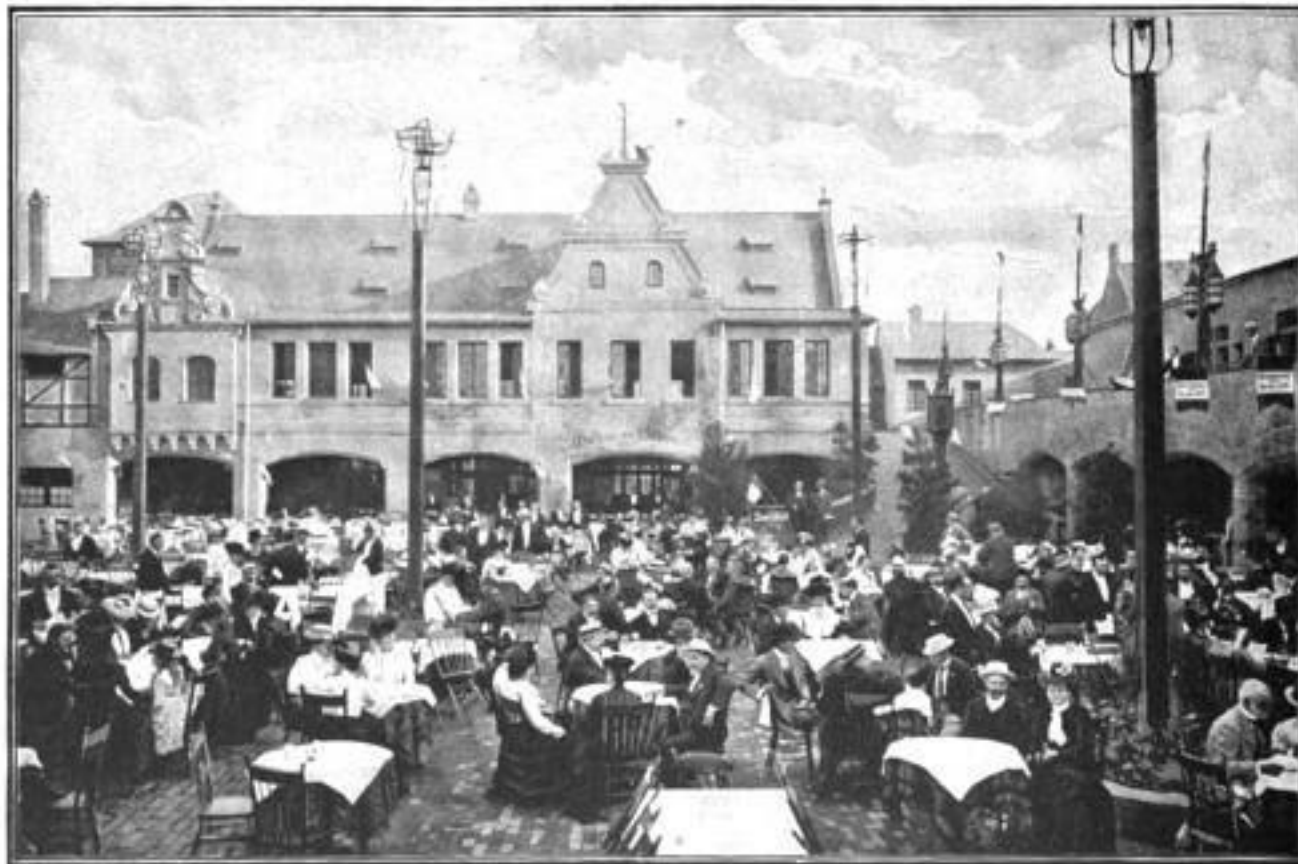
know what wonderful things Florence and Venice did in their time, with results that have contributed ever since to the progress and happiness of the world. We have been living through a new period, particularly in Germany and England, in which there have been exhibited in a large number of towns a fine civic spirit and a notable capacity for collective action to the end of improving all the conditions of local existence. It is the sanitarian and the engineer, to be sure, rather than the artist and the architect, who are the leaders in this civic renaissance; but the esthetic spirit is by no means absent. The idea is now current that the modern town that respects itself and cares anything at all for its future can afford to have good schools, streets, water, light, public buildings and parks, and at least a public library if not a picture gal-



A SHAM BATTLE IN THE STADIUM.

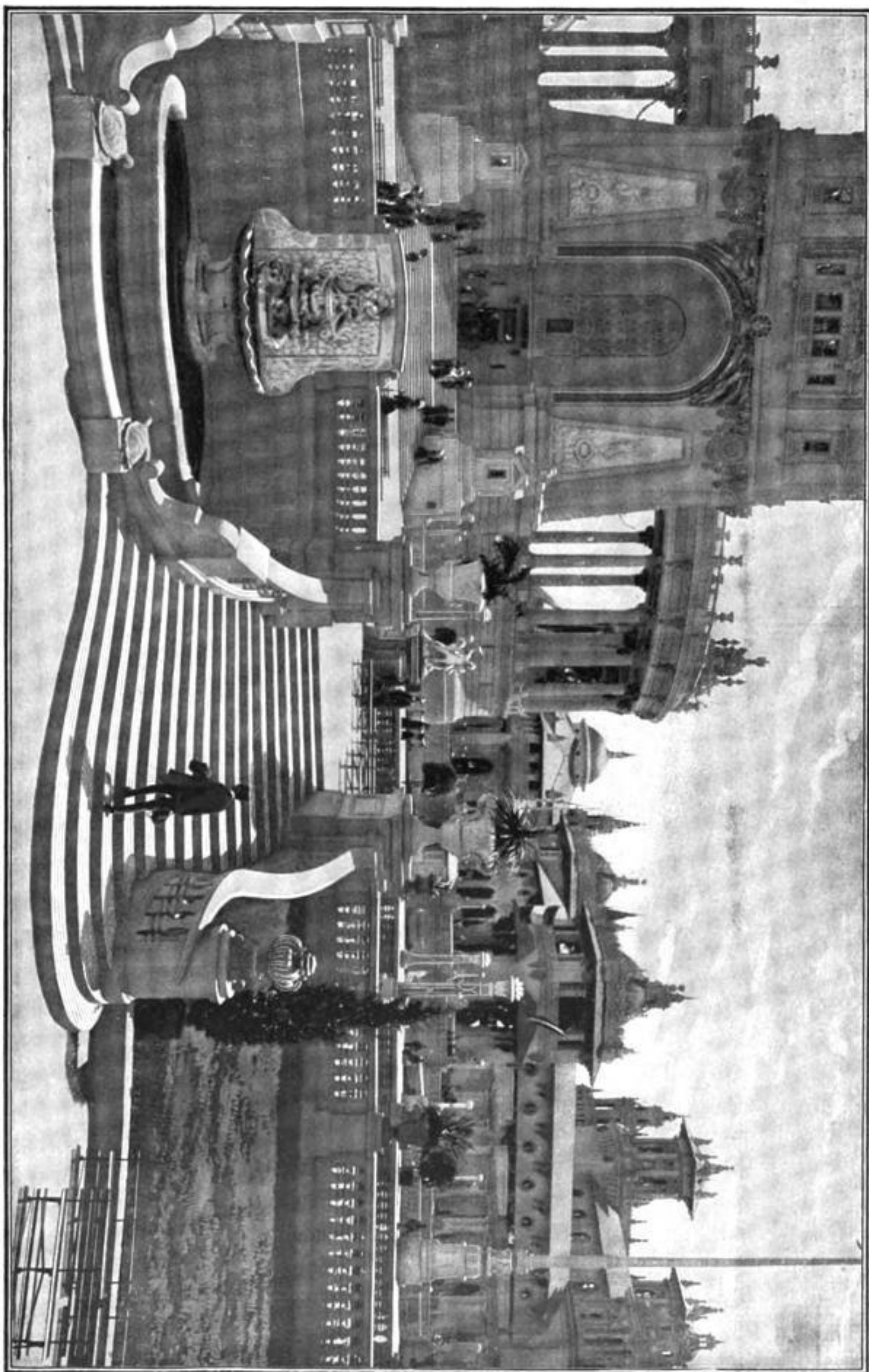
lery. Much of the marvelous beauty and wealth of public architecture and art in comparatively small European cities has been due—as any one will understand on a moment's thought—to earlier political conditions under which at some time the town

in question was the seat of government of some petty kingdom or duchy. In these days of great empires and extended sovereignties those oldtime motives for the aggrandizement of small capitals have disappeared. The new motives must be derived



DINING IN ALT NÜRNBERG.

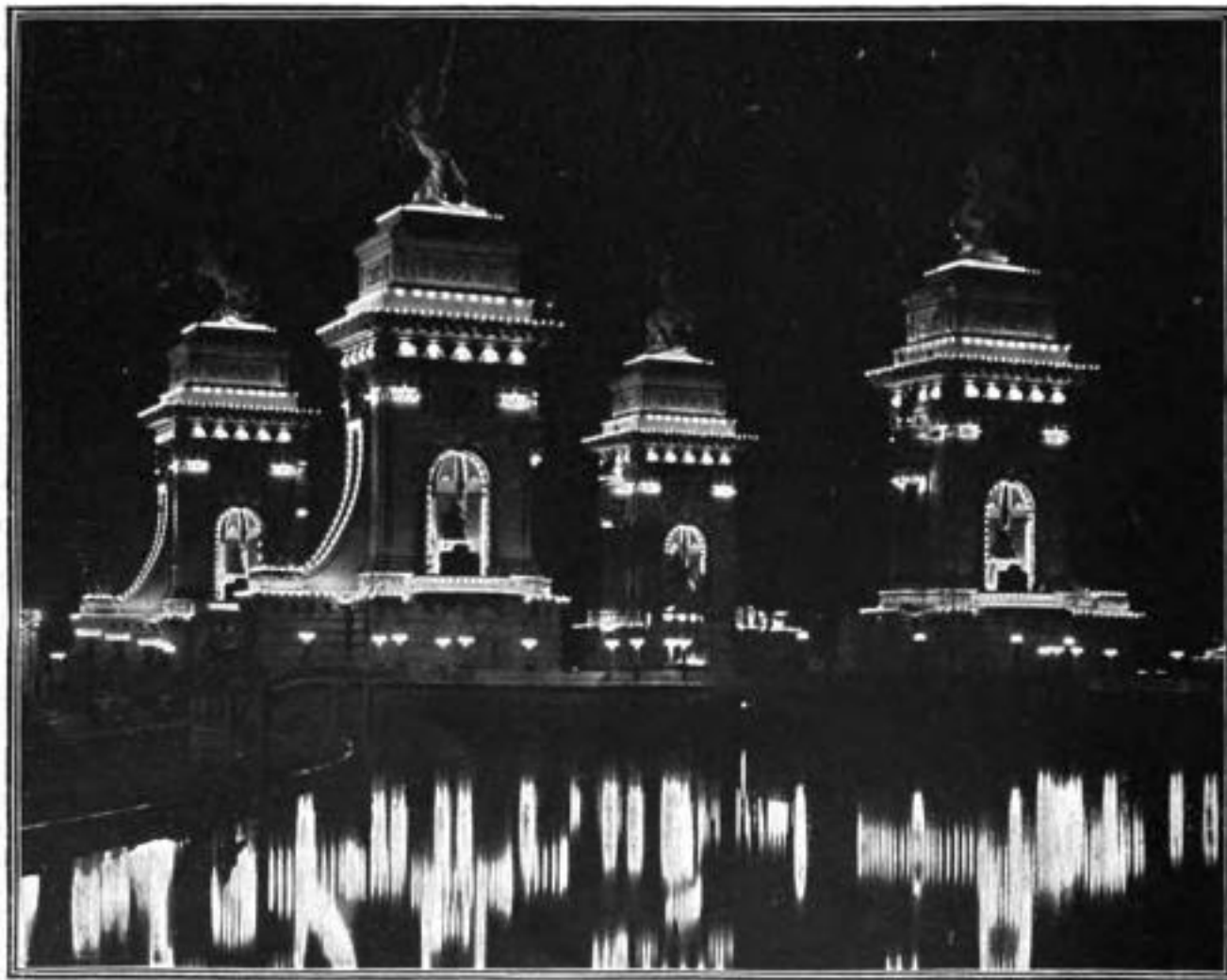
THE ENTRANCE AT THE REAR OF THE ELECTRIC TOWER.



from the pervasive public spirit of the inhabitants at large.

The tendency to create expositions is a very valuable part of the outworking of these new motives. When the event has become a little more distant, so that it may be justly estimated, it will be seen that the determination of Chicago to identify itself with the Columbian World's Fair, and the successful efforts that the people of Chicago made to express their aspirations in the working out of that enterprise, formed one of the most significant things in the

cans for the first time in their lives a conception of harmony in the architecture of buildings placed near one another in towns. That conception is now influencing the development of hundreds of cities and towns in the growing and prosperous West. It was further reinforced by the charming arrangement of the buildings at the Omaha exposition five years later, and again it is exemplified in the buildings of the Pan-American at Buffalo. Certainly, then, in the matter of the external aspect of our growing towns and cities, the various



THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE AT NIGHT.

history of civilization at the close of the nineteenth century. The whole future of Chicago as our great interior center of enterprise and enlightenment was changed for the better as a result of that concentrated local effort to do a great and fitting thing. City architecture in this country has been an inharmonious jumble. Where good buildings had been constructed, their effect as a rule had been lost through lack of dignity or harmony in the setting and the general environment. The "White City" in Jackson Park gave millions of Ameri-

American expositions have had a better influence than any other one thing. They have introduced flexibility and beauty into the designs of public buildings—as, for example, the new post-office at Chicago, which probably owes its architectural excellence to the Columbian Exposition rather than to anything else.

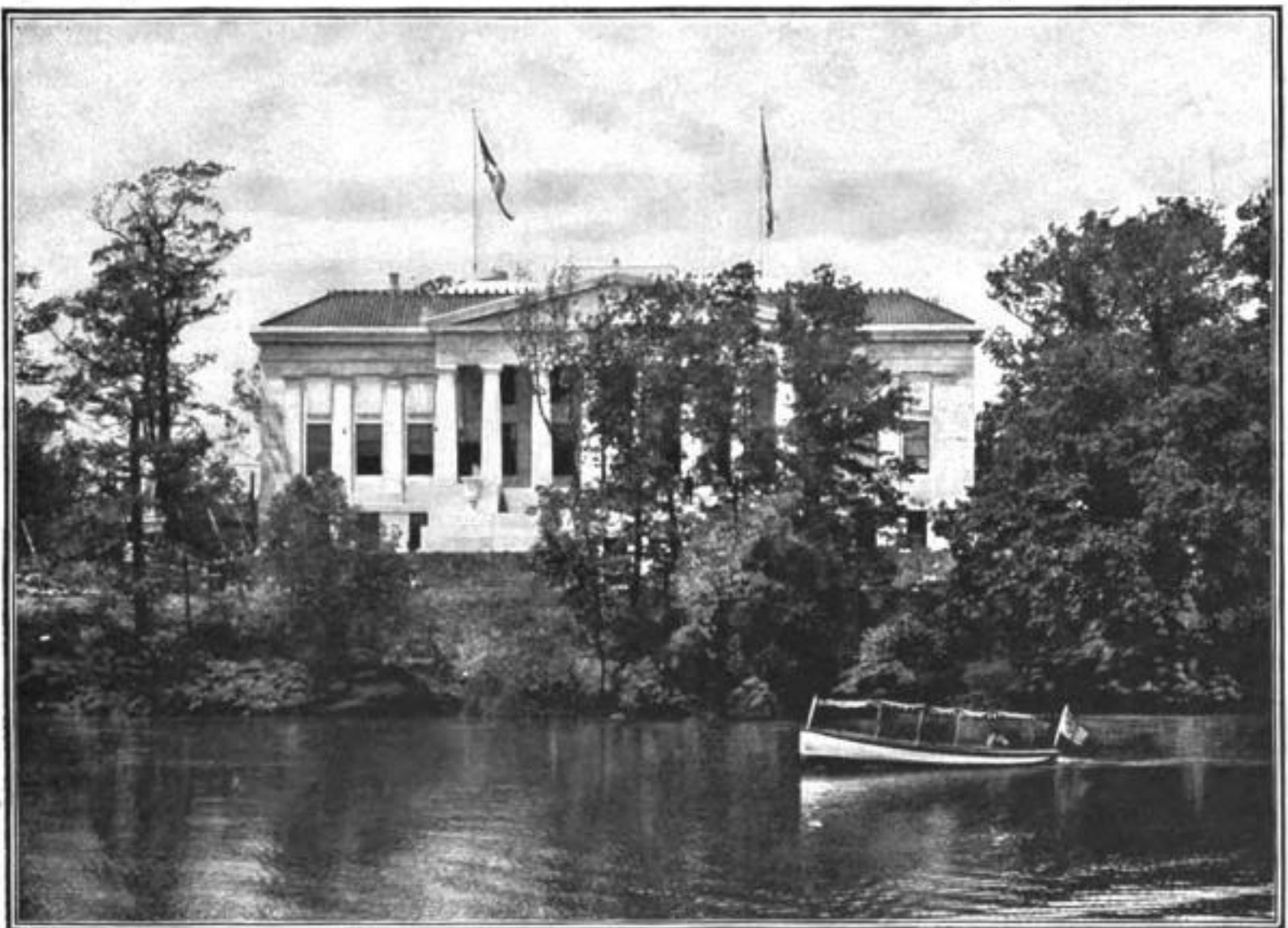
Undoubtedly the more strictly local expositions that at one time or another have been held annually for a few years in American cities would be found to have exerted a profound influence in an educa-



ON THE COURT OF THE FOUNTAINS.

tional sense upon the progress of their respective communities. Thus the old Cincinnati expositions held annually for a number of years in the early seventies bore a very vital relation to the subsequent development of Cincinnati as a local center of music and art. The St. Louis and Minneapolis expositions had a similar local value.

The holding of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 contributed in ways almost innumerable to the intellectual and esthetic progress of the people of the United States. It is a bold statement but probably a true one that half of what the entire population of the United States knew about art twenty years ago had been



THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.



ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL BOOTHS.

derived from the art department of the methods and objects of educational work Centennial Exposition, as witnessed in a few as carried on in the schools of Paris by short months. Those Americans who have traveled much, and to whom a visit to Europe is an easy and a frequent thing, are prone to forget how few good works of art the average American boy or girl has ever had a chance to see. And the art departments of expositions in this country, even when not very meritorious from the European standpoint, have opened a new world to thousands of young people.

It is not less true that the assembling of new and wonderful works of mechanism in expositions has had a widely important effect in stimulating the naturally great inventive faculties of young Americans.

The blasé person who walks in a bored way through the

machinery halls of our great exhibitions, even though lacking in the capacity to understand or to enjoy the latest achievements of science and invention, ought at least to try to keep alive some capacity for observing human nature. For, in that case, he would come to the machinery department, not perchance to study any particular kind of mechanism, but to note the eagerness and enthusiasm of the American boy—preferably from the country, but often also from the city—as with quick intelligence he improves the opportunity afforded him to study the latest inventions.

I have always found the exhibits that relate to educational work in the strict sense a source of much use and enlightenment. Thus one could get a better understanding of the



THE DOMINION OF CANADA BUILDING.

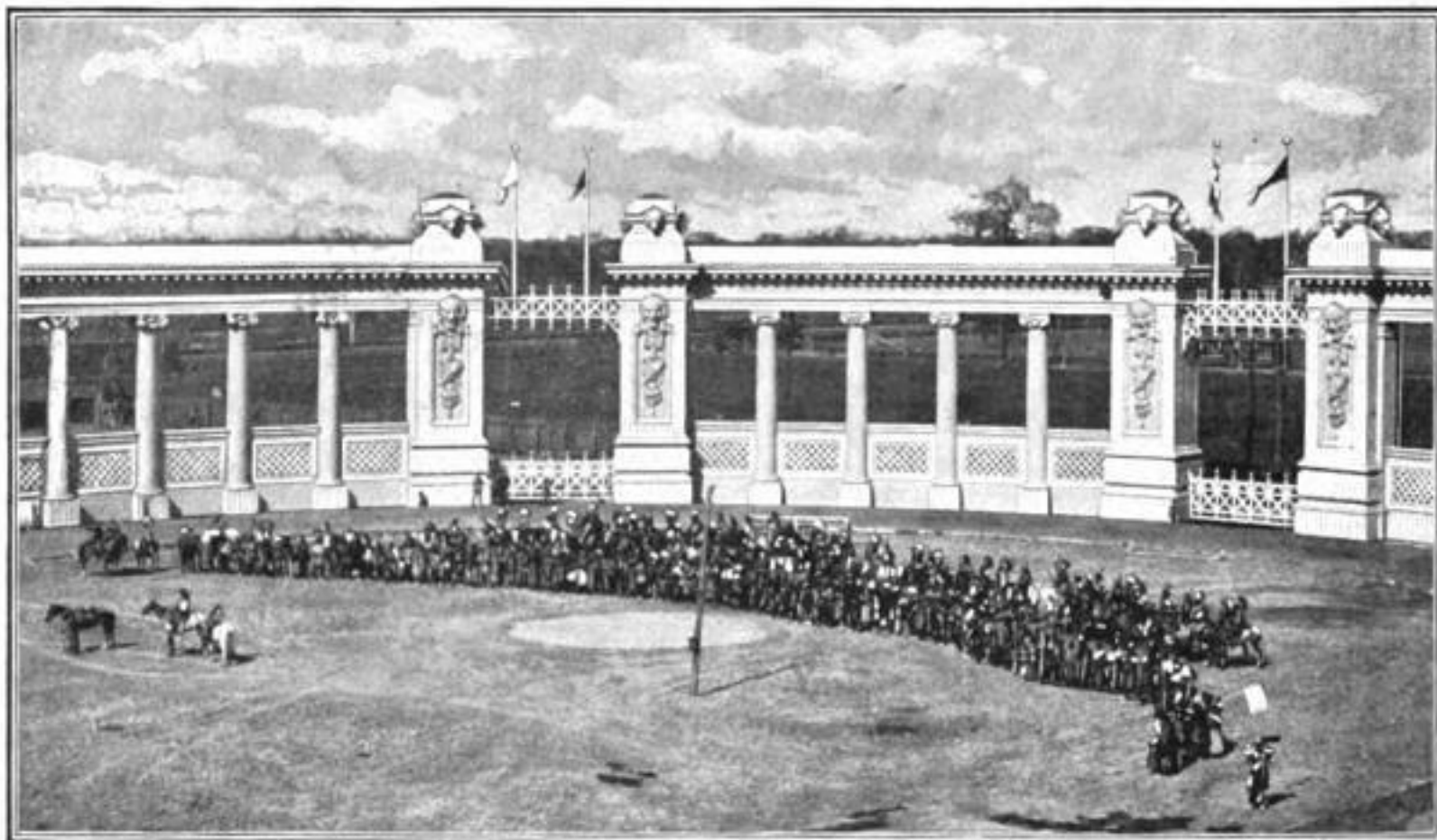


ON THE CANAL IN FRONT OF THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

two or three days' study of the exhibits made in the great French expositions of 1889 and 1900 than by weeks or even months of investigation otherwise conducted. Paris, for instance, is a very rich and a very industrious city, in which almost everybody is profitably employed, and in which there is less violence of fluctuation from exceptional prosperity to exceptional dullness than in almost any other great city. This is due in a large measure to the intelligent way in which the Parisian people have built up industries of an ingenious and artistic nature, giving a high value to a varied product for which the demand is constant and extensive. Thus the Parisians do not seek to turn out cheap wares in vast quantities like Manchester or Birmingham, but to make fine things with the peculiar impress of style. The French expositions have not only revealed these characteristics of the industrial life of Paris, but they have also shown in a most interesting way how the schools aim to perpetuate and to advance the industries for which the city has long been preëminent. The exhibits of the practical trade-schools show at a glance how zealously Paris teaches her daughters the arts of dress-making and millinery, including such



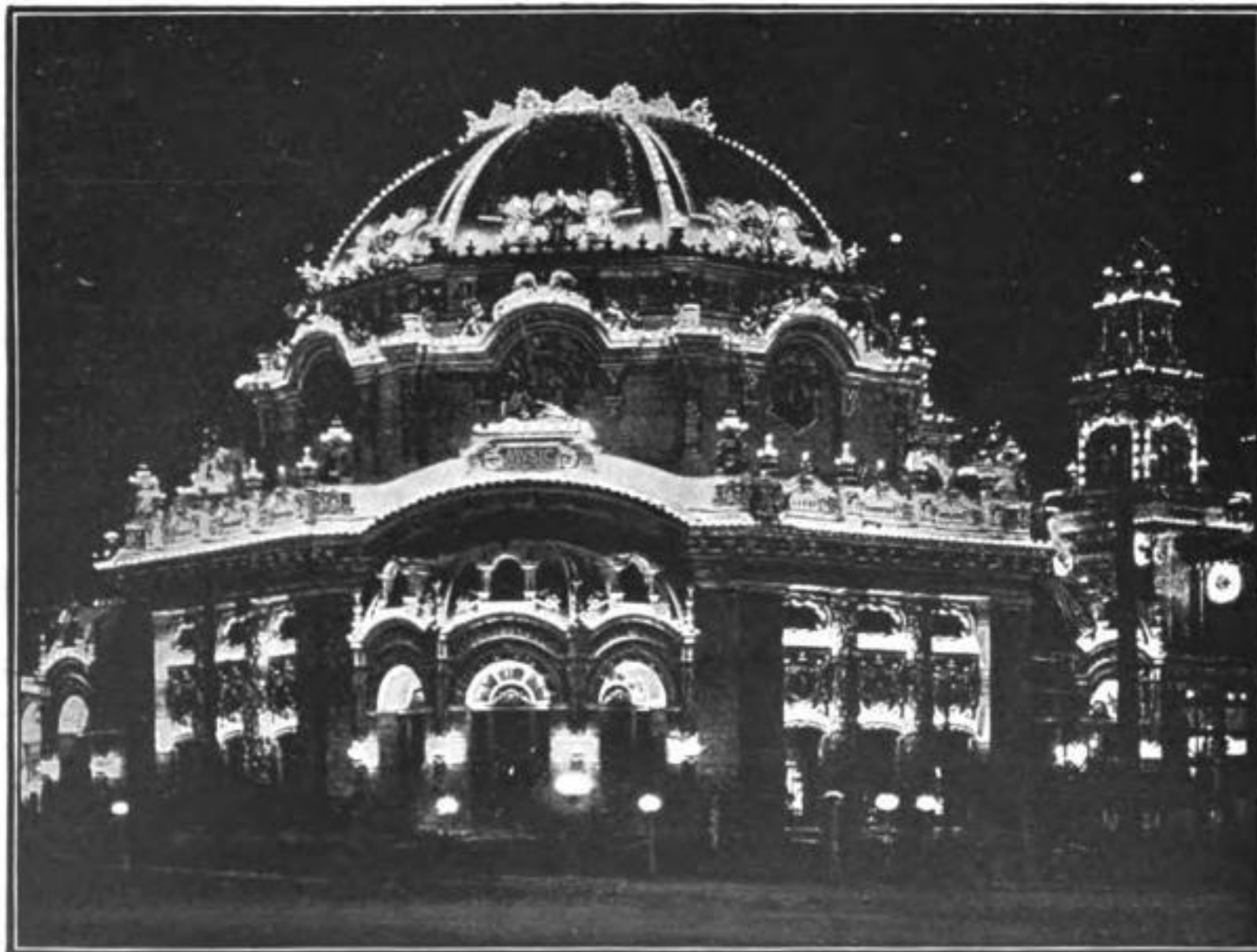
THE GODDESS OF LIGHT.



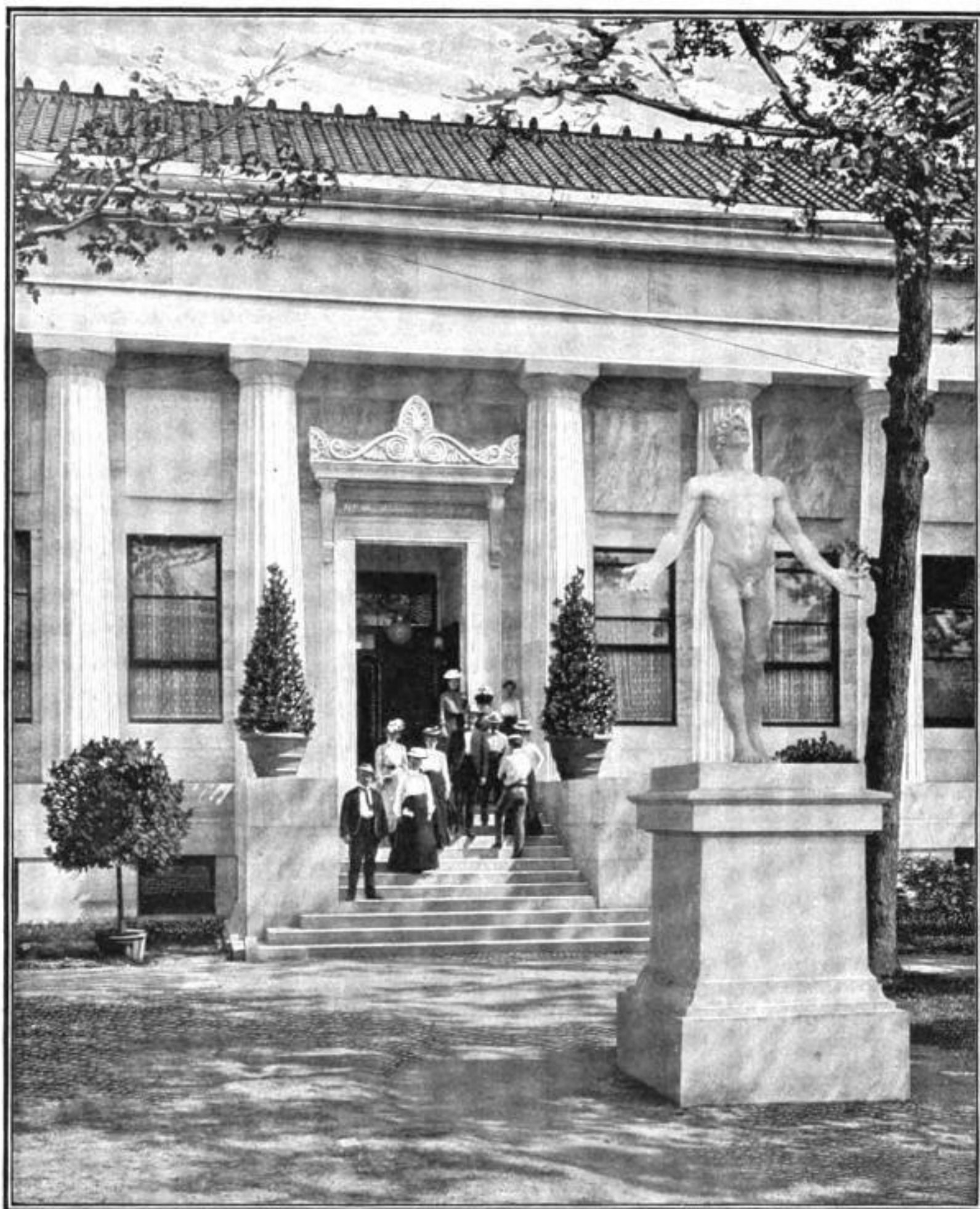
INDIAN HORSEMEN IN THE STADIUM.

special details as the making of artificial flowers and a hundred other things; and how the boys are taught the designing and making of fine furniture and those wares known to commerce as articles de Paris.

In Germany, this year, while one does not find great general expositions attracting international attention, there are various local exhibitions, expressing chiefly the new zeal of the Germans for progress in the fine



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC AT NIGHT.



AN ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.

arts and in the application of art to industry. There can be no doubt of the rapid progress under such methods of many of these German towns, not merely in heavy and cheap manufactures on the one hand and in high art on the other, but also in that happy union of art and industry which adds so much to the commercial value of the manufactured output, and also to the general progress of a nation in refinement and intelligence.

The attempt to do some important thing that requires courage and great effort, whether for the individual man or for the community, is always attended by minor achievements that would not otherwise have been made—with permanent results of living and thinking on a higher plane. Thus the determination to carry out the plan of the Exposition of 1900 brought Paris to the point of awakened energy and will which made it possible to do many



THE ACETYLENE BUILDING.

things by way of public improvement that otherwise might not have been done for a long time. The underground railway, the permanent art buildings, the new Nicholas Bridge, certain important railway terminal improvements and various other things worth while might be cited as incidental results of the spirit of fresh vigor and effort that was aroused by the decision to hold a great international exhibition. Chicago in like manner was aroused to do many things under the general spell of the enthusiasm that the Columbian World's Fair had kindled.

Buffalo in its own way will derive many permanent benefits from the quickened ambitions and impulses of its Exposition period. Buffalo owes its origin to certain conditions that made its location an important focus in the routes of commerce and travel. It seems to be on the threshold of

a very great and brilliant future. Much of the character of that future can be determined by the foresight and energy of the present generation. The Exposition is of itself a demonstration of high public spirit and of rare capacity for united action on the part of the citizens of Buffalo. Doubtless a hundred years hence the people of what will then be an enormously expanded Buffalo will dwell with great interest and pride upon two epochs vital and creative in the history of their city—one being that of the construction and opening of the Erie Canal, and the second being that of the Pan-American Exposition and the successful utilization of the Niagara power. Let us hope that they may also have a third great epoch to look back upon and celebrate, namely, that of the opening of a ship-canal to connect them and their chain of inland seas with the ocean highways.





THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

THE CITY OF THE FUTURE—A PROPHECY.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

ONE cannot enter the gates of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo—that wonder of color and form which rises before the visitor—without mentally reverting to the City of White Palaces of 1893, only eight years ago, with its throngs of amazed and delighted people. Even while the mind is filled with delight and astonishment, there comes a subconscious picture of the neglected “Pinta” which sailed so boldly across the Atlantic, and now lies abandoned in a marsh from which rise the charred ends of many piles—the only remaining vestiges of that famous White City. What a shame if these marvelous creations at Buffalo are to meet a similar fate! “What a pity,” the visitor reflects, “that another two or three millions could not have been added to the funds at the disposal of the commission, and the walls stand in substantial brick and mortar instead of wood and staff!” It might have required that the Exposition should have been located a few miles farther out on the prairie. Then at its close the aggregation of palaces might have been converted into a model city; the Palace

of Liberal Arts become a great factory; the Temple of Music stand as the theater hall; the Stadium remain the great amphitheater that it is, to which Buffalo could flock in years to come for its amusement. Games would, doubtless, be born worthy of the dignity of their surroundings. The buildings constructed by the states of North and South America would become private houses set in the most beautiful of parks. Probably three-fourths of the cost of the Exposition has been in the work on its designing, its parks, its waterways, and the workmanship of its architecture and monuments. Only the materials of the exterior are temporary. Another million or, at the most, two millions expended would have left every wall in the most durable of materials. What a pity then, what a waste that this small additional sum should not have left the work of great artists in lasting form!

For this is the lesson of the fair—that it illustrates what men working in harmonious effort may accomplish for the delight of all. Who believes that the people of the second half of our new century will be

content to live in those abominations of desolation which we call our great cities—brick and mortar piled higgledy-piggledy, glaringly vulgar, stupidly offensive, insolently trespassing on the right to sunshine and fresh air, conglomerate result of a competitive individualism which takes no regard for the rights of one's neighbor?

Wandering in these streets of varied forms, the mind is entranced by the eternally changing color always in marvelous harmony. Down the great central court to the left, by the fountains on the Esplanade, in the maze of the Horticultural and the Graphic Arts Buildings, then under the graceful pergolas to the magnificent erections on the Bridge of Triumph, the colors change and change until the whole prismatic spectrum seems to have been exhausted twenty times over—yet never a repetition, only restful harmony.

How was this marvel of construction brought about? Why three miles away are a thousand ungraceful shapes piled garishly together, and here this dream of perfection? The answer comes—it is but the difference in systems. One represents human effort disastrously expended under individual guidance in the competitive sys-

tem which takes no thought of neighbor. The other represents organization intended for the best enjoyment of all. One stands as the remnant of a barbarism handed down through the centuries. The other stands for the aspiration of the human mind under the unfolding intelligence of an advancing civilization. In the light of this new city the old seems almost as much of an anachronism as the walled city of the Middle

Ages with its turrets and donjon and drawbridge and portcullis.

How was this present marvel constructed? Very simply. The men of high intelligence whose liberality is responsible for this exhibit came together and said: "Let us seek out the great artists in architecture, in sculpture, in landscape, and bring them here to Buffalo. Then we will ask them to work out in unison a scheme, every part of



THE BASIN IN FRONT OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

which shall be in perfect harmony with every other part; shape, environment, distance, color, shall all unite in one great harmony."

The Chinese philosophers have derived from their four thousand years of study one idea of heaven, and their word for it is HARMONY. Through all their highest philosophical ideals runs this one word—harmony. With their limited economic



LOOKING TOWARD THE MIDWAY THROUGH THE SUNKEN GARDENS.

conditions they have never been able to express this conception in material form. It has been left for this richest of peoples twice to make expression of it in form and color. This, then, may be taken as the great central idea of the Pan-American Exposition—a Prophecy of what the city of the future must be—a beautiful location arranged, first, with reference to its landscape; second, with reference to its form and perfection, and, next, with reference to satisfying the eye in its blending colors—all carefully planned and worked out with reference to the uses to which it is to be put.

When commerce ceases to be war, when the world ceases to educate its best brains for the destruction which is meant by competition, when human talent shall be converted to its highest sphere of usefulness, then we shall have the sites of cities selected by commissions having the highest good of the proposed community at heart, instead of by cornerers and peddlers of real estate.

Sanitary advantage will be considered in a scientific way, and homes and factories will be outlined with reference to the highest advantage of the entire community. Harmony throughout all will be sought, instead of the freaks of individuality.



A CORNER OF THE MIDWAY.

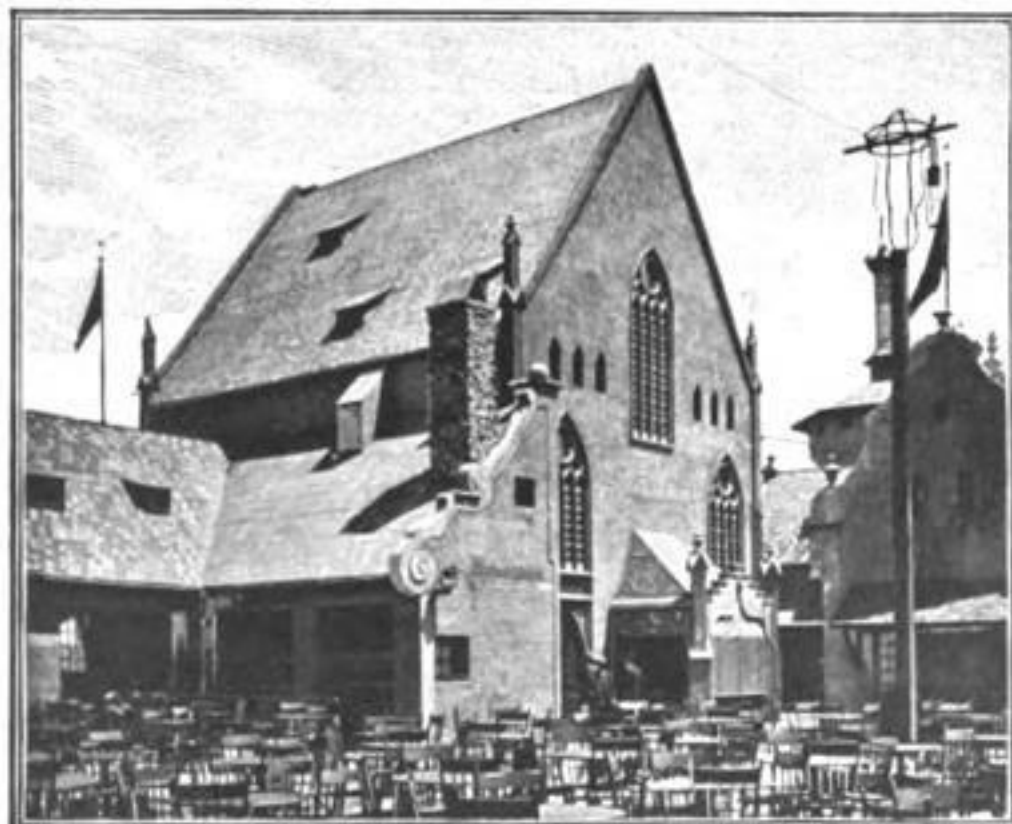
MR. DOOLEY ON THE MIDWAY.

BY F. P. DUNNE.

“**I** TOL’ ye wanst,” said Mr. Dooley, “that f’r wan man that goes to a wurruld’s fair to see how boots is made, they’s twinty goes to see th’ hootchy-kootchy an’ that’s where th’ wan lands fin’lly. ’Tis so. There was a time, Hin-nissy, whin people was inthrested in th’

cannin’ iv fruit an’ how lamp chimblies is blowed. I know a frind iv mine wint to th’ Cintinyal in Philydelphy an’ los’ th’ use iv his legs thravelin’ fr’m th’ display iv mohair shawls to th’ mannyfacthry iv open-face watches. An’ he thought he’d had a good time. He cudden’t make a

watch, lave alone buy wan, anny more afther he’d seen thim made thim whin all he knew about thim was seein’ thim hangin’ in th’ window iv a pawnshop. ‘How ar-re they made?’ says I. ‘Well,’ says he, ‘wan man sets at a machine that makes th’ wheels,’ he says, ‘an’ another man at a machine that makes th’ case,’ he says, ‘an’ so on, an’ whin all th’ parts ar-re complete,’ he says, ‘they’re put together be another man an’ there ye ar-re,’ he says. ‘An’ there I am,’ says I. ‘An’ that’s how watches is made, is it?’ says I. ‘Well, I know a more gin’rally un-



A BIT OF ALT NÜRNBERG.

dhershtud way in makin' a watch thin that,' says I. 'How's that?' says he. 'Whin th' man that owns it isn't lookin',' I says.

" 'Twas so at Chicago. They showed me a printin'-press, an' I believed thim. They pinte out rocks an' said goold was made fr'm thim, an' I niver winked an eye. They took me down an' faced me again th' wondhers iv arts an' science an' commerce an' human ingenooity an' says: 'Behold,' says they, 'what man is doin' f'r himsilf. Th' pant that wanst took wan

in Ol' Vienny,' I says. 'Take me,' I says, 'to th' Midway,' I says, 'f'r th' gr-reat-est wurruk iv human ingenooity is human bein's an',' I says, 'they're all there,' I says. 'Whin that machine larns to blow "Ich vise nix vas allus bediten" on a horn, an' th' other wan can dance to th' music iv a tom-tom, I'll come back an' ask if I can't buy thim something,' I says. 'In th' manetime,' says I, ' 'tis, ho! f'r th' Sthreets iv Cairo,' I says. An' I wint. An' so goes ivrybody.

" 'Tis no wondher that my clothes is



IN THE JAPANESE VILLAGE.

man eight days to complete is now hurled out at th' rate iv a thousan' a minyit be yon vast machine,' says they. 'That gr-reat injine over there is thransformin' th' hog iv commerce into th' butther iv th' creamery,' they says. 'Come an' see th' threshin'-machine an' th' hydhraulic pump an' th' steam-shovel,' says they, 'an' have th' time iv ye'er life,' they says. 'No,' says I. 'I seen enough f'r a day iv pleasure,' I says, 'an' now I think I'll back up fr'm th' wondhers iv science an' lane me fevered brow again a tower iv Pilsener beer

made be machinery. Th' on'y wondher is that I can get thim afther they're made. Th' printin'-press isn't wondherful. What's wondherful is that annybody shud want it to go on doin' what it does. Ye can't dazzle me with th' cotton-gin or th' snow-plow or th' ice-machine or th' inky-bator. Says I to th' invintors an' th' machinists: 'Wurruk away,' I says, 'at forge an' anvil,' I says. 'Wurruk out ye'er devices iv human an' almost diabolical ingenooity,' I says. 'Hammer away in ye'er overhalls an' show what mechanical

science can do,' I says, 'an' bring th' finished pro-duct to me,' I says. 'If 'tis good an' I have th' money, I'll buy it,' I says. 'Ye'll find me at th' cool table near th' dure, an' ye'll reconize me because I'll have me finger in th' air signalin' th' kellner,' says I.

"An' there ye ar-re. There ar-re no wondhers iv science, or if there ar-re anny they're too wondherful to be undhershtud be anny wan but those wurrugin' at thim f'r two dollars a day. I know they tell me that at th' Pan-American show in th' city iv Buffalo th' ilicthric light is made be Niag'ra Falls. Between you an' me, Hin-

see Niag'ra Falls, but I don't like to think iv it as a lamp-lighter tearin' round with a laddher an' a little torch. I don't believe in makin' light iv th' falls. Ye heerd th' joke. 'Tis mine, Hinmissy. Others made it befure me, but I made it las'. Th' las' man that makes a joke owns it. That's why me frind, Chancy Depoo, is such a humorist.

"An' I don't care how th' lights ar-re made annyhow, whether be th' wather that r-runs over th' falls or be a man with a monkey-wrench in a power-house. What I'd like to see is th' light whin it's made. Hogan seen it, an' he says it makes th' moon



THE MAIN AVENUE IN THE MIDWAY.

nissy, I don't believe wan wurrud iv it. It don't stand to reason. What goes over thim falls? Wather. An' how in th' wurruld can wather make lights? Now, if 'twas karosene! But it's wather that in more civilized communities they put th' lights out with. But they tell ye they've harnessed th' falls to light th' fair an' iv'ry ton iv wather that goes roarin' down that catarack an' pours through th' rapids between miles iv smilin' hotels to th' sea, projooes wan oom iv ilicthricity. An oom, Hinmissy, is about th' equivalent iv a quart iv th' ilicthrical flood. Does that sound right? No, faith, it don't. I niver

look like a dark lantern. They speak iv th' sun in Buffalo th' way a motorman on a trolley line wud shpeak iv a horse-car. 'Th' sun is settin' earlier,' says he to Connors, th' thruckman that was towin' him. 'Since th' fair begun,' says Connors, 'it hasn't showed afther eight o'clock. We seldom hear iv it nowadays. We set our clocks be th' risin' an' settin' iv th' lights.' Siv'ral people spoke to Hogan about th' lights. He says he thought Connors made thim be th' way he talked, but he come to th' con-clusion that all his frinds had lint thim to th' fair an' wud take thim home whin 'twas over



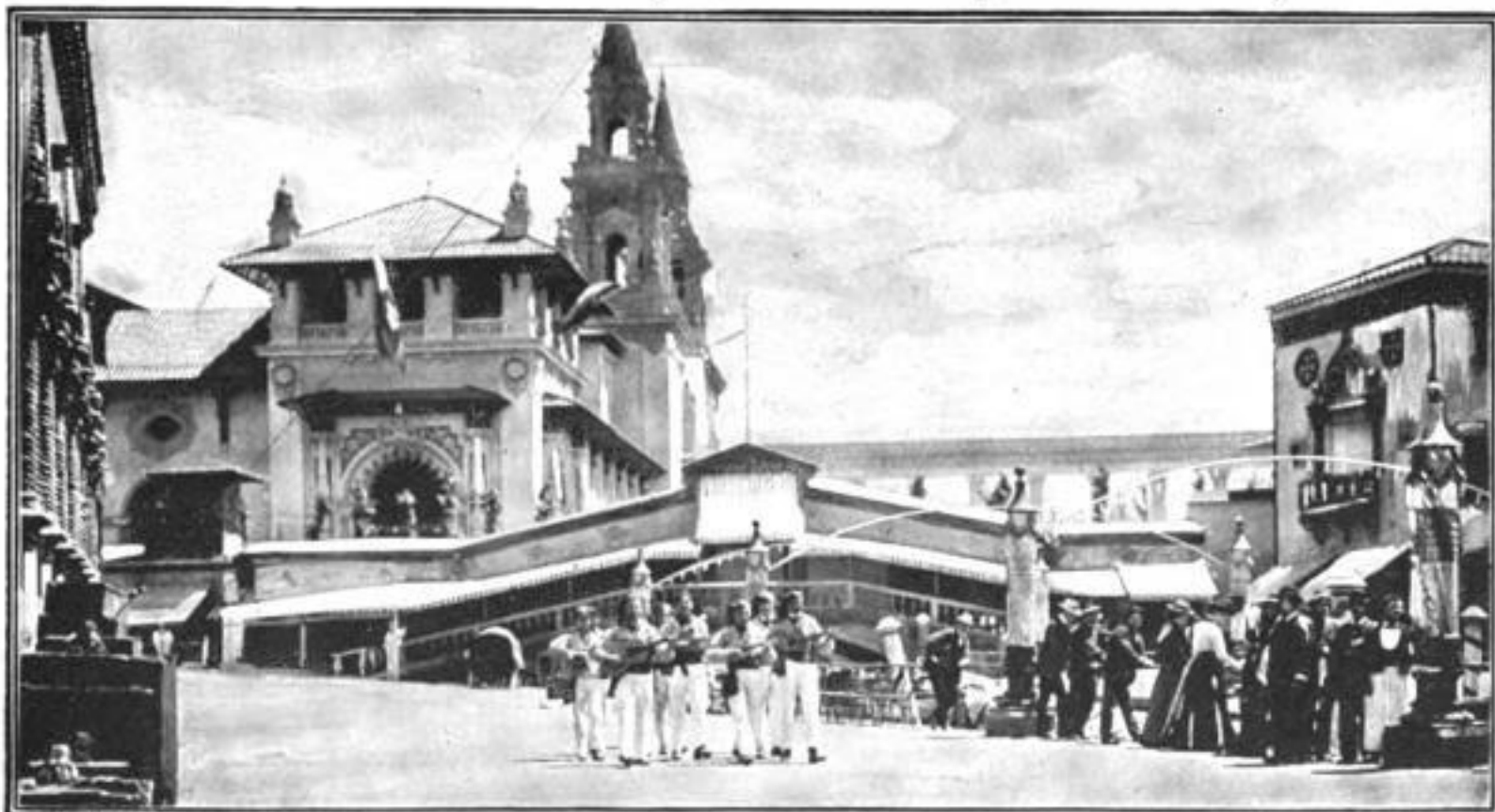
A SIDE-SHOW IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

an' put thim up in th' back parlor."

"Hogan has been there, has he?"

"Faith, he has. He seen it all. He wint down there las' week, an' says he before he left: 'A man,' he says, 'must keep abreast iv th' times,' he says, 'an' larn what mechanical science is doin' f'r th' wurruld,' he says. So he put his year's earnin's in his vest-pocket an' started f'r Buffalo. Martin Casey's daughter, th' school-teacher, th' wan that wears th' specs,

wint th' nex' day. ' 'Tis a gr-reat iddy-cational exhibit,' says she. 'I'm inthrested in th' study iv pidigoogy.' 'Mary,' says I, 'what's that?' I says. ' 'Tis th' science iv teachin',' she says, 'an' I hear they've a gr-rand pidigoogical exhibit there,' she says. 'I'm takin' along me note-book an' I will pick up what bets Petzalootzi, th' gr-reat leader iv our pro-fission, has overlooked,' she says. She's a smart girl. She knows hardly a wurrud that ye'd undher-



IN THE STREETS OF VENICE.

shtand, Hinnissy. 'Well,' says I, 'I hope 'twill make a bettther third-grade teacher iv ye,' I says. 'But if ye miss Petza-lootzi an' wandher into th' Indyan village be chanst,' says I, 'don't be worrid,' I says. 'A little knowledge iv th' Soos an' th' Arrypa-hoos an' their habits,' I says, 'is not a bad thing f'r anny wan that has to larn Chica-go childher,' I says.

'Hogan come back yis-terday an' he sat in this very chair an' tol' me about it. 'How was th' arts an' sciences?' says I. 'Fine,' says he. 'I tell ye th' wurruld is makin' gr-reat pro-gress. An' th' Midway! Well, don't say a wurrud.' 'Did ye go to th' Agaricoolchooral Build-



TRANSPORTATION IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

in'?' says I. 'Well, no,' he says. 'I missed that. Connors was goin' to take me there whin we come fr'm th' bull-fight, but I got so inthrested in th' sthuggle between man an' beast,' he says, 'an' time flew so fast that be th' time I got away th' punkins had gone to bed an' th' agaricool-chooral show was closed,' he says. 'But 'tis a fine buildin' on th' outside, an' th' lights is wondherful.

Connors says there's twinty millyon candle-power iv lights on that buildin' alone an' he knows f'r 'twas him got Niag'ra Falls to do it,' he says. 'They was a fine show iv machinery?' says I. 'They say they hasn't been such a fine show iv machinery since th' shovel was in-



A CORNER OF THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

vinted,' says he. 'I was on me way there whin I thought I'd take a look in on th' Sthreets iv Cairo, an' who d'ye think I see there? Ye'll niver guess. Well, 'twas little Ahmed ah Mamed. Ye raymimber th' small naygur that dhrove th' roan donkey whin we had a fair? Yes, sir, he was there an' he showed me th' whole thing. Not a wurrud, mind ye, to anny iv me fam'ly. So whin I come back to see th' machinery, th' dure was locked, an' I had to catch th' las' car. Oh, but 'tis a hand-

some build-in'. Connors tells me th' lights——' 'Niver mind that,' says I. 'How about th' mines, th' commercial display, th' good ol' stacks iv canned stamps an' ol' docymints that th' United States government is thryin' to enlighten th' likes iv ye with? Did you see them?' 'I meant to,' says he. 'I was on me way fr'm a jug iv malt in an Ol' German Village

where there's a fellow plays a picoloo in a way to make th' man that made it like it, an' I intinded to have a look at all thim what-d'ye-may-call-ims whin a la-ad with a migaphone says right in me ear: "I mean you. This way, please. Raymimber ye may niver have another chanst. They'se no delay an' no waitin'." An' says I to meself: "He knows me. Connors tol' him how I stand at home. I can't rayfuse th' honor." An' I wint in. An' here I am.' 'Ye mus' be an intillechool jint be this time,' I says. 'I know more thin I did.'

says he, 'an' thim lights iv Connors'——' 'Did ye see Mary Casey?' says I. 'I did,' says he. 'Where?' says I. 'On a camel,' says he. 'Was she with Petzalootzi?' says I. 'With who?' says he. 'With Petzalootzi, th' gr-reat master iv th' science iv pidigoogy,' says I. 'No,' says he. 'I think his name is Flannigan. He used to wurruk f'r th' Mitchigan Cinthral,' says he.

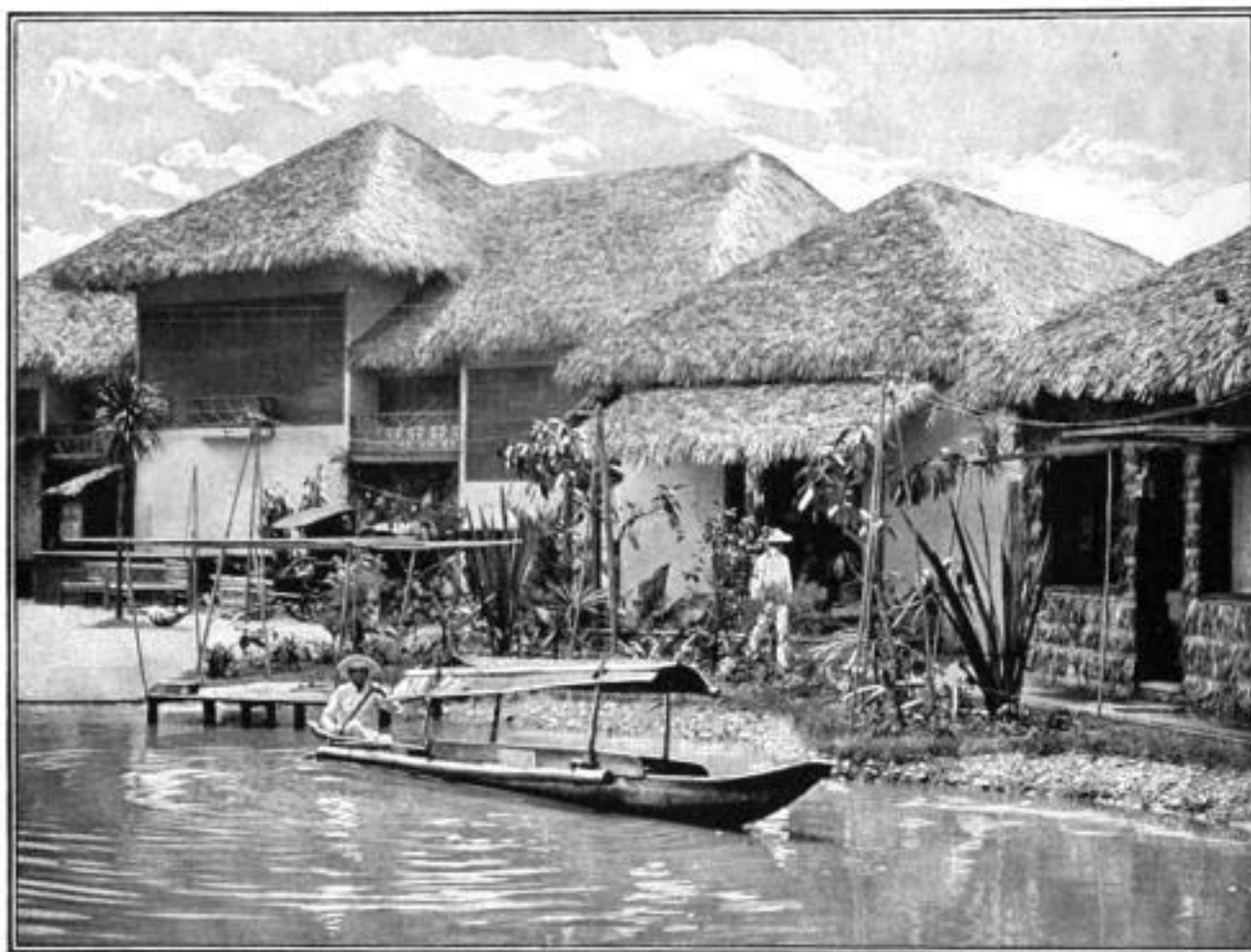
"An' there ye ar-re again, Hinmissy. Ye can believe me or not, but they're all



A STRIKING BUILDING ON THE MIDWAY.

alike, man, woman or child. If I iver give a wurrud's fair, they won't be much to it but th' Midway. Th' principal buildin's will be occypied be th' Sthreets iv Cairo, th' Indyan village, th' shoot-th'-shoots, th' loop-th'-loops an' similar exhibits iv what man is doin' not f'r mankind but f'r himsilf. They'll all be in th' main sthreet, an'

they'll be bands playin' an' tom-toms beatin' an' Egyptian girls dancin' an' Indyans howlin' an' men hootin' through migaphones fr'm th' minyit ye hand ye'er ticket to th' chopper at th' big gate. An' away over in a corner iv th' gr-round in a buildin' as small an' obscure as Alice Benbolt's grave, where no man'd find it onless they thripped over it on their way to th' merry-go-round, I'd put all th' arts an' sciences I cud pack into it an' lave th' r-rest outside where they cud wurruk. F'r a wurrud's fair is no rollin'-mills. If it



IN THE PHILIPPINE VILLAGE.

was, ye'd be paid f'r goin' there. 'Tis not th' rollin'-mills an' 'tis not a school or a machine-shop or a grocery-store. 'Tis a big circus with manny rings. An' that's what it ought to be."



CAIRO TYPES.

"Why do they get thim up?" asked Mr. Hinnessy.

"They get thim up f'r th' advancement iv thought an' th' gate receipts," said Mr. Dooley. "But they're run f'r a good time an' a deffycit."

"They tell me th' wan we had give an impetus, whatever that is, to archyecture that it hasn't raycovered fr'm yet. Afther th' fair, ivrybody that was annybody had to go to live in a Greek temple with an Eyetalian roof an' bay-windows. But thim that wasn't annybody has f'rgot all about th' wooden island an' th' Coort iv Honor, an' whin ye say annything to thim about th' fair, they say: 'D'ye raymimber th' night I see ye on th' Midway? Oh, my!'"

"D'ye think, Mr. Dooley, they do a city anny good?" asked the practical Mr. Hinnessy.

"They may not do th' city anny good, but they're good f'r th' people in it," said Mr. Dooley.

"An' they do th' city good in wan way. If a city has wan fair, it niver has to have another."



THE ILLUMINATION OF THE ELECTRIC TOWER.

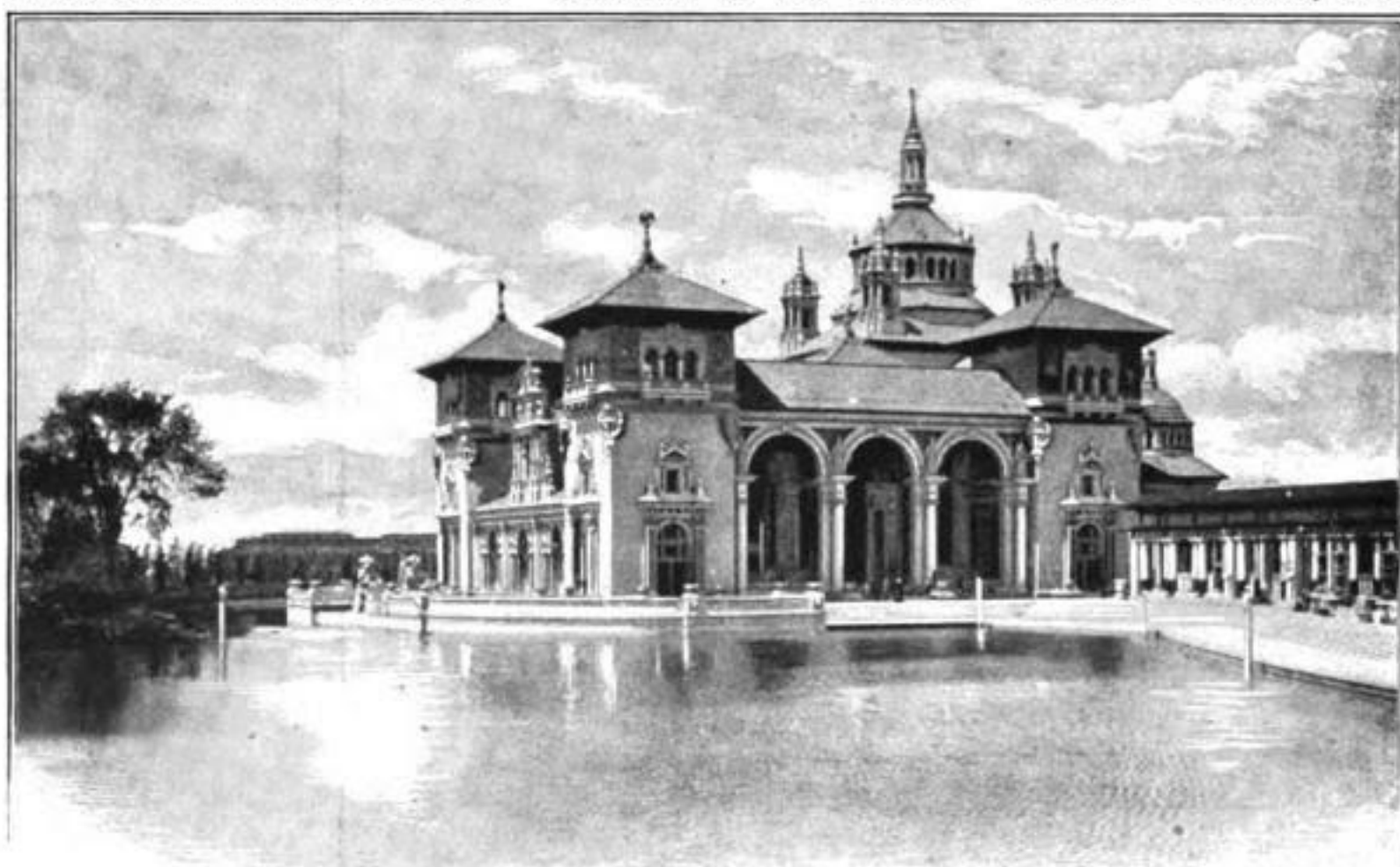
SOME NOVELTIES AT BUFFALO FAIR.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE Exposition at Buffalo, like that at Chicago, and at Paris and other places, is in a measure prophetic, or—what is perhaps the same thing—optimistic. It shows us what is, of course, to begin with; but in addition to that it glows with the promise of things to be. Here are the products of the industry and invention of many peoples; we should find them in the places whence they came, were we to seek them there, but we should not find them there as they appear here. Here,

all the dross, the superfluities, the mistakes, are left out; the pure, effective residue alone remains. Here, too, are the order and logic of arrangement which we do not yet discover in every-day conditions; the reasoning mind of man prevails in every detail, and organizes all things, as the frame of man himself is organized. This is prophecy and optimism, for the time will surely come when heaven's first law will rule our daily lives and deeds, and the world we live in will be like noble words set to a mighty music. All the world will then be an Exposition—an exposition of the intelligence and magnanimity of mankind made visible. What we

in the lovely Tower of Electricity, dominating the entire vast expanse of the inclosure, and unifying, as it does, all the subordinate structures into a single thought of mutual association and energy. This Tower, too, being dedicated to light, which is, spiritually interpreted, the genius of our age, indicates that all Americans shall be one in virtue of the inevitable influence of the understanding, that enlightened economic perception which lights the way for the warmth and substance of mutual affection and trust. The Tower of Light is the tower of peace and good will, whose turrets already appear above the horizons of the future. Science, discovery and



THE MINES BUILDING FROM THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.

effect now on a small scale we shall accomplish then on the scale universal, and not so much by painful study as spontaneously. Our environment will be harmoniously disposed, because we ourselves shall be at one in heart and spirit.

This is the lesson of all expositions; but the Pan-American has likewise an idea all its own, new and stimulating—the idea of a united Western continent. This idea you see symbolized and expounded everywhere. It flutters from every gable and pinnacle in the tricolored flag, with its stars of north and south, and its red, white and blue; and it is embodied in every building and exhibit. It rises heavenward

industry are the great, immortal democrats, whose teaching shall wipe out political boundaries, and heal national jealousies, and sweep hitherto hostile units into the great current of a commonweal. Monarchs and oligarchies cannot prevail against them, for they find a place for every man and bring him to it in freedom and self-respect. We shall have all America united; and what America becomes is the prototype of what the world must be.

Pan-America is the fundamental novelty at Buffalo; but there are numberless subordinate ones erected upon that foundation. The schemes of architecture and of coloring have something fresh and unprecedented

to say to us. They have been studied out by artists of brains and imagination, and many of the results are almost too esoteric to be at once apparent to the ordinary passer-by. Color is the music of the eye, and is used here to indicate the same kind of ideas which music inculcates. There is the heavy richness of the elemental, and the airy splendor of the elemental sublimated by the intelligence of man. Gold in the ore, the diamond in its matrix, cotton and wool in the field and pasture, appear dim and opaque and rude; but how they shine and sparkle and glow and assume

we yearn to receive them, and who wisely withholds the full revelation and endowment until her child is fully prepared to make wise use of them—in the struggle of these noble figures in the grip of circumstance you may, if you will, recognize a hint of this beneficent war of the Titan, still in his swaddling-clothes, but with the light of a heroic future breaking over his features. His seeming antagonist is in the deeper sense his most tender and inspiring friend, who wrestles with him as the angel wrestled with Jacob from the going-down to the uprising of the sun, but who gave



THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.

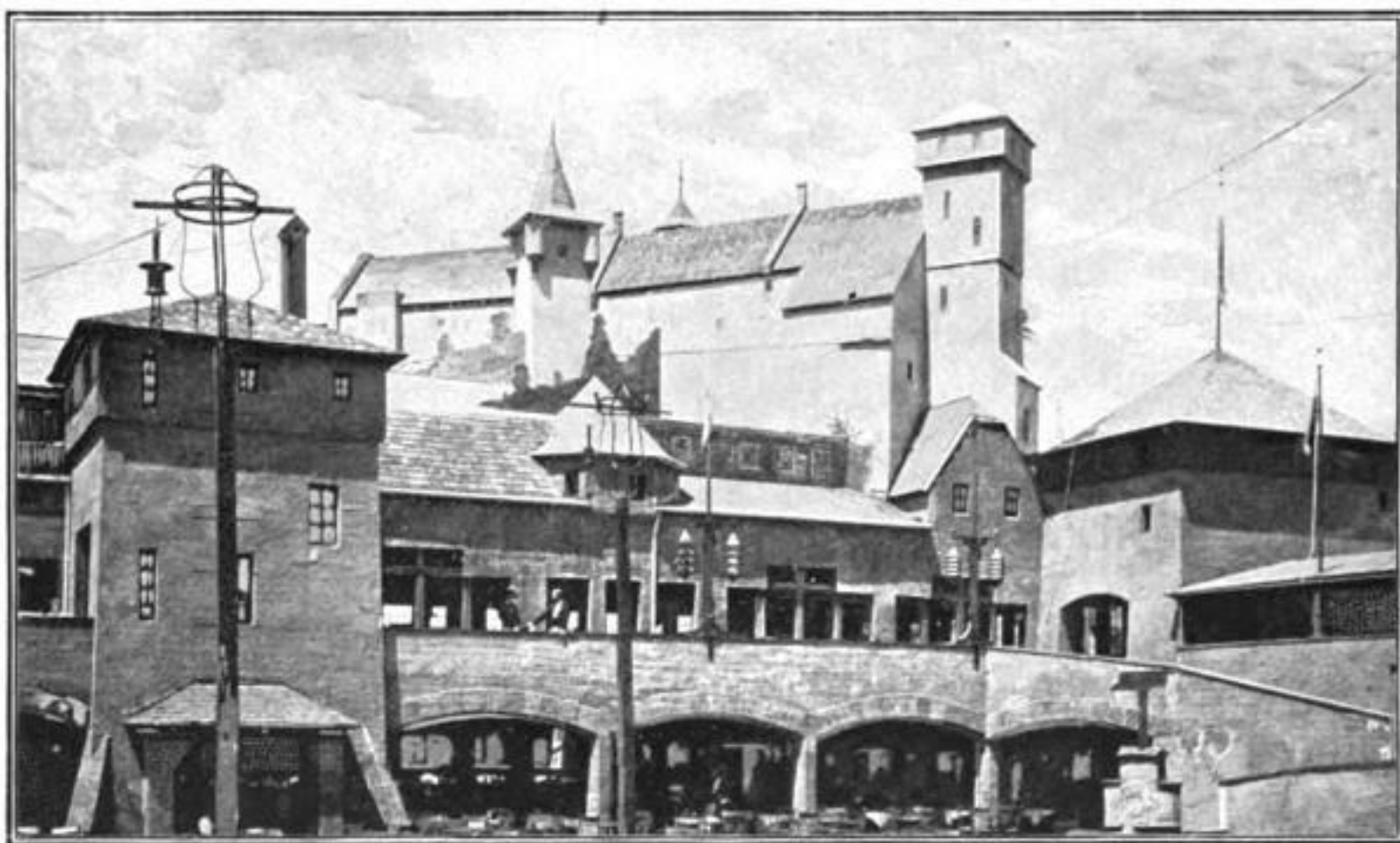
splendor when gemsmith and goldsmith and dyer and weaver have had their day with them! This you may read, if you will, in the tints of the buildings which surround that matchless area in which the blue lagoons gleam and fountains gush and murmur. And the immortal war of man with nature—that which we call war, though in truth it is the path toward peace, toward the at-one-ment of man with his surroundings, his discovery of his unity with his environment, his slow but sure initiation into the loving secrets of the great Mother, who yearns to impart her gifts more than

him the blessing at last, and whose very opposition but strung the other's sinews and hardened his muscles for the victory. Yonder, on the very tipmost pinnacle of the Tower, hovers the golden Goddess of Light, with the gift in her uplifted hand!

In the forms and composition of the architecture are to be detected other hints, breaking at times into almost open speech. Technically it is a liberal rendering of the Spanish Renaissance; but it symbolizes our welcome to the genius of the Latins to mingle their strain with the genius of the Anglo-Saxon. The problem of an Ameri-

can architecture has never yet been fully solved; but the full American is the most cosmopolitan man—the sum of all races, the union of all forms of talent and gift. As he is, so must his habitation be: not a crude and unprecedented novelty, but a gracious meeting and mingling of the best and purest of all foregoing types; yet, withal, that very mingling is a greater novelty than any other, and establishes for the elements that compose it a fresh and mighty individuality. So, in man is comprised the entire kingdom of the animals; but man, rising above all the rest, is himself still more than he is cousin to any other.

eye takes in at one glance every principal feature of the Exposition. All the vast buildings meet and face one another across the wide expanse of this stupendous Court of Fountains, which exposes its level acres to the bright sunshine of the northern Empire State. The shaft of the Electric Tower, at the further extremity of this interminable space, assumes a magical aspect, as if it had been summoned forth by the genius of our united people, and might fade away at evening like the western clouds that adorn with their splendor the setting sun. The light and shadow play over it, and it makes a tender nuptial with the sky and seems to palpitate with



ALT NÜRNBERG.

Opinions may differ as to whether, in absolute architectural value, the buildings of the Buffalo Exposition, with their changing tints, are or are not superior to the white creations of the Chicago Fair. We may array the testimony of Egypt, India, Japan, Venice, against the snowy simplicity of the Acropolis at Athens. But, be that discussion brought to what issue it may, there can be little doubt, I think, that in point of arrangement or disposition the buildings at Buffalo enjoy a manifest advantage. Standing on the Triumphal Bridge, at the lower entrance of the grounds, between the four superb towers, or pillars, surmounted each by its uprearing steed with the signaling figure on its back, the

beautiful life. It is difficult to overestimate the value of this ordered marshaling of the component elements of the picture; it enters the mind and memory as a whole, and maintains its place there without effort. And though, in the process of exploration, we may pace many a league, and go home footweary at last, yet we altogether miss that most wearisome form of weariness which consists in losing our sense of locality and direction, and wandering hopeless, as we too often did at Chicago, of ever comprehending where we were or where we wanted to be. Moreover, when fatigue overtakes us, we can at any moment find rest and variety of impression; we may turn from the accumulations of industry

and ingenuity to the old, immortal refreshment of natural beauty. One of the leading novelties of this Exposition is the great number of trees which relieve the eye at every point. At the sides of the Esplanade are Sunken Gardens, lined with trees, beneath which hospitable benches invite us to rest and listen to the fountain music. Some of these inclosed waters are surrounded with reeds and other tall grasses, and on their bosom float water-lilies. Love-making is no new thing in the world, fortunately; but it is far from common that so many ideal spots for making it should be provided as may be found here. The lovely statues of gods and goddesses look down approvingly upon the youth and maiden, and the murmur of the falling waters fills the intervals of their speech. In the vastness, the great crowd passes them by, and notes them not. From afar, yet always near enough, the strains of human music are wafted to their ears; you can find no nook here so remote but the throb of melody will search it out, if you listen. Surely good fortune should attend the marriages which find their beginnings in circumstances so propitious.

Of the subsidiary novelties, the fountain which bursts forth from the base of the Electric Tower is the most striking. The Tower itself must be near four hundred



AGRICULTURE.

feet in height; for half its height upward it is four-square, thence diminishing stage by stage, in pillared intervals, to the pinnacle and the goddess at the summit. The lower half has a broad panel of Niagara green (a hue which we find often repeated throughout the Exposition) extending down its center; but this is interrupted at a height of about seventy feet from the base by an exquisite pillared colonnade, which curves forward like inviting arms, each arm terminating in a sculptured pavilion. In the center of this arcade, and out of a green niche in the body of the Tower, gushes forth in a huge turmoil of snow-white foam an endless volume of water, and it falls in glorious cascades over the terraces that lead downward to the basin. A sort of miracle seems to have been accomplished, as when Moses smote the rock for the thirsty Israelites. This everlasting out-gush redeems with its freshness and exuberance the heat of the sun and the weariness of the distances. From every point of view it is visible, and the soft thunder of its down-tumbling rejoices the soul. It reminds us of the proximity of Niagara itself, and makes the stable architecture of its environment vibrate with living energy. Often and often do we return to it, and always with a new perception of felicity and power.

On the right, diagonally behind the Tower, rise the walls of the Stadium, another innovation; it is a sort of gigantic son of the Madison Square Garden, with its hat off. It recalls a Greek



THE SAVAGE AGE.



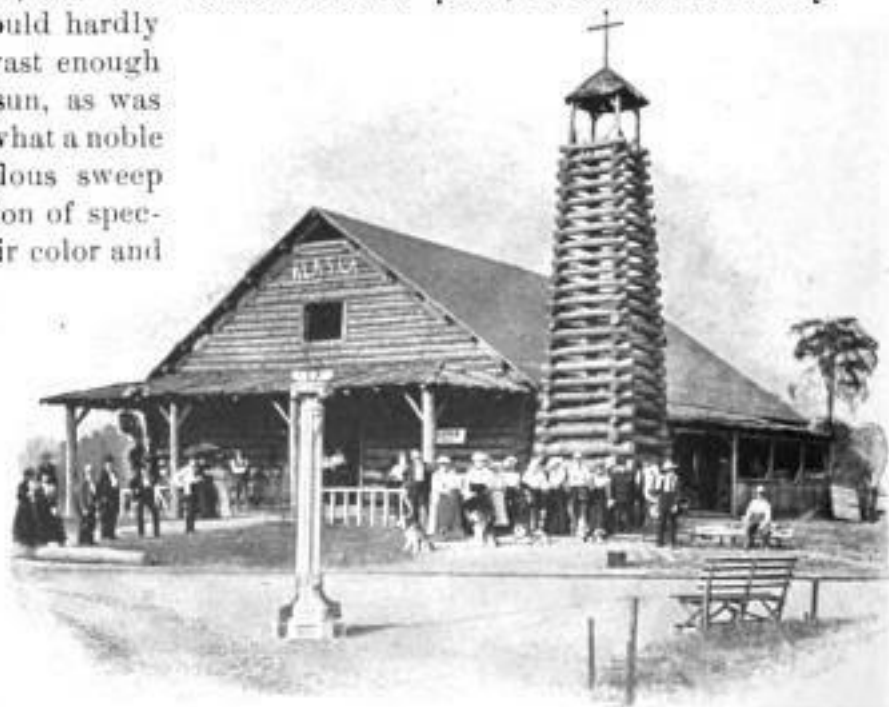
A MIDWAY FREAK—THE HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN.

original, such as the athletes, physical and intellectual, were wont to meet in when Greece was glorious, to struggle for the crown of honor. But I doubt whether Greece or Rome ever built a circus so gigantic as this. The running-track covers a circuit of a quarter of a mile; and the entire structure cannot be less than nine hundred feet in diameter. From the ground, slanting backward and upward, tier above tier, rise the circling benches, seating twelve thousand persons, without account of what the floor-space might accommodate. But the floor, of course, is the green turf, and the roof is the blue sky, and it would hardly be possible to swing a canvas vast enough to screen the interior from the sun, as was done of old in the Coliseum. But what a noble spectacle must be this stupendous sweep of benches filled with a population of spectators, with their movement, their color and their uproar of multitudinous voices! What sight magnificent enough to correspond with such a gathering could be devised? Some greater Barnum, with the humbug left out, some mightier Nero, with the inhumanity purged away, some nobler Pericles, with a world at his command, would be needed for such an enterprise. Indeed, the time is hardly yet come when we can put this Stadium to a fitting

use; but, like the rest of the conception of which it is a part, it must be regarded in its prophetic aspect. Here should meet in fraternal rivalry the competitors of a continent, in an emulation and a splendor befitting their resources and attainments.

Beyond a certain advance in electrical inventions and applications, realized during the last few years, there is little that is actually new among the various things and processes shown in the Exposition buildings at Buffalo; we see here what we saw at Chicago, though the arrangement is superior

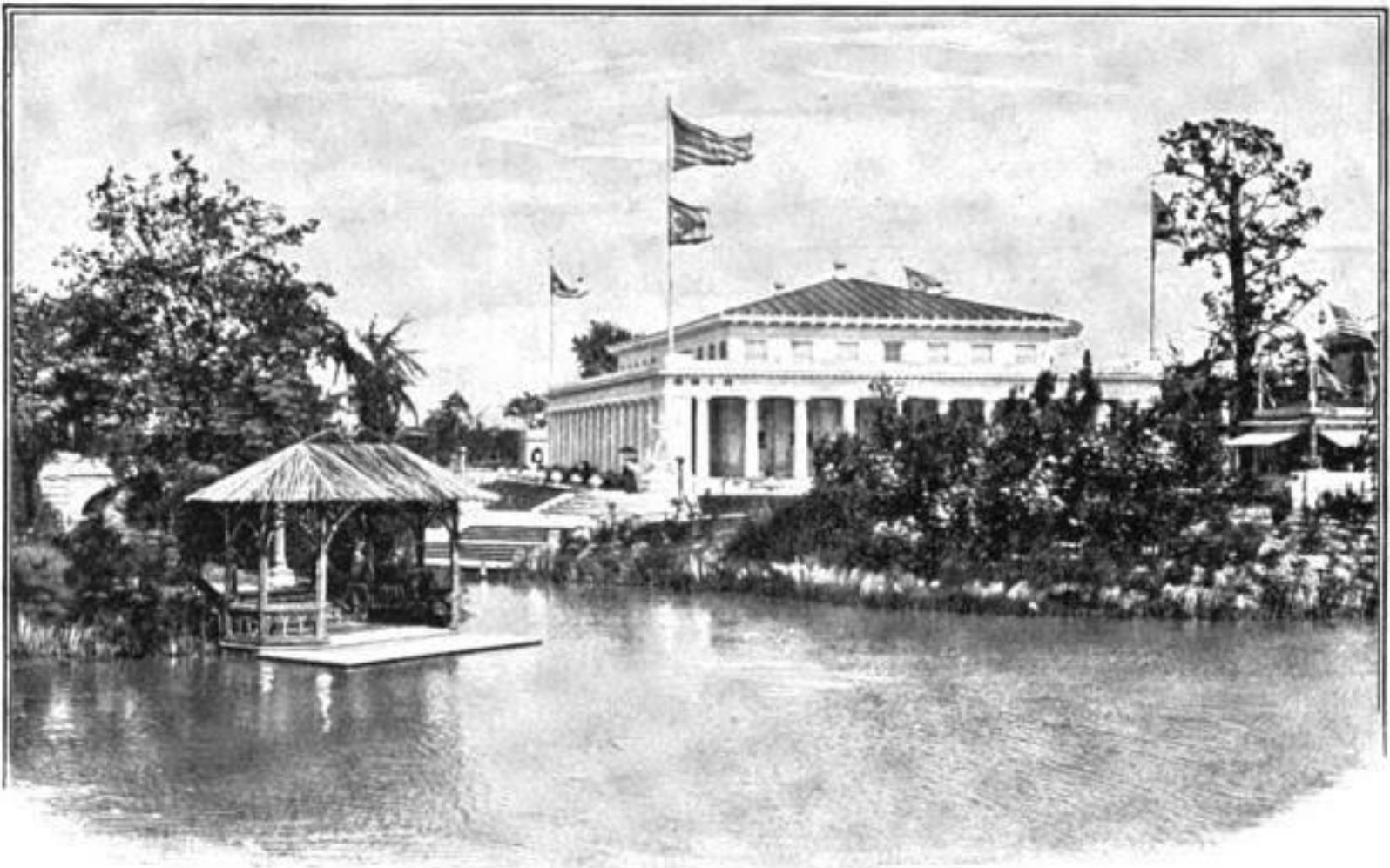
and the selection of exhibits more careful and reticent. In completeness, the United States Building stands first, and it ought to be made permanent, for it contains within itself a liberal education offered to the eye; months might well be spent in studying this collection alone. To this unimaginable affluence of resource and achievement have we arrived since the time, less than three centuries ago, when the sad-garbed Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, or the Cavaliers made harbor at Jamestown. But these, and the other exhibits, I must leave to other pens; it comes within my



THE ALASKA BUILDING.

scope only to mention the Acetylene Building, which, as evening comes on, shines and twinkles all over with a pure white light, more brilliant than the Edison incandescent light itself, and making the latter look orange by contrast. It is an appurtenance more exactly of the Midway exhibitions than of the Exposition proper. Nor will I linger over the Life-Saving exhibition on the lake shore at the extreme southern limit of the grounds; it is thrillingly interesting, but it belongs in a class by itself. We must spend our remaining time in the Midway, which contains many novelties, in addition to the old Midway flavor and character with which we became

most compelled to stay there; whereas here you may pass out and in so readily that your stay is dependent on the whim of the moment. Be that as it may, the whim is likely to be in favor of remaining. The concessionaires, as we are constrained for lack of a better name to call them, have studied their part diligently during the past eight years, and show the effect in the quality and inventiveness of their attractions. The Cairo Street is, of course, nearly unaltered; it originally contained all that could be brought from the East except the buildings themselves, which were represented. At this Exposition it is an exotic, a guest, invited on account of its



THE OHIO BUILDING.

so fondly familiar at Chicago. Man's works are shown in the Exposition, but man himself occupies the Midway in all his varieties, and the wonder and fascination of him still surpasses in its own way anything that he is able to produce.

The Midway, instead of stretching away into a region apart, as at Chicago, winds itself round two sides of the Buffalo Exposition, and is immediately accessible from many points of the Exposition grounds. This would seem to promise a larger attendance; but on the other hand it may make it a less constant quantity; for at Chicago, once you got to the Midway, you felt al-

inimitable charm; with Pan-America it has no organic connection. Here are the camels, and the elephant, and the Bedouins, and the dancing-girls, as we know them of old; at least two charming Fatimas, more beautiful than ever; and the booths with their glittering and glowing display. Here rise once more the minarets; and the mesherabie still decorate the crabbed house-fronts. And yet I cannot say that Cairo Street seems to me as fascinating as it did years ago; perhaps the difference may be that we have become mutually accustomed to each other, and the power to produce charm and the suscepti-

bility to it have both diminished. Certainly I should find it hard to put my finger on any specific deficiency; and on the other hand there are undoubtedly some improvements. But we seek novelty, and let us therefore make the Trip to the Moon.

Readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, to be sure, recently made this trip in the company of Mr. Wells; and I suspect that our present entertainer may have been present on that occasion; at all events, there are several minor features in what he shows us which confirm Mr. Wells' report. I noticed a mooncalf lurking clumsily amidst the rocks; and the vegetation is of the fungous order; while the Selenites themselves have the spiked head-dress which the former explorer describes, and something resembling their twittering speech. These creatures, too, habitually dwell in vast caverns beneath the planet's surface. But if we find details similar to those portrayed by Mr. Wells, what else

should we expect?—unless we accuse him of inaccuracy! The procedure is as follows:—

The prospective voyagers take their seats in a darkened auditorium, where the guide expresses to them in pregnant phrases the extraordinary nature of the adventure on which they are embarking. Then, at the back of the stage, in a starlit sky, the aerial ship in which the voyage is to be made is seen descending earthward. It passes out of sight; and the inexperienced suppose that now the scene will change, and that we, remaining in our seats, will be carried in imagination only through the

various chapters of the journey. But the order given is, "Leave your seats and follow me!"

Out we troop accordingly, in the glimmering dusk, and pass through a passage and over a gangway to other seats on the deck of the aerial ship itself. Yes, verily, there we sit, while the marvelous vessel waves its wings, and far, far below us, with its electric lights shining, lies the terrestrial city of Buffalo. The broad, bat-like wings wave more powerfully, till at length we seem to leave our earthly moorings and to sail steadily but swiftly through the depths of infinite space. In a few moments we find ourselves passing

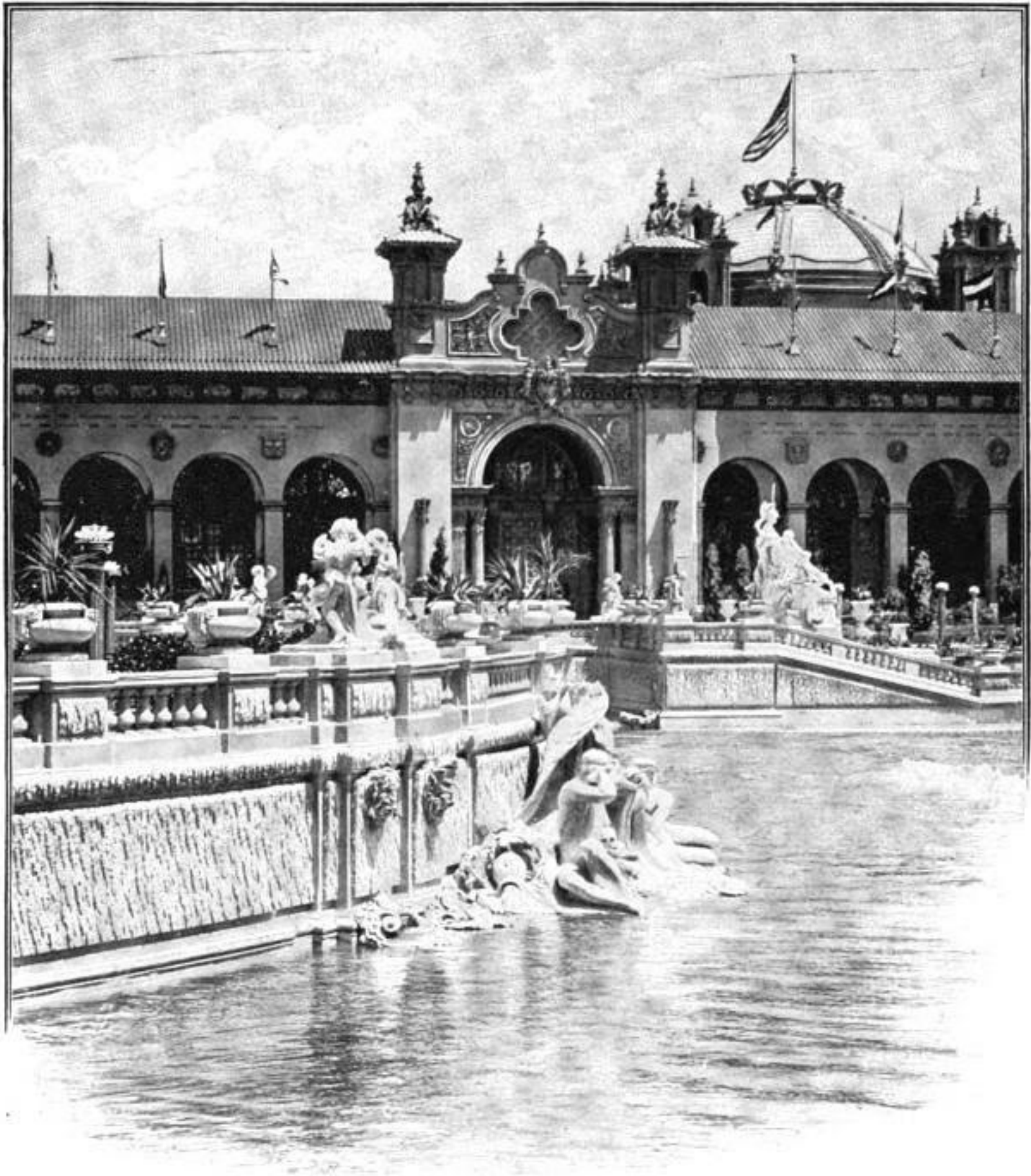
through a thunder-cloud, and the lightning flashes round us, and the thunder rolls, the wind howls, and the ship sways in it. But our speed is immense, and anon we have risen above the clouds, and now before us, beneath us, is revealed another planet—actually the moon

herself! We descend rapidly, and in a few moments, with a slight jar, we have come to anchor on its surface. The order comes to disembark.

Well, here we are positively treading on the rugged surface of Luna, and, amidst strange vegetation and unfamiliar objects, we plunge down a devious path into the interior. The little Selenites have perceived our advent, and run before us, with queer twitterings, marshaling our way; they are hardly half the average stature of earthly men, and are oddly misshapen. Wonderful blue and crimson lights flash and glow upon us, indescribable forms as-



THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL BASINS.

found our eyes, the grotesque splendor of our surroundings increases with every step. Ere long we find ourselves in the central crypts of the planet, with huge jewels and masses of gold and weird vistas and abysses all about us. In a great cavern, gorgeously illuminated, we find the monarch of the Selenites, attended by his subjects, who, in our honor, perform a moon-dance. Some other ceremonies occur, and then, by a short cut, following the voice of our conductor—lo! we are on our own old earth again, and filing forth into the familiar daylight of the Midway!

I have given this narrative in detail, because it is typical of several experiences which we are to undergo during our exploration of the Buffalo Exposition marvels. They are elaborate illusions, ingeniously carried out, so that instead of viewing a performance on a stage, we are ourselves participants in the scene. Thus in "Darkness and Dawn," after sitting awhile at tables in a darkened room, we discover that the tables are in fact coffins, tenanted by uneasy ghosts, who groan and talk and rattle their coffin-lids; we are invited to the regions of Tophet, and in order to pay

our passage must sacrifice one of our number to the King of the Shades. He mounts the stage, enters a coffin placed upright there, and before our eyes undergoes a ghastly transformation from flesh and blood to a fleshless skeleton. Then we arise and follow our guide below; an elevator carries us swiftly to an immense depth in the bowels of

the earth; there we wander through hideous caverns; we see Charon with his boat on the Styx; we enter the infernal regions. Fiends in awful shapes haunt our path; the groans of tormented spirits salute our ears, and we behold their tortures. At length we encounter the Arch-Fiend himself; but just as we have given up all hope, the environment undergoes a change for the better; we are now approaching paradise; and stand amazed in the midst of a glorious transformation-scene. Thus we are gently restored to our own earthly habitation, safe and sound after an hour in hell.

This kind of entertainment is new, and obviously it can be indefinitely extended and improved. By calling in the resources of science, positive illusions may be produced, and the painted pasteboard and colored lights, and the rest of the para-



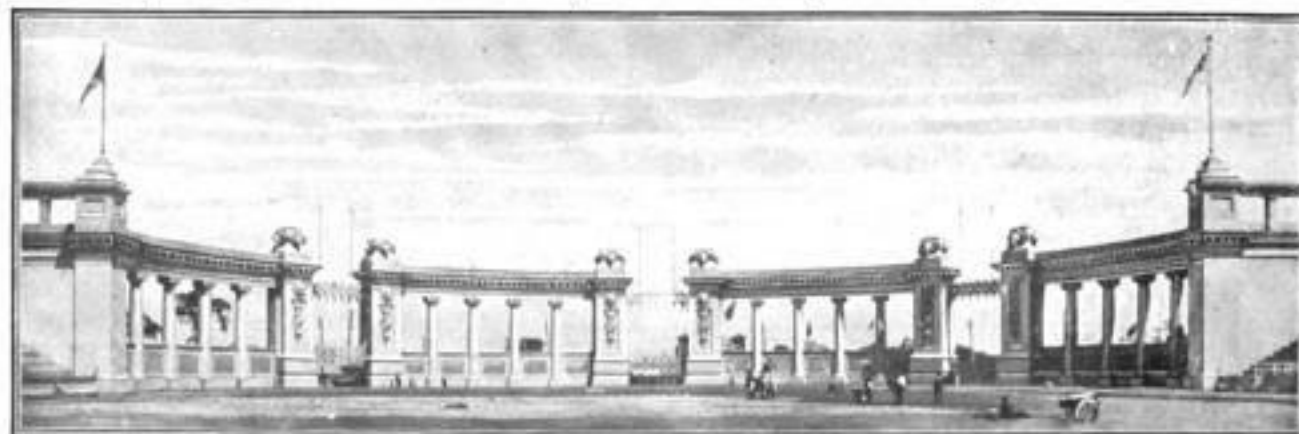
A COMFORTABLE WAY OF SIGHT-SEEING.

phernalia, can be so refined that little or no exercise of imagination will be needed to help out the art of the showman. The keynote of the idea is the active coöperation of the spectator in his own entertainment; and there is hardly a limit to the possibilities in this direction.

The "House Upside Down," imported hither from Paris, has

been greatly improved in transit; but I lack space to go into details. The Filipino Village shows our fellow-citizens on the other side of the earth living in their native manner; "Darkest Africa," a most admirable reproduction of Central African life, presents real negroes, in singular contrast with the imported article with which we are amply familiar. There is an "Infant Incubator," with tiny live babies being gently baked in neat plate-glass ovens; and there are numberless features recalling things we saw at Chicago.

Before going home, we return to the Esplanade, and there behold by far the most superb and inspiring illumination of the Tower and buildings that I have ever seen. But this is out of my assigned province. It is a fitting conclusion to an experience altogether delightful and desirable.



AN END OF THE STADIUM.

ORGANIZATION AS APPLIED TO ART.

BY C. Y. TURNER.

AT a joint committee meeting held at the National Arts Club some time in March, 1900, Mr. John M. Carrere, Chairman of the Board of Architects, explained the wishes of the Pan-American Exposition Company and those of the architects regarding the sculptural adornment and proposed coloring of the exhibition. He explained the plan of the grounds and buildings,

waterways, et cetera, and requested that the sculptors and painters select the committee or person to take charge of the sculpture and the coloring of the Exposition. He asked that the painters and sculptors collaborate with the architects toward the beautifying of the Exposition. This was a long step in advance toward the development of the

allied arts, and personally I hailed it with great delight, for it seemed to me that an opportunity occurred to place the painters and sculptors in a proper relation of complete harmony with the architects.

At a meeting of the National Society of Mural Painters which shortly followed this, I was chosen as the one they thought capable of carrying out the coloring of the exhibition. This selection was forwarded to Mr. Carrere, and in due course, Mr. Bitter and myself were appointed as the

persons to take charge of the sculpture and the coloring.

At a later meeting of the Board of Architects held in Buffalo, the question of color was brought up and fully discussed. Mr. Peabody had carefully planned and colored the drawings for the Horticulture Group, and brought to Buffalo a number of small models of portions of these buildings which

were colored in a fashion that seemed to him a proper treatment. I should say here that it had become the general opinion that the Exposition buildings should be designed to receive color, and the style of architecture which at that early period was mentioned as the most fitting for the purpose, the Spanish Renaissance, was in the minds of most of



THE FOUNTAIN OF ABUNDANCE.

them the most suitable style. At a later period this was changed to Free Renaissance, which, of course, permitted the introduction of Italian, German and French Renaissance.

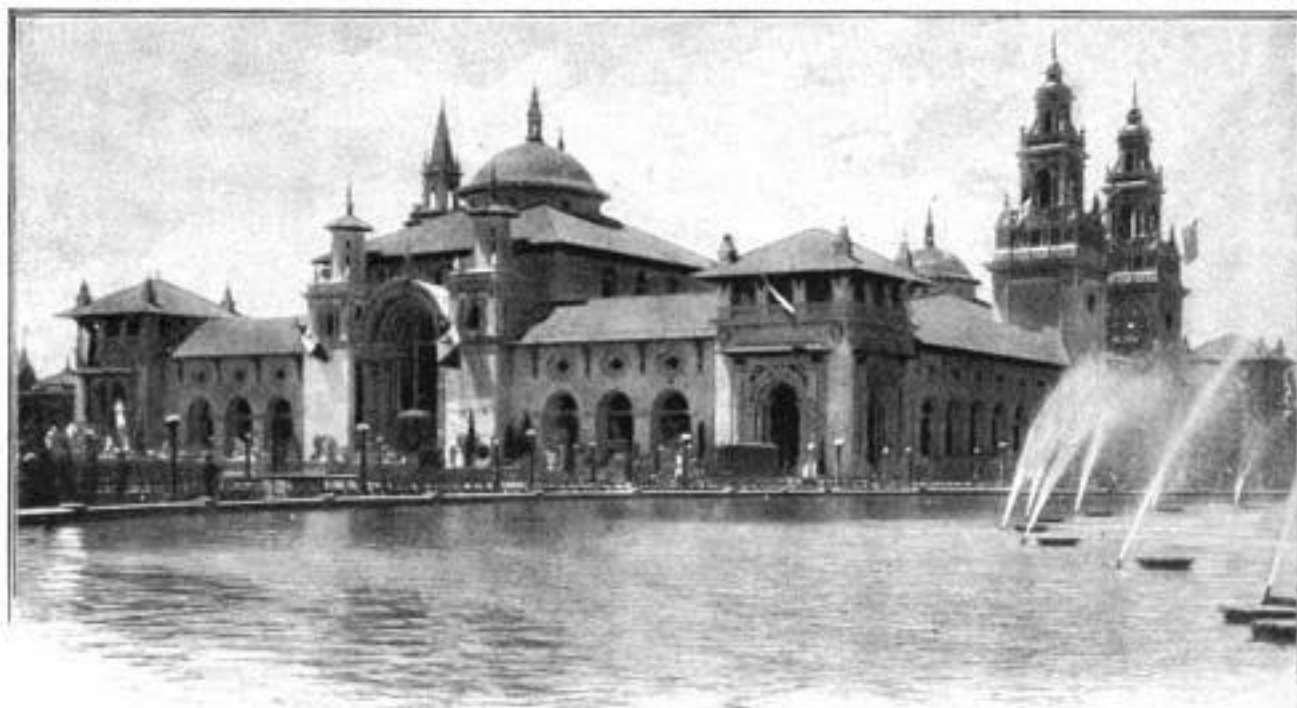
The desire of the Exposition Company and the Board of Architects was to color the Exposition buildings highly, and having in mind the Spanish-American feature, I was prepared to say that I thought the buildings should be treated in some shade of warm white for the flat surfaces and the

ornamentation should be highly enriched. The Board of Architects adopted this suggestion, and added to it that I should carry on the coloring of the Exposition in consultation with the individual architect. With this idea in view, returning to New York, I took up the matter and laid out a general plan for coloring the Exposition.

The buildings have hip-roofs at an angle of thirty degrees, covered with tile. All the walls and other surfaces are of staff and plaster, therefore there were three great elements to deal with—the sky, which would be blue, with floating clouds; the buildings, with red roofs and warm-gray walls; and the earth, with the grass, trees, statuary, landings, et cetera, of green and white.

sketches, I attended a meeting given by the Sculptors' Society, which had for its object an explanation of the manner in which they would suggest that the buildings and grounds should be treated sculpturally, and Mr. Bitter outlined his general plan, which was very interesting and ingenious.

Mr. Bitter believed the Exposition should be a lesson for the public, and that the sculpture upon the buildings should convey as far as possible the purpose for which each building was erected and suggest the character of exhibits which it would contain. He proposed to treat the sculptural groups about the Government Building in such a manner as to sug-



THE MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

My first step was to make a small sketch in color, and then I took an enlargement of the bird's-eye view and colored it. I was convinced that something larger and more in detail, to arrange the scheme intelligently, was needed. Therefore I applied for permission to have made a model of the various buildings to scale. In due course of time this was accomplished, and there was executed and erected in my studio a model which covered a space of twelve by sixteen feet. This model was made to scale of one-sixteenth inch to the foot, and all the buildings were colored and changed as was deemed necessary until a harmonious result was attained.

During the preparation of my first

gest man in his primitive state, the Horticulture Group portraying the natural resources of the earth. Here the battle of life, which man has ever waged with the elements, begins. We find, as we progress up the grounds, the result of his labors in the Machinery and Transportation and Electricity Buildings shown on one side, and Liberal Arts and Agriculture on the other suggesting the result of his struggles. The Restaurant and the entrances to the Midway and the Stadium suggest amusements and games. The Electric Tower, representing the crowning achievement of man, is dedicated to the great waterways and the power of Niagara that is utilized to generate the current which runs the Ex-

position. Without going into the detail of Mr. Bitter's plan, it seemed to me a very logical and proper treatment of the Exposition, and it was wise for me to pursue a similar course in the color treatment, so that I might in this way carry out a general scheme in harmony with the plan of the grounds, buildings and sculptural arrangement. Taking it for granted then that as we enter the grounds from the park through the forecourt, the causeway bids welcome to the visitors and the countries

in color the same thought which Mr. Bitter was following in sculpture.

Since I wished in some way to emphasize the great power which was being used to run the Exposition, the beautiful emerald-green hue of the water as it curls over the crest of Niagara Falls seemed to me a most fitting note to carry through the Exposition, and I therefore adopted it and this color is found on some portion of every building.

In the Tower I have given it marked



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

taking part in the Exposition, and we then come upon the elementary conditions, that is, the earliest state of man suggested on one side and primitive nature on the other, I concluded that the strongest primary colors should be applied here; as we advance up the grounds, the colors should be more refined and less contrasting, and the Tower, which is to suggest the triumph of man's achievement, should be the lightest and most delicate in color.

Thus it was my effort to try to carry out

emphasis, and have made the general scheme here ivory-white, green and gold.

This is my general plan or scheme, and my wish has been to do all that was possible to express this idea and be in harmony with what I believed the architects and sculptors wished to say through their respective arts.

The small model when colored could give only the tints of the body of the buildings and the roofs, with some slight suggestion of towers and pinnacles, doorways, et

cetera. It was necessary, therefore, to be more explicit. The drawings of each building were taken up and colored in detail, first the elevations and then the great doorways, towers, corner pavilions, entrances, finials, and all other parts which might be treated.

The Board of Architects as well as the Exposition Company desired that the buildings should be treated in brilliant colors and that a suggestion of Spanish treatment of architecture in coloring should be given. I therefore looked this matter up and tried to familiarize myself with the manner of their treatment, and started out with the idea to pursue this course and produce a result which should resemble, as nearly as might be, work of that period.

The Horticulture Group has orange as a basis for the color of the body of the building. On the Government Building a warm yellow is used for the plain surfaces. For the Temple of Music I have used red, quite pure, as the foundation color; for Ethnology, a golden yellow. On the Machinery and Transportation Building, green is the basis; and opposite it across the Court, the Liberal Arts Building is a warm gray. The Electricity and Agriculture Buildings are

in different shades of light yellow; while the Restaurant and entrances to the Stadium have a French gray as the basis, with a lighter shade of the same tint on the Propylæa. In the Horticulture Group I have used blue and white largely in the ornamental portions of the panels, pilasters, spandrels, et cetera, relieved now and again by brighter shades of rose and deep yellow. The Government Building has mild gray for the structural portions to relieve the yellow, and in this building, where it is possible, the green note is introduced in the sashes and doors, and blue on the dome and gold on the smaller domes—blue-green on the dome of the Music Hall, and repeated again on the Ethnology Building. On the Machinery and Transportation Building, red, yellow and green are introduced in the great doorways and corner pavilions, and also distributed through the towers, while blue and gold play a large part in the detail work of the Liberal Arts Building, especially the ceilings of the colonnades and East and West entrances, as well as in the great pediments of the North and South entrances. The yellow of the Electricity Building is relieved by gray trimmings and green



THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.



THE COURT OF CYPRESSES.

doorways elaborately enriched in their ornament with delicate shades of the prevailing tones used throughout the Exposition. The Agriculture Building is warmer, and there are blue, yellow and ivory, with stronger notes of red and green, in the entrances. The Restaurants are ivory and French gray, with green sashes, and minarets and pinnacles tipped with gold. The Propylæa, which curves across the north end of the grounds, has a wide, open arcade, and its panels are enriched with brilliant red surrounding the white statues. The panels above are bright yellow, while the ceilings are blue and the trellis above is made a strong violet hue. Violet occurs again at the arched entrances. The Railway Transportation Building is in French gray with a green roof; while the Stadium, one of the most imposing buildings of the fair, is light ivory-gray with pale blue-green sash and doors. The Electric Tower is very light ivory, and is enriched in the capitals, brackets, finials, stars, pinnacles, et cetera with gold, and crowned with a gilded figure of the Goddess of Light. The panels have the brightest fresh blue-green we could make, suggesting the water

as it curves over the crest at Niagara. The statuary throughout the grounds is treated in pure white, and it is my belief that it is a pleasant contrast and makes the color-scheme more apparent. Lamps and urns are treated as green bronze, *Verte antique*. Flagstaff bases are in similar vein, except the greater ones, which harmonize with the buildings in their immediate neighborhood—cool at the north end of the grounds, ivory and green; and red, yellow and blue at the south. The great piers at the causeway are of a soft, warm gray, suggesting cane, stone, or some such kindred material, with bronze at intervals. The pergolas are treated in bright colors, the lower third of the columns being orange or red and the upper two-thirds a light stone color, with brown beams, blue ceiling and green roofs. The notes of green, gold, ivory, blue and red are distributed throughout all the buildings so that it can be said, as some one remarked to me, "I see you are using the Pan-American colors on the buildings—red, white, blue, green and yellow." The buildings in the Midway, or Vanity Fair, are treated with more liberty, but similar in general tone of color



THE NEW ENGLAND STATES BUILDING.

to the main portion of the Exposition. The State Buildings and other concessions about the grounds have considerable latitude in treatment, held in check only when something too startling is suggested. The Woman's Building, which is a remodeled country club-house, has been treated in soft, quiet green. All the canal banks, bridges and embankments have soft gray stone color, with little or no enrichment other than the architectural design.

Of course, many flags and banners are distributed on the buildings of the countries taking part in the Exposition, and add gaiety and liveliness to the scene. Awnings at the landings and pergolas are treated with bright striped goods to harmonize with the buildings adjoining, and floats, gondolas, et cetera have all received their colors.

This is the first time that a general scheme of color has been undertaken and carried out in any exposition, and it is our

sincere hope and belief that the result warrants the time, labor and money expended upon it, and gives great pleasure and will influence similar work in the future.

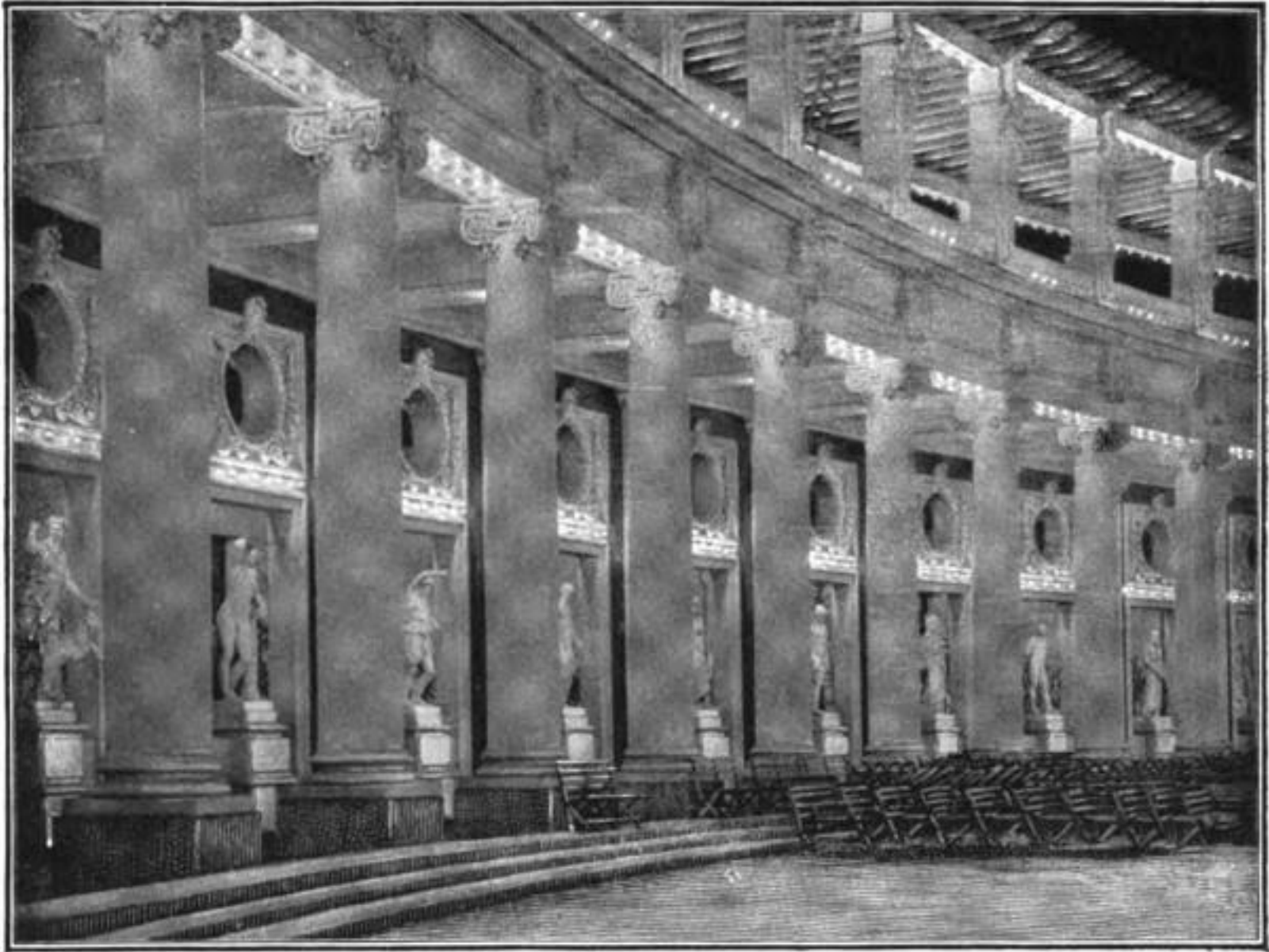
The interior decorations conform in general plan to the exterior coloring of the buildings, and relate so far as possible to the exhibits contained therein.

It was believed that a much more attractive treatment of the interior decorations might be carried out than that which has been the custom heretofore in exhibitions, by the use of banners, bunting, cartouches and tapestries, and making use of portions of the exhibits. The general color-scheme in each case was carried out in harmony with the exterior coloring.

The Machinery and Transportation Building is decorated in two shades of yellow. A great number of bright-colored flags are so used that the effect of the building is kept in gold and red of varying degrees. The yellow draperies are attached to the beams which bound the skylight, and are so drawn back to a level with the eaves as to make long, sweeping lines running in the direction of the roof without concealing the construction of the rafters and trusses. Through the center, attached to the ridgepole of the skylight are large clusters of colored buntings arranged like great chandeliers. These



A GARDEN NEAR THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.



PART OF THE PROPYLÆA.

continue around the entire building, making a brilliant row of color which emphasizes and echoes the many tints among the exhibits. At a number of places above the twenty-foot line are placed large tapestry paintings that represent materials, and scenes upon railroads and waterways and in factories, relating to those exhibits which are beneath them, forming a series of decorations upon the wall surface and giving masses of color to spots which would otherwise be bare and monotonous.

In the Electricity Building, light shades of green and violet bunting are used. Everything in this building in the way of decoration is kept very light to avoid interfering with the electrical display. Violet and green form the most agreeable combinations, which show electric light to advantage. Here, too, tapestry paintings are used, notably in the central portion of the building, where the draperies are carried up to the center, filling the entire dome.

In the Agriculture Building the colors used are intended to suggest autumn and spring. The use of strong yellow and light yellowish-green predominates, and

because of the number of South American countries represented in this building their flags are distributed very freely, adding much red and yellow with large spots of green. Here, too, the cartouches are used, with coats of arms of the countries taking part in the exhibition, as well as the tapestry paintings illustrating the exhibits. The construction of this building lends itself very happily to the decorations. The walls are also covered with green burlap.

The use of gold, blue and white in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building keeps the effect there rather quiet. There being such a multitude of booths of great variety, it was deemed wise to restrain the interior decorations and strive for a quiet effect. Here seines have been used in decorating, and form part of an exhibit at the same time.

In the Bazaar Building, where there also occurs great variety in the character of the exhibits, green, white and gold were used in the draperies which are festooned among the rafters of the roof.

The entire walls as well as the ceiling of the Graphic Arts Building have been



A ROW OF ATTRACTIVE BOOTHS.

covered with olive-green burlap, making a very pleasing background for the variety of exhibits of the graphic arts.

Maroon burlap has been chosen for the Mines Building, because it was thought this would be the best surrounding for the exhibits.

In the Horticulture Building a great deal of care has been taken to keep the color tones as light as possible by the use of white and green, and artificial leaves. Festoons and clusters are gathered about the trusses and rafters, and along the beams are draperies radiating from the domes to the trusses below. Flowers and plants have been clustered about the posts, and the great figure of the Goddess of Light has been placed in the center of the building, surrounded by palms which give the keynote of green and white to the building.

In the Acetylene Building old-rose and white as a combination, with a little green, have been used, this being deemed by the exhibitors the best combination of color to display their light to advantage.

In the distribution of flags about the

grounds and buildings, great care has been taken to have the stronger colors massed at the south end and the cooler light shades in the neighborhood of the Tower, to conform with the general scheme of color and not mar the effect. Of course, the flags of the various countries taking part in the exhibition have been distributed throughout the grounds and the buildings.

Let me once more emphasize the fact that in this Exposition for the first time in my knowledge the allied arts are in evidence and the architect, painter and sculptor have worked together toward a common end, the beautifying of the great Exposition; and although the sculptor and painter were called upon quite early, much earlier than has ever been known before, I feel quite sure that they should be consulted at the very inception of any exposition, or building of importance, or enterprise of any kind which has art as an important factor. The chief end of such an exposition is harmony. All such work, it is evident, should begin and proceed in consultation.



AN ATHLETIC MEET IN THE STADIUM.

ATHLETICS AND THE STADIUM.

By JAMES E. SULLIVAN, President of the A. A. U

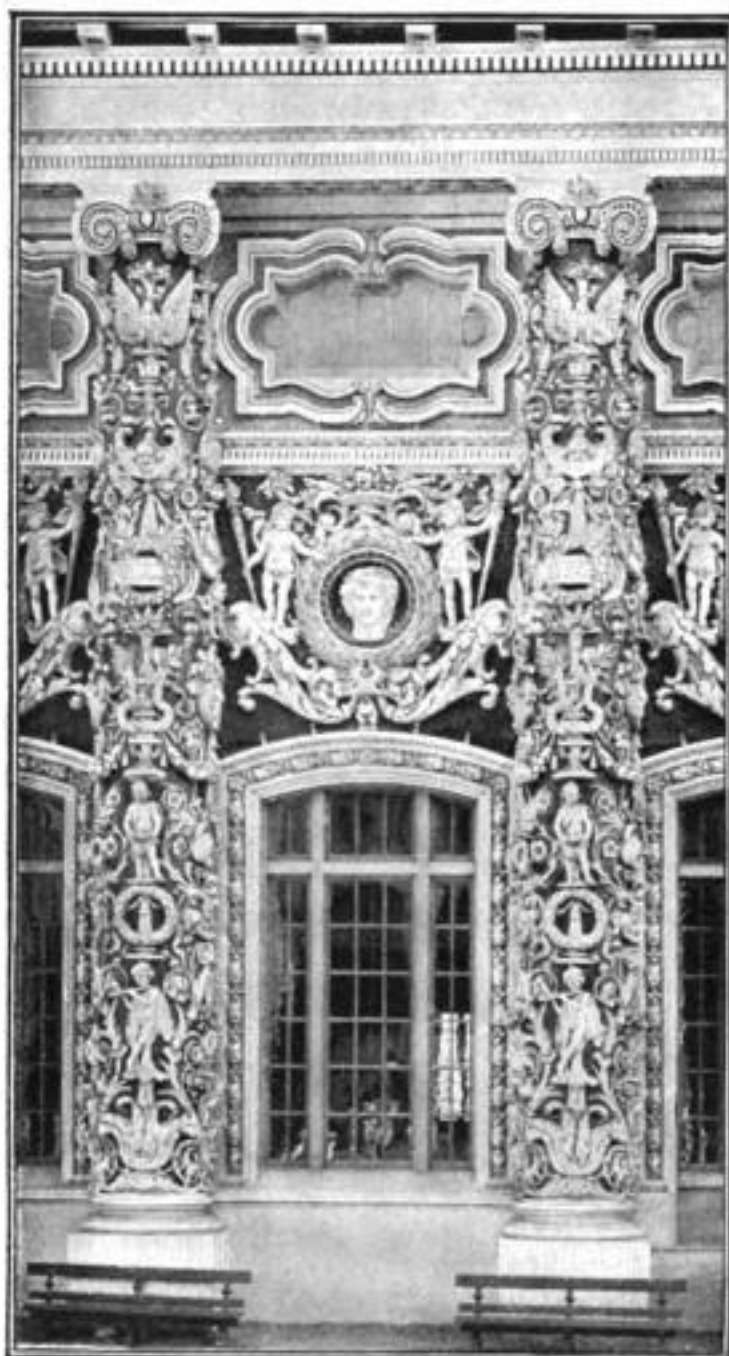
THAT we are rapidly becoming an athletic nation, and that physical education is fully recognized, is apparent to any one who visits the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo this year. Many features will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to visit the Exposition, and from a spectacular standpoint in comparison with the Chicago and Paris expositions all admit that the Buffalo electrical display stands preëminent. But with its position as leader in electricity acknowledged, there is one other feature that will live in the memories of the many thousands years and years after the electrical display is forgotten, and that is the recognition of athletics and the building of the Stadium.

The American youth is being educated now at school, at college and in clubs to follow athletics, fresh air and recreation as a means of building up a sound body, know-

ing perfectly well that a sound physique will naturally give to an intelligent mind a better working foundation.

Athletics at the Pan-American Exposition have been thought over and worked out for a year or more, and the name of Mr. W. I. Buchanan, Director-General of the Exposition, should be added to the roll of honor in future athletic history, for I have been reliably informed that he is the man who conceived the idea of having an Athletic Congress during the year of 1901 in the city of Buffalo which would eclipse any athletic carnival heretofore attempted, with the object that athletics should become an important part of the expositions established in the future.

At the farewell banquet tendered Mr. A. G. Spalding and the successful American athletes in the American Pavilion after the international games in Paris last year,



THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

Mr. Spalding struck the keynote when he said that he was proud to be the Director of Sports to bring to Europe the finest specimens of manhood that could be produced throughout the civilized world—for the Americans won nearly all the prizes. Furthermore he said there might be some discussion as to the awarding of the Grand Prix to the American engineer or artisan, because the objects displayed were inanimate, could not talk, and were not allowed to perform for themselves, but that with the athletes it was entirely different, it was a case of personal competition and personal superiority. Therefore it is only fair that we should give to the Pan-American people the full credit of being the first exposition authorities to recognize athletic sports in a national way in America. To the Committee on Sports a great deal of credit is due. This committee, composed of the leading athletic authorities from the different colleges, has

been working hard for several months, the original chairman, Mr. Jesse C. Dann, being forced to retire from the chairmanship through overwork in conjunction with the planning of the monster sport and athletic carnival. His place has been taken by Mr. Seward A. Simons, a well-known Cornell graduate, who apparently is the right man in the right place. The make-up of this committee, with its advisory council, guaranteed success from an athletic standpoint. The Committee on Sports consists of Mr. Seward A. Simons, chairman; Mr. Jesse C. Dann, Dr. Charles Cary, Mr. J. McC. Mitchell, Mr. John B. Olmstead, Doctor Johnson, Mr. Charles M. Ransom, Mr. C. R. Wyckoff, Mr. Wm. Burnet Wright, Jr., and Mr. S. D. Clarke, secretary. The advisory committee is made up as follows: Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Walter Camp, Mr. C. C. Cuyler, Mr. F. B. Ellis, Mr. C. S. Hyman, Mr. C. H. Sherrill, Mr. A. A. Stagg, Pres. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. Caspar Whitney and Mr. R. D. Wrenn.

A few words now about the Stadium. It is without doubt the largest and most imposing athletic arena ever erected in this country, and it is to be regretted that it cannot be left in the city of Buffalo permanently as a monument to athletics. I fear, however, it will share the fate of all the other buildings. It is modeled a good deal after the ancient Stadium at Athens, but is somewhat smaller. It covers a plot six hundred and seventy-eight and one-half by four hundred and fifty and one-



BOARDING A GONDOLA.

half feet, and has a quarter-mile track about twenty-two feet in width.

To the knowing ones it seems marvelous that such a grand athletic amphitheater could possibly be erected in such a short space of time, for in the latter part of April the entire arena was one mudhole and to an inexperienced mechanic it looked as though the arena would never be finished. Talent was secured, and as a result the Stadium to-day is beautiful, and any one who visits Buffalo without seeing it will miss a rare treat. The infield is entirely level and sodded. The track was

lars, and it has certainly been well spent.

What has the Exposition done for athletics? It has given to all kinds of champions an opportunity to compete and win handsome trophies that will be cherished long after club emblems are forgotten. It has given to thousands an intelligent idea of athletics and of what the brawn and muscle of America represent. No doubt many who go to Buffalo who have no idea of ever taking part in or enjoying sport of any kind, will become enthusiasts. Almost every kind of sport is represented here, and the interest thus aroused will be of lasting



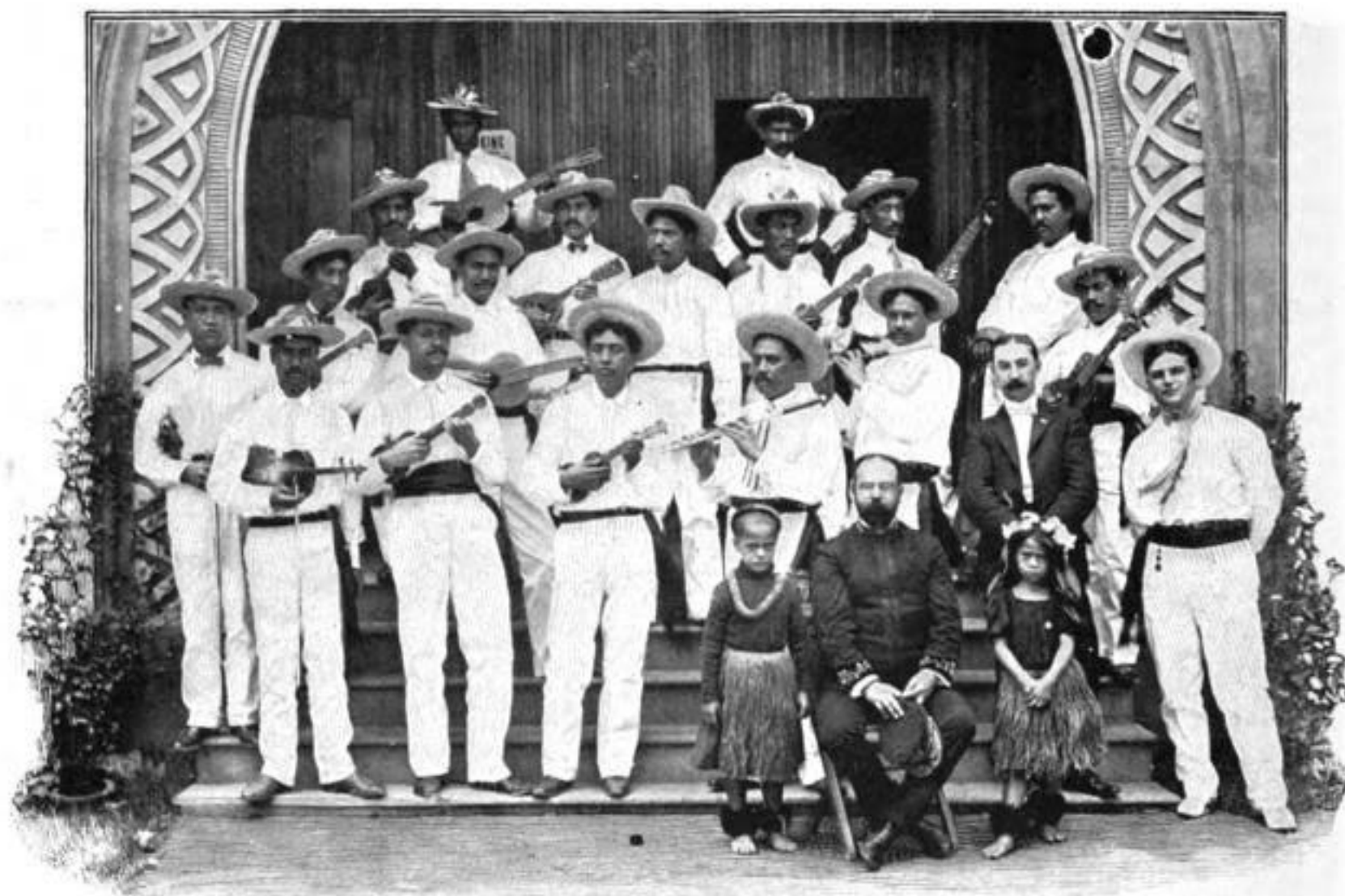
THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

built by an expert, and it is without doubt the fastest and best-built track in the world. The seating capacity of the Stadium is between ten and twelve thousand. The front of the Stadium is most impressive. The entrance is through a two-story building covering one hundred and seventy feet by fifty-two feet of ground space. Much time and labor have been spent on its adornment. Its color is animated, and from a sculptural standpoint it appears massive and artistic. The amount of money that has been spent on the Stadium is about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dol-

benefit to the country. Thousands are seeing and learning things that heretofore were as strange to them as the hieroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle.

The program scheduled from May to October is an elaborate one, the most elaborate ever arranged by a corporation or an individual in the civilized world so far as our records can go, and up to the present writing it has been successfully carried out.

The sports opened within the Stadium with a game of base-ball between the Carlisle Indians and the Cornell University team. This was followed soon after with



MR. SOUSA STOPPING TO CHAT WITH THE HAWAIIAN BAND.

an intercollegiate track meeting. At this meeting all the leading American athletes displayed their ability. The great Arthur Duffy won the one-hundred-yard dash in ten seconds on a new track. DeWitt, the young Hercules, displayed his ability as a hammer-thrower. Beck won the shot-putting event, and the Eastern champions for the first time competed with the Western intercollegiate champions. Cornell's fine team secured the greatest number of points.

It was, however, on June 13th, 14th and 15th that the principal athletic features of the year were decided most successfully, those days being the junior and senior dates of the Amateur Athletic

Union championships and a handicap meeting. The handicap meeting preceded the championships and brought together a great many of the crack American athletes, the Knickerbocker Athletic Club securing the greatest number of points. On the second day the junior championships showed the Pastime Athletic Club of New York city as the premier junior organization. In the senior championships the honors went to the New York Athletic Club, with its magnificent team of crack athletes.

At this meeting, Sears, of Cornell, who is certainly America's coming sprinter, won the one-hundred- and two-hundred- and- twenty- yard runs in grand



A GROUP OF PAPOOSES IN THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

style. He ran the one-hundred-yard dash in nine and four-fifths seconds, record time, but it is doubtful if that record will be allowed, as a slight wind aided him. The field events brought together the athletic giants of America—Flanagan, Edgren, Sheridan, Beck, Henneman, DeWitt, Gunn and Gill. In throwing the discus, the ancient Grecian game, a young man from Canada, Harry L. Gill, threw the missile one hundred and eighteen feet five inches; the effort of Richard J. Sheridan, the second man, measured one hundred and eleven feet nine and one-half inches; John Flanagan was third, with one hundred and nine feet four and one-half inches, and Henneman was fourth, one hundred and six feet ten inches. These instances are cited merely as an illustration to show the supremacy of the American athlete and his ability to master any sport athletically, no matter how intricate. Throwing the discus was unknown in this country until the return of Mr. Robert Garrett, of Princeton, in 1896, from Athens, where he competed with the famous Grecian discus-throwers.



AN ANCIENT MISSION.



THE CUBAN BUILDING.



LOOKING DOWN THE MIDWAY.

To the surprise of all, he not only won the championship there but beat the Grecian record which had stood for centuries. On his return to America he brought with him the discus. It was immediately copied and manufactured here, with the result that to-day America has the greatest discus-throwers in the world. It was at the junior championship meeting that Jerry Pierce, the famous Indian runner, made his appearance. He won the junior distance run in handsome style, but he was defeated by Frank Kanealy, of New England, an older runner, in the senior event.

In basket-ball, which is apparently America's coming indoor game, the championship contests were held in the Stadium on the 17th and 18th of June. No fewer than seven teams from all parts of the country assembled, and the display of basket-ball given was very creditable. Teams from New Jersey, New England and New York strove for the honors, but it remained for a Buffalo team, practically unknown theretofore, to win the coveted trophy.

The early part of July saw as interesting a series of lacrosse matches as was ever played in this or any other country. The Capitals, of Ottawa, won the Canadian series and the Crescents, of New York, won the American series. On the after-

noon of the Fourth of July, with ten thousand interested spectators gazing on them, the champions of each country strove for the Pan-American honors. It was a good game, but the Canadians were certainly more adept at lacrosse than the New York city boys and won easily.

On the same day the all-around championships of the United States were decided—the blue-ribbon event of the athletic arena. It comprises ten events and is scored by percentage, each athlete receiving credit for his performance in each of the ten contests, the athlete securing the highest percentage to be the winner. The entries for the all-around championships are always small; in fact, there are very few men in America who can go through the ten events with any degree of success, because a man is compelled to run, jump, walk, throw the weights and pole-vault, and a specialist has no business in the event. The contest this year was close between Adam Gunn, of Buffalo; Dan Reuss, of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club; McK. Hall, of Buffalo, and J. T. Mahoney, of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. Gunn, the Buffalo lad, finally won.

The Stadium without a Marathon race would be like a Romeo without a Juliet. For this Marathon race—



"DON'T FAIL TO SEE——"

twenty-five miles in length, one mile to be run on the Stadium track, twenty-three miles out in the country and one mile on the Stadium track at the finish—more than a half-dozen entries from the best distance-runners of America and Canada were received. It was a hot day, a day totally unfit for such a long race;



A MIDWAY CLOWN.

nevertheless all the starters finished and won prizes. After being out some three hours and sixteen minutes, Samuel A. Mellor, of the Hollywood Inn Club, Yonkers, New York, made his appearance at the Southern Gate with an American flag in one hand and a Pan-American flag in the other, and the thousands in the Stadium arose en masse and cheered him as only the victor should be cheered. His performance was certainly good.

The school-boys' events received exceptional attention, because the school-boy element in athletics to-day is an important

events were held in the Park Lake off the Life-Saving Station, and they were, no doubt, the most successful swimming-championship contests held in the past twenty years. Schaeffer, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania, won three events, the one-hundred-yard, two-hundred-and-twenty-yard and four-hundred-and-forty-yard, making new world's records. Otto Wahle, the Austrian champion, who lately arrived in America, gave a splendid exhibition of swimming in the one-mile race, making a new American record for the distance. In this race it is only fair to say a



THE PORTICO OF THE OHIO BUILDING.

one. Our college, club and championship entries come from the schools, and it is only fair that this preliminary training-ground of the athlete should be given a day. The honors went to the Hill School, of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, whose athletic interests are being looked after by Mr. M. J. Sweeney, holder of the world's amateur record of six feet five and five-eighths inches for the high jump.

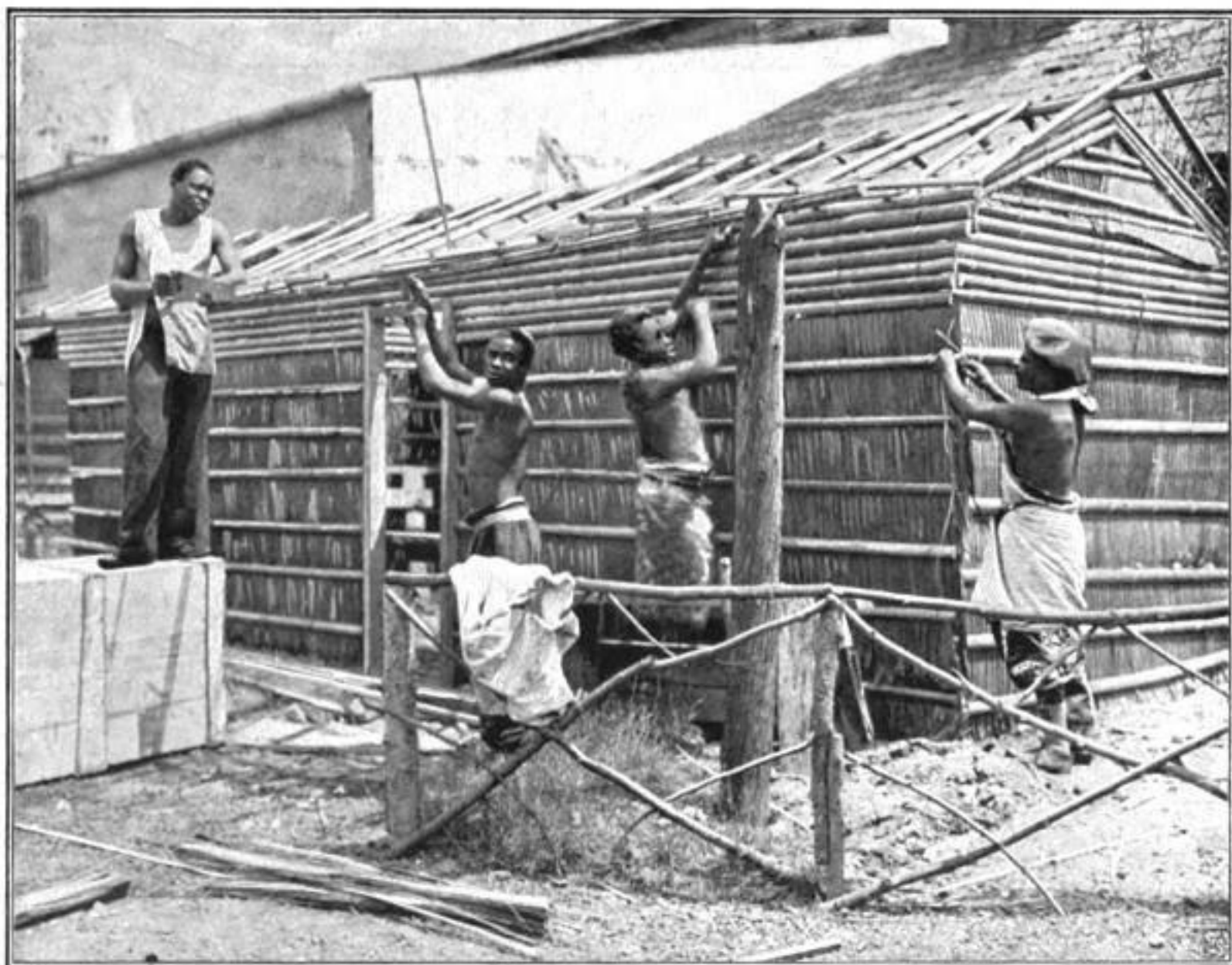
Owing to the fact that it was found utterly impossible to build within the Stadium a tank for the swimming races, these

good word for the American who pushed him so hard, J. W. Spencer, of Columbia University, who stuck closely to the leader and also broke the American record. The final day of the water sports was given over to water-polo, and the grand team of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, for years the American champions, gave a fine exhibition of the game and won without much opposition.

The program which has been so brilliantly started and continued through event after event, will no doubt be carried on

successfully into October according to the schedule. Two weeks were devoted to bicycle races in August, when the American and international champions met, and then will follow a firemen's tournament, Irish sports, gymnastic championships, Association foot-ball games, and the Pan-American world's championships in September, as well as a cross-country championship and a week of automobile races and exposition. The month of October will be given up exclusively to foot-ball among the leading colleges of America.

then the recognized authority on records, the progress made by the American athlete is seen in black and white. In the record-book that year among the amateur running and walking records from one hundred yards up, we cannot find the name of one American athlete as a record-holder, all the amateur records being held by Englishmen, Irishmen or Scotchmen. What a change to-day! Pick up an athletic almanac for this year and look over the records in running, jumping, walking and weight-throwing. What do we find



IN DARKEST AFRICA.

From those who are not athletically inclined I have heard criticism that so much money should be spent on athletics. That is natural, but to those who have been giving up their entire time and life for the advancement of athletics in the hope of building for the future of our race, the amount spent has seemed too little. Why should not the advancement we have made in athletics receive the same recognition as the advancement we have made in science, art and literature? By glancing over the "Clipper Almanac" for 1875, which was

as to the nativity of the holders? That nine-tenths of the records are held by Americans. Is not that enough reason for any exposition to incorporate a display of athletics in its list?

It is to be hoped that at St. Louis in 1903 a Stadium will be built; that it will be a permanent one, one that will be left to the city of St. Louis; and that they will there endeavor to eclipse the good work that has already been done, mapped out and carried through by the Pan-American Exposition.

THE INCUBATOR BABY AND NIAGARA FALLS.*

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

MEN go to the Exposition at Buffalo to see and to think.

Two features of the Exposition well worth seeing and thinking about have been chosen for discussion here:

Two vast extremes.

The weakest and the most powerful manifestation of nature's power.

The falls of Niagara, with the great system of lakes and rivers behind them.

The diminutive baby in its hot-air chamber, sightless, deaf, feeble—but with the great human race, the vast sea of organized thought, back of it.

All the world reveres the power and beauty of the falls. Men stand in the spray on the high banks, as the rainbows form and the green water sweeps over with millions of horse-power. Eighteen million cubic feet of water every minute, dashing down to carve out the solid rock.

There is power marvelously manifested.

But what is that power beside the force that may originate in the tiny brain of an incubator baby?

The brain is smaller now than half of an apple.

But that brain may start a work that

will persist and affect men's destiny, when the falls, working their own ruin, shall have dwindled down to an even, acid stream without so much as a ruffling of the water to tell where once the great power rushed by.



THE APPROACH TO THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.

Look at the falls and look at the baby.

A mighty river flows swiftly and quietly until suddenly it drops into space over a ledge of solid rock one hundred and sixty-four feet high.

There is dull thunder in the air, a roaring that has not ceased for ages upon ages.

The mind cannot conceive the force of that torrent. Like so many chips it would wash away every vestige of the great Exposition and every building in the city of Buffalo.

But, if you will see it, there is more to interest in the little form behind the incubator glass than in all the roaring and power of "the Thunder of Waters."

The difference between the force of the Niagara River and that of the new-born baby is this:

One, the river, represents material force, the mere force of gravity. The child's brain represents spiritual force, the power of organization and of speculation. The

* MY DEAR MR. WALKER:

To describe adequately the Exposition at Buffalo would mean to review the history of the world in general and the development of this continent in particular.

A preliminary feature of such a task would be a description of this land's transition from a home of many bison and a few savages, to a nation of many savages and a little preliminary civilization.

According to Professor Blackie, we should "think" through a book. This well may be applied to a national exposition. He who will THINK his way through the Exposition at Buffalo, or even part way through, must find something interesting to tell, though he describe but a fragment of the splendid edifice.

I have selected two extreme features for discussion. I hope the bringing together of natural phenomena as widely divergent as the falls of Niagara and an incubator baby will interest some of your readers—and that I shall not entirely waste the space that you are good enough to offer me.

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR BRISBANE.



THE FORESTRY BUILDING.

power sent here in fragile human forms to rule the falls, and other manifestations of crude power, regulate nature and do the work of embellishing and cultivating the globe.

Have you ever seen a baby in an incubator?

Look at one now.

Through a thick plate of glass you see a tiny form arrayed in spotless linen. Blue ribbons indicate elbows and knees.

The tiny human being lies on a soft cushion, under its head a pillow as big as a man's hand. It is pathetically short and mysteriously still.

The head is small, the face pink and tranquil, with the solemn tranquillity of peaceful old age.

The hands are so small that a beetle might almost wear them for claws. They are gently closed. The baby is supremely happy and comfortable, with the happiness that knows no want, feels and craves nothing.

That incubator baby begins earthly life in the blissful state of Nirvana, for which the Buddhist struggles through existence.

The typical American mind, ever suspicious, watches the little creature with growing doubt. Is it a real baby, or a wax one put there to deceive

the public? The nose, in size and shape like a small huckleberry, gives faint promise of future character. It draws in the heated air so softly that breathing is invisible.

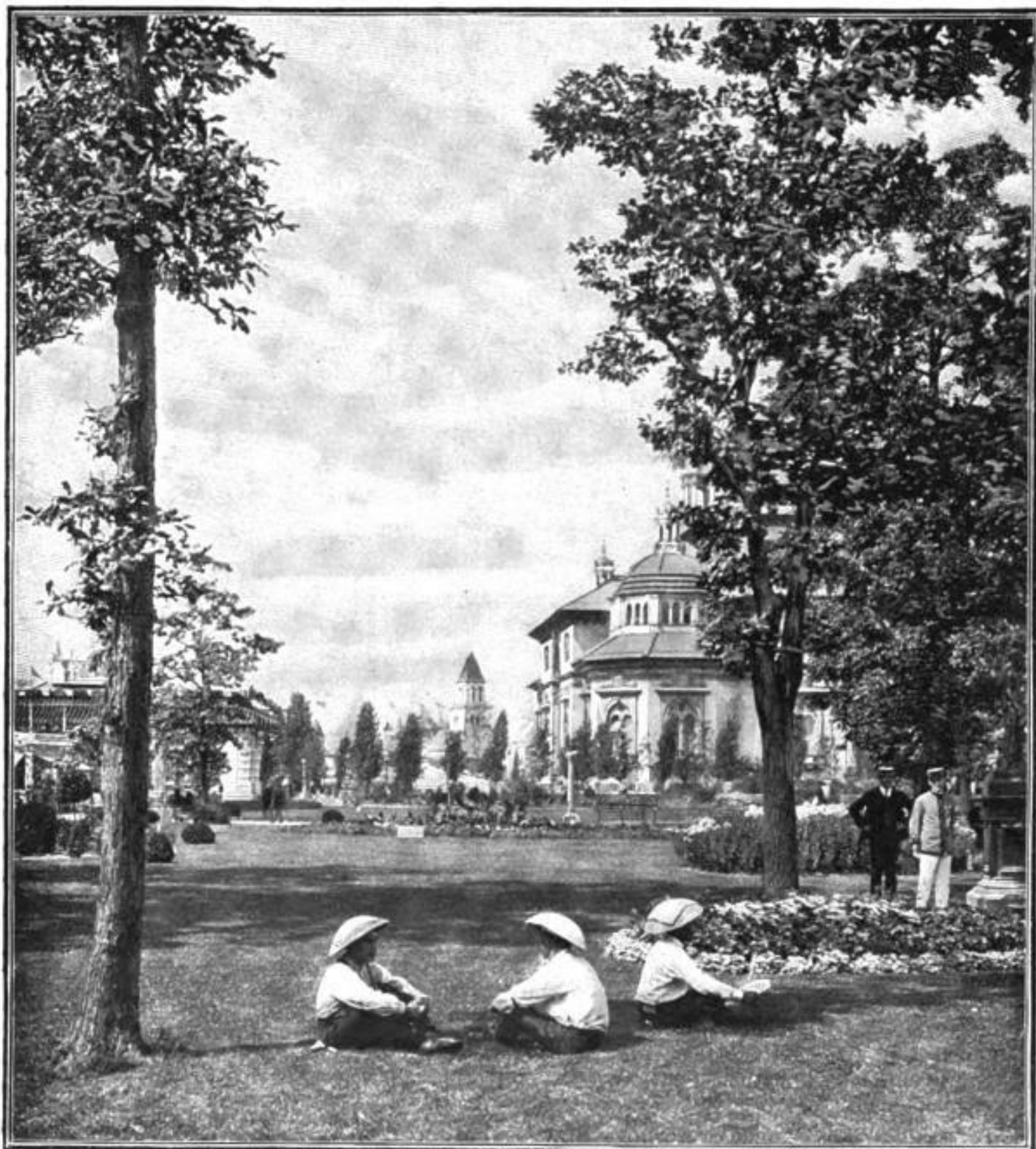
Perhaps long watching shows the waxen fingers open and close, very slowly. That means that a revolution is approaching in that small human world. The baby wants to be fed, and soon you will realize that he is alive. His face is drawn into odd shapes. A feeble wrinkle, inherited from some ancient relative,

appears above the eyes. The eyes are tightened into knots, the hands are jerked up over the stomach—sole seat of serious sensation—and a mewling sort of cry tells the watchful nurse that feeding-time has come.

He is moved from his nest of heated air, carefully wrapped in woolen coverings. He is weighed, fed as nature intended he should be fed, weighed again and put back to resume his interrupted, sleepy contemplation of the infinite. If he does not weigh enough, he is persuaded in various ways to absorb more nourishment. His life is regulated, and, unlike older mortals, he is contented that it should be regulated.



WEEDING THE GARDENS.



RICKSHAW-MEN RESTING IN THE GARDENS.

Hot air, cleanliness, a soft bed and good food satisfy him.

Of all minds, a vast majority are more deeply impressed, of course, by the falls of Niagara than by any baby, however interestingly presented.

We are used to babies, and a majority of us see but little in them at best.

In Niagara Falls the human mind sees almost as many different interesting possibilities as there are different sorts of human beings.

The scientist looks at the great force going to waste.

He says, "I'll harness it." And he

does. His harness attached to the cataract now lights the distant city and drives machinery many miles away.

The adventurous creature with dull imagination sees only danger and a chance for possible personal achievement by taking the risk.

He says, "I'll go over the falls myself." And he does go over in a barrel, to meet his death or to sit proudly in a dime museum the rest of his days.

The astronomer, looking at the earth as a tiny speck in space, sees in human admiration of the falls only interesting proof of our infinite human littleness.

He wonders that any man should study Niagara Falls when he might study comets traveling hundreds of miles per second, with streaming tails of fire millions of miles long.

The bride and groom, full to the brim with the little emotion which constitutes their world, see in Niagara Falls only a suitable background for a photograph.

The groom slaps his chest and says, "Our love is as strong as the cataract."

He forgets that, like the cataract, his love will recede, presumably.

The student of social problems finds suggestion and even ground for indignation in the study of the falls. The earnest single-taxer knows that the government has been compelled to pay vast sums in order to establish national parks near the cataract.

He knows that the falls are receding every year. It occurs to him that a speculative millionaire might buy up both banks of the Niagara River two miles above the falls and leave to his heirs absolute control of the cataract in the future. It maddens this single-taxer to think that this small investment now would enable the heirs of the plutocrat later on to own every foot of Niagara Falls real estate and compel the government to pay ruinous prices once more for park space.

There is theoretical logic in the single-taxer's views and in his anger. The cataract does recede. It recedes one foot every year on an average. If a man bought both sides of the river two miles above the falls,

he would control all the cataract real estate in exactly ten thousand five hundred and sixty years from now. It would take that length of time for the cataract to move back two miles, so that the plutocrat's heirs would need to be very patient and pay taxes for a long time. Incidentally, by the time it shall have receded two miles the cataract will, according to scientists, be reduced in height to eighty feet and will hardly be worth seeing.

It is probable that in that distant day the troubles of the single-taxer will have been adjusted even to his satisfaction, as

a natural process of civilization.

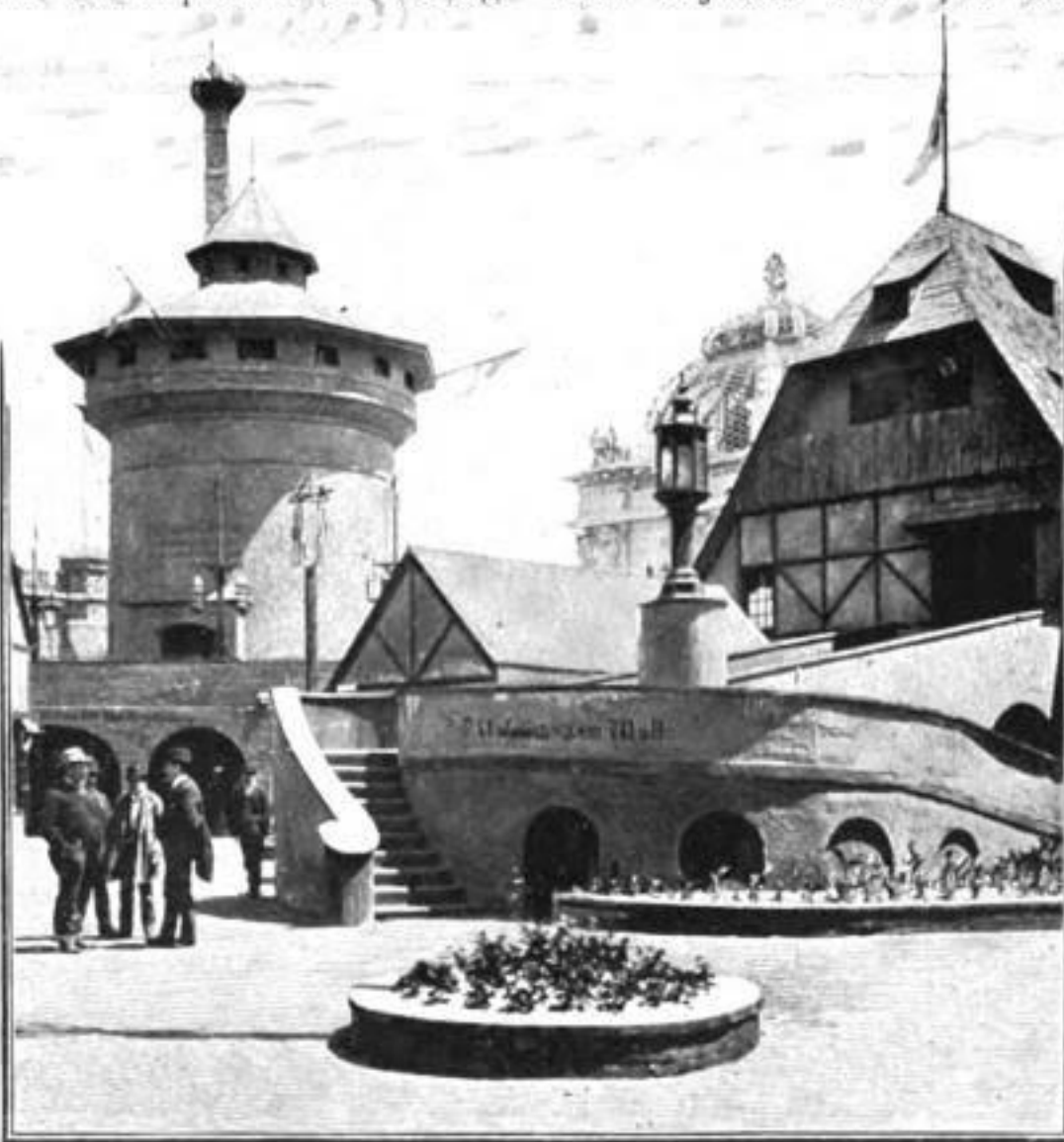
It is certain that at that time men will read with amusement of the primitive days when their fellows harnessed up a petty waterfall in order to move their engines.

In that far-off time the problem of conveying the strength of a waterfall a few miles away will appear as

childish as the invention of the wheelbarrow seems to us now. Tides will long since have been harnessed. The brains then living on this big driving-wheel called the Earth will have learned to utilize the forces in the great machine on which they revolve daily.

Intellects are now struggling with the problem of abstracting electric force from coal direct. They will then be thinking of the problem of utilizing direct the sun's energy, or the power of gravity in our satellite donkey-engine, the moon.

But this has led us from our small, tiny-faced friends in the rows of incubators.



THE WALL AND TOWERS OF ALT NÜRNBERG.

All kinds of little human dynamos lie in those hot-air boxes.

One with a few spears of red hair and a very determined expression at feeding-time is of pure Irish stock. If his emotions could be translated into coherent speech, he would undoubtedly express a desire to challenge any baby of his weight in Incubator Row. The nurses declare that he tries to fight them, although he weighs less than five pounds.

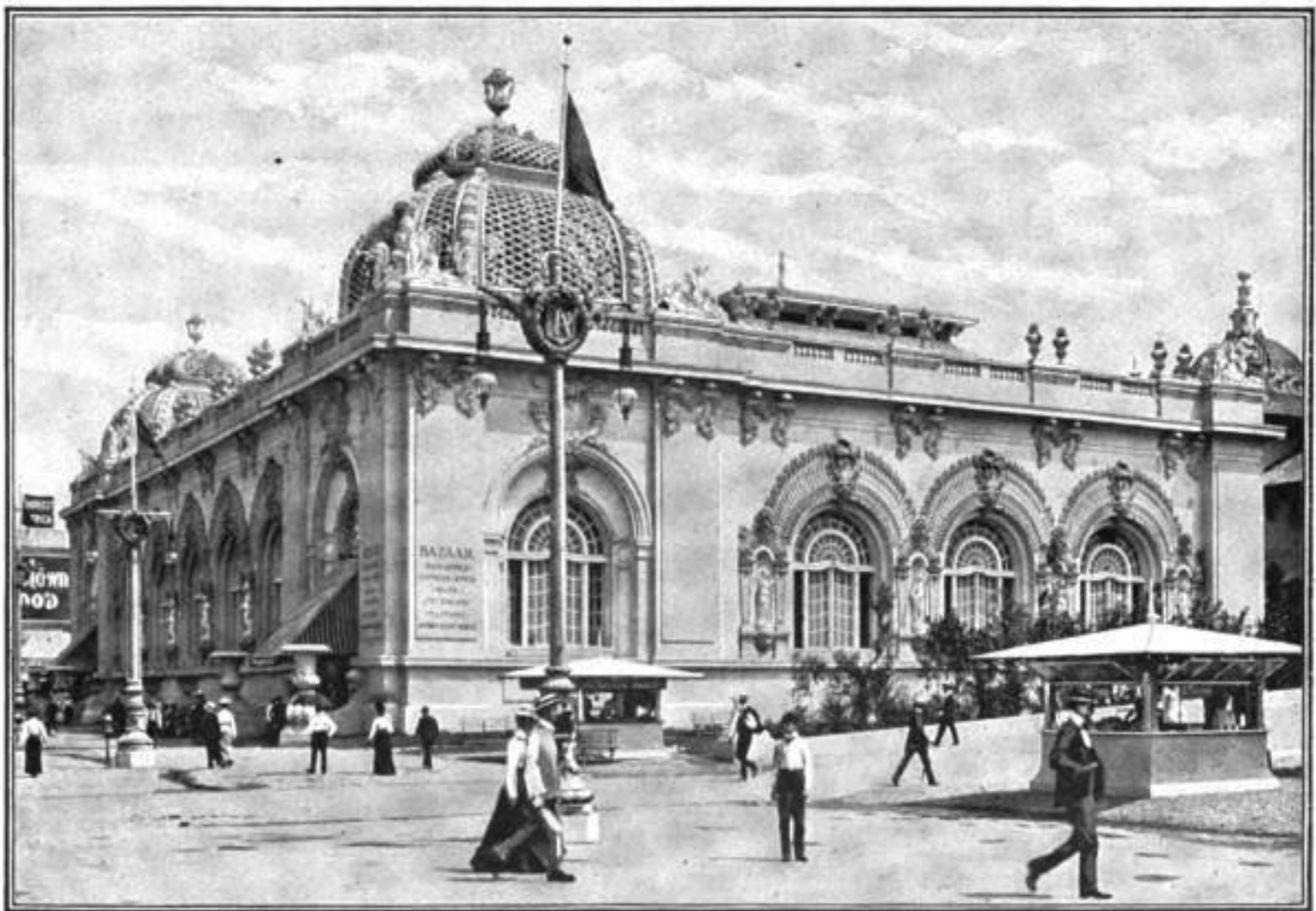
Another, of whom, perhaps, more later, is of German blood.

In spite of his youth, he is distinctly philosophical. It is easy to imagine that

But you would envy much more wisely him who shall possess for his own the possibilities of development wrapped up in those little Cohen triplets.

You would possess the possibility of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, as Doctor Johnson prophetically said when auctioning off the Bass' ale brewery. And you would possess, also, possibilities of power, intellectual and artistic, beyond the dreams of human ambition.

One triplet with the right start, education and incentive might give you the wealth of a Rothschild and enable you to buy, without feeling the outlay, all the



THE BAZAAR BUILDING.

he devotes hours of speculation to a near-by shed in the Exposition where scientists are experimenting with different breeds of cows, testing their good qualities with various kinds of food, and especially their availability for nourishing motherless infants.

Side by side are three little creatures whose relationship is recognized at a glance. These are the Cohen triplets, taken by their careful father and mother to the home where the best chance for development will be given them.

Possibly you would envy the man who would own the falls of Niagara.

power of the falls and the land for miles around.

Another might give you the genius of a Heine or the admirable moral purpose of a Spinoza, more desirable than all the money that all the Rothschilds ever dreamed of.

The third might contribute to your powers and to the world a Herschel in astronomy, a Mendelssohn in music, or a genius like that of Bernhardt in the art of interpreting genius.

Those three little creatures lie in their nests of warm air, quiet and dull, waiting for the feeding-hour. They are frail, in-



THE HOSPITAL.

significant little atoms compared with the great torrent that roars and rocks the ground a few miles away from them.

But any one of those three small heads might develop a force far superior to that of many Niagaras.

When you go to the Exposition at Buffalo, you are sure to visit the falls without advising.

Be advised here to devote to the babies in their incubator at least as much thought, if not as much time, as to the giant waterfall.

In the evening, when you come out of the incubator building, you will find the Exposition lighted with wonderful effect by the invisible power generated at the falls and brought through wires to the little glass bulbs.

Towers of light, avenues of light, arches and fountains of light, dazzle you with their glitter and glare.

Nothing, you think, could be more impressive—until you look above and see, afar off in the dark, one single star that makes all the lighting of that little corner of the earth seem like the flickering of a few fireflies fluttering about in the face of eternity.

The power of Niagara lights those lamps and floods the Exposition with brilliancy.

But in the brain of an infant is born the power that lights civilization, that lights the path of men on their journey toward a decent social order.

We can measure and limit the power that thunders at Niagara. We know that it is indestructible; that we may at will utilize it as heat, motion, light, electricity.

But who can measure or limit, or understand, the power that is in the human brain?

That power also is indestructible. It bestows immortality on all who think.

It involves the marvelous combination of comparison, observation, induction, deduction.

It is the force that rules the world, studies and gradually understands the universe.

Of that wonderful power of thought the seed is planted in every infant brain.

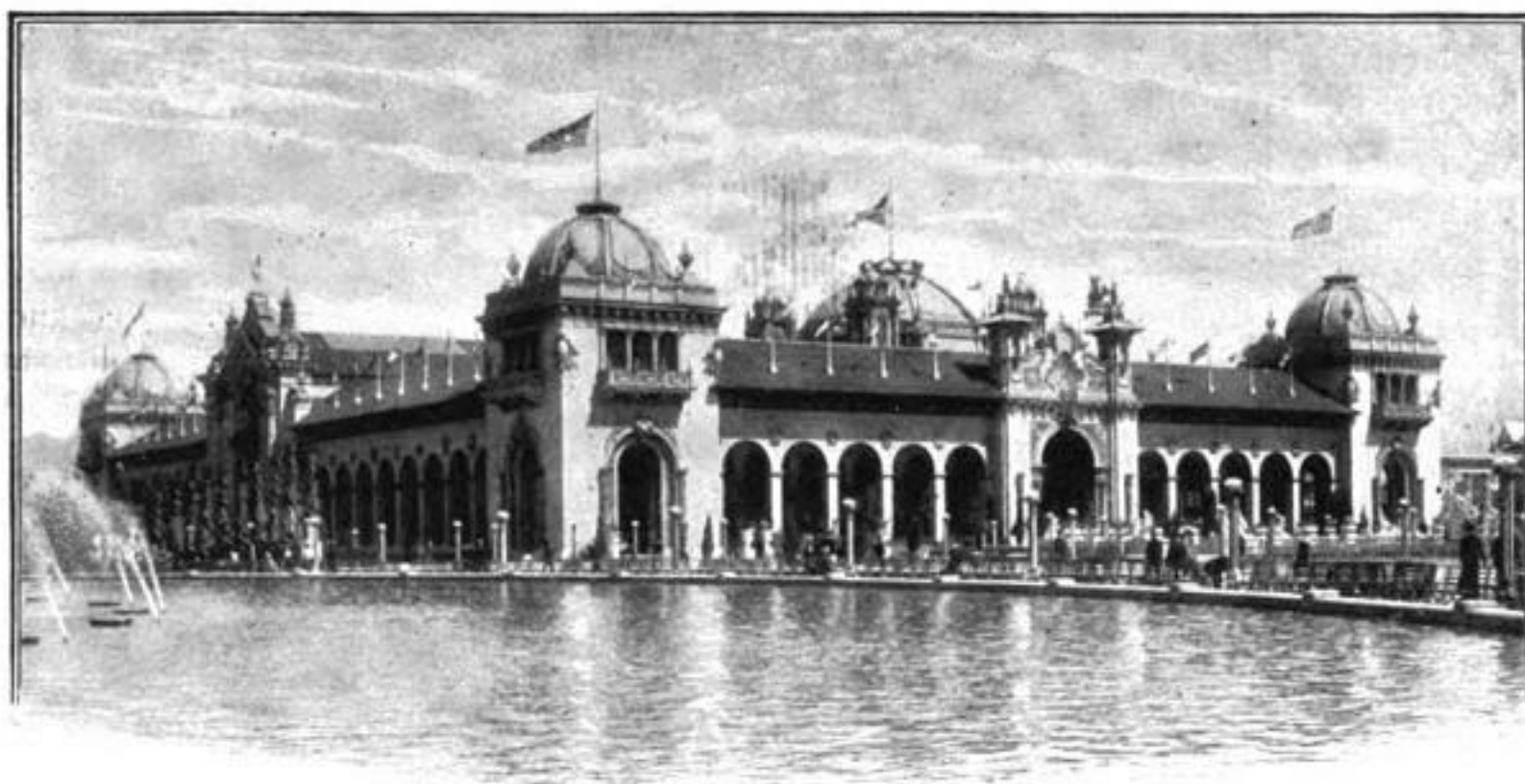
And for that reason the incubator baby, silent, unimpressive, insignificant apparently, deserves to rank in importance with the falls of Niagara when nature's wonders are studied intelligently.

P.S.—A LESSON FOR MOTHERS.

The baby in the incubator is born into a world of trials and troubles before his appointed time. For that reason science provides for him in the incubator a home as like as possible in temperature and other conditions to that which he has hurriedly abandoned.



THE SIX NATIONS VILLAGE.



THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

One incubator baby of German parentage was studied by this writer. There is a lesson for mothers in that German baby, as there is in every incubator baby, and it shall be told.

The German baby hurried into the world almost three months ahead of time. He weighed three pounds, and doubled his weight in six weeks.

His heart was about as big as the end of your thumb, and his liver—as in all new-born babies—was monstrously large, nearly as big as that of a child of ten. If you want to admire nature's wisdom, study the new-born baby's liver, with its changed position in the body and its wonderful adaptation to a milk diet.

That little German infant, like all babies born too soon, presented an aspect of extreme old age. It was one mass of wrinkles all over its body.

Nature does not waste effort. The baby unborn has no need of adipose tissue, and the tissues of the body, intended to act as cushions, protecting us from the outside material world, are provided only just before birth.

He arrived quite bald, toothless of course, with wrinkled skin and an aspect of unbelievable solemnity. No man one

hundred and twenty-five years of age ever appeared one-half as ancient.

HERE IS THE LESSON FOR MOTHERS.

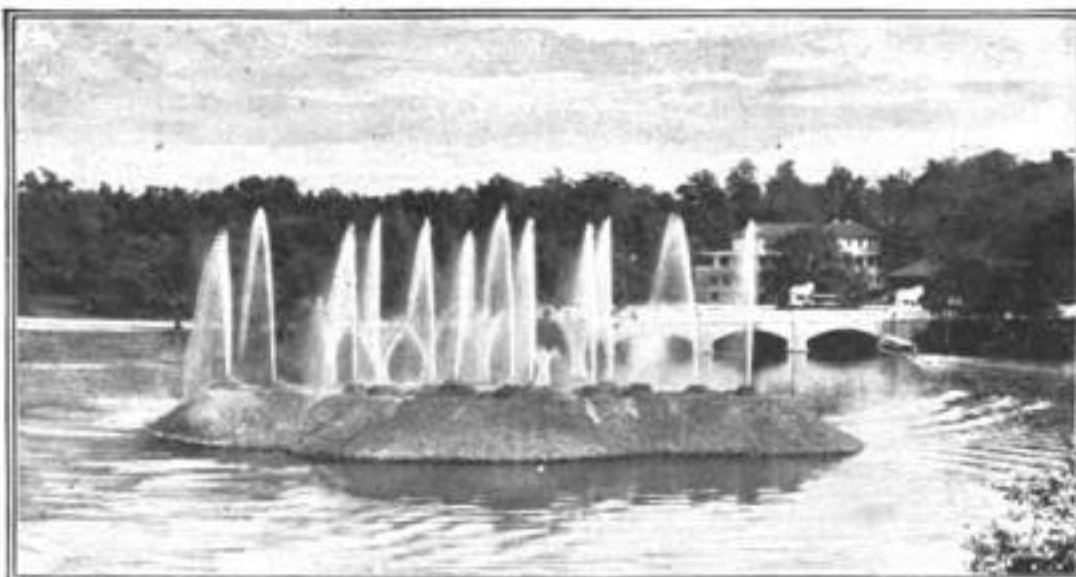
The baby did so well at the end of six weeks that its mother insisted on removing it from the artificial nest.

It was well cared for by a mother of at least average intelligence. But it failed rapidly, and would have died soon had it not been put back in its shelter.

It suffered, not merely through irregularities of temperature, but through brain fatigue.

Mothers would do well to remember that the chief thing in caring for a baby is to keep its brain quiet.

An agitated infantile brain exhausts the blood-supply, takes heat from the stomach, where it should be, to the brain, where it does harm, and kills off millions of children.



AN ISLAND OF FOUNTAINS.

This particular baby was not agitated mentally by the usual processes of forcing intelligence. He paid attention to nobody.

But removed from his incubator his brain was forced to work, in order to regulate temperature.

Every human brain contains among its millions of distinct parts a mechanism which devotes its energies to dealing with conditions of heat and cold.

This thermotic apparatus causes closing of the pores when sudden cold strikes the body, and regulates in other ways our physical ability to undergo changes of temperature. So, at least, said the wise doctor that cared for the German baby. This feeble effort of one tiny brain function was

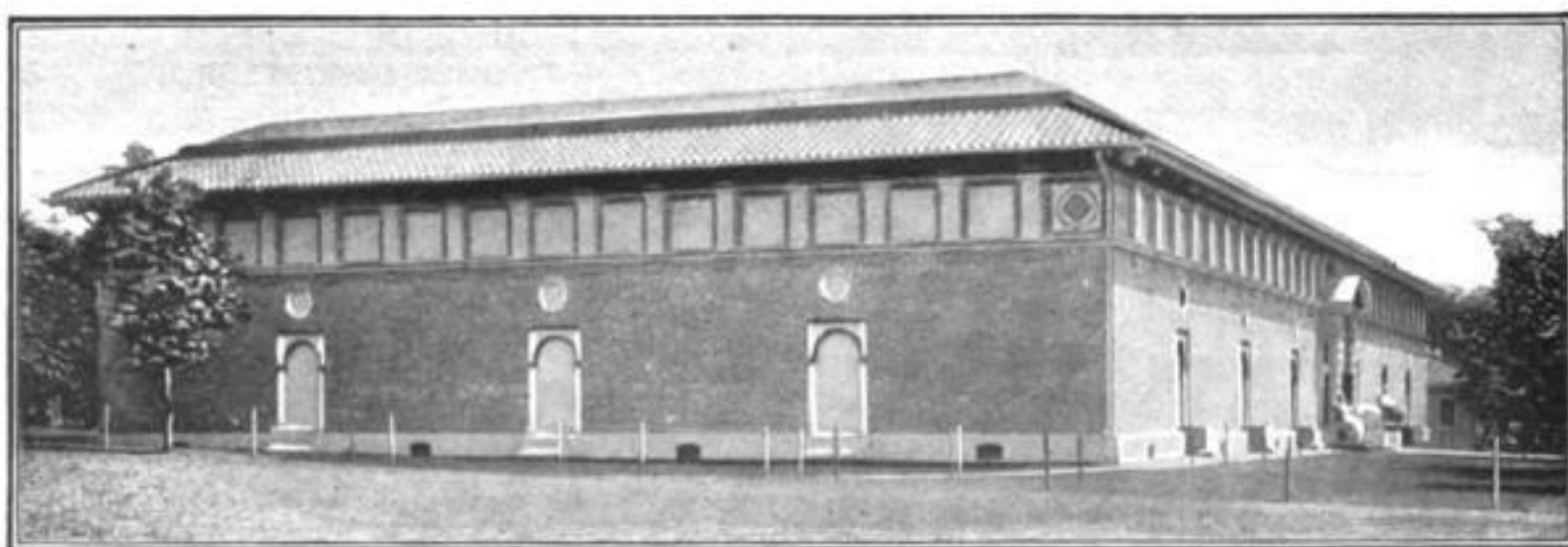
sufficient to diminish the baby's vitality and menace his life.

Mothers blessed with healthy children normally born should learn from the German baby's narrow escape to let their children's minds rest as long as possible, while the body gets its start. Nature sets the example by making the baby deaf for a long time after birth. Mothers and nurses often do not know even this.

To-day the German baby is doing well. It is as heavy as its competitors on the block and will live to do its share of the world's hard work. It will do infinite good, should the story of its advent here below impress upon mothers the fact that building up the baby's body involves keeping its brain quiet.



A BIT OF THE ELECTRIC TOWER.



THE ARTS BUILDING.



THE TRIUMPHAL CAUSEWAY.

THE ORGANIZATION OF AN EXPOSITION.

By W. I. BUCHANAN, Director-General of the Exposition.

THE means and methods employed in the United States at the beginning of an exposition project, in connection with the creation of public sentiment and the enlistment of popular support for such an undertaking, make it impossible thereafter to build up within it a good business-like organization to carry out the work required to make the project a reality.

If a certain number of millions of dollars were placed at the disposal of a small selected body of men and they were told that they could proceed, untrammelled in every way, to build and equip an exposition, the work would be done more effectively, with greater rapidity and with much more economy than is possible under our usual methods in such matters, but the undertaking would lack those most essential elements of success, namely: the widest general interest possible in the financial success of the work, and public contact at

all points. These are absolutely necessary to the broadest success of such an undertaking, but they are at the same time the reason why it is impossible, having them present, to bring together a perfect business-like organization to carry out the contemplated work. This being true, it is to be expected that one will find in a great undertaking such as the Pan-American Exposition many evidences of faulty organization.

Nevertheless, I think fewer such evidences are apparent in this Exposition than in any of those that have preceded it. This has been made possible owing chiefly to the personal rather than public interest that has been taken in the Exposition by every one in Buffalo (which comes about because of the fact that the Exposition was financed in Buffalo alone), and the rare general confidence of Buffalonians in the Board of Directors. These have worked

together as a unit for the past two years, and can now look with just pride and satisfaction upon the completed and successful Exposition they have created.

Some dominant sentiment or idea around which a working plan can be outlined and built upon and followed, must underlie every exposition. In the Pan-American Exposition this central point has been the belief, widely if intermittently existing, and especially in the United States, that the peoples of the Western hemisphere should know each other better than heretofore and be better informed than they have been with regard to the capabilities and needs not only of their own country but of America as a whole, and of the opportunities existing therein for commercial activity and energy. This limited the scope and work to the Western half of the world, and hence no efforts of any kind were expended in Europe. With but eighteen months within which to accomplish the whole work, both of building and securing the coöperation of countries and states and of exhibitors and the general public, the Executive Committee was obliged to formulate all of the plans required, and especially those applying to the participation of Canada and Central and South America, with the greatest rapidity, and success in those directions had to be attained or the Exposition would not have been Pan-American and would then have failed to reach the chief ideal upon which it was based. Toward accomplishing this purpose the services of the State Department were enlisted; a section of the Press Department of the Exposition was set apart and put in commission for this specific work; and representatives of the Exposition were sent to the several countries to bring the Exposition personally before their governments. With all these elements, a constant telegraphic correspondence between the Exposition and the different American foreign capitals was necessary, in order that delays might be avoided, and thus a much larger expense was incurred than would have been necessary could the Exposition have had another year within which to mature. The limited time at the command of the Executive Committee also operated as a great drawback in securing foreign government appropriations from each of

the eighteen countries represented, and in properly preparing exhibits in each country; and in some cases the completion of all of their installations was, through no fault of theirs, delayed until July.

The short time in which expositions are, unfortunately, usually required to be concluded is a great hindrance not only to the foreign portion of the work involved but also to planning adequately and economically the different buildings and features, so as to give them the highest maximum latitude of adaptability to each interest that is to be cared for by the classification of the exposition; because, no matter how expert an architectural theorist may be in such things, there are actual inelastic physical conditions and necessities in every exposition building and ground-plan which constantly return to embarrass those who have the direction of the whole undertaking. All of this could be avoided if sufficient time were taken in the beginning to adapt the architectural plans of the buildings and grounds to what it is proposed shall be the definite scope and limit of the exposition, rather than, as is customary now, to adapt the scheme as a whole to the architect's idealized plans. For example, a Machinery Building is so planned in the architectural scheme of an exposition—and properly so—that it will correctly conform to its surroundings and will harmonize with its neighbors. If in so planning the building it turns out, happily, to be adapted excellently in every way for the purposes of a machinery exhibit, well and good; if, on the other hand, the reverse shall occur, the management must be contented to adapt the exhibit to the building at no matter what inconvenience and expense. It can therefore easily happen, and does occur to a greater or less extent in every exposition, that the general architectural plan of an exposition may be beautiful and the outline and exquisite detail and finish of its buildings perfect and beyond criticism in all these regards, as occurs in both instances with the Pan-American Exposition, while the scheme as a whole may still be deficient in many important points. Not only could all these things be secured and a great economy of money be brought about, but, in addition, the adaptability and utility of the grounds and build-

ings of an exposition would be increased a hundredfold if in the beginning sufficient time and care were taken to adapt the architectural plans to the definite, detailed purposes of the exposition rather than to proceed, as we now do in almost every instance, to adapt the exposition to the architectural plans previously prepared.

This usually occurs because of the fact that the formative machinery required to outline and gather together the material for the different exhibit divisions and other features of an exposition, is evolved and

all exposition creations, galleries—which, while furnishing the additional area desired, never give satisfaction either to the exhibitor or to the visitor, and should be cut out from every exposition plan.

While all parts of the machinery of an exposition organization must be put in operation at one and the same time, and kept going at high speed, that portion having to do with the participation of foreign countries must do, approximately, all of its work at the beginning, if it is to succeed at all. This requires the early and



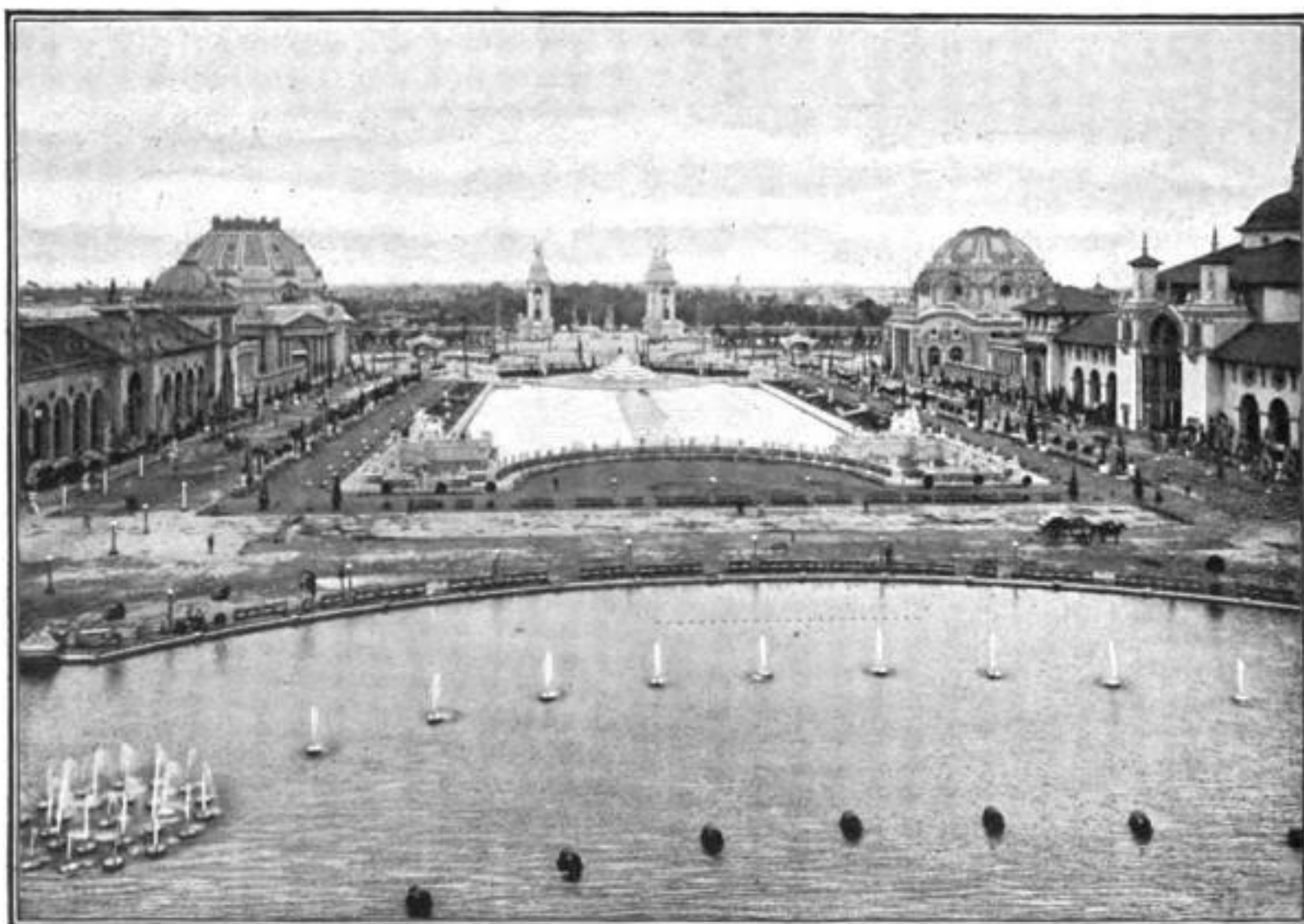
THE PLAZA.

put to work so slowly by the cumbersome committee organization which is always present at the beginning of such a work that, in order that the buildings and grounds may be completed on time, the construction of the exposition cannot wait this process of organization and reorganization. Because of the necessity to rush everything forward, demands made later for space make it necessary that changes shall be made in building plans, usually ending in the insertion in a building of those most pernicious and irrational of

careful framing of circular letters setting forth, in the languages of the countries it is sought to interest, the scope, purposes and aims of the exposition. These must go to the different governments through the channel of the State Department and our diplomatic representatives abroad, who must in turn be kept fully informed concerning the proposed exposition. Simultaneously with this, folders and other forms of printed matter must be prepared and printed in the languages of the countries to be interested, giving in detail the

exposition's plans and the reasons and arguments which shall best show that it will be advantageous to such countries to participate in the exposition. These must be issued in hundreds of thousands, and a large force of clerks must be organized and put to work preparing foreign mailing-lists to which all this matter can be sent; then men must be carefully selected, equipped and sent abroad to give life and impetus to the work of interesting the foreign press; and, that this may be efficiently done, the Foreign Department of the Publicity Bureau must be quickly and skilfully enlarged, pictures of the exposition being made and

and put out by the millions, in every form possible, throughout the world. The working force of the advertising and press bureaus of an exposition grows until hundreds of clerks, male and female, are employed and dozens of writers and designers and bookkeepers are kept at work constantly. Bookkeeping becomes a necessity, since a record of all shipments of cuts and of every bundle of advertising matter sent out becomes essential, in order that a check may be kept on the operation of the two bureaus and the exposition be able at any given moment to know how many newspapers have been reached throughout the



LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE ELECTRIC TOWER.

every form of descriptive and editorial article being prepared that can be made to touch upon the subject. These, to be readily used, must be put into slips in the different languages employed, so that they can be found by the foreign editor at his elbow when he is thinking of what he can use at the moment. In the advertising department of the exposition designers must be sought out and put to work to prepare the forms and styles most likely to make the printed matter to be sent out attractive. Special emblematic designs for covers and for advertising heads must be secured by competition and copyrighted

world and to whom and in what quantities advertising matter has been distributed.

While all the above-described work is getting under way, rules for the government of the great exhibit sections of the exposition and information of general interest to prospective exhibitors must be prepared and printed in many languages. The organization of the exhibit divisions of an exposition requires the greatest care in the selection of men, and when these are found, the force of clerks and stenographers under each must be completed and methodical, rapid work must be undertaken by each division through correspondence

with manufacturers throughout all the countries to be interested. For this purpose, blank forms by the thousands are required. Selected mailing-lists are built up from special sources, covering only the highest class of manufacturers and producers under each classification head.

All this work must be done promptly and effectively, involving the employment of hundreds of stenographers, clerks and office-boys. The official classification of exhibits must be prepared and printed for general distribution, in order that exhibitors may know the section of the exposition in which they will be allotted space. This matter of classification is really one of great importance, since it is the basis upon which the juries of award will later distribute the medals and diplomas of the exposition. Up to and including the classification of exhibits at the Pan-American Exposition, this work has never been done in a manner satisfactory to all, and the work will probably never be so done, since the only really comprehensive classification of exhibits would end in the three following heads: (1) Animate things. (2) Inanimate things. (3) Other things. Inasmuch as such a definition would probably not suit any one, it appears fair to assume that we shall continue making classifications as heretofore.

Transportation questions affect an exposition with vital interest, because the extent to which the freight and passenger rates put in effect for the project approach a low and generous mark, indicates the degree of general interest that will probably be taken in it by the public. It becomes, hence, most important to perfect the organization of the passenger and freight bureau of an exposition early, by the selection of the best-equipped men it is possible to obtain for that work. After that has been done, it is equally important to see that the bureaus work with the railway passenger and freight associations in the closest harmony if success is to be expected, since no one not familiar with the actual operation of the great machinery of an exposition organization can appreciate how close must be the relations between the project and the transportation companies of a country, if the anticipations of the promoters are to be realized.

Simultaneously with the other work of organization mentioned, there is to be taken into account the formation of the police, or guard, force and of the medical and fire service of the exposition. These must be thought out fully and an early start made in their equipment and discipline, so that each may be effectively increased as the necessities of the occasion require. To bring these three important features of the organization into satisfactory existence requires an immense quantity of detail. Rules for the formation and government of each have to be framed; the type of each organization is to be decided upon; uniforms are to be designed and adopted, and permanent quarters planned and prepared. And through all this infinite variety of organization there must be kept prominently in view the need of the most rigid economy, because if this is not done in all branches of the exposition machinery, the work can easily cost millions more to carry it out than was ever contemplated by its promoters.

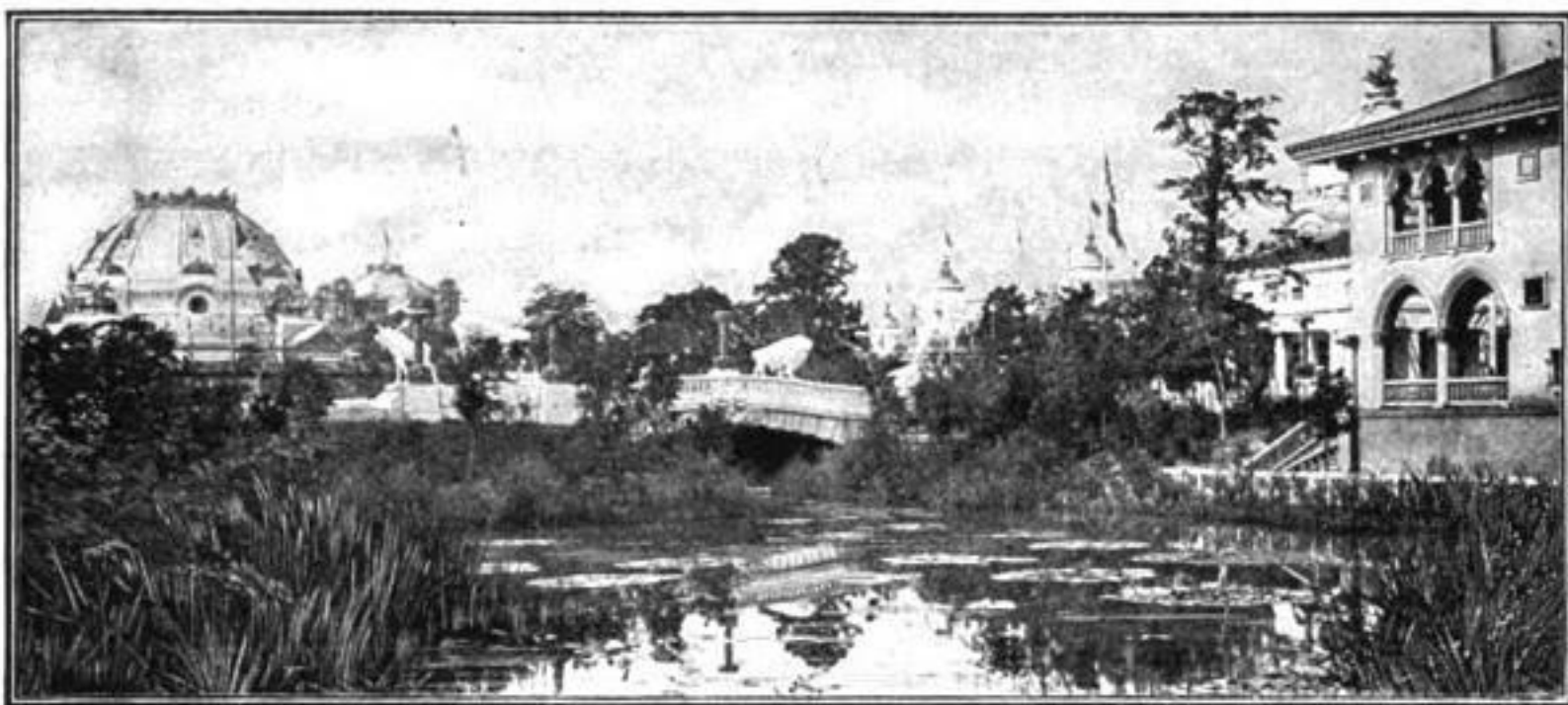
The amusement side of the exposition must also be put in motion early, and this involves the application of a peculiar order of business ability to the problems that will arise in the negotiations to be entered into with concessionaires of all kinds. This branch of the Pan-American Exposition was most efficiently handled by an excellent committee, in connection with an experienced executive officer, who reported to the Director-General. In this work the legal bureau of an exposition becomes a prominent factor, and just here it is opportune to say that the work of this latter bureau is not only most important but of endless variety and requires a very considerable force of lawyers and law-clerks. Blank forms of contracts of all kinds required in the work of the exposition, agreements or quasi-agreements, and all important letters which might at some time be construed as contractual should be passed upon and approved by that bureau; and all questions of policy should be discussed with the bureau, since in that way many conflicts of authority or with regard to rights of concessionaires and exhibitors will be averted, and the working of the whole machinery of an exposition made easier and smoother than if these precautions are not taken.

While the forces of the exposition thus necessary are being formulated, focused and put in motion to create and gather together the widely different phases of interest and the unlocated things and elements required to make an exposition, a great and most elastic force of engineers, electricians, draftsmen, modelers, landscape-gardeners, sculptors and painters must have been brought together and set at work planning, elaborating and working out, under the direct personal control of the Director of Works of the exposition, not only the broad plan outlined by the architectural board of the exposition but the numberless details incident to the preparation of the grounds and the erection and decoration and lighting of the necessary buildings. These men will frequently be numbered by hundreds, and must supply the highest order of ability in each branch of the work to be done. Following them come the contractors of all kinds who are to carry out the plans thus prepared, and, because of the short time within which these latter can work, it always happens that a seemingly unnecessarily great force of carpenters, plasterers, staff-workers, roofers, iron-workers, painters, glaziers, masons, bricklayers, laborers and others are put at work; at times in the work of constructing the Pan-American Exposition these numbered as high as six thousand. Indeed, there were days when the different pay-rolls of the Pan-American Exposition showed that eight thousand persons were at work upon the Exposition, in all its branches. From such figures one can see not only why the daily purchases involved in carrying out such a work become a great problem, requiring the careful organization of a purchasing department and the devising of a system of requisitions and checks and approvals that will repress extravagance in purchases, but also why the necessity exists for the creation therein of a careful audit system and of a well-thought-out method of accounting, both in that office and in that of the treasurer.

As the day of opening the exposition draws near, two new bureaus must be created for the operating purposes of the exposition. These comprise the department of admissions and collections—which has to do with all ticket sales and their collection and with the operation of all concessions, in so far as applies to the percentages or money to be paid by them to the exposition—and, lastly, the bureau of awards. To appreciate what all that has been mentioned means in the line of constant, endless, tireless application on the part of those who are the directing forces of an exposition, it may be interesting to learn that the whole period of the life of the Pan-American Exposition from its inception to its close will comprise but thirty months. This great amount of work, with the endless detail involved in its carrying out, has been made possible only because of the application to the problem of the abilities of many persons who had experience in similar lines of work, aided by the most hearty, loyal and intelligent support of the Directors of the Exposition and the ability shown by the Director of Works.

While all this is true, and equally so the fact that the operation of an exposition is now fast becoming a science in many of its branches, there still arise each hour a sufficiently large number of questions and difficulties to tax severely the patience, tact and physical capacity of those who are directing its affairs. No system of exposition organization can be devised that can be relied upon to operate effectively and properly which leaves open any possibility of something failing to be done because of divided authority; and the only ideal exposition organization would be, hence, one that places every one and everything connected with its work, from the inception to the conclusion of the undertaking, under the absolute personal control, direction and unquestioned authority of one strong, guiding mind and hand.





THE SOUTH LAGOON.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS DURING THE LAST DECADE.

BY MICHAEL IDVORSKY PUPIN.

THE Pan-American Exposition in its electrical aspect forms a splendid termination to the electrical decade which began at the Frankfort Electrical Exposition in 1891.

This last exposition witnessed one of the most splendid experiments in the electrical transmission of power by new methods, which had never before that time been tested on anything like a commercial scale. Briefly stated, the method consisted in employing electrical currents of a very high tension, which were generated by means of the water-power at the Falls of Lauffen and then transmitted over a distance of about one hundred and fifteen miles to the Electrical Exposition grounds at Frankfort, where they were transformed to ordinary tension and employed for electrical lighting and mechanical power. The extraordinarily high tension was not, however, the characteristic feature of the system; it was the novel method of using a combination of vibratory currents in such a way as to produce a rotary magnetic force and in this way enable the consumer to employ electric motors without commutators and thus avoid all the serious objections of sparking. This experiment was a splendid success, according to the opinion of the best scientific authorities. Their verdict was a powerful stimulus to those who at that time were engaged in this country in developing the grand project of utilizing the water-power of Niagara Falls for elec-

trical power transmission purposes. This magnificent project is now completed, and forms, although a score of miles from the Pan-American Exposition, the most prominent electrical feature of this magnificent show. Every man, both lay and technical, who goes to Buffalo to see the electrical exhibits there is attracted chiefly by the sight that is in store for him at the works of the Niagara Power and Construction Company at Niagara Falls. Methods and apparatus employed by this most enterprising company form the most complete illustration of the progress in technical electricity during the last decade, and the progress has been a most magnificent one. It consisted chiefly in working out the details of methods and apparatus conceived and partly worked out some time before the beginning of this decade. The invention of the induction motor and the so-called polyphase combination of oscillating currents, due to the combined labors of Tesla, Ferraris, Bradley, Wenstroem and others, forms the foundation of the new system employed at Niagara Falls for transmission of electrical power, and it may safely be asserted that by far the most important electrical exhibits at the Pan-American Exposition deal with the various stages of development of the system during the last ten years.

The exhibit next in importance to those just referred to is that of Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy. Eight years

ago, Sir William Preece, at that time the head of the postal and telegraph system of Great Britain, read quite a lengthy paper at the Chicago Electrical Congress, describing a novel method of electrical communication without interconnecting wires between the stations. That suggestion, however, was entirely different, both in its principle and in its application, from the Marconi system, which is a product of the last decade. It is as striking as it is novel, and the scope of its application to marine telegraphy appears to be very extensive. Credulous and sanguine people have suggested that in due time this system, if perfected, will enable us to dispense with the very expensive and complicated submarine cables, but it may be safely predicted that, judging from our present knowledge of electrical principles, the expectations of these optimists will in all probability never be realized by Marconi's system, nor by any other system evolved from Marconi's fundamental devices and the experience which he has gained in perfecting these devices.

The submarine cable is, to be sure, an expensive and complicated means of submarine intercommunication, but scientific men have, from the very time when the first submarine cable was laid in 1858, felt that the rapidity with which electrical signals could be sent over such a cable must be capable of a very considerable increase. The author of this brief sketch has actually succeeded in showing, both mathematically and experimentally, that the expectations of these scientific men were well founded. A new method of constructing Atlantic cables has been evolved which will enable us to send submarine messages with the same rapidity and with the same facility with which we send them now over ordinary telegraph wires. The method is an extremely simple one, and consists in inserting at periodically recurring points of the cable small coils of wire. The extra expense incurred by the insertion of these coils is small, and the mechanical difficulties introduced by these coils into the method of laying submarine cables are not serious. A cable thus constructed enables us not only to send telegraphic messages over it with great rapidity, but even to telephone over it. This

invention also is a product of the decade.

Two more novel exhibits of the Pan-American electrical exhibition shall be mentioned here, as being decidedly products of the last decade. I refer to the Nernst lamp and to Paulsen's wonderful telephonograph. The Nernst lamp is a striking departure from both the ordinary incandescent lamp and the arc lamp. It is founded upon the physical fact that certain substances which in ordinary circumstances are non-conductors become when heated fairly good conductors. Professor Nernst employs for his conductors cylinders of various lengths and thicknesses, depending on the candle-power which he wishes to develop. The cylinders are made up of materials into the composition of which enter principally rare earths—yttrium, rubidium, thorium and so on. These earths can stand being heated up to very high temperatures without disintegrating, and the higher the temperature to which a substance can be heated, the more efficient is its light-giving power; hence the very high light-giving power of the Nernst lamp. It is extremely simple in its construction, since it requires no vacuum, as does the incandescent lamp, nor any mechanisms for regulation, like those of the arc lamp.

The Paulsen telephonograph is a very neat and exceedingly instructive product of electrical ingenuity, and depends for its operativeness upon a somewhat novel scientific fact. It has long been known that when a piece of steel is subjected to the magnetizing force of a permanent magnet, or that of an electrical current, it will retain its magnetic property for a long time after the magnetizing force has been removed; but it has not been known that this remanent magnetism of steel is exactly proportional to the external magnetizing force, when this force is small. The operativeness of the Paulsen apparatus depends upon this very law of proportionality. What Paulsen does is this: A long steel wire is wound spirally on a drum which can be rotated; during the rotation, the wire passes under the pole of a small electromagnet. Suppose, now, that the helix which energizes this small electromagnet forms a part of a telephone circuit. A person speaking at the transmitter sets up in this telephone circuit a vibrating elec-

trical current corresponding to the voice of the speaker. This vibratory electrical current produces in the small electromagnet a corresponding vibratory magnetic force, and this magnetic force again produces a permanent magnetization in the rotating steel wire as it passes under the pole of the electromagnet during the rotation of the drum. The permanent magnetization of the steel wire varies from point to point of the wire, following exactly the same law as the indentations of the wax cylinder of an Edison phonograph, as produced there by the vibrating stylus. Take now this magnetized steel wire and pass it under the pole of the same electromagnet, and you will have an electromotive force induced in its helix which will produce a current in the circuit that will be an exact representation of the current which produced the magnetization of the steel wire. This current, passing through the coil of a telephone receiver, will reproduce in the diaphragm of the receiver the exact words of the speaker which in the first case were instrumental in the magnetization of the steel wire.

Splendid as has been the advance of electricity on its technical side during the last decade, it will still appear to a careful student insignificant when compared with the great advances that have been made on the purely scientific side of electricity. The principal impulse of these advances was furnished by Professor Roentgen's great discovery of the X-rays in 1895. Ever since that wonderful discovery was first announced, scientific men have tried to answer the puzzling question: What is the nature of this new radiation which is capable of penetrating through bodies, like metals, which, up to the time of Roentgen's discovery, were considered as almost absolutely opaque?

The distinguished French physicist, Becquerel, showed that certain salts of the metal uranium were a continuous source of an invisible radiation which had many of the properties of the X-rays. Other scientific men soon added to the list of bodies which possess the same peculiar physical properties. Among these scientific pioneers should be particularly mentioned Madame Curie, who discovered one of the most powerful radiants of the new and mysterious

radiations possessing all the essential properties of the X-rays. In the mean time Prof. J. J. Thomson, of the University of Cambridge, kept up a careful exploration of all the electrical processes accompanying the electrical discharge in a Crookes tube, where Roentgen had found the mysterious X-ray.

In this connection, another most important discovery, made during the last decade by Professor Zeeman, of Holland, should be mentioned here. It is this: When a substance is volatilized by the extreme heat of an electrical spark, or otherwise, and rendered incandescent, it will emit a light which is as characteristic of the substance as is its molecular or atomic weight. The light emitted by an incandescent gas (and every substance can be transformed into a gas by a sufficiently high degree of temperature) consists of a mixture of a large number of elementary colors, or vibrations, which are shown in the spectrum of a gas by separate luminous lines, which have a definite position. Zeeman discovered that if such a luminous gas is placed between the poles of a very strong magnet, a large number of these lines will split up into several component lines, separated from one another by larger or smaller intervals. This effect of the magnetic force upon the spectrum of an incandescent body is called the "Zeeman effect"; and the electromagnetic theory of light shows that the "Zeeman effect" is possible only under the hypothesis that material bodies consist of ultimate particles which carry electrical charges and that the vibration of these electrically charged particles is the source of light emitted by incandescent bodies.

Going back now to the discoveries of Roentgen, Becquerel, Curie and others, and particularly to the epoch-making investigations of Thomson, it should be observed that the most important result of these investigations is an experimental proof of a new physical theory of the constitution of matter. According to this theory, atoms, as they enter into chemical combinations, are not simple, indivisible bodies but most complex aggregations of components, or corpuscles, much smaller than the chemical atoms themselves, and the only property that we can predicate of these corpuscles with certainty is that they carry electrical charges.

ACETYLENE GAS.*

By LIEUT.-COL. DAVID PORTER HEAP, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

IN 1836 Edmund Davy, an English chemist, secured a by-product to the production of metallic potassium which would decompose water with the evolution of a gas containing acetylene.

In 1862 Woebler announced that calcium carbide, which he had made by heating an alloy of zinc and calcium with charcoal to a very high temperature, would decompose water and yield a gas containing acetylene like Davy's compound.

Up to 1892 these two substances—calcium carbide and its product, acetylene—were practically forgotten.

In the mean time the modern electric furnace had been developed, and in the year 1892 Mr. Thomas L. Wilson, while conducting experiments at Spray, North Carolina, for the purpose of preparing metallic calcium by operating on a mixture of lime and coal, secured a melted mass of dark color.

This mass, when thrown in a neighboring stream, evolved a great quantity of gas which, on being lighted, burned with a brilliant but smoky flame.

Thus were calcium carbide and acetylene gas first prepared on a scale large enough to be of value commercially.

Calcium carbide is now produced commercially in many places—notably at Niagara Falls, New York, where the requisite electric current to produce the high temperature needed (4500 Fahrenheit) can be readily and cheaply obtained.

Ground coke and lime are intimately mixed in the proper proportions and placed in the electric furnace; the result is that fifty-six parts of lime and thirty-six of coke will make sixty-four parts calcium carbide and liberate twenty-eight parts carbon monoxide.

If the lime and coke are pure, an ingot of pure carbide will be formed, surrounded by a crust of material less pure because partially unconverted.

Calcium carbide is dark brown or black; crystalline and brittle; has a specific gravity of 2.22 to 2.26; may be heated to redness without change; will soften and

fuse in an electric furnace; will not burn except when heated in oxygen; and will keep indefinitely if sealed from the air, but will absorb moisture from the air and gradually slake like ordinary lime. If placed in water, or in any liquid containing water, it will effervesce vigorously and liberate acetylene gas.

Calcium carbide consists of lime and carbon (Ca C_2). In contact with water, the lime combines with the oxygen of the water, making slaked lime, and the carbon with the hydrogen, making acetylene gas ($\text{C}_2 \text{H}_2$). One pound of absolutely pure carbide will produce five and one-half cubic feet of gas; but, as absolutely pure carbide is not made commercially, the usual ratio is one pound of carbide to four and one-half cubic feet of acetylene.

Acetylene is a colorless gas possessing an offensive odor similar to decayed garlic, and so penetrating that one part of gas in ten thousand of air is distinctly noticeable—a valuable property, as by it leaks can be known long before they become dangerous. The odor is entirely due to impurities in the coke and lime; pure coke and pure lime will yield pure carbide. When the gas is burned in a proper jet, there is no odor.

Water will dissolve its volume of acetylene if intimately mixed, but if the acetylene rests on top of the water, the top layer of water becomes saturated and prevents the gas from penetrating farther.

Like all gases which burn in the air, it will explode when mixed with air in the proper proportions, prior to ignition. One part of acetylene with twelve and one-half parts of air will produce perfect combustion; the same proportions will also produce the most violent explosion, though it will also explode with a greater or less proportion of air, varying from three to eighty-two per cent.

Acetylene gas, unmixed with air, is not explosive at ordinary pressure, and modern burners are so constructed that the air for combustion is supplied after the gas issues from the jet.

The illuminating power of acetylene, in

* The author is indebted for many of the facts in this article to a pamphlet entitled, "The Application of Acetylene Illumination to Country Homes," written by Prof. G. G. Pond, Ph.D.

a proper burner, is greater than that of any other known gas; the flame is absolutely white and of great brilliancy; its spectrum closely approximates that of sunlight and consequently it shows the same colors as daylight. It is strongly actinic and well adapted for photography. It neither heats nor pollutes the air so much as coal-gas.

It is one of the cheapest illuminants known—kerosene being its closest rival in economy. One pound of calcium carbide, costing at the present price three and one-half cents, will make four and one-half cubic feet of acetylene gas, which will produce two hundred and twenty-five candle-power for one hour. It will take fifty-six and one-fourth cubic feet of ordinary city gas to give the same amount of light, and at one dollar per thousand feet, city gas would cost five and six-tenths cents to produce the same light as acetylene.

Although there are many other uses of this new gas, the most important and the most valuable is as an illuminant, and the very fact that its generation, by adding water to carbide, is so easy, has flooded the Patent Office with a number of crude appliances—the inventors of which did not understand the properties of the gas nor the simple precautions to be taken to insure its safe generation.

At the Pan-American Exposition—where I had the honor to be the chairman of the Committee on Awards to which was assigned the examination of the acetylene generators exhibited—a set of requirements was drawn up by the committee which, if followed, would produce a nearly ideal generator. The generators were examined and tested, not only according to the directions given by the makers, but also by experiments which might be made by extremely careless and ignorant attendants—the object being to find out how nearly “fool-proof” the generators had been made.

Each requirement was given a certain weight, by which the marks given to the requirement were to be multiplied.

The highest mark given to any one requirement was ten, and in order to compute the final rating of the generator this mark was multiplied by the weight given to each requirement in the table below. A generator which complied with every requirement would thus receive a total of

one thousand one hundred and sixty points.

If an intending purchaser would use this method in examining a generator and refuse to buy one which did not receive ninety-five per cent. of the above number of points, or one thousand one hundred and two points, he would be sure to select a safe and satisfactory generator.

REQUIREMENTS FOR A GOOD STATIONARY
ACETYLENE GENERATOR FOR
HOUSE-LIGHTING.

	<i>Weight</i>
1. The carbide should be dropped into the water. (This rejects all water-feed generators.) . . .	10
2. There must be no possibility of mixing air with the acetylene gas.	10
3. Construction must be such that an addition to the charge of carbide can be made at any time, without affecting the lights. . .	8
4. Generators must be built of substantial materials, well adapted to their purpose.	10
5. They must be entirely automatic in their action—that is to say: after a generator has been charged, it must need no further attention until the carbide has been entirely exhausted. . .	8
6. There must be a simple method of determining the amount of unconsumed carbide.	7
7. The various operations of discharging the refuse, filling with fresh water, charging with carbide and starting the generator should be so arranged that it is not possible to do them out of their proper order.	5
8. The operations mentioned above must be so simple that the generator can be tended by unskilled labor, without danger of accident.	8
9. The gas pressure at point of delivery should remain practically constant, irrespective of number of jets burning or quantity of carbide or of gas in the generator	5
10. The pressure should remain equal in all parts of the machine, and must never exceed that of a six-inch column of water. . . .	4

11. The pressure in service pipe should never exceed that of a three-inch column of water, and provision must be made to blow off in the air at the pressure of a six-inch column.
12. The water capacity of the generator must be at least one gallon to one pound of carbide.
13. There must be a convenient way of getting rid of the slaked carbide without escape of gas.
14. When the lights are out, the generation of gas should cease. .
15. The gas should be delivered to the burners clean, cool and dry.
16. Heat of generator must not exceed two hundred degrees Fahrenheit.
17. When generator is recharged, there should be no escape of gas.
18. If the generator is left idle for a long time, there should be no deterioration of the carbide. . .
19. The gas holder should be of ample capacity and made gas-tight with a water seal.
20. The carbide should be automatically fed into the water in proportion to the gas consumption.

In addition to the above, generators must conform to the rules and regulations of the fire underwriters.

The purchaser of a generator should observe the following additional precautions:

Carbide should be kept in air-tight cans and stored in a dry place.

The generator should be situated in a place where the water will not freeze.

All pipes should be very carefully tested for leaks. A leak can be found by putting soapy water in the suspected part. Never hunt for a leak with a light.

The generator should be charged in day-time, and no light should be brought within twenty feet of it.

It is a good plan to discharge the refuse in a sewer, as it is a good disinfectant.

The Acetylene Building is the most brilliantly and beautifully lighted in the grounds; it sparkles like a diamond, and is the admiration of all visitors. In it are generators of all types—most of them supplying the gas for their own exhibits—sev-

eral being the latest exponents of the art, so simple in operation that they can be safely managed by unskilled labor; in fact, the "brains are in the machines," and when the attendant has charged them with carbide and filled them with water—given them food and drink—they will work steadily until they need another meal.

Acetylene gas has proved its case so far as house-lighting is concerned.

Among its other applications are: search-lights for small yachts (the same generator also lighting the yachts); mast- and side-lights for steamers; car-lighting; lighting railroad stations; bicycle-lamps; carriage-lanterns; photography; lights for stereopticons; and signaling devices—the latter having recently been improved and made light and portable, promising to be of great utility to the United States Signal Service.

It is also used for heating purposes in cooking and laundry stoves and in Bunsen burners, and explosively in gas-engines.

One peculiarity of acetylene is that the greatest light which can be successfully and economically obtained from a single burner is about fifty candle-power. The same power is produced more conveniently from what is known as the fourth-order kerosene lamp in the light-house service; consequently there is no object in using acetylene gas for light-house purposes at stations provided with keepers.

Experiments are now in progress at the light-house depot at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, New York, to determine its value for lighting beacons for forty days continuously without attendance; the idea being that a number of beacons so lighted need be visited but once a month, thus reducing the cost of maintenance.

The special application in view is at Mobile Bay, Alabama, where there are sixteen beacons to mark the channel; and if the experiments prove successful, these beacons can be charged in one day every month, and will need no further attention.

No device which is both practical and safe has yet been made to use acetylene for gas-lighted buoys; liquefied acetylene has been tried, and though it gave a good light, difficulties were encountered in its successful operation, and besides, it has not yet been demonstrated that acetylene in this form can be handled with absolute safety.



*O YOU who weep in discontent
And think your strenuous toil has failed,
Remember one who sailed and sailed
Until he claimed a continent.*

*Fixed as the stars his purpose was,
And mightier than he knew, his quest.
He sought an island at the best,
And found the great Americas.*

When, at God's word, the earth wheeled into space,
Three sleepless oceans stood to guard my place,
And at my feet, a fond duenna sea
Watched as I ripened for my destiny.
In other lands, rude rapine reigned supreme
While I lay smiling in my maiden dream.
While other countries hurried to decay,
The silent Centuries tiptoed on their way
And left me, unmolested, to my fate.

Half the old world had grown degenerate
When Progress came, and woke me with a kiss.
The sentinel Seas were witnesses to this,
And God himself gave sanction in that hour,
Bestowing Freedom as my wedding dower.
Good Mother Nature gave me grains and gold,
Vast fertile fields and mines of wealth untold,
Knowing the spouse of God's prime minister,
Supreme and noble Progress, must confer
Wide benefits upon mankind, and share
With all who asked her succor and her care.

The generous hostess of admiring earth,
I entertained all nations at my hearth.
Far in the south, my beauteous sister wept
The monstrous wrongs inflicted while she slept.
A rude despoiler crushed her in fierce arms
And robbed her of her riches and her charms.
Lustful with greed and insolent with strength
All spendthrift monarchies become at length.
Spain was an autocrat, inspiring fear,
And even Progress dared not interfere.

Fair, opulent-hearted sister with sad eyes,
 How long your prayers ascended to deaf skies!
 Justice walks slowly when her pathway leads
 Through courts of kings, encumbered with harsh
 creeds.

Yours was the lot to suffer and to wait,
 Mine to move forward, with my peerless mate.

Behold us in the glory of our prime,
 Astounding wisdom and surprising time.
 We shake Tradition on its tottering throne,
 And from Convention wring a startled groan,
 As some old method or worn creed is brought
 Beneath the sickle of advancing thought.
 We are the educators of the world:
 Our free-school banner, to the winds unfurled,
 Bids all men *think*. Our bold, corrective press
 Bids all men hope for justice and redress.
 Peace long has been our watchword; brief and few
 Our bloody wars: 'tis thus our glory grew.
 When honor forced or sympathy impelled
 Our hosts to battle, watchful eyes beheld,
 Close following where our conquering armies trod,
 The vast progressive purposes of God.

He who is mortal must be prone to err.
 Too much ambition in my veins may stir.
 Too generous to be just, I may have been
 (My own excluding, to let others in);
 And too much zeal my wisdom may impair.
 Yet where our banner once is planted, there
 Humanitarianism, cleanliness
 And education beautify and bless
 This slow-evolving world, and aid mankind
 To that best strength which comes from being kind.

The earth's true freedom yet shall spring from me.
 I am the mother of great men to be—
 Men who will toil for universal good,
 And found Republics, based on brotherhood.
 When all Americas unite in one,
 Then shall we find the Golden Age begun.
 One flag, one purpose, godlike in its scope—
 To give all men the right to work and hope;
 To banish charity, and in its place
 To throne fair Justice in her regal grace;
 To make the glittering crowns of idle kings
 Seem like the caps of fools in sawdust rings,
 And hoarded wealth a public badge of shame:
 March on! march on! to this majestic aim!

THE EXHIBIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

BY LAVINIA HART.

THE most exhaustive, the most interesting, the most instructive exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition is the exhibit of human nature.

This exhibit is not confined within the four walls of an artistic building nor restricted to the products of North and South America. There are contributions from every country of the world, from all the strata of civilized society; and they fill the buildings, cover the grounds, monopolize the waterways and revel in the Midway, till the swaying, changing mass of color, size, form, quality and kind fills one with awe for the grandeur of this human exhibit.

There are types so numerous they make the fall-pippin display in the Agricultural Building look meager—so complex, the machinery in the Graphic Arts would in comparison be child's-play to decipher.

There are the cultured types of the East, the crude types of the West. There are "city-broke"

men and women who regard the fair as a bit of color or another incident; and men and women fresh from the farm who regard it with wide-eyed wonder, and to these the fair is an era, to and from which all other events shall date. There are women in rustling robes who drive to the Lincoln

Park Gateway and view the fair through lorgnettes; and women in short skirts and shirtwaists who come in the trolleys and get much more for their money. There are



THE GUARDIAN OF ALT NÜRNBERG.

thoughtful students and giggling girls; tourists who vainly try to see it all; whole brigades of shirtwaist men and short-skirt girls who, with guide-books and worried expressions, follow the man from Cook's. There are brides and grooms who are bored by the crowds, and crowds who are delighted with the brides and grooms. There are strait-laced dames who could not show you the way to the Midway; and tight-laced dames who could not show you the way out of it; and fair American girls who would not know when they were in it; and types from Hawaii and the Orient that make a violent background for American womanhood.

There is every type at the Pan-American Exposition that ever was known, and the harmonious blending of them all proves advancement in the

spiritual as well as the material exhibits.

The first type that greets you is the gateman, belonging distinctly to the Sphinx species. The second is one of an ambitious squad of boys, who informs you that a daily permit at fifty cents per diem is necessary for your camera. You declare



THE OSTRICH FARM ON THE MIDWAY.

it's an outrage; but you've got the kodak craze, and deserve to pay. Mentally, you resolve to take all your pictures in one day. Actually, you bring the camera every day of your stay, making daily unsuccessful efforts to evade the squad. This type is the detective in embryo, and closely resembles a small animal known as the ferret.

Having paid for the privilege, the only way to get even with the management is to snapshot everything in the grounds. The first subject that appeals is a little old woman whose face is framed in a sunbonnet, which sunbonnet is framed in beds of tulips and orchids from a Long Island exhibitor's hothouses. The little old gardener tells you her name is "Mary," and she lives between the Exposition grounds and the poorhouse, and has one hundred and two plants of her own, which she'll be glad to give you slips of; but things have been running down lately, and the pension's stopped since Johnny died, and Lucy's getting tall and expects to go out in company soon, so she wouldn't like to go to the city to work; and when it come to working in the Exposition or working toward the poorhouse, why, the fair grounds were like play—specially as she always did love flowers so.

Mary is a common type—but Mary's daughter is commoner.

After Mary and her flowers, one observes the Pan-American small boy—the same that we have always with us, except that he is without restriction, and the air of Buffalo agrees with him. He has a way of cutting across the flower-beds to shorten

distances; and the state police, who overtake him without demolishing the flower-beds, have a way of propounding the value of tulips and underrating the comforts of the town jail which the small boy never forgets. These state police are a new type to the New Yorker, who is used to beef and brawn on the force. They are long, lean, muscular fellows with military bearing and uniform and intelligent faces. There are also on the grounds camps of state troops and a small army of attachés for the exhibits in the Army and Navy Building. So

the Exposition brass-button girl is happy—and the type she adores gets the adulation on which it thrives. No building at the fair is so popular with the younger women as the Army and Navy Building; and no girl is so envied as she who happens to know an officer, who does the honors in one of those cozy little white tents, with chests containing everything you don't expect.

The building next in popularity to the Army and Navy is the Manufactures and Liberal Arts. Here women predominate, and it is curious to watch the different types of women linger around those features which would naturally appeal to them. At the shoe exhibit two dainty Frenchwomen



THE PATRIARCH OF THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

gazed admiringly for nearly an hour at a machine which turned a heel a full hand high upon a red kid slipper; at the cloak and fur exhibit there wasn't one dowdy woman in the crowd that pressed against the cases and studied next season's fashions; at the sporting-goodsexhibit, girls in short skirts and men with muscle

leaned upon the railing and discussed "putters" and "brassies" and "remades"; up at the north end of the building—what was the attraction for the crowd that edged and pushed? There were old women and middle-aged women, neat women and shiftless women, thin women and fat women, and they all had housework wrinkles—little creases that settle about the eyes and mouth from little frets and worries.

They crushed forward, trampling one another's toes and poking one another's ribs, and their eagerness was of the sort that characterizes a hungry dog's regard for raw meat. I knew it was a household implement before I heard a suave voice say: "Ladies, it is so simple a child can use it. Other washers tear the clothes; ours will wash lace curtains without pulling a thread, or cleanse a carpet with ease. You can do a six weeks' wash of an afternoon with our machine, and find it as pleasant as a *matinée*. Come, madam, let me send you one on trial. You look as if you would appreciate it."



A MIDWAY CLOWN.

The woman addressed was small and wiry, and the housework wrinkles looked as if they were there to stay. Her admiring gaze was lifted from the washing-machine to the man's face, as she said earnestly, "It looks like it would be such a comfort."

"Comfort, madam? Why, our washing-machine is unquestionably the first principle of a happy home.

Let me send you one on trial free."

"I guess I'll wait," said the little woman timidly.

"Never get another chance like this, ma'am."

"I'll speak to John about it."

"Does John do the washing?"

"No," drearily, "he doesn't; and he doesn't have to pay anything for the old tubs, either."

Whereupon all the women thereabout, who had been following the colloquy with the keenest interest, looked knowing and appreciative of this vindication of their down-trodden sex, and the crowd dispersed in high good humor.

In the center of the Manufactures Building was a gathering which defied classification. All types of women were huddled together, rich and poor, esthetic and commonplace. It was lunch-time, and they were engaged in the work of managing a free lunch. Women whose diamonds were gems and whose gowns were creations elbowed women who might have



A CAIRO TYPE.

been their cooks, to get free biscuit made from the "finest baking-powder on earth"; free pancakes made from the only pancake flour that wouldn't result in sinkers; free soup from the only cans containing real tomatoes; free samples of all the varieties of mustard, jam and pickles; free sandwiches of minced meat; free cheese, preserves, chow-chow, plum-pudding, clam broth, baked beans and pickled lobster.

"Ladies," said the girl behind the prepared-flour counter, "you all know considerable about sponge-cake, but unless you have used our flour, you don't know it all. Now, this sponge-cake I am cutting——"

No reflection was intended and no offense taken. The ladies devoured the sponge-cake, and finished their meal with free samples of seven kinds of lithia water, four highly recommended mineral waters and three brands of unfermented grape-juice.

"Well," said a fat lady from Seneca County, "that meal's the first thing I've got for nothing since I landed in Buffalo."

I knew she was from Seneca County, because she had an altercation with the grape-juice agent.

"You folks don't know how to raise grapes," she said, sententiously; "you ought to come down to Seneca County to learn about vineyards."

"Madame," said the grape-juice agent with a superior smile, "we have hundreds of acres devoted to——"

"Don't care how many acres you've got," said the fat lady, smacking her lips; "we've got the grapes. And our grapes jell, that's what our grapes do. I tried yours once—had a crate sent down from my sister Susie's. Tried 'em six days. Jell? They never showed the first symptoms. On the seventh day I rested, and gave the whole mess to the hogs. No, sir, your grapes can't jell in the same kettle with Seneca County grapes," and the fat lady took a third glass of grape-juice and passed on.

All of the fifty thousand people who visit the Fair daily don't patronize the advertisers' free-lunch counters, however, or the manufacturers would have to go out of business. Some bring luncheons in boxes and baskets and spread them on the benches or beneath the trees near the Delaware Park entrance; and the wise ones, who

find it hard enough traveling even without luggage, go to the beautiful buildings on the fair grounds and take chances on hard-boiled eggs at five cents or make sure of them at ten. And these wise ones have a relish with their luncheon which is all the sweeter for being unsuspected. The young women behind the counters are of a type they've long been waiting for—angular, sharp-featured, spectacled, aggressive, the schoolmarm type that instilled into their childhood all the bitterness it ever knew.

A gentleman of sixty swung on a high stool before a counter where presided the perfection of this type. Perhaps a strong resemblance made vivid the memories of half a century back and goaded him on. For forty minutes he wiped out old scores and made the schoolmarm miserable. Why wasn't the chowder hot? How many times had the beans been warmed? Did the lady forget to put tea in the pot? Was that slipshod fashion the way to make a sandwich? Didn't the lady know her business, anyway?

It wasn't the lady's business. She would have him understand she taught school in the Berkshires.

The gentleman hadn't doubted she taught school. But why was she here then?

She was working her way through the fair, and intended lecturing on it next winter.

The old gentleman looked sorrowful. Such a pity! The field was overrun with people who were used to it and knew how. She probably never would get an engagement. It was for the best, however. What would the dear children do without her?—they must love her so! But the experience would count. If any one should ever ask her to marry him and keep house for him, she'd find her knowledge of beans and boiled eggs would come in handy. How much was it? Twenty! It was well worth it. The old gentleman laid an extra quarter on the counter.

"For you, my dear," he said, "and don't squander it. You'll need it toward a trousseau, in case he ever turns up."

When he got to the door he turned back, and met a glare that fifty years before would have frozen him with terror. The old man

chuckled. He had outlived the age when birch and hickory rods troubled his dreams and smarted in his waking hours.

Another variation of the schoolmarm type held forth in the Horticulture Building. She occupied a booth decorated with spheres, charts, maps and tracts, and tried to convince Pan-American visitors that the earth's habitable surface is concave instead of convex. The crowd, whose tongues take on a kind of Exposition looseness, chaffed her considerably and asked vital questions at the wrong moment, each time necessitating a fresh start. When the young woman at last was permitted to reach the end of her argument—which, fortunately, no one understood—an old lady asked pertinently what difference concavity or convexity would make to the folks living on the earth, anyway.

"It will make this difference," replied the young woman: "we can prove that the earth is concave, while Copernicus never proved, but only supposed, the

earth to be convex. Now if you start with a supposition, you have no solid foundation for your science, astronomy, religion or the relations of God and man. But if you start with knowledge——"

"What's knowledge got to do with religion?" interrupted the old lady. "Didn't the Lord say all you needed was faith?"

"Oh, faith is all very well," replied the expounder of "Koreshanity," "but knowledge is better."

"Humph!" said the old lady. "You ain't married, be you?"

"No, indeed," replied the young woman. "Do I look it?"

"No," said the old lady critically, "you don't; and you don't talk it. If you was married, you'd figure that little knowledge

and much faith was the surest road to happiness. I reckon the Lord knew what he was talking about."

The women laughed, and the men—where were the men? All over the fair grounds there seemed to be a dozen women to every man.

From the Horticulture Building to the Graphic Arts, to the Temple of Music, the Ethnology Building, the United States Government Buildings and across the beautiful Esplanade with its flowers and fountains, there were women, women, everywhere—old women in sedan-chairs propelled at fifty cents an hour; tired women in rickshaws pulled by Japs at a dollar an hour; athletic women in calfskin boots at only the cost of leather per hour.

The men, where were they?

Packed like sardines in the United States Fisheries Building, grouped in twos and threes and bunches, their backs to the exhibits, telling fish-stories.

"Don't think much of that line

of trout," said a man with chin-whiskers. "Why, up near our camp in the Adirondacks, we don't think anything of hauling them in weighing twenty to thirty pounds."

The man with the side-whiskers nodded absently and reckoned the trout on exhibition were as big as most trout grow.

"The bass are rather cheap-looking, though," he admitted. "We've got an island up in the St. Lawrence, and the bass up there certainly are wonderful! Great big fellows, and so plentiful they rise up in schools and bound over on the island, waiting to be cooked for breakfast."

"Yes," assented a clean-shaven boy, who was his son, "I've seen 'em come right alongside a brushwood fire outdoors and lie there till they were broiled."



THE WISCONSIN STATE BUILDING.

The man with the chin-whiskers looked meditative.

"Well," he drawled at length, "I'm not much on bass. Angling for trout's the real sport, and the stream near us is just packed with 'em—great speckled beauties; and I never did see fish multiply so. Two years ago I caught a fairly good specimen. Managed to get it in the boat, but the head and tail hung out both ends. It was the end of July then, and we leave up there in September. I knew we couldn't finish eating that fish before we went back home, so what was the use killing it? I resolved to put it back in the stream; but before doing so, I tied a big blue ribbon in its tail. Now, do you know, that fish has grown to the size of a human in two years, and multiplied the trout in that stream by two or three thousand."

He of the side-whiskers stared and his son gasped quickly. "But you can't prove all those fish are the result of that same trout?"

"That's just what I can," said the man with the chin-whiskers, profoundly. "Every one of those trout has a blue ribbon tied to his tail."

Father and son gazed vacantly into space, and the latter remarked presently, "The tackle exhibit is the finest I ever saw."

Another type of man patronized the barns and stockyards. His boots squeaked, his clothes were light-colored and store-made, his shirt was "biled" and his cheeks were tanned.

"'Prize Pulled Jersey,'" remarked one of these, reading a sign over a white-and-buff cow. "Humph! No better'n our Bouncer."

"S'pose it's on account of those white spots, Hiram?" suggested a woman in a print frock, at his side.

"Gosh! that's just like a woman. Spots can't put no cream in the milk, kin they? It sez, 'Prize Pulled Jersey,' and I guess it means it's got a pull, sure enough. I reckon no sech critter's thet could walk off with the prize of two cont'nents, and American cont'nents at that, without a

pull. I ain't been farmin' forty year for nothin', and I know a choice head of cattle when I see it."

Whereupon Mr. and Mrs. Hiram linked arms and inquired the shortest cut to the Midway.

Three-quarters of the people at the Fair had followed the same route. From the Beautiful Orient to the Indian Congress the streets were black with people—whites, blacks, Indians, Mexicans, Hawaiians, Japanese, Americans; all packed so closely together they merged into one composite type, whose chief characteristic was curiosity, whose motive-power was deviltry.

The atmosphere of the Midway is not conventional and a few inhalations produce immediate results, which are, first, a realiza-

tion that Buffalo is a long way from home; second, a hallucination that nobody one knows will be met in this place, which seems so far removed from America; and third, a conviction that much knowledge may be gained from these representations of foreign countries and not one detail of the outfit should be overlooked.

In front of one of the theaters in the Streets of Cairo stood two elderly men with whiskers, studying the posters.

"Fatima—La Belle Fatima!" muttered the one with the green carpet-bag. "Does that sound like French to you, Deacon Lindsay?"

"N-no," replied the other slowly; "it couldn't be French, in the Streets of Cairo, could it? French things are apt to be pretty wicked. I wouldn't go in, if I thought 'twas French."

"But you think 'tain't French, eh, Deacon?"

"No, 'tain't French."

A long pause. Then the deacon said thoughtfully: "Course 'tain't goin' to make any imprint on me, but I'm thinkin' 'bout you. Do you s'pose it'd demoralize you?"

The man with the carpet-bag swung round with something of a swagger, and his eye emitted a gleam due to Midway inhalations as he said: "Say, Deacon, I've been



AN AFRICAN MEDICINE-MAN.

listenin' to M'randy's jawin' for nigh on twenty-two years, and I hain't got demoralized; I guess I'm proof agin Fatima's charms. Let's go see what she's like."

She was like—but that's another story.

There is considerable sameness about all the foreign types exhibited on the Midway, and they give a keen advantage to the American girl, who in figure, features, poise and intelligence is infinitely superior.

In the "Alt Nürnberg," where the American girl gathers in force for dinner and nibbles imported frankfurters at forty-five cents each, she looks like a bit of dainty Dresden china compared with the buxom Bavarian lasses who warble their native songs for her edification.

At the Indian stockade of the Six Nations is the keenest instance of human progress exhibited in the whole fair. She is an Indian girl of twenty, tall, straight, bright-eyed, intelligent, well-bred and well-dressed. She is one of a numerous type, and a product of the Female Indian School. This particular Indian girl keeps a booth filled with Pan-American souvenirs and Indian gewgaws in the Six Nations stockade. Young men who pass that way look, then look again, and finally join the group of admirers outside the booth.

One afternoon the booth was deserted, except for a youth of the freshman-year type, whose devotion was impetuous.

"Winona," he said softly, when every one seemed to be beyond hearing distance, "you've got wonderful eyes."

The wonderful eyes remained fixed on the distant horizon.

"Winona, I've been at the fair six days, and got no farther than the tribes of the Six Nations. Won't you look at me?"

But the wonderful eyes only glanced coldly at the ardent face which rose above the fraternity pin.

"It is my wares you should admire, not me," said the girl, with a very fair English pronunciation.

"Hang your wares, Winona," said the youth; "it's you—it's your eyes that move me."

"They have not yet moved you to buy."

The girl raised her straight black brows and gave her admirer the full benefit of a glance from her "wonderful eyes," and the boy bought a pair of baby's moccasins, giving them back to her with a laughing "For your first papoose."

The Indian girl quickly grasped them.

"Ah!" cried she delightedly, "and they will just fit!"

Whereupon she pulled a very dirty Indian baby from beneath the counter and proceeded to tie the moccasins on its feet.

The original American girl of the redskin type was never destined to be a flirt.



SOME MIDWAY SIGHT-SEERS.





A SHADED WALK NEAR THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.

THE EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE EXPOSITION.

BY NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

THERE are too many expositions, says the man of the world. He is tired of globe-trotting, jaded with sight-seeing and bored with life itself. But the tens of thousands of men and women—and children, too—who leave home for a serious journey but once or twice in a lifetime do not agree with him. To them, happily, life is full of interest and of awe. The newspapers and magazines create for them a thousand curious wants which they do not satisfy. They are constantly on the alert to learn more about the newest epoch-making invention, to see if possible with their own eyes, or to touch perhaps with their own hands, some of the world's wonder-working machines, or to feast upon typical art products of mankind, long familiar through verbal description and by photograph. These are the men and women to whom a visit to a great exposition is as full of novelty, of strange sensations and of charm as is a first trip to Europe. It is for many

thousands a liberalizing and an educating influence.

The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo seems to be singularly fortunate in the satisfaction which it offers to the earnest and intelligent visitor in just these educational aspects. It is, in the first place, compact, and therefore more readily and more fully comprehensible than if it were more complex and scattered over wider and more fatiguing areas. Because of this fact it makes an impression as a unit, and thereby forces its characteristics of harmony, proportion, striking sculpture, beauty of color and splendor of decoration upon the willing attention of even the most provincial of visitors. Of the art and architecture of the Pan-American I have no technical competence to speak, but even a layman in the arts cannot fail to notice the deep esthetic impression that the Exposition makes upon himself and those about him. This is education in the best

sense. It is a stimulus to fine feeling, to an appreciation of beauty in color and in form, and it is food for many subsequent feelings of the same sort. It is one of the main steps by which a whole people get an art education.

It is said of the ancient Athenians that they lived surrounded by beautiful objects and that these manifold objects, playing constantly upon their agile senses, made them a subtly and sensitively artistic people. So we Americans, during the storm-and-stress period of our life of discovery, exploration and natural conquest, have lived surrounded by ugliness and often by squalor; not so much from choice as from carelessness, or perhaps from concern for other things which loomed up in our national consciousness as vastly more important than beauty, which to not a few minds is identical with mere prettiness. This ugliness long ago attracted the rather acrid attention

of Mrs. Trollope and of Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit, and its reign was so long and so unbroken that it attuned our national nature to ugliness almost as that of the Athenians was attuned to beauty. It is not easy to trace to all of its sources the newer movement in public and domestic architecture, in decoration, in parks and in landscape-gardening, but surely every such display on a grand scale of high standards in all of these, as at Chicago or at Buffalo, must have a powerful effect upon that great formless, yet educable, monster, public opinion. We are moving, as a people, toward a new and fuller recognition of the

place and value of the esthetic element in life, and I, for one, feel confident that these great expositions, in which art exerts itself to the utmost, are found art education's most powerful ally. For the place of beauty in a nation's life is not to be measured, after all, by the number of great artistic geniuses that the nation produces, but rather by the character of the feeling for the beautiful and the recognition of it which are wide-spread among the people.

Much the most striking and best-displayed exhibits at the Pan-American are those contributed by the government of the United States. Even to view them hurriedly is instructive and informing, but to go through them with thoughtful care is a liberal education in regard to many matters of national concern. Take, for instance, the work of the Department of Agriculture, which, with intelligent skill and



THE HONDURAS BUILDING.

every resource of modern science at its command, is pointing out to hundreds of thousands of persons how to develop more effectively the country's resources and their own, how to detect and prevent destructive disease in animal and in plant, and how to extend the area of certain profitable crops. All of these things are illustrated at Buffalo with great skill and by concrete example. The exhibits are veritable textbooks of a most useful and helpful knowledge, and there is every sign that these are being much read.

Or, again, examine the display made by the War Department. Side by side with the

modern arms and ordnance, intended for purposes of destruction, are shown models of the engineering work by which are carried on the great river and harbor improvements, intended to develop commerce, industry and the arts of peace. One sees, in a few moments, what steps are taken to confine rivers to their banks and to make fixed channels for the safe carrying of commerce. This is desirable information for the individual citizen to have, and it helps the forward policy of the government for him to have it. The officials having such work in charge then find an informed and sympathetic public opinion to rest upon when they plan broad and helpful undertakings.

And so one might detail the educating influences which obviously go out from the remaining government exhibits; all are surprisingly interesting and instructive, and—which must never be forgotten—to the vast majority of visitors they are absolutely novel.

In similar fashion any striking and well-arranged exhibit educates. It corrects false ideas, fills out gaps in an imperfect knowledge and suggests a thousand and one trains of thought which do not soon exhaust themselves.

By no means last or least must be reckoned the undefined but powerful educational influence of any attempt to realize on a vast scale a high and worthy ideal. Bishop Spalding has told us in a keenly analytic essay that few men think at all and those few but seldom. The average life is a life of uninterpreted impressions, hastily acted upon. We have, unfortunately, little time to think and ordinarily little training for thinking. Thinking is apt to bore us; it seems useless, unpractical. These noble buildings, however, and all that they suggest, compel thought. Why are they here? How did the Exposition come to be called Pan-American? What thought lies behind the words Pan-American? These questions, and a score of others like them, are uppermost in the minds of many visitors as they journey homeward with the glorious impressions still fresh and strong.

To answer these questions, or to discuss them intelligently, is to develop new knowledge and new reflective power. A sharp pair of ears would have heard some de-

velopment of this sort going on while the crowds were at the Exposition itself. The fact is that underneath the commercial purpose of stimulating trade between the United States and the other nations on American soil, there lies the perhaps unconscious aim of bringing into closer intellectual and ethical relations the republican communities, stable and unstable, that inhabit the Western world. In the past these communities, with very few exceptions, have known little of one another's life. The dependence of the South American republics is upon Europe, and the people of the United States have been for them fellow-Americans only in name. Madrid, Paris and London have been their capitals, not New York and Washington. It is now time for the currents of thought and social influence, as well as for those of trade, to flow more strongly north and south. For this, mutual respect and confidence are needed, and these can follow only upon mutual acquaintance. The South and the Central American must be taught that their gigantic northern neighbor is a comrade and friend, and not a potential tyrant or oppressor; and the inhabitant of the United States must learn that his nation's size and strength and wealth do not make unnecessary or unworthy the serious efforts of Latin and Teutonic communities to the south of us to build American institutions of their own. If the Pan-American can put these thoughts, and those that flow from them, into some thousands of heads, it will have greatly promoted the peace, prosperity and good will of the New World. This is surely education.

Education itself, as a great national interest, has never yet been properly displayed at an exposition. It is much crowded and limited at Buffalo. Some day an exposition will arise in which education will have a palatial building of its own, as striking a feature in the architectural plan as education itself is in the national life. It will be the most sought-out and the best-remembered spot of all, for nothing is more fully representative of the American people than their educational activity and interest. When that fortunate day comes, perhaps the modern abomination called the "Midway" will be purged of its vulgar ineptitudes or abandoned entirely.

THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK IV.

"Hatred stirreth up strife, but love covereth all sins."—*Proverbs.*

XXXVI.

IN the best guest-chamber of the only inn at St. Michel, at the sign of the Tourne-Bride, Lieut. George P. Dodd sat writing at a small deal table.

It was just an hour since, in the airy, comfortable room at Luciennes so hospitably prepared to his tastes by his kinswoman's delicate and gracious solicitude but a week ago, he had with his own hands gathered his belongings together, the while maturing his course of action. This hour he had so well employed that there now remained to him but a few business letters to write before descending to partake of that improvised dinner (ordered for three) and thereafter to turn in early. For he proposed to rise at a proportionately unusual hour; and he had his reasons for desiring to be particularly fit.

Two yellow candles on his table illumined the steady writing and threw flickering lights and shades on the sordid little room, on the blue-and-gray flock-paper of laboriously hideous design, on the flaring colored lithographs of Sobieski's last leap and Mazeppa's classic predicament, on the walnut-wood bedstead that looked so much too short, on the muslin curtain, blue-white, stiff and darned.

George Dodd signed his fourth and final letter with his bold black scrawl, read it carefully over, folded it and sealed it in the envelope, already addressed, according to his methodical business habit. Even as he was withdrawing the seal from the soft wax, there came a knock at the door. He turned round upon his chair.

"Come in," cried he, in French, and tossed the letter on the little pile.

The door was opened and Favereau entered.

The American looked, coldly, without rising. "Is not this to be considered rather irregular?" he asked. "As I informed the Duke of Cluny, my friends would be

ready to receive his"—he lifted his great gold watch and consulted it—"to be quite precise, at a quarter to ten to-night. It is not yet nine o'clock. I am, as you know, sir," he went on, "a stranger in your country and I am anxious to conform to your own special rules of honor." His lips were twisted into a contemptuous smile. "You tell me that my slap on his face gives the Duke the right to demand satisfaction of me"—here the smile became a hollow laugh—"I reply: I am anxious to give the Duke his satisfaction. In my country, sir, he should have had his satisfaction within the half-hour without so much of this quadrille business. But so long as I can give your Duke his satisfaction, you know——" He struck the table a dry knock with his knuckles and laughed again.

Favereau, who had carefully closed the door behind him, stood, his head a little bent, listening with an air of profound attention. His face was yellow-white and lined with two deep furrows from the edge of his nostrils into his beard. He did not answer; and the sailor after a pause began afresh, the jeering note in his voice still more pronounced:

"You can tell that noble Duke of yours that I am quite at his disposal. My friends"—here he gave a fillip to two blue telegraph-slips that lay opened, one over the other, beside him—"my friends will bring what is necessary. One of them has lived a long time in Paris; I am certain he is up to your ways. Personally, I have insisted on only two conditions—not later than to-morrow morning, and pistols." He halted emphatically; then adding with a sort of mockery of politeness, "Mr. Favereau, I have the honor to wish you good-evening," turned once more to the writing-table.

Favereau, however, advanced a few steps into the room.

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"Mr. Dodd," he said very gently, "may I request you to listen to me patiently for a few moments?"

"It seems to me," answered the other, tossing his papers about angrily as he spoke, "that everything has been said that is worth saying."

"No, sir." Favereau came quite up to the table. He leaned his long white fingers on it, and peered with his troubled, short-sighted eyes earnestly down at the inflexible young face. "Mr. Dodd, you are very justly incensed. You have been very gravely injured. But allow me to represent to you that your vengeance is directed against the wrong man. For the personal injury to yourself, for that silence which you may very well characterize as infamous, I alone am responsible."

The sailor raised his blue eyes, hard as steel, to the elder man's countenance.

"Am I to understand," said he, "that you have come to me as the bearer of the Duke of Cluny's apologies?"

Favereau threw back his head and his cheek colored as if he had received a blow.

"No," he answered briefly; and the extended fingers were suddenly clenched.

The American's eyelids narrowed. "May I ask, at least," said he, "if the Duke is aware of this 'tween-time visit of yours?"

The quick flush faded from Favereau's face as quickly as it had risen. He looked at George Dodd without a word. A deeper tint crept likewise into Dodd's cheek, and mounted to the temples, where it left an angry red.

"Well, sir," he exclaimed impatiently, "will you then kindly explain what your business is here to-night?"

"My business!" echoed Favereau; he hesitated a second, then he went on resolutely, though his voice shook: "I have but just mentioned it to you. It is to make you understand that it is I who have been the cause of your present humiliating situation; and that therefore it is myself whom you should meet to-morrow morning."

"Ha!" commented the Lieutenant. The veins on his temples had begun to swell. "And what about that slap on the cheek, sir? If I shoot you, will your Duke's honor be satisfied?" As he stopped, lin-

gering upon the sneer, his insolently measuring eyes caught a sudden vindictive spasm upon the worn features of the Minister of France. Instantly his whole form was again shaken by mocking laughter. "Oh, oh! I see, sir, I see! The Duke has certainly got a useful friend in you. Now, look here, Mr. Favereau"—he laid his broad brown hands upon the table with all the weight of his resentment—"I'm quite of your opinion, so far: you ought to be shot, sir, quite as much as that Duke of yours. Perhaps more! But, for all that, I am not going to stand up to you and give you the chance of putting me out of the way before I have rid your country of that—that carrion. No, sir." He rose, mighty: physically enormous, morally irresistible, in his anger. "And, moreover, Mr. Favereau, when I *have* discharged that duty to society, I will not fight you." Favereau's uplifted hand fell. "You may live, sir, in your shame, because of those white hairs."

Favereau drew his breath with a deep hissing sound. For an instant, in despite of his white hairs, there leaped in him a passion so young and strong that he felt he had it in the power of his hands to strangle the life out of that insulting throat. The next moment (and then it was that all youth died in him forever: thenceforward he was an old man) his heat fell from him like a mantle and the cold hopelessness of age enveloped him.

Why should he rebel? How might he presume to be angry? It was true, his hair was white and he was shamed.

"Go!" said the American, and pointed to the door with swift and rigid arm.

With bowed head, Jaques Favereau moved away. But with his hand to the door he paused and turned round.

"Mr. Dodd," said he, and thought he spoke with humility, not knowing that never at the height of his greatest triumphs had he shown a truer dignity, "have you given one thought in all this to Helen?"

"Have I given one thought to Helen!" ejaculated the other, and the sullen storm of his rage broke into fluent words at last. "You do well to come and say this to me! Pray, sir, when that infamous friend of yours betrayed his unhappy wife, did he give one thought—to Helen? When he

received under her own roof the—girl he had seduced, and lived between wife and mistress, did he give one thought—to Helen? When you and he plotted to marry the poor little soiled creature off to me, to Helen's own cousin, to the silly, simple sailor, did you give one thought—to Helen? Sir, what have been your own motives I know not: the fellow-feeling of the old viveur, or, God knows—I don't want to—what other hidden purpose may have moved you, incomprehensible to clean-minded men like me. Whatever it may have been, ask yourself before you come whining to me: *Have you thought of Helen?*"

He wrested the door from the other's clasp and flung it open. And before his gesture Favereau passed out. On the threshold the most respected man in France turned and looked full at him against whom he seemed, by his own avowal, to have plotted infamy. It was the look of a soul too disdainful, too high, for self-exculpation in the midst of illimitable sadness.

George Dodd closed the door and came back to his table, haunted by that look.

"The old devil!" he growled savagely between his teeth. "How dare he look at me like an honest man!"

XXXVII.

Lieutenant Dodd walked up to the window, flung open the two casements and inhaled deeply.

A still night, held with the first frosts. The dome of the remote heaven wondrously star-spangled. The autumn moon, heavy, lustrous, low-sailing in matronly dignity. The world, where not inky-black, striped and tipped with silver; silver-tipped spire above the humpback little black church of St. Michel; silver-striped road and black sentinel poplars with the gleam of a leaf here and there like the hint of a spear-head; rounded shapes of wooded hills, mysteriously dark but capriciously plashed with light; black, beautiful upspring of the dead aqueduct reared against the serene sky with the sparkle of stars through its silent arches—that was what met his unseeing, angry eyes.

Well might one, looking on such a scene and feeling its deep peace steal into his

soul, have cried with the canon of Marly, "Beautiful France!" But this alien, as he gazed, struck the rotting window-ledge with his strong fist and cried in his indignant heart, "Accursed land!"

From below a clink of glass and a wrangle of coarse, dull French voices rose faintly to the ear. Presently out of the sweet, distant stillness a growing rumble of carriage-wheels came into being and grew. The beat of eight iron shoes measured a rhythmic tune on the hard road. And all of a sudden:

"That's from Luciennes," thought Lieutenant Dodd.

The Marquise de Lormes came up the narrow, painted wooden stairs, her hand on Totol's shoulder and pausing to sigh at every third step.

Her elder son met her on the threshold of his room. Nothing perhaps could have been more profoundly irritating than the appearance of his relatives at this moment.

After a fashion pathetically different from her usual self-controlled majesty, the lady tottered to a chair and loosened the folds of the vast black circular dust-cloak in which she was enveloped. Over a penitential bonnet an immense veil of black gauze had been tied under her chin.

"Close the door, Anatole," she said in an unusually softened tone. And Totol, more like a small man-monkey than ever, his face wrinkled with perturbation and worldly wisdom, silently obeyed.

Dodd, unconsciously a little moved at the sight of a stateliness so broken, came over and gently touched the poor lady's hand.

"My dear mother," he said, "believe me, you can do no good here. Pray let me bring you back to the carriage without any further words, words which can only be painful to both of us."

Madame de Lormes slowly turned upon him eyes which had shed many tears since he had last come under their usually reproving glance.

"George," she answered faintly, "we must do our duty." Here the corners of her lips began to quiver and water welled up again to the empurpled eyelids. She made a gesture toward the little Marquis, and pressed against her mouth the damp

fold of her handkerchief. Anatole, on his side, cleared his throat.

"The poor maman is very much upset," said he. "So am I. So is everybody. Rotten business altogether! But see here, old man. You're well out of it, ain't you? All's well that ends well. Drop it, won't you?"

"Drop what?" said the sailor shortly.

"Why——" The Marquis closed three fingers of his right hand, extending the index and elevating the thumb, pointed the anatomical arrangement at his brother's heart, one eye screwed up, the other nicely adjusted to an aim. Then he gave one significant cluck of the tongue, dropped the mimic pistol-hand, and shook his head gravely from side to side: "It won't do, George, it won't do."

George Dodd sat down on the wooden bedstead, swung his legs and began to whistle "Washington Post" under his breath. After a minute's silence, broken only by Madame de Lormes's sighs, he looked at her and said with assumed cheerfulness:

"You'll just say when you feel rested enough to go down to the carriage, ma'am." Then he resumed his tune exactly where he had left it off.

Totol stood, reflectively frowning, his thumbs inserted into the armholes of his waistcoat. All at once he burst into fresh eloquence:

"What we've got to show here, George, is tact. Tact, my good fellow. Look at me. I have agreed to be one of Charles-Edward's seconds, old Favereau the other second. Why? To keep the affair as much as possible in the family, of course. But hang it all—why fight at all? A little tact, George, my boy!"

His mother suspended her quivering breath to hang upon her son's reply. The latter had ceased whistling, and with his eyes on the ground seemed to be lost in profound reflection. At last, looking up, he said with a slight smile:

"Well, now, really I'd rather like to know what's your idea of tact in this matter."

Totol's face creased itself into different folds, now betokening a smile.

"It isn't so easy, you see," he said. "I've had to think devilish hard, but I've

got it all straight now." He sidled over to the bed and laid a bony forefinger impressively on his brother's arm.

"You've just got to pack your traps and make for America to-night." He drew back his finger and the upper part of his body and smiled more broadly. "See? You're an American: no need for you to fight duels. See? And after your——" Totol here had once more recourse to mimicry, screwed up one side of his face, struck it gently with his hand, and nodded. "After that, you know, it wouldn't look well for you to remain in the same country with Cluny. On the other hand, if you are gone, don't you know, our Charles-Edward cannot fight you. How could he? So the matter ends there, as it began—en famille, no one the wiser. Things remain bad enough, but they don't grow worse. See?"

"Oh," responded the other, blandly. "Yes, I think I see." Then he slid off the bed, took Totol by the elbow and marched him carefully toward the door. "You're a mighty humorous young man," he remarked, and opened the door. "Good-night. Go to bed. You've got to get up early, you know."

"Oh, I say," cried Totol, falling dismally from the height of self-satisfaction. "Eh, maman, that means he won't!"

Madame de Lormes rose suddenly from her chair. She approached the Lieutenant, clasping her hands.

"George," she cried, "I beg of you, reflect. It is a deadly sin to try and take the life of another."

"I'll not be afraid, ma'am," answered Lieutenant Dodd, gravely, "when I stand up for judgment, if I've nothing worse on my soul than the killing of the Duc de Cluny."

A moan escaped the old lady's lips. The tears began to stream down her cheeks. "I implore you," she again cried, "for the sake of my unhappy niece, for the sake of Helen!"

The Lieutenant's face became set into marble. "It is not I, ma'am, who have made Helen an unhappy woman. The thing is already done, I take it."

"Have mercy!"

"As much mercy as I should have on a mad dog!"

"Fie, fie!" said Totol from the landing, pushing the door open and coming in again. He slipped his little thin arm round his mother's massive figure, looking the while reproachfully at his brother. "That's not nice of you, George, not nice at all! Never mind, maman," he added naively, "Cluny has a chance too, you know."

Madame de Lormes shook her head miserably, and a bent, doleful figure passed out of the inn room with dragging steps. But at the head of the stairs she turned and caught Dodd's hand.

"My son," she pleaded, "will you not listen to your mother?"

The American smiled with some bitterness. "You see, madame," said he, "when you speak of my mother you are speaking of a person whom the late Septimus P. Dodd's son was never allowed to know. I should be mightily flattered could I feel that all this anxiety concerned in any way the insignificant personality of the Lieut. George P. Dodd aforesaid. But I know the condescension of the noble Marquise de Lormes (whose acquaintance I have been privileged to make a week ago) could hardly reach so low."

With fluttering, palsied movements, Madame de Lormes gathered the folds of her cloak about her and pulled the black gauze over her discomposed countenance.

"Won't you take my arm?" asked George. But she motioned him from her with anger.

"Come with me, poor maman," said Totol, soothingly. And, rolling one last look of deep reprobation on his brother, he proceeded on the gallant task of conveying his mother's tottering frame downstairs.

With a cold smile the elder son followed in the rear.

At the door of the inn a cab had just deposited two new-comers. They took off their hats gravely, and displayed clean-cut, vigorous, unmistakably Anglo-Saxon features.

"I have ordered supper and your rooms," said Dodd over his shoulder, as he went by them in pursuance of his unaccepted filial duty. "I shall be with you in a moment."

"A heart of stone," groaned the Marquise as she sank back in the carriage.

XXXVIII.

The still night had faded and pulsed into the gray of dawn. Through the open curtains of Helen's private sitting-room the first luminous pallor of returning day had begun to bleach the windows. The white-tapestried room was dim in the contending shades of night and day. The two candles in the silver sconces burned dim orange in color, the hitherto steady flame in the red lamp hanging in the alcove oratory had begun to rise and fall with the failing of the oil.

The hour of dawn, to so many the hour of death, to all the hour of cold, of mystery, of vague apprehension—the Duke of Cluny felt the chill of it in his very marrow!

He rose stiffly from the hearth, where the last vital spark had died, buried under the white ash; where, seated the long night through, gazing at the dwindling fire, he had thought back the thoughts of a lifetime.

He went over to the window and noiselessly, with endless care, undid the casements and pushed them open.

White mist hung over the garden, hiding terrace slopes and park alleys. Its faint, sickly breath rose to his nostrils, struck his cheek and left its clammy touch upon it.

"It is the dawn," said the man, under his breath. "It is the dawn. How cold!"

He came forward into the room again, halted by Helen's door and with bent head listened.

A bell from some clock without struck the half-hour. Cluny looked at his watch: it was half-past five. Slowly spread the dawn, ever more bleakly white.

The door upon the passage opened under a cautious hand, and Favereau entered. Cluny looked at him in silence. How old he was growing, poor old Favereau!

The two men met in the middle of the room.

"It is time, Edward," said Favereau, in a low voice.

Answered Cluny in the same tone, "I am ready."

After a second's hesitation Favereau laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Have you seen Helen?" he asked.

Cluny turned his face, with the nobility of mortal agony bravely traversed stamped upon it.

"No. I have listened at her door all night. There has been no sound from her. Blanchette is there. Helen seems to be able to bear her presence—it is no more obtrusive than that of a faithful dog—no one else's. Since she recovered consciousness she has said but four words, 'Let me be alone!'"

"It is better so," said Favereau, with a twitching lip.

And meekly Cluny repeated, "Yes, it is better so."

The two men spoke as men speak in a death-chamber, in voices subdued to the lowest pitch.

A tiny, pallid shaft of light suddenly pierced into the room. Favereau pointed to it with significant gesture.

"I know," said Cluny. "I know." He turned to his wife's door again, leaned his forehead against it and folded his hands for a moment in prayer. Not for himself—how could such as he pray for themselves?—but for her, that she might find strength to bear it all. Then he came back to Favereau.

"I am ready," he said quietly.

Favereau, turning to go with him, suddenly stopped himself and caught him by the arm.

"Ready!" he exclaimed in a fierce whisper, and ran his eye indignantly over his friend's figure. "Not with that coat, man!" He tapped with his finger the light summer gray coat and the white expanse of shirt-front. "You want to turn yourself into a target for that fellow's ball?"

Cluny withdrew himself from the other's touch and smiled upon him placidly, remotely.

"My dear Favereau, what else?"

The Minister stared a second, then cast down his eyes to hide a rush of weak, angry tears.

"And your hand," he went on huskily, "after sitting up all night?"

The Duke held out his slender hand and looked at it.

"Quite steady enough," said he, "for my purpose."

But Favereau gripped him by the elbow.

"For your purpose! That means, Edward ——" His voice broke. "I did not bargain to stand by and see murder done upon you."

"Not murder—justice."

Favereau's head fell upon his breast. Once more he moved to the door, once more he stopped.

"I have ordered," he said, "a cup of coffee for you. You will drink that." His eyes were pleading.

Cluny, who, with brow held aloft and abstracted gaze, had reached the threshold, seemed to bring himself back with an effort from his far thoughts as he turned to answer him.

"Thanks, old friend." His voice had something of its old natural note instead of the toneless whisper in which he had hitherto spoken. "To please you I would drink it, that or anything else, and pledge our friendship a last time. But"—again his eyes fixed on unearthly distance—"I want to go fasting to this new sacrament."

"This new sacrament?"

"The sacrament of death," said Cluny.

Favereau looked at him. He had loved Cluny all his life, in his beautiful adolescence and his foolish manhood, and loved him, rebuking, disapproving, without hope, without respect. And had he known him so little? This, then, was the real Cluny, the "better self" that Helen loved! He was going to death like the son of a king. Yesterday it had seemed to him, in some horrible way, as if his friend's soul were already dead and only the body left living. Now, on his way to that bodily dissolution which they both instinctively felt was awaiting him, Cluny's soul so dominated his mere humanity that it was as if already freed from its gross earthly ties, already spreading its wings for a flight.

"Do you think she would have forgiven—if I had lived?" said Cluny, without looking up.

So completely had he already expired to himself that it was quite unconsciously he spoke of himself as a thing of the past when he whispered the question.

Profoundly startled, profoundly troubled, Favereau stammered miserably, could find no words.

Cluny gave a deep sigh. "Let us go," said he.

XXXIX.

Her "missie" was asleep. Blanchette had sung Helen to slumber at last, as in those never-forgotten days of yore when her foster-babe lay upon her faithful bosom.

The mulatto rose noiselessly from her seat by the bed and, without hushing the soft, crooning song that had not been silent on her lips the whole night through, bent to look as well as she could in the dim light of the night-lamp.

Helen's breath came in regular sweeps; one long, lovely hand lay relaxed on the sheet; under the shadow of her heavy hair the peace of sleep, which is next to the peace of death, had at last settled on the wan face.

Still crooning, Blanchette drew back, crossed the room on tiptoe, opened the door noiselessly, and, leaving it a hair's-breadth ajar, crept into the sitting-room, her song a little louder now lest the sleeper should wake for the sudden want of her lullaby.

"Old missie act de fooliest part,
And die for a man dat broke her heart.
Look away, look away, away."

Thus went the wailing tune, in the pathetic negro voice, breaking off, now into a sort of trail of subdued sound, now into a long yawn, as the dusky creature moved about the room in her dumb list-shoes. She lit the spirit-lamp on Helen's untouched tea-tray of the night before, intent on making a refreshing cup for her mistress against a possible early waking.

"Look away, look away, away," sang Blanchette, and stretched herself and yawned.

Misty sunshine was now flooding in horizontal sheets through the open window. She caught sight of the two candles still flaring in their sockets and arrested her song to blow them out.

At the same instant the far-off crack of two shots, almost simultaneous, rang from some glade in the park below. Blanchette listened for a moment indifferently, then took up her monotonous chant once more:

"Then I wish I was in Dixie . . .
Hurrah, hurrah!"

The passage door creaked and opened. Madame Rodriguez, wrapped in a dressing-

gown, her little face drawn and ashen-colored, crept shivering into the room.

"My!" she cried, breaking into a run. "I am glad to see a human face, if it is only a colored one! Blanchette, I'm scared; I never was so scared in all my life!"

Blanchette had stared at the new-comer open-mouthed. But when the voice was raised, she disengaged her hand to clap it unceremoniously over the speaker's lips.

"Hush, hush, hush, you wake missie! She only just gone off in lobliest sound sleep!"

Nessie started. With a nod she advanced on tiptoe to Helen's door, listened for a moment, then, again nodding at Blanchette, she closed it with such infinite care that not even a click was heard; then she ran back.

"Did you hear those shots?" she whispered.

Blanchette was peering into the kettle. "Reckon that keeper fellow popping round. Hope he not go for to wake my missie."

Nessie seized her with cold fingers. "Where is the Duke?"

Blanchette lowered the kettle-lid to stare with round eyes.

"Lor' a mussy! I dunno, Ma'am Rodriguez." Her dark face became filled with the pitiful, uncomprehending trouble of a child. "Sho' dis has been de stranges' night!"

Restlessly Madame Rodriguez went to the window and leaned out; restlessly she came back, sat down by the table, her hands catching at the loose masses of her hair.

"Oh, those shots, those shots!" She sprang to her feet, her face suddenly livid. "Blanchette, something has happened! My God, and Helen is asleep!"

The woman turned upon her fiercely. "Don't wake my missie!"

"No, no," cried Nessie, in a sort of sobbing whisper. "God help her, let her sleep! Hush! Don't you hear?" Once more she gripped Blanchette by the wrist. "Don't you hear? They're coming back!"

The healthy copper color of the mulatto's cheek turned suddenly gray. Infected by the other's fears, she stood frozen, striving to catch the approaching sound of the unknown calamity. There was indeed a murmur of voices on the

terrace path and a curious, steady, muffled tramp of feet. Then silence.

Still clutching each other, the women listened. Now there came a step upon the stairs. Now it was coming down the passage. The door was opened, Favereau entered.

One look at his face was enough for Nessie: she staggered forward with a husky cry.

"Oh, Monsieur Favereau, the Duke!"

Favereau lifted his hand and let it fall without a word. Nessie covered her face. But Favereau had come up to her and was now speaking rapidly, earnestly:

"He has asked to be brought here. Here, do you understand me? Lebel is doing what he can, but it is only a question of minutes. . . . Madame Rodriguez, are you listening? Some one must prepare Helen."

Here Blanchette thrust her large, gray, bewildered face between them, with but one thing clear in her childlike brain:

"Missie asleep!"

"There is no time to lose," insisted Favereau. "The minutes . . ."—a spasm contracted his face, his voice broke, but he went on—"the minutes are counted. Madame Rodriguez, you are her friend—will you tell Helen?"

She beat him off with frantic little hands. "I? Oh, I couldn't do it! Monsieur Favereau, I couldn't do it. Don't ask me!"

Favereau looked at her, cowering and fluttering, with angry, despairing eyes.

"Her aunt, then. Where is she?" he urged.

At that moment Madame de Lormes in person answered the question. Still in the clothes of the previous evening, she entered, stately, erect, her large features set like a mask of yellow wax.

"Madame," said Favereau, turning upon her, "you have heard?"

The old lady trembled, yet stood with uplifted head.

"My son?"

"No." Again the bitter spasm distorted Monsieur Favereau's face. "The Duke . . . he shot in the air. Your son's bullet was aimed but too well."

Madame de Lormes seemed to break to pieces. She fell into a chair, covering her

countenance with the folds of her lace veil. Nessie flew to her, sobbing.

"No, it's the Duke, the poor dear beautiful Duke, and Helen's asleep, right in there, and she's got to be told, and you've got to do it!" She shook Madame de Lormes vehemently by the elbow. "You've got to do it; you've got to tell her, I tell you. There's not a moment to lose."

Favereau bent down on the other side. "Madame Rodriguez is right," he urged; "there is not a moment to lose if Helen is to say good-by to her husband."

The Marquise gathered herself together, and suddenly rising, faced them in majesty and anger.

"And you expect me to be the one to tell my unhappy niece that my son has killed her husband?"

A long cry broke from Blanchette. She clapped her hands together.

"Massa killed! Massa we loved so—our good, lovely massa!"

All rushed to silence her, too late! Helen's voice from the inner room was heard calling:

"Blanchette!"

Had those gentle accents been the trump of doom, they could not have struck greater consternation. Nessie burst into uncontrolled sobs and fled. Madame de Lormes, again veiling her face with the dignified gesture of a Roman matron, passed out in her wake.

Favereau stood a second in a mortal hesitancy. Then, crying to the old nurse, "Keep her quiet a moment, I'll send the doctor—better still, the canon; he must be here by this," he too took his coward's flight.

"O Christ in heaven!" exclaimed the poor mulatto, again striking her palms together. "What shall I say to missie?"

Once more came the voice from within in louder cadence:

"Blanchette!"

XL.

The folds of her white morning wrapper falling in long statuesque lines about her, Helen advanced wearily into the room.

"Is it only you, Blanchette?" she asked. "I thought I heard voices." She let herself fall into a chair as she spoke and

leaned her brow on both hands. Then without looking up she added, "Tell your master that I want to see him."

A deep sigh escaped her lips. Within her heart was crying out, "The whole night has passed, the sun has already risen, and he does not yet know that I have forgiven!"

Her temples throbbed. Shattered by the mental shock, there was but one idea dominant amid the whirling sadness of her thoughts: that Cluny must be in sore trouble, that he needed her.

All at once she became aware that her order was not being obeyed.

"Blanchette," she repeated, "did you not hear? Go and fetch your master."

The woman uttered a loud, sobbing wail, and coming behind her mistress caught her head in her arms.

"Oh, missie! Honey missie, lie on poor old black mammy's bosom as you used to! Oh, Lordy, Lordy, dat it should be me to break her heart!"

All her vigor of mind and body came back to Helen at this hint of new calamity. She sprang to her feet.

"What! What! Your master? Blanchette, what is it? Speak, I order you!"

"Massa's some hurt, missie," sobbed the nurse. "Massa and Massa Dodd they go shooting, I 'spect . . . and oh, Lordy, woe de day!"

She fell upon her knees and hid her poor convulsed countenance in the folds of the Duchess' robes. Helen stood still a second, rigid; then she gave a rending cry:

"Ah, and I was asleep! Where is he?" Fiercely she fought against the clinging, loving hands that caught round her knees. She had broken from their hold and was rushing forward, when she saw Doctor Lebel before her.

He was standing, looking at her, his spectacles pushed up high on his frowning forehead; with finger and thumb he was wringing his nether lip.

"Doctor—Cluny?" The question died away on her lips as her eyes fell upon his face. "Oh, is it as bad as that—is it as bad as that!"

She reeled and he caught her.

"For God's sake," he cried, "don't give way now; he wants you."

"He wants me." She steadied herself.

"No, I shall not give way now. Don't be afraid. I am strong."

The doctor peered at her keenly. "That's right, that's a brave woman! They are bringing him here. Keep up; it won't be for long."

He hurried out of the room and left her standing. With eyes fixed straight before her upon a vision of immeasurable sorrow, slowly she repeated:

"It won't be for long."

They were carrying him in. The major-domo, with the difficult tears of age streaming down his face, was at the head; Jean, sobbing out loud, at the feet. They had laid him on a stretcher roughly made out of a hurdle covered with cloaks; under his head they had placed a cushion of purple silk, and over the long, still limbs they had lightly thrown a purple plush rug. His eyes were closed; his face, with the stamp of death upon it, was serene. They gently set him down at Helen's feet.

The doctor stood gazing at him for a second; then he motioned the servants away, looked at Helen again searchingly, then drew back into the window recess.

Blanchette had crouched into a corner and was rocking herself, moaning under her breath, her doglike gaze fixed upon her mistress. The misty day had brightened into glory, and sunshine was now streaming in upon them.

Cluny opened his eyes. "Helen."

Helen slowly fell on her knees by his side. "My beloved!"

"I can't lift my hand, Helen. Will you take it—the hand with the wedding-ring?" His voice was very faint, but he spoke naturally, simply. She took his hand between both hers. With difficulty he moved his head a little nearer to her.

"Are you holding my hand, Helen?"

"Yes, Cluny."

"My wife!" These words he said very clearly, almost loudly, and then there was a pause. "Where am I to begin?" he went on, a look of trouble gathering upon his face. "I don't know and the end is so soon!"

Her love brooded over him like the mother-bird's over its young. As if speaking to a little child:

"I know everything you want to say," she whispered; "say nothing."

His voice grew fainter, his eye dim. "And I, who would have given my life to save you a tear—I have no words. Forgive."

Helen cried back to him, "I love you!"

He went on, ever more faintly: "It is right as it is—death expiates. What do you say? I cannot hear."

Closer she bent to him, laid her cheek on the pillow beside him.

"I love you!"

"There must be mercy with the God who made you."

He spoke wandringly, his eyes dimly seeking some distant vision.

The Duchess rose to her feet. "He is faint," she exclaimed with a sharp cry. "Doctor, give him something, quick!"

Lebel hurried over, stooped down, raised himself again and shook his head.

"Give him something!" repeated Helen, fiercely.

The doctor patted her shoulder. "Keep up, child, keep up—a very little while longer."

"It is the end!" said Cluny. His voice rose with sudden strength. "Let me be brought into your room. And let us be alone. Let me be alone—alone with you and God. Helen, you have always done everything for me: offer up my soul, I am going."

The doctor ran out to call in the waiting servants. Helen herself opened the great folding doors between the two rooms. She came back and again took up her husband's inert hand, just as, under Lebel's directions, the servants were lifting the stretcher. With a supreme effort Cluny turned his head to look at her with eyes growing rapidly blind.

"Your room," he whispered. "Ah, Helen, it is all over."

"Don't touch him!" ordered Lebel. "Lay the stretcher on the bed. There, that is right."

The servants filed out; the doctor followed them, closing the doors with care behind him. His hand was still on the lock when in rushed the canon, his white hair disordered, in full vestments. Lebel hurried up to him.

Breathlessly the priest spoke: "I was in the middle of my mass! I came as soon as I could leave the altar." He looked

round him in agony. "Am I too late?"

"No," said the doctor, his face working. "No; but only just in time. Hurry, man, hurry! I've done all I could. I can do nothing more. It is—it is your turn now."

The single note of the chapel bell of Luciennes floated in through the window.

"Where is he?" cried the canon, bewildered.

The doctor seized him by the elbow. "In her room. Hurry!" He opened the door, pushed his old friend in and closed it again behind him. Again the bell note was heard: first the single warning stroke, then the beat of the plaintive vibration dying reluctantly into silence.

The doctor started. "These cursed medieval customs—as if life were not sad enough already!" he wailed within himself.

Up went finger and thumb to his lip. He stood by the door, bitterly waiting.

LXI.

Led by Madame de Lormes, the household of Luciennes, with the murmur, as it might be, of many waters, came trooping into the room which was the antechamber of death—some as yet scarce dressed, with bewildered, sleepy stare; the English coachman with impassive face; a couple of gamekeepers with gipsy skins and wild, woodland eyes; kitchen-maids from whose round cheeks not even the rumor of death had been able to scare the colors. At the end of the long stream, a thin, shrinking figure with faltering steps and white face marked with suffering—all that a man's passion had left of her who had once been well suited with the name of Rose! Beside her, his short-sighted gaze fixed like that of one walking in his sleep, came Favereau. And finally, with a patter of little frightened feet, a flutter of garments and flying sobs, Nessie Rodriguez again. She vehemently pushed her way between them all, crying:

"Oh, will no one stop that dreadful bell!"

"Hush!" said Madame de Lormes, rebuking. "Silence!" ordered she, turning to the whispering servants. "It is the passing-bell: on your knees, all of you, and pray for the soul that is going."

She swept up to the table and knelt down first, facing the room. The servants, falling into a circle, followed her example. Favereau, with a sudden failure of his self-control, fell upon his knees too against a chair, and wrung his clasped hands above his head. The doctor still stood at Helen's door.

Three times the note of the passing-bell dropped into the deep silence, faded away tremulously. The doctor's hands crept to his ears as if to stifle the sound, then slowly, like one impelled by an unseen force, he too sank on his knees, folded his rugged fingers and bent his head.

Over the murmur of praying lips a voice weeping and wailing in the distance penetrated into the room.

The old housekeeper exchanged a terrified look with the majordomo, rose painfully from her knees and stepped out with ponderous precaution. There was a shrill scream on the threshold, and then, her baby curls wild, a dark cloak flung over the white nightgown, her feet bare, Joy broke in upon them, striking right and left at those that tried vainly to arrest her.

"Where is he?" she shrieked. "I will go to him. If he is dying, as you say, then I must go to him!"

All rose from their knees. There was an instinctive rush to place a living barrier before the door of the death-room.

"Girl," said Madame de Lormes, advancing with fierce menace upon her—"girl, have you no decency?"

At the same instant Nessie Rodriguez caught the struggling figure by the arm.

"Come away, for the Lord's sake, you—you who brought all this about! Go and hide your face and weep alone."

But Joy wrenched herself free with furious gesture.

"Let me go, I say! What do I care for any of you? You fools, you let him go to his death without lifting a finger; him, that man who was a prince among you, whose hand none of you was worthy to touch—you let him go and be murdered!" Her voice rose into a scream. "What do I care for any of you? Let me go!"

The folding doors were pushed apart and Helen appeared, supporting herself with a hand on each.

She stood, looking straight before her; the smallest sound was hushed among them all. Her white lips parted:

"Stop the bell."

First it ran in awe-struck whisper from mouth to mouth, "The master's dead, the master's dead, the Duke is dead." Then it broke forth in momentary clamor. Joy fell on the floor in a heap as if struck down.

"Dead, dead!"

They began to huddle together and slink away, these honest serving-folk who, distantly or closely, had loved their master, and knew not how to bear themselves where death, that most ordinary of visitors, had come in such extraordinary fashion. One of the gamekeepers, turning at the door, bent his knee and made the sign of the cross as if in church.

Lebel, with a scarlet face of trouble, cast one look at Helen's motionless figure, then he whispered hastily to Madame de Lormes:

"Get that girl away before the Duchess sees her."

Madame de Lormes approached the crouching figure and, bending over it, in a hissing undertone hurled her ban:

"Out of this room! Out of this house! You have made a widow of your benefactress, a murderer of my son! Have you not done enough? Back to where you came from, back to the streets—accursed that you are!"

From the huddled heap on the floor two savage dark eyes looked up for a second; then on hands and knees Joy crept a step away, a step nearer the inner chamber. Now Nessie darted at her.

"If Helen sees her it will just kill her! Come with me," she cried, gripping the thin shoulder; "I'll take you——"

"Where would you take me?" asked Joy, in a toneless voice.

"Where? I don't know. To some house—some house of penance where they receive such as you."

As she spoke, Nessie strove to drag the girl from the floor, and Joy gave a sharp cry, like a hurt child. At the sound Helen started and seemed to wake. She looked round upon the room, at the group, at Joy, and the marble stillness of her face became troubled as with a yet hardly realized horror.

"Out! out!" again whispered Nessie in Joy's ear.

"Let her be carried away," said Madame de Lormes, loudly. "Call back the men!"

"Stop!" cried the Duchess, in a loud, clear voice. She threw back the doors and the bedroom lay disclosed, its curtained blackness illumined by the lighted candles at the head of the bed upon which lay the motionless figure under the purple folds, with just one ivory hand catching the light. The canon's white head shone with a silver aureole as he knelt by the side, his elbows on the hurdle, holding the crucifix aloft in his clasped hands; his voice rose and fell in low, ardent supplication.

Helen advanced and looked a second with majestic reproach upon them all. Then she spoke.

"Is there not one Christian among you?"

They fell back before her in awe-struck silence. She turned her eyes upon the prostrate girl:

"Child!"

It was a cry from the depths of her betrayed heart.

Joy crept nearer on her hands and knees, caught up the fold of Helen's garments, laid her head upon her feet, and at last broke into sobs and tears.

Thereupon Favereau, white ghost of himself, came forward from his hidden corner.

"Go, go!" cried he, driving the specta-

tors before him. "Go all of you. Let us leave them alone!"

He himself, the last to retire, stood a second at the door and cast a long look at Helen's beautiful, motionless figure, at the crouching heap at her feet. Then he softly closed the passage door.

Helen and Joy were alone in the room. And beyond lay the dead Cluny. Suddenly, from between her sobs, as she clasped and kissed her benefactress' feet, the girl began to moan faintly:

"I loved him too; ah, I loved him too!" Helen's face contracted; a great spasm of horror, of revolt, came over it. The canon's voice rose from within in that prayer of the agonized believer which, in its fervid insistence, seems almost to command the Almighty.

"Remember not his sins, O Lord, for he has hoped in you. Succor his soul, O saints of God, meet him, angels of God, receive him. May he rest in peace, may he rest in peace!"

Helen echoed the words aloud: "Peace, peace!" Then, with a cry: "Remember not his sins! . . . It was his sin."

She folded her hands over her broken heart. "His sin, O merciful God!" she was saying within. "Grant me strength to atone for him to Thee!" She looked down at Joy. "To atone to her, for him."

Stooping, she raised her, held her.

"Poor child!"

And her tears began to stream.

THAT DAY MONTH.

XLII.

The doctor came down the steps of the house to the terrace and walked slowly up to the canon, who was waiting for him by their favorite corner of the balustrade.

On this cold November afternoon, faded was the glorious panorama they had gazed upon together a month ago, faded and desolate. Brown or gray now lay fields and woods under a lowering sky, with dull rack sailing low before a driving wind. Shrouded was the valley in obscuring mist, over which the arches of the distant aqueduct seemed to hang in mid-air like some fantastic cloud-vision.

"Well?" said the priest, hurriedly, as soon as his friend had joined him.

"Well," answered the doctor, driving his hands deep into his pockets with his familiar gesture. "Oh, she is all right! At least, as right as she'll ever be in this world." He looked gloomily across the fallow land and ended with a noisy sigh.

"She was looking very pale, very pale, this morning in the chapel," said the canon, seemingly ill satisfied. "Had she a headache?"

"I don't think so. She cries so much"—the doctor's mouth twitched a little—"it is hard to tell by her face."

"Her pulse?"

"Quite normal."

"Some little tonic?"

The doctor exploded with that rage of

the sore heart that no one ever resents.

"Saperlipopette! Go and prescribe for her yourself! Indeed, my good Canon, it's really within your province. Is not this the sort of case when religion is supposed to come in? Where are all these famous consolations?" He broke off as if ashamed of his vehemence. "There, there," he exclaimed, forestalling the sad rebuke he saw in the priest's eyes, "I'll not say but she has found help. Ah, poor child, true or false, it is all she has! Who would try to rob her of it? Not I . . . not I!"

The canon laid his hand on the doctor's threadbare sleeve. The wind was blowing very chill about them, fluttering the priest's long white hair, making the doctor's loose coat flap. Yellow leaves, torn from their withered stems, drifted past them. With one accord they fell to pacing between the empty flower-beds.

"When she spoke to me on the chapel steps this morning," said the priest, "I confess that her appearance alarmed me. She scarcely looked as if she belonged to this earth. That was why I begged you to find a pretext for looking in upon her."

"No cause for anxiety," said the doctor, impatiently, "so long as you don't make her too good for this earth—for she is wanted down here badly," he added with a sigh.

The canon hesitated, then he said in a low voice, "She told me that I might write to Monsieur Favereau to come and see her."

The doctor started. "Glad to hear it," he cried emphatically. "Ah, poor fellow, how he has suffered!"

"She never had anger in her heart," pursued the canon; "not even against the man"—his voice changed to a quite unconscious note of deep resentment—"against the man who was the cause of her husband's death."

He paused. The doctor gnashed his teeth. Human nature dies hard, even in the saint: there was enough of the old "man" left in the canon of Marly to make him feel that although he could not, of course, approve of the doctor's muttered curse, neither could he find it in his heart to rebuke him for it. After a few moments he pursued, as if he had heard nothing:

"From the very first day, she made the sacrifice of forgiveness—forgiveness toward all. As regards Monsieur Favereau, her old friend, whom she had relied on for help her whole life long, and who had failed her at the test, she never spoke one bitter word except that first cry, 'He knew!' Ah me! but that was the most terrible indictment! Lebel, Lebel, fancy what it would have meant to her if *he* at least had had the courage to do right. He made me tell him what she had said. Shall I ever forget his face as he turned away and walked down that road—left this place, he thought, never to return?"

"She could not bear to see him," commented the doctor. "It is only natural."

"It was perhaps the last little touch of earthly weakness left in her," said the canon. "She has now surmounted it. Every day I see the trouble which is of this world fade from her sorrow, and the serenity grow which is of the world to come. She was faithful to her God in her happiness: in her trial He has not abandoned her."

The doctor wagged his head with a look of ineradicable doubt struggling with grudging admission. They took a few paces in silence, then he exclaimed bitterly:

"Yes, yes. That's the sort of thing that sounds so fine from the pulpit, Canon. But allow me to say that the way in which the Duchess has been treated by what you are pleased to call Providence is hardly encouraging for others to place their funds in that bank."

It might have been remarked by any who had known the quarrelsome friends a month ago that a change had come over their relations. The scathing rebuke that at this irreverence would have flashed in the canon's eye and issued from his lips was now absent. The only emotion visible on his countenance was one of the most affectionate distress. As for the doctor himself, no sooner were the words out of his mouth than he put out his hand in apology and added with quite unwonted gentleness:

"Forgive me, Canon. One must have one's growl in this brute of a world, you know. Upon my word, I'm not sure that you people who manage to keep up a faith

in a better one have not the pull over us in the long run. But there's my unfortunate logic always cropping up, you see."

"Ah, my dear friend," said the canon, "use your logic then in this instance, before you cast up to a merciful God the misfortunes of this house. Go back once again to their primary cause. Our poor Duke——" His voice quivered, and the doctor with a hasty gesture of the hand begged for silence. Neither of them, from their vastly different standpoints, could yet bear to cast a word of blame on the memory of the beloved sinner.

"I must speak, though," pursued the priest, after a pause. "Had the Duke remained in the path God had marked out for him as for the rest of the world, what a happy home should ours still be to-day, instead of——" Again he stopped, then went on in low, resigned accents: "Henceforth must it not be for all of us so long as we live a house of mourning? Even then, the first grievous act once committed, had Monsieur Favereau not tried to mend wrong by further wrong, had you not all, you yourself included, at the actual moment of catastrophe, condoned, nay, helped to, that fatal duel, that grievous infraction of the written word of God, she might now be weeping, it is true, but not the widow's tears. Ah, no, my friend," cried the priest, with a sorrowful warmth, "it is not Providence that has worked to this sorrow, it is Sin."

"What the devil!" exclaimed the doctor, indignantly, scrubbing his beard. "Throw the blame on me, now do! It's all my fault, of course. I should just like you to tell me what I should have done?"

"The right," again asserted the other, unhesitatingly.

They had reached the head of the steps which led down to the garden.

"Well, I am going home," said Lebel, grumpily.

Mildly answered his friend, "Our ways lie together."

Lebel shrugged his shoulders; the priest's last words were rankling in his mind. He ran down the steps. But half-way through "the Canon's Walk," at the stone bench where they had met on the morning of that memorable day and had planned to divert the course of Fate, he halted and waited for his friend.

As the latter came up, not a little out of breath, the doctor greeted him with a fresh outburst.

"You remember what I said to you a few weeks ago, here in this very place? Hold me responsible, indeed! Who aided the Duchess in that folly of adoption, I should like to know. Thousand thunders! One does what one can! Do you think I liked to go and see him shot? Had that cursed ball sped differently, my presence might have saved his life perhaps. I should have gone for the police, I suppose? Pretty business! As if that would have stopped anything, either. At least we kept the scandal from spreading. And then you talk of sin, sin, sin! What of your holy, well-thinking Marquise? She is righteous enough, that one! She knew, as well as I did; could have helped as much as I could."

His voice died away in a muttered grumble. The canon lifted his head with the ghost of a bygone haughtiness.

"The poor Marquise!" said he. "Alas, she failed on the side of her predominant passion! It was a question of tradition, you see."

Doctor Lebel flung a shrewd, mocking look at the priest's aristocratic face.

"You think, no doubt," he jeered, "that I, as the son of peasant folk and blacksmiths, have no excuse; but that for the transgressions of the others—people of quality—there are special accommodations with heaven, eh, Monsieur de Hauteroche?"

"I?" cried the priest, startled. He flushed to the roots of his hair, then sank upon the bench and covered his face with his hands.

"God knows," said he, "God knows the clay of which He has fashioned us! Alas, my friend, there is but one thing clear, one thing we must learn in all this, that He alone can make good out of evil—man cannot."

The doctor plumped down on the stone, propped his chin on his hands and shook his head from side to side in deep despondency.

"Oh, I'll not say," he cried at last, "there's not something in your theory. But that good woman, that gentle creature, what harm did she do? How has your just God rewarded her?"

"Hold, sir," said the priest, "and I will tell you. She has been rewarded as she herself would have chosen to be rewarded—by the only reward meet for her and one which transcends all earthly blessings—the salvation of her husband's soul. I was present at that death. It was a moment of immeasurable sorrow, yet of unspeakable consolation. I may say that her husband's repentant spirit passed through her hands to his God. No despair can ever touch Helen now. Therefore does she weep like those who have hope. Not only that," continued the canon, "but that other soul, that soul that was living in death, through him, through his fault, she has called it to life again."

The doctor jerked up his head and stared at his friend: his little eyes were very fierce, as if in defiance of the tear that was rising to them.

"Do you really think," he asked, "that such a business will work? That they can go on living together up there? That that little devil's spawn won't break her rescuer's heart again when the hour comes? It's clean against nature all round, Canon!"

"It's a miracle of God's grace," said the canon, with a confident smile. "Anything less marvelous, less superhuman,

would have been beneath that perfect soul."

There was a long silence, filled by deep thought, to the accompaniment of the autumn wind's sad song. At last the doctor shook off the reverie.

"And the girl?" he asked.

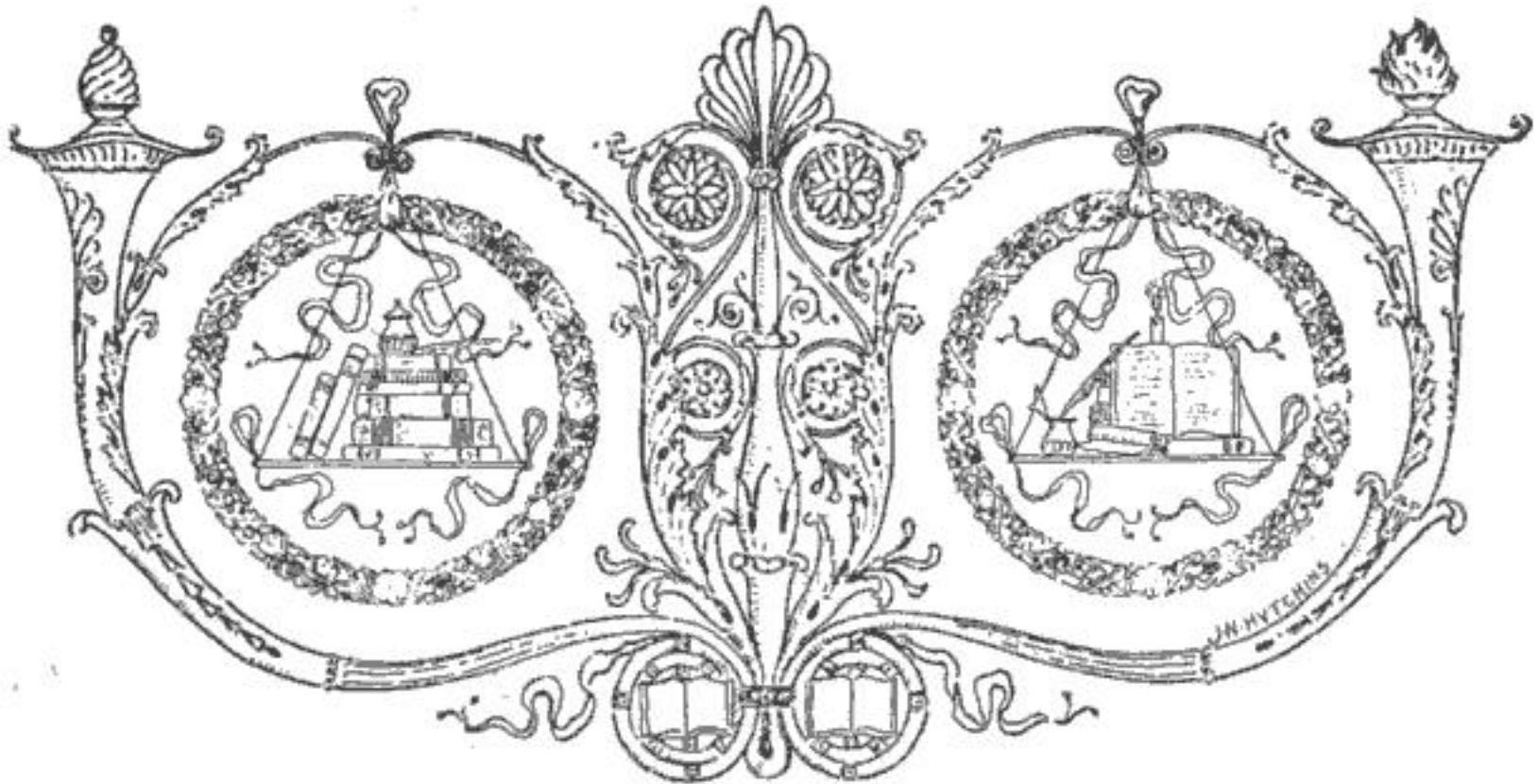
"The girl!" resumed the other, earnestly. "Oh, I have great hopes! That extraordinary power of passion in her which was, alas! spent in such an unregulated torrent, seems to have been diverted into another course—one that cannot but be productive of good, of healing, of rehabilitation. The Duchess is now the object of the poor wayward child's jealous devotion. I build greatly on that—greatly. Helen will eventually transfer this love, as she transferred her husband's, to God."

The doctor looked skeptical, opened his mouth to contradict, marked the canon's face, which these last few weeks had so altered, so aged, transfigured now as with an inner light, and refrained. Why cast a doubt upon this faith? What had he, after all, so much better to offer instead?

He put out his hand and affectionately tapped his old friend's knee.

"Well," said he, "who knows?"

(THE END.)



GREAT INVENTIONS SINCE THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

NINE great inventions have come to the front since the Chicago Exposition, viz. :—

- I. The submarine boat.
- II. Wireless telegraphy.
- III. Telephoning under the sea.
- IV. The X-ray.
- V. The high-pressure, twenty-mile gun.
- VI. The small-bore rifle.
- VII. The baby incubator.
- VIII. The automobile.
- IX. Acetylene gas.

Of these, in the order of military importance, may be named first the submarine boat. It is true that the submarine vessel had its inception long before 1893, a man-of-war having been sunk in Charleston harbor during the Civil War by a Confederate submarine boat, but the defects up to 1893 were almost so radical as to preclude its general use. It is the work that has been done since that time that has brought this marvelous invention to an efficiency that may be regarded as complete, even if no further progress were to be made.

But while the general idea is correct and the powers of the submarine boat of to-day are fully developed if we consider but the question of their power to destroy the greatest of existing sea armaments, it is the history of all invention that every hour of experiment and practice will bring perfected design and increased excellence.

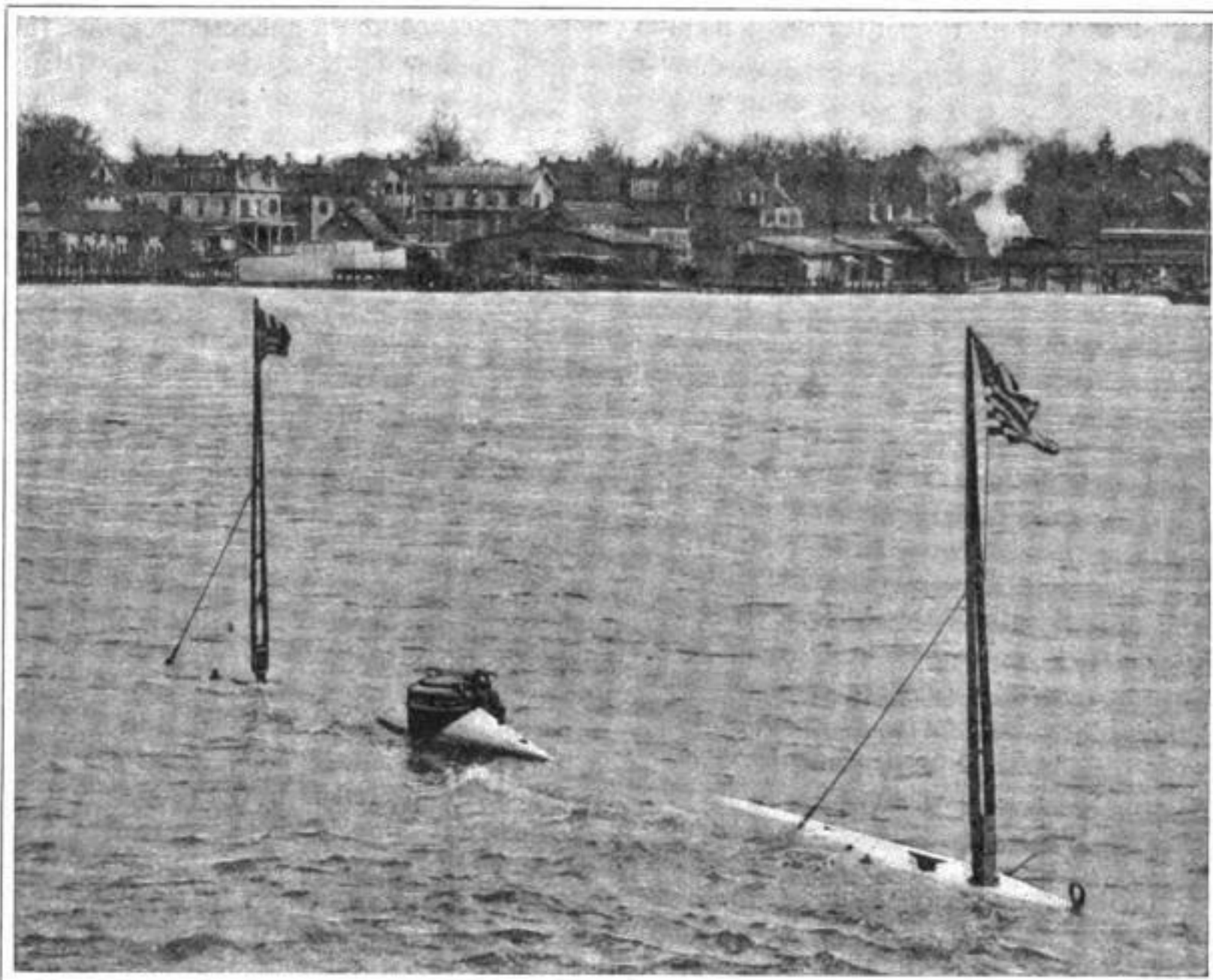
The student at the Pan-American who views these great expositions as stepping-stones of the world's progress, will speculate with special interest upon these designs for submarine offensive ships.

Two years ago THE COSMOPOLITAN published an imaginary sketch of the French government, helpless to compete with England in battle-ships, undertaking the construction of a powerful fleet of submarine boats. In a war unexpectedly declared by the French, their battle-ships were put forward to attack the English Channel Squadron, while in fact they were intended simply to cover the advance of a submarine flo-

tilla numbering several hundred boats upon which the French placed their reliance. Before the two fleets of battle-ships could come to close quarters, the hidden submarine fleet had silently passed beyond the covering vessels, and after rising for a second to the surface, proceeded to the work of attack. But a few moments was then required to torpedo and sink the entire English Channel Squadron.

At that time the condition of submarine architecture did not justify the prediction of a boat having the capacity for extended sea-travel; but the new type of vessel was even then so well demonstrated as to leave no room for doubt in the unprejudiced mind regarding the feasibility of constructing these boats in effective numbers and at figures insignificant compared with the cost of battle-ships. Even at that time it was believed that the invention of the submarine boat had rendered the most costly battle-ship as vulnerable as the old-fashioned wooden man-of-war wherever the concealed vessel could come within reaching distance.

The policy of investing hundreds of millions in battle-ships incapable of great speed, vulnerable at so many points, has been an incomprehensible one to the lay mind taking cognizance of the problems involved. It was understandable only from the belief that the wealthiest and most powerful manufacturing interests of the country were forcing the hand of the Navy Department. It also seemed natural that many officers of the navy stood committed by tradition to the large ship, and were unable to contemplate without violent prejudice the substitution of the dark, cramped, in every way inconvenient and at every moment dangerous surroundings of the submarine boat for their handsome and commodious present quarters. Taking the psychological aspect of this matter more comprehensively in view—the long months of unavailing effort during the Spanish war to secure a proper investigation of the merits of the Holland boat—how at a critical period when



By courtesy of the Scientific American.

THE "HOLLAND" AT HIGH SPEED WITH CONNING-TOWER ABOVE SURFACE FOR OBSERVATION.

even one such boat might have rendered almost as great service as the "Monitor" at the beginning of the Civil War, boards of officers appointed to report on the "Holland" seemed to put every obstacle in the way of a favorable consideration and during a period of nearly a year refused to make a single personal test under water—how finally the test was made after the most violent and continued criticism on the part of the members; and how, even up to the present day, no hearty or generous acknowledgment of the scientific merits of this submarine invention has ever been made on the part of any naval board.

Meantime France, in which no great armor, shipbuilding or gun-factory interests exercise influence over the government, has considered the question on its merits and has brought its best scientific minds to bear on submarine construction. The results are as might easily have been guessed. In fact, the practical demonstration goes far beyond the prophecies of even the most sanguine. They are best told by quoting the following

cablegram to the New York "World" of July 20th:—

"BATTLE-SHIPS TO GO ; SUBMARINES RULE.

"REMARKABLE FEAT OF THE 'GUSTAVE ZEDE' UPSETS CALCULATIONS FOR THE FRENCH NAVY. SAILS FROM TOULON, ELUDES FLEET AT AJACCIO, TORPEDOES BATTLE-SHIP AND ESCAPES WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

"PARIS, July 20.—After seeing the submarine boat 'Gustave Zede' sail one hundred and seventy-five miles from Toulon to the harbor of Ajaccio, Corsica, elude the vigilance of the French fleet, torpedo the great battle-ship 'Charles Martel' and cross the Mediterranean to Marseilles (two hundred and twenty-five miles), all this time unobserved, the French Minister of Marine, M. de Lannesan, has decided to delay the building of several monster war-ships already voted by the National Congress.

"All the naval experts here are profoundly impressed by the recent progress in submarine vessels and navigating. They declare that the huge ships are doomed.

"M. de Lannesan intends to present to the Senate and Chamber as soon as the Con-

gress meets a bill to modify the naval expenditures, providing for constructing, in place of large war-ships contemplated, forty submarine craft of the 'Gustave Zede' type (one hundred and fifty-nine feet long), but larger, and eighty purely defensive submarine boats of the Goubet type (No. 1 is sixteen and one-half feet long, No. 2 is twenty-six and one-quarter feet), which cannot operate beyond fifteen miles but are so transportable that eight can be loaded aboard an ordinary cruiser."

But a more inconceivable folly than that of building battle-ships in the face of such results as that attained by the "Gustave Zede" has never been recorded in history.

Officers trained in the use of certain arms and means of defense have for centuries been slow to acknowledge the superiority of more scientific methods. Men fought with bows and swords long after the invention of gunpowder. But in those days there was no public press to make known the advantages of new inventions, and no board of scientifically trained officers to whom were assigned the duties of impartial study.

The navy of to-day owes it to its training at Annapolis to wake up and protest against the direction of its schools of construction by interests that to the general public seem very largely mercantile and selfish. The naval board declining to recognize the merits of the "Gustave Zede" will be the laughing-stock of future generations, going down into history as either inconceivably stupid or instigated by motives of politics.

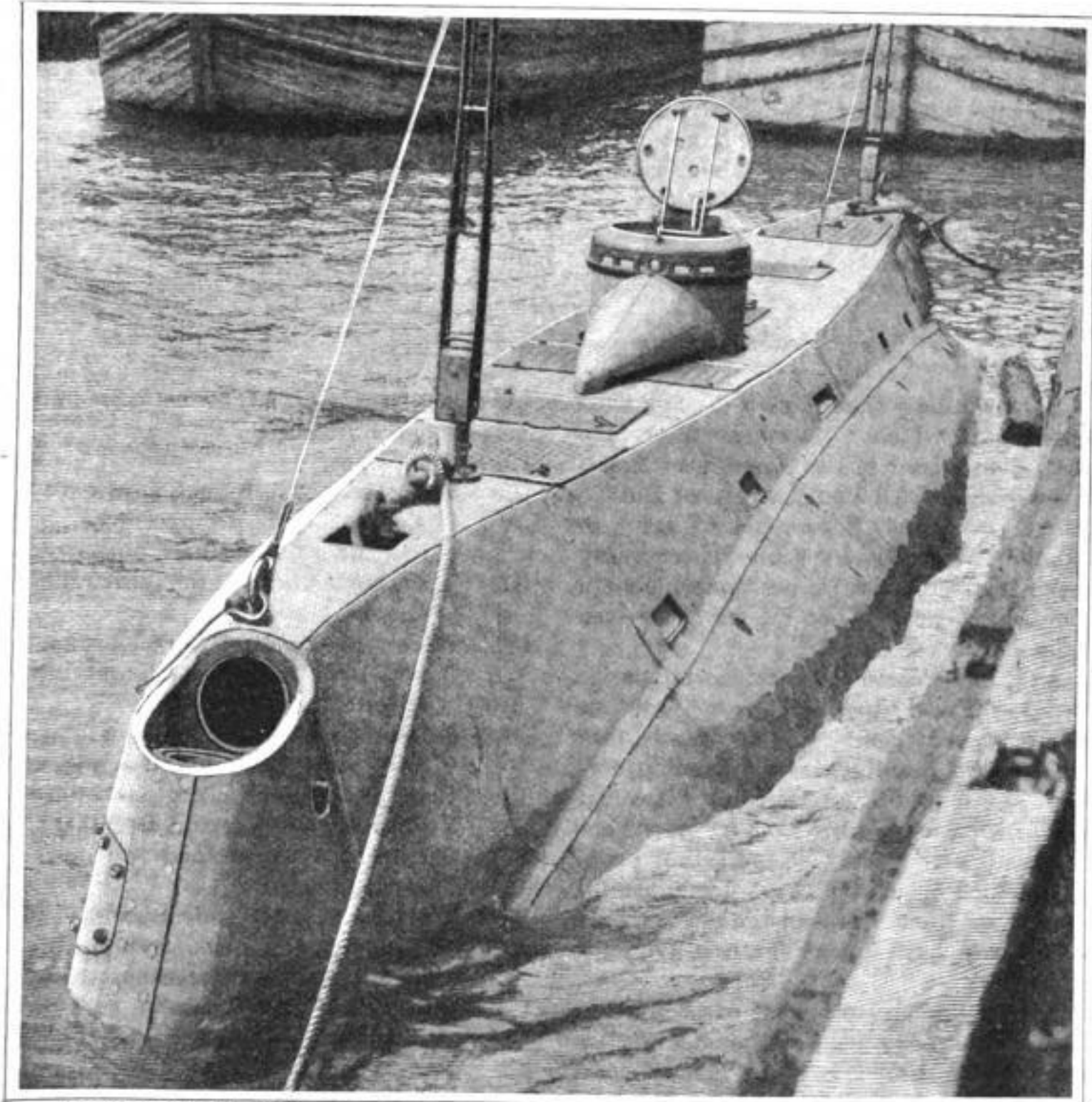
This is the point to be kept clearly in mind: that the five million dollars expended in a single battle-ship would mean one hundred submarine boats—a flotilla powerful enough to destroy our entire navy as it to-day exists.

As one rides over the smooth asphalted streets of Buffalo to the Exposition in a rapidly moving automobile, it seems inconceivable that in all the vast collection of the world's resources gathered at Chicago in 1893, there was not even a single horseless carriage, as the term is understood to-day. Not only that, but the subject of automobiles had not then come to be seriously discussed. Eight years have passed, and, lo, the horse-drawn vehicle has already

come to seem like an anachronism, and the streets of New York and London and Paris are filled with a new form of vehicle. French automobiles have made a run across France and Germany at a rate that rivals the fastest railway-trains. Express-matter is moved in self-propelling wagons at a rate that is only one-third or one-quarter the cost of moving by horses, and small, serviceable wagonettes, carrying but ten passengers, claim that they can not only move their living freight without delay or stop directly to the destination, but at a cost lower even, owing to the absence of vast outlay for plant, rails, et cetera, than that of the electric streetcars. The exhibits of automobiles, extensive as they are, give but an imperfect conception of the strides which this new industry is making.

The phenomena of wireless telegraphy, telephoning under the sea and the X-ray are all in the line of what might have been reasonably expected from the progress made in electrical development up to 1893. The high-pressure twenty-mile gun, which puts the greatest cities under tribute from vessels that are practically below the horizon, is also in the line of that evolution of the gun which Jules Verne predicted more than a quarter of a century ago. The small-bore rifle, firing its shot with high initial velocity, is in the nature of an unexpected development. For many years the evolution of the army rifle seemed to be in the direction of large bore and heavy metal. The efficiency of the small caliber had been suspected by a few military, scientific minds prior to the Boer war. But it remained for the South African republicans, sparsely gathered behind rocks or concealed in sand-pits on the hillsides, to demonstrate the marvelous efficiency of this new art. So scattered as to leave no target for artillery and very little for even rifle fire, these Boers in their sand-pits, long practised in marksmanship, were able to pick off the English troops at such great distances as to render their artillery almost ineffective and to lead to almost certain death the venturesome brigade which sought to charge over the exposed territory.

The first result is observable in the English service. The saber is relegated to the place of a parade ornament, the lance has been pronounced useless and even the



By courtesy of the Scientific American.

THE "HOLLAND," SHOWING MOUTH OF TORPEDO-GUN, DECK AND CONNING-TOWER.

utility of the bayonet is brought in question. A much more serious military question remains to be answered. Naturally officers educated in the military schools are shy of discussion which would question the usefulness of field-artillery. But of what use is field-artillery, which can only waste large and expensively carried ammunition over the field where a man occupies but six square feet of ground out of two hundred, the chances being that the shot fired will find lodgment in one of the one hundred and ninety-four square feet of unoccupied ground rather than in the particular square feet upon which crouches the Boer rifleman? And when movement becomes rapid and pursuit must be urged, these guns

may be truly regarded as impedimenta—though to call light artillery "impedimenta" is a military heresy of the worst description.

The question also comes up in connection with the small-bore rifle as to whether the most powerful military nation of the future will not be one which has put in the hands of every citizen a gun with ammunition enough so that he may learn to shoot fairly straight. It is very curious how invention is bringing about a leveling of classes. If, indeed, the citizen with a rifle and a half-dozen strings of ammunition, leaving his workshop without previous military instruction, as did the Boer, can become the most virile of soldiers, then the republic of

the future will be safe from violence because military superiority will rest with the citizen.

The baby incubator is one of the marvels of science, but as it has elsewhere been discussed by a most competent authority, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, than whom no one can talk more entertainingly of babies and incidentally of incubators, nothing more need be said here regarding it.

Acetylene gas is No. 9 on the list, and is of sufficient importance to be separately discussed by Lieutenant-Colonel Heap, of the United States Engineer Corps, who, as chief of the lighthouse service in the most important harbors of the country, has had occasion to study the subject thoroughly and can speak with such authority as the public will be glad to accept.

THE EXPOSITION OF 1911.

In concluding this number of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, which is intended to form a permanent record of the magnificent Exposition given by All The Americas at Buffalo in the year 1901, it may not be amiss to indulge in some brief speculation regarding the great international exposition which will probably be held in Berlin in 1911—ten years later.

A million scientifically trained minds are to-day engaged upon the great problems which concern mankind. It follows that the world's intelligence is bounding forward in geometrical progression. It would not be surprising, with so many minds engaged upon the work, if the actual progress toward ideal conditions for humanity were to be greater within the next decade than it has been during the past five hundred years.

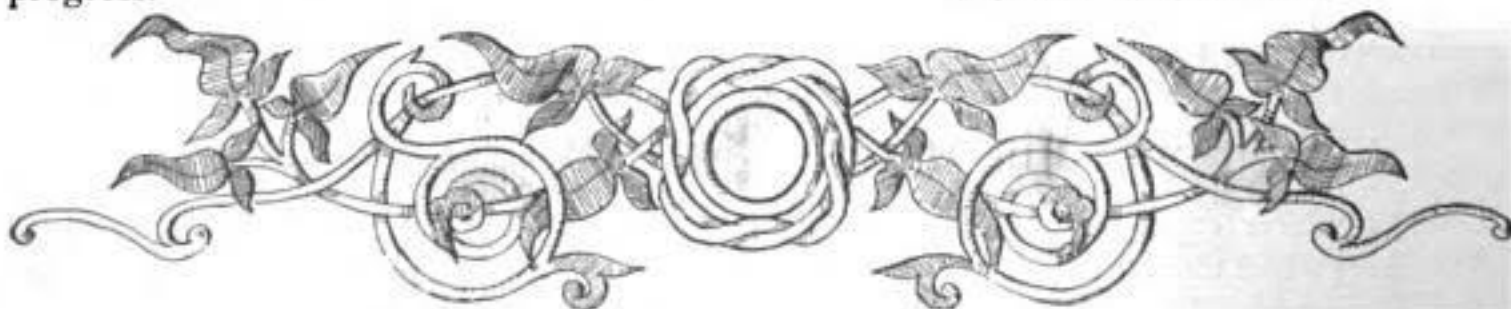
The preliminary problems of production have been pretty well mastered. Unless the world is thrown back by bloody wars, it is to be doubted whether the most sanguine mind of to-day can estimate all that will come to pass during the next ten brief years.

We may only guess vaguely some of the lines along which advance will be made.

Hitherto progress has been largely scientific, mechanical and industrial. The next important steps will probably be in the direction of governmental and social progress.

A crude prophecy might be tabulated somewhat in this form:

- I. Aëroplanes.
- II. The universal introduction of automobiles, with disappearance of the horse for business purposes.
- III. Scientific methods of thought-transference.
- IV. Education established upon a scientific basis instead of the present relics of other centuries.
- V. Substitution of economic methods of heating cities by oil and gas.
- VI. Reconstruction of cities upon lines of highest beauty and usefulness.
- VII. Battle-ships superseded by submarine boats.
- VIII. The extension of residence over vast suburban areas made practicable by new methods of transportation.
- IX. Steamships one thousand feet in length.
- X. International federation so extended as to make war unlikely.
- XI. A general scheme of production upon a fully organized scientific basis.
- XII. A scientific system of distribution well advanced toward practical demonstration.
- XIII. A high recognition of the rights of man.
- XIV. The unfolding of a new civic spirit among men which will have for its highest ambition the betterment of fellow-men.





Drawn by George Wright.

**"DRAWN FORTH BY THE RARE SOUND OF HORSES' FEET, . . . TWO BROTHERS CAME
OUT FROM THE CHURCH."**

See "Forfeit to the Gods."

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

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"MY BUNKIE."

A PAINTER OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE

I REMEMBER very well the circumstances under which "My Bunkie" burst upon the art world and made a struggling artist famous overnight—nor do I remember a case in which fame, so suddenly acquired, was better deserved or has been better sustained. It was at the private view of the National Academy of Design exhibition, held at the American Fine Arts Building in New York winter before last.

The Academy is a somewhat conservative body—to painting, in this country, what the New York Philharmonic Society is to music. One looks to its exhibitions more for evenly sustained merit, the conservation of the well-established canons of art, than for the novel or the protesting. The latter fall more within the province of

the Society of American Artists or the "Ten." Therefore, as I strolled through the galleries, glancing, not very interestedly, it must be confessed, at the products of safe mediocrity, with here and there a painting which disclosed a sufficient mastery of accepted form to lift the work above the ordinary, I was surprised to see a comparatively small canvas wholly different from the rest of the exhibition. On the line? Yes, actually on the line! An Academic hanging committee—and Academic hanging committees usually are considered just about fit to hang themselves—had recognized the merits of this spirited canvas and hung it where diplomatic motives might have prompted the placing of some influential N. A. What is more,

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"A HOT TRAIL."

they had given it the position of honor in all the galleries instead of relegating it to the "Chamber of Horrors," and, as I stepped up to it for a closer inspection, surprise was swelled to astonishment when I read the announcement, in gilt letters on a small tablet, that it had been awarded the artistic coup of the year in New York—the Thomas B. Clarke prize. A quick turning of the leaves of my catalogue. Ah! "My Bunkie"—Charles Schreyvogel." Who was Schreyvogel? Schrey-

vogel? I had attended many exhibitions in New York, but the name was wholly unfamiliar. Yet "My Bunkie" could not be the work of a novice. And how thoroughly American it was, and how fine of the Jury of Award that its members should have chosen just that picture for the highest prize they had to bestow! It was such a holding out of the hand of fellowship to a newcomer who had absolutely nothing to commend him save the strength and spirit of his work—points which in



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"HOW KOLA"

past years had seemed none too highly esteemed by Academicians—as the National Academy of Design has rarely known. “My Bunkie” American? There were the Western plain, Uncle Sam’s troopers, and their ancient enemies, the redskins. A handful of cavalymen were having a running fight with Indians. One of the troopers, dismounted by a bullet, had been caught up by his “bunkie” and was being drawn up on the latter’s mount. Everything was on the gallop. The free, nervous action of the horses was superbly reproduced. The strain on the soldier who was dragging up his wounded comrade, all the more of a drag because of his wound, was clearly shown. The poses of the others were admirable. But the great points of the picture were its immense nerve and its “atmosphere.”

At a glance it could be told, even by a person who had never been on the plains, that “My Bunkie” was true to life. This new interpreter of life on the American plains had a style of his own. But who was he? People admired the picture and then asked themselves the same question I had asked myself, “Who is Schreyvogel?”

Just then I saw the secretary of the National Academy, Harry Watrous. Of course he would know all about him. “You are about the hundredth person who has asked me,” he said. “But I can’t answer your question. I never have heard of the artist, we even have not his address to send him word that he has won the Clarke prize.

Unless he strolls in here to see how ‘My Bunkie’ looks, he won’t know about the matter until he reads it in the newspapers. We have no means of communicating with him. I have asked every artist whom I have met here to-day for information concerning him, but they know as little as I do. All that we are sure of is that the man’s name is Charles Schreyvogel and that he has painted a great picture.” As a matter of fact, he did

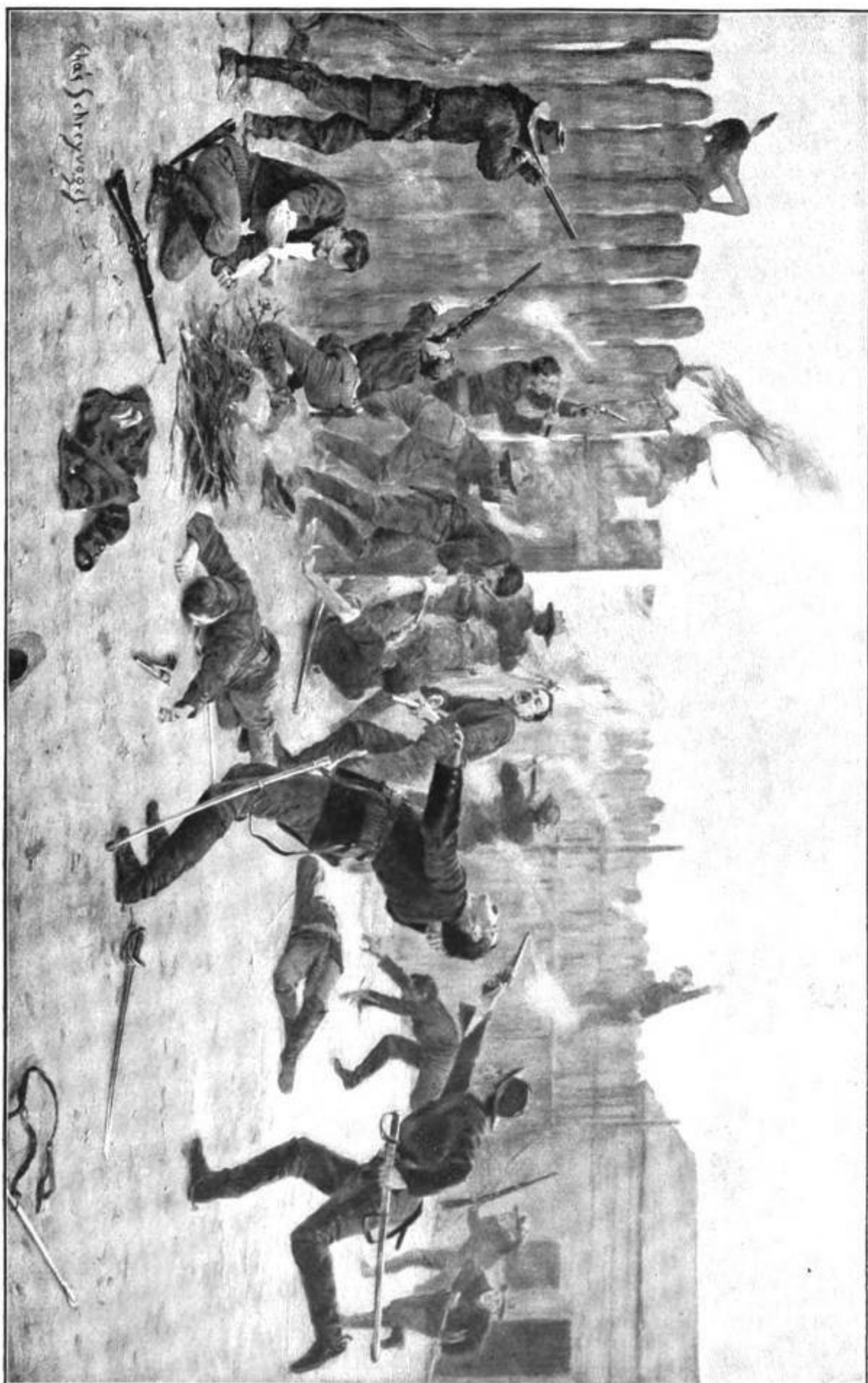


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“THE SCALP-LOCK.”

not see his picture at the exhibition until he read in the newspapers next morning, under such headlines as “Unknown Artist Leaps Into Fame,” of “My Bunkie’s” success.

Yet “My Bunkie” came very near not being sent to the Academy at all. Its history, before it made its painter famous, really is pathetic and is an index to the struggles Schreyvogel has passed through



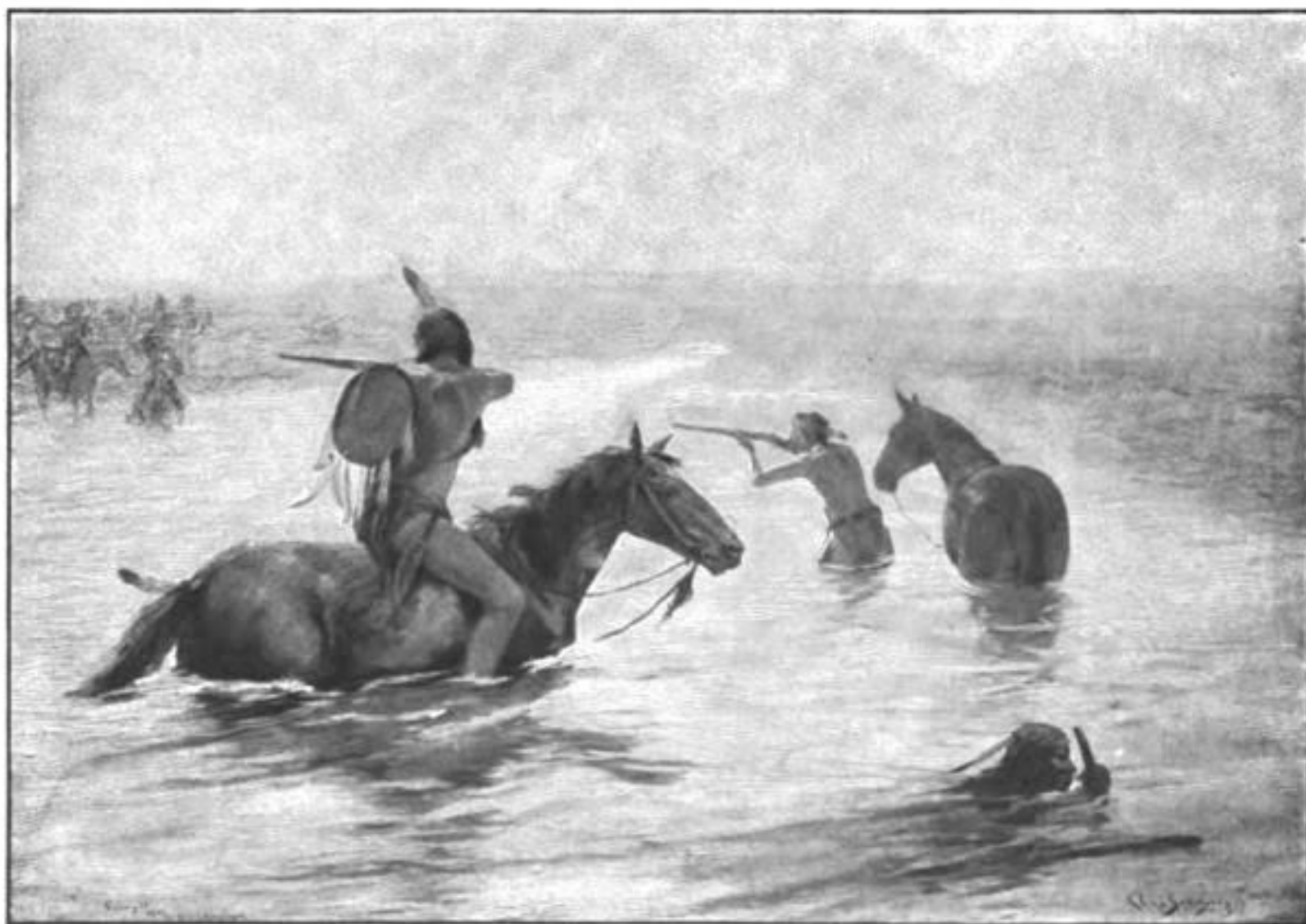
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"DEFENDING THE STOCKADE."

in his career. After he had painted it he tried to dispose of it among the lithographers, and one firm offered to buy it for a small sum for a calendar. The artist was glad enough to let it go at that, but the lithographer declined it after all because it would not reduce to the right size. It was a great disappointment to the artist, for the sum offered, though small, would have been welcome. But what a fortunate misfortune it turned out to be after all, though not immediately! Mr. Schreyvogel, finding it still on his hands, obtained permission to hang it in a restaurant on the East Side of New York city. He hoped it would be seen there and find a possible purchaser. Then some of his friends, who heard of the approaching Academy, urged him to send it there. He hardly thought it worth while, but finding that it was hanging in a dark corner of the restaurant where it could hardly be seen, he allowed himself to be persuaded to send it to the exhibition. He did so, hardly expecting even to have it accepted, and, behold, it turned out to be the picture of the year. Fortunately, his success has come to him before it was too late. He is forty years old, so that, happily, he still has his career

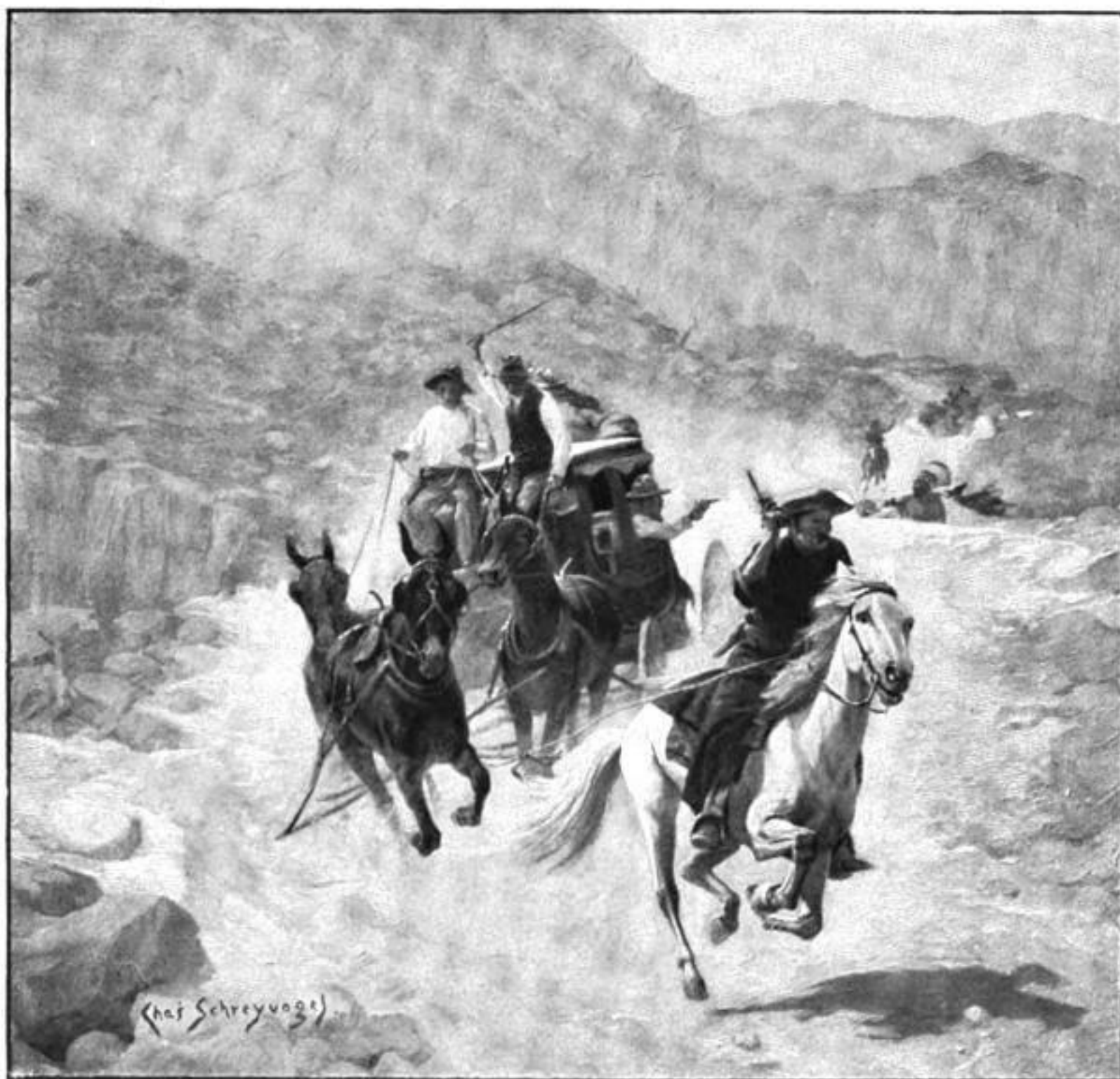
before him, and doubtless he will utilize every opportunity to advance in his art. For, although he had a hard row to hoe before he made his "hit" and is a graduate neither of the art school nor of the studio, his life having been a strenuous fight for bread and butter, neither his struggle nor his suddenly obtained success has in the least spoiled him. If there is one personal characteristic about him more charming than any other, it is his modesty.

This man who paints the West—Uncle Sam's troopers sweeping the plains, the mail-coach dashing through the mountain defiles, the Indian grimly standing his guard or on "A Hot Trail"—was born on the East Side of New York in January, 1861. Until eight years ago, when he was thirty-two years old, he never even had a glimpse of the life he longed above all else to depict. Sitting in his studio in Hoboken one day, not long after "My Bunkie's" success, he told me that as a lad his impulse was not only to draw and paint, but to draw and paint Indians, cowboys and soldiers. "I used to dream of shooting Indians and painting them," were his words. "But," he continued, "my parents were averse to my becoming an



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"STANDING THEM OFF."



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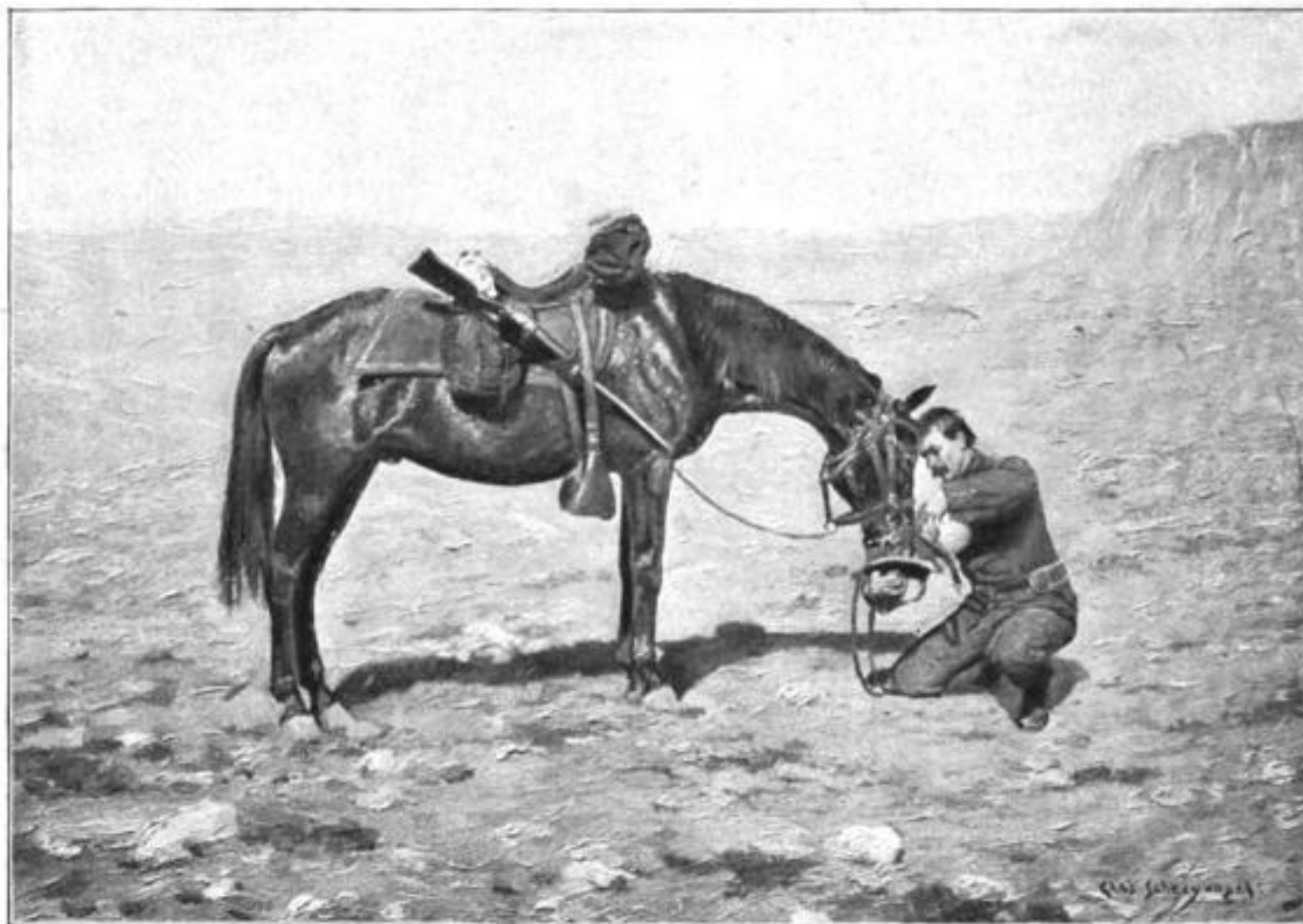
"THE STAGE-COACH."

artist. They thought all artists were bound to starve—and they were not far wrong." This little comment, "They were not far wrong," was the only touch of pessimism in his modest talk about himself.

But, while his parents had such a poor idea of art as a profession, they did not wholly ignore his temperament and so they compromised between his ambition to be an artist and their own practical ideas of life, and let him go to work with a die-sinker. (Was it not St. Gaudens who started the same way?) With the die-sinker he remained until he secured a job with a lithographer, which was more in the line of what he wanted to do, besides stimulating his sense of color. He was greatly encouraged by an older fellow-workman in the establishment. This man was August Schwabe, who some three years ago exhibited at the National Academy a fine

cowboy's head. He and another friend, Doctor Fischer, enabled young Schreyvogel to go to Germany, where he studied three years under Marr and Kirschbach. This was in 1887. In 1890 he came back, and in 1893 went, for the first time, to the land he had been dreaming of—the West.

He spent most of the summer at Ignazio, the Ute reservation in Colorado, but also made a brief visit to Arizona. He brought back with him many sketches and casts—for Mr. Schreyvogel is an excellent modeler and makes casts of horses, soldiers and Indians from life, using these as well as his life-sketches in completing his paintings. The result of this Western visit was a series of pictures which, since the success of "My Bunkie," have become famous. There is immense spirit in all of them, for they reflect with admirable fidelity the strenuousness of Western life.



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"THE LAST DROP."

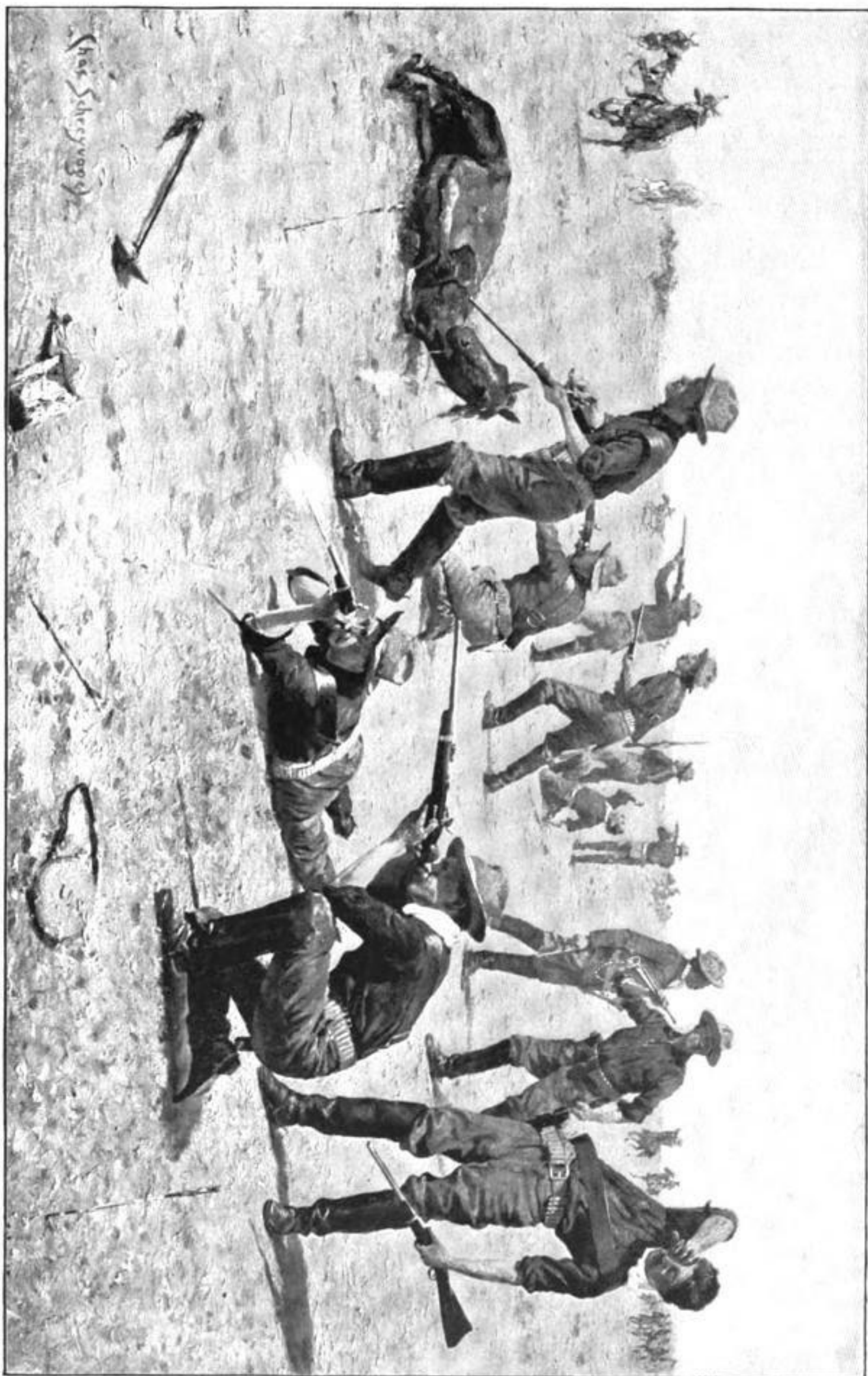
At times the painter of "My Bunkie" has found it difficult to obtain Indian models. Among the Utes a superstition prevails that in painting a picture of them the artist at the same time obtains posses-

sion of their souls. The artist got around this superstition by presenting them with prints of his sketches, which allayed their fear, for they regarded them as equivalent to the return of their souls.



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"A FRIEND IN NEED."

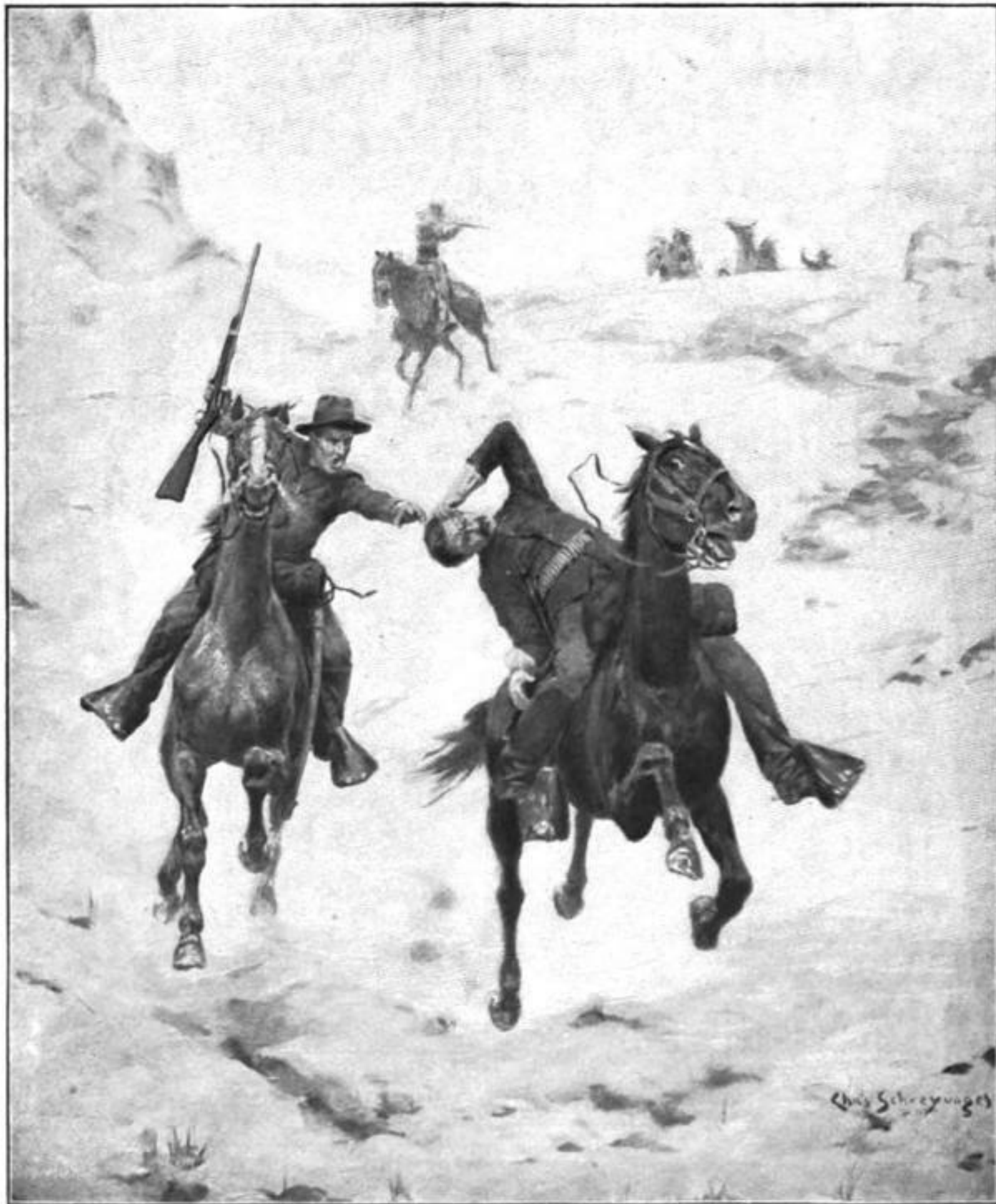


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"THE SKIRMISH LINE."

One of the most unique features in Mr. Schreyvogel's method of working is that he does all his painting in the open air—on the roof of his studio in Hoboken, with the Palisades for a background. Their ruggedness, he says, is not unlike that of

Two winters ago, one of his models nearly froze to death. He was a soldier in the regular army and was supposed to be wounded. Accustomed to obey orders, he lay in the same position so long that Mr. Schreyvogel was obliged to drag him below



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"THE DISPATCH-BEARERS."

the Western mountains, and he finds that he can utilize portions of them in his canvases. He says that the walls of his studio would hamper him, so, no matter how bitterly cold the weather may be, he takes his easel up on his roof.

and rub him down with alcohol a long while before he recovered sufficiently to leave.

"How-Kola," the Indian cry of surrender, is the title of one of the artist's latest pictures. The trooper, dashing for-



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"AN UNEXPECTED ENEMY."

ward and only just in time refraining from killing the prostrate foe who cries "How-kola!" is full of superb swing and onrush.

The picture was painted from an incident related to the artist by the trooper who participated in it. The words mean, "Stop, friend!" The trooper who told the story was found almost frozen to death in a blizzard by an Indian and brought to the reservation in time to save his life. A few years later, there was an Indian fight.

The troopers routed the Indians and as they were winding up, an Indian fell. The soldiers were pellmell upon him. As the leading trooper was about to shoot, the Indian, recognizing him, shouted, "How-kola!" and was saved by the man he himself had rescued.

"My Bunkie" also was painted from an actual occurrence. Since it received the Clarke prize, the artist has had medals awarded him at Paris and Buffalo. What a happy contrast to the old days!



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MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

BEAUTY ON THE LONDON STAGE.

BY GEORGE H. CASAMAJOR.

BEAUTY, and its why and wherefore, are problems for the subtle psychologist, over which, it must be admitted, he has not been entirely successful. "An indescribable something" is not, at the best, a very satisfactory or convincing definition, but one for which we can find a claimant in every camp. The common mortal is content to revel in and pay homage to beauty and not bother his head as to why he does so. Indeed, he has not always been constant in his devotion to its human form. To the Greek mind the indescribable something was inherent in the male figure, doubtless because the man represented training and vitality; in the modern and Christianized world, through the proper apotheosis of womanhood and by a process which is most interesting but too long to be recounted here, it is sought for in the female face.

Whatever this facial beauty may be, it must be nourished by mental activity. It may exist to a great degree in the face of a peasant girl of sixteen, but a disastrous result of ten years' aging is inevitable. The woman has long since taken up the burden of a sordid physical existence, one in which there is an entire absence of mental culture

and occupation, and the once lovely face is now dull, vacant and old.

On the other hand, beauty is best preserved on the stage, for of all their sex, its women lead lives of the greatest mental and physical activity. We shall cease to marvel at Madame Bernhardt's physical

preservation if we but stop to consider what her mental life has been. An actress is never a day older than she looks. She has not to conform to the conventional measurement of time when, in her life and work, she may daily quaff of the only true fountain of youth.

The stage will at times be weak or deficient in some important element—the temper of the people and the times have much to do with this—but it never lacks beauty.

The modern world has no

taste for tragedy, and therefore we do not now find a great number of tragic actors producing the works of living tragic writers. It may be pertinent to inquire where are the Mrs. Siddons, the Edmund Keans or the Edwin Booths of to-day; but it is scarcely necessary to ask where the stage beauties are, for in every age since their sex has graced the drama—even when, in the struggle for respect and recognition, they



MISS HILDA MOODY.



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

were treated as social outcasts—some of the most charming and beautiful women of their time have been associated with the theater.

In England more than any other country is the profession of acting a hereditary one. That land may some day possess a dramatic peerage as well as an aristocratic one. The names of Kean, Irving, Sothorn and Boucicault have endured for more than one generation, and some of these will doubtless be further perpetuated. A third generation of Terrys is now treading the boards.

But no one on the living London stage can claim a more distinguished dramatic lineage than Miss Winifred Emery, for her great-grandparents were well-known actors of the last century, her grandfather was the greatest character actor of his day, and her father is still affectionately remembered for his matchless interpretation of characters from Dickens' works. Miss

Emery is a veritable child of the stage, for she appeared as far back as 1875 in pantomime at the Princess' Theater in Oxford Street. She returned to the boards of the Princess' in after-years as an important member of Wilson Barrett's company, having meantime gained experience and technique on several London stages. American playgoers will remember her as a member of Henry Irving's company in the tours of 1883 and 1887. Even as long ago as that, Miss Emery's great emotional charm was recognized, and she could be counted on to invest her rôles with rare touches of delicacy and refinement.

Her parts range from Babbie in "The Little Minister" to that curious product of the Parisian world, "Frou-Frou."

It would scarcely be fair to compare her with Aimée Desclée, who, in a proper environment, has left a pattern of Gilberte for all time, but Miss Emery's interpretation won the approval of the most exacting critics, who were equally satisfied with her



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

work in "Lady Windermere's Fan" and in "Clarissa Harlowe," and assigned her a leading place among the comédiennes of the day.

Of late years Miss Emery has been associated with the Royal Theater, Haymarket, of which her husband, Cyril Maude, is co-manager with Frederic Harrison, and to which she will shortly return after a long and severe illness. In the hands of these young men this theater has had phenomenal luck for a city of hazardous dramatic enterprise, but no greater stroke of good fortune has come to them than that it fell to their lot to produce Mr. Barrie's comedy with Mrs. Maude as Babbie.

There is a belief in the London theater world that no season will pass without a new star appearing on the horizon of stageland.

In this article of faith there is held out to each struggler the hope that his or her turn will come next. Martin Harvey with "The Only Way" is a case in point, and the history of the stage records no such sudden rise to fame and the accompanying fortune as that of Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Sophie Fullgarney in "The Gay Lord Quex." Scarcely less than Irving's return to the boards, was this the dramatic event of 1899. The present season has wit-

nessed no such brilliant achievement, but it has lifted three young women quite out of the ranks and into the set to which we must look for the future queens of the stage, among whom they will reign for their charm and beauty as well as for their talent. I refer to Miss Lily Brayton, at Her Majesty's, Miss Eya Moore at the St. James' and Miss Grace Lane with the Kendals in "The Secret Orchard."

Miss Brayton did not bring to Mr. Tree's unequalled production of "Twelfth Night" any lack of acquaintance with Shakespearean heroines. Her passion for the poet was an early one, and she had committed to memory his leading female rôles while yet in her teens. When she went on the stage it was under Mr. Benson's management, and no living Eng-



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT.

lishman has a greater enthusiasm for the bard of Stratford. Four years of his tutelage prepared the way for the present triumph. Miss Brayton has given us the most charming Viola seen in many a day, and one that has been unquestionably a labor of great love. She is masculine with the Countess and feminine with the Duke, an interpretation that is less of a psychological enigma than that of many a more celebrated artist. In complexion Miss Brayton



MISS HILDA HANBURY.

is dark, of a coloring that is rare in England.

The St. James' Theater has always held a place apart in the dramatic life of the metropolis. From its position, it is largely patronized by the wealth and fashion of the West End, an element that cannot be said to sympathize largely with the development of British drama along strictly British lines. Thirty years ago, when the temper of the public was decidedly against foreign interference in dramatic affairs, a French company could find no room or welcome in London except at the King Street playhouse. Under Mr. Alexander's management, the St. James' has become distinctly a theater of manners, not so much of England as of the world. Here a truly cosmopolitan element pervades, here one hears the purest English spoken—and to the cultivated American it may be parenthetically remarked, no strange intonations fall upon the ear. In such an atmosphere one does not look for exuberant popular enthusiasm and success, but Mr. Alexander has had of late even worse luck than usual in holding interest in his plays. Wise people might have told him that he needed

a mascot, and whether he sought one or not he found it in Miss Eva Moore, whose brilliant acting in the play by her husband, Mr. H. V. Esmond, "The Wilderness," has largely helped to make it a conspicuous success.

"The Wilderness" barely escapes being a problem play, and Miss Moore has a difficult but wholly possible phase of human experience to portray. The story is of a young girl marrying for money and afterward falling in love with her husband, when the enormity of her action comes cruelly home to her. The transformation of Mabel Vaughan is worked out with great intensity. There is an immense amount of vitality and nervous force in the girlish figure, which enable Miss Moore, even in the midst of hard work, to enter heartily into the pleasures of life. She is very fond of driving, is an experienced wheelwoman, but if any one should ask where her greatest interests are she would reply, "In my home and in my work." And the home she presides over, in reality ruled by a young son, is truly worthy of her interest. It is a delightful house in old Chelsea and possesses that rarest attribute of London residences, a comfortable



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

lawn. It was once the home of a famous actress, Madame Vestris.

The readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* are familiar by this time with the dramatic possibilities of the character of Gioja—known in the play as Joy—in Egerton Castle's "Secret Orchard." The critics have not been altogether kind to those concerned in the stage production, but a universal exception has been made in favor of Miss Grace Lane. It is agreed that she alone of the cast interprets the author's conception rightly, and that when she shall have acquired more experience she will attain a place in the front rank of her profession. She has indeed a charming personality, and an emotional manner that has surprised every one.

It would not be fair, while speaking of reputations made in the present season, to omit recording that Miss Nina Boucicault has made a sure place for herself in the group of Eng-

lish comédiennes. The daughter of the greatest dramatic genius of his day—a man who at the age of sixteen wrote "London Assurance" and who, to the end of a ripe old age, stood unrivaled in his particular line of acting—it is not remarkable that Miss Boucicault should have thus established herself. She has found her proper milieu in "Lion Hunters," a faithful translation of Pailleron's famous comedy, "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie," in



MISS MABEL LOVE.



MISS MARGARET FRASER.

which her undoubtedly pretty face and slender figure have been an unusually appropriate fitting for the part of the sixteen-year-old Suzanne de Villiers, the youngest heroine of the modern drama. Miss Boucicault is the cleverest ingénue now on the English stage, but unfortunately her physical resources are slender, a serious limitation to success on the stage.

While the London playgoer has constantly new

favorites to worship, he has the departure of old friends to deplore. At the Gaiety, Miss Rosie Boote has renounced a peerage of that bewitching stage for a peerage of the realm. There are times when second-sight is desirable, and what the young Marchioness of Headfort would probably like to know most at the present moment is whether at the coming coronation she will take her place among the marchionesses of the Three Kingdoms. No one has a better right to do so, but she says she will not be there unless she shall be treated as a marchioness by her sisters. This is a problem at which a less tactful woman than Lady Headfort might well shudder. The manner of conquest of her own sex will have to be a very different one from that by which with "Maisie, she's a daisy," in "The Messenger Boy," Miss Boote sang and danced herself into the hearts of the male sex in general and into the heart of a young Irish lord in particular. It will be one in which physical charm is not going to play any part, but those who know Lady Headfort best have little doubt that, like the subject of her favorite song, she will "get right there."

Lord Headfort made a cruel invasion of the Gaiety beauty when, true to his name, he had his way and married Miss Boote, and the ranks of the Gaiety have been further depleted by the temporary absence of Miss Grace Palotta, now win-



MISS JULIA NEILSON

ning praise in Australia. But The Temple of Beauty in the Strand is by no means stripped of all ornament. There is still left the Australian beauty, Miss Maie Saqui, who is reaping the fruits of experience gained since a mere child, and rapidly coming to the front as a leading member of the company. There is Miss Margaret Fraser, and there is the stately and handsome Miss Marie Studholme. And the number is always receiving additions.

The latest comer is Miss Evie Greene. When Louis Varney's poetic but unappreciated opera, "L'Amour Mouillé," was produced at the Lyric early in 1899, the part of the hero was intrusted to Miss Greene, until then a stranger to the London stage. Her spirited acting and singing, her bright face and handsome figure, elicited an unusually hearty welcome from even the conservative critics and she was at once in the public eye. At the production of "Florodora," later in the year, she came naturally in the part of Dolores, and

now at the conclusion of its long run she is going from the Lyric to the Gaiety.

A visit to the other London home of light opera—Daly's—will discover another beauty in Miss Hilda Moody. She has the principal part in "San Toy," and good looks are not her only gift. She is one of five sisters of a Cornish family, four of whom are well known on the concert and operatic stage.



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

To her powers Miss Moody brings an enormous fund of vitality and healthy spirits, which are by no means exhausted on the stage, and in consequence she is an ardent devotee of all sports and pastimes.

We are accustomed nowadays to find in the stage a substitute for the pulpit and the platform, and for this modern development no one is more responsible than Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Nature has fitted her admirably to portray the victims of social experiments, and she has wrung from Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith more than any other living actress has got out of them. Mrs. Campbell's beauty is of a kind such as no photograph can give any idea of. It is only when her face is lighted with fervor and intensity that it can be seen how beautiful she really is, and the impression is heightened by the wonderful movements of a lithe, graceful figure. It is real poetry of motion. Mrs. Campbell's talent has not reached full maturity; her work shows constant improvement. Now it is her voice and again her acting



MISS SARAH BROOKE.

that in each new piece astonishes the public. There was as much charm in the modulation of her tones as in the grace of her movements when, in a recent production of "Pelleas and Melisande," she depicted Maeterlinck's strange, unearthly heroine.

It is entirely probable that the status of Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith will some day be settled for all time, when

MISS GRACE PALOTTA.

these unfortunate creatures of fate will cease to interest and trouble us, and Mr. Pinero has a surer claim to immortality with "Sweet Lavender." The character of Minnie Gilfillian, full of sterling worth and beauty, is built of some of the simplest traits of human nature, and Minnie Gilfillian cannot be dissociated in the British mind from Miss Maud Millett. One look at her sweet, ingenuous face is sufficient to show that problems of passion are no concern of hers. She was the original Eva Webster in "The Private Secretary," and



MISS LILLIAN HANBURY.



MISS GRACE LANE.

MRS. LANGTRY.

MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.

MRS. CAMPBELL.

from the petulant, flirting, tennis-playing English girl she came to be the creator of the more serious and noble-minded heroine of "Sweet Lavender." Miss Millett has not acted since her marriage except in revivals of this play, but there are rumors of her return to the stage, and the playgoers rejoice, for no actress of recent years has so completely won their hearts.

Another welcome return has been that of Miss Ethel Matthews, who, after two years' absence, resumed her work the past winter in the Criterion revival of "Mamma." Miss Matthews is distinctly one of the great ornaments of the London stage. She is undeniably beautiful, is tall and of stately bearing. The gods have been kind to her in every way. Her presence breathes refinement. She was once a budding authoress—an expression often misapplied, but in this case quite apt, for her literary career ended at the age of seventeen, not before she had written acceptably for several children's magazines. Then the stage lured her from the study. She played first with Mr. Hawtrey, with whom she has been the greater part of her professional life. Off the stage, Miss Matthews finds time to gratify her taste for reading. She is also fond of driving and is a first-class whip, but her favorite sport is one rare among

women—shooting, at which she has no little skill.

Of a distinctly French type of beauty is Miss Sarah Brooke. One would scarcely believe her an English girl, but she is all that, though born in India, where her father was stationed. She obtained her training for the stage under the celebrated Sarah Thorne, and has played with the principal actor-managers of London. Miss Brooke is a woman of great culture, and apart from her work she occupies herself preferably with reading and music.

The lack of tragic actresses in England is regarded as ominous for the future of the stage, for the influence of tragic rôles is a stimulus to all forms of dramatic art. The list of English tragediennes is indeed pitifully small, and when Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Marion Terry and Mrs. Kendal have been mentioned, the name of a fourth does not come readily to the pen. Among the comédiennes there are several who may some day become followers of the tragic muse, and Miss Julia Neilson is one of them. She has given evidence of her powers in this direction as Constance in "King John," and as Hypatia in the play from Kingsley's novel. She was trained for the operatic stage after the development of a fine voice caused her to give up the



MISS EVIE GREEN.

MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.

MISS LENA ASHWELL.

MISS LILY BRAYTON.

study of the piano. Finally dramatic talent asserted itself, and she owes much of her rapid advancement to five years of work with Mr. Tree. She was the original Drusilla in "The Dancing Girl," and played the misguided Mrs. Ebbsmith with John Hare in America. Now, with her husband, Fred Terry, she has reached the great ambition of the London player and is an actor-manager.

One of these days Miss Jessie Bateman will find her opportunity and then there will be a new star among the comédiennes. There are few more attractive women on the stage than Miss Bateman, who is of Quaker parentage and has trodden the boards since a mere child. There is one thing that she always sought, and that is experience, having once preferred to undertake a difficult tour in South Africa to playing comfortably in London, because it held out the opportunity to play many and varied parts. Of this she is sure some day to reap the benefit. When she went to America to play in "A Brace of Partridge," many were the offers to remain, but England wanted her back. She is now in America again, with Mr. Hawtrey and his curious and interesting play, "A Message from Mars."

The roll of beauty is growing, but it cannot be closed before mention is made of Miss Lily Hanbury, a cousin of Miss Neil-



MISS MAIE SAQUI.

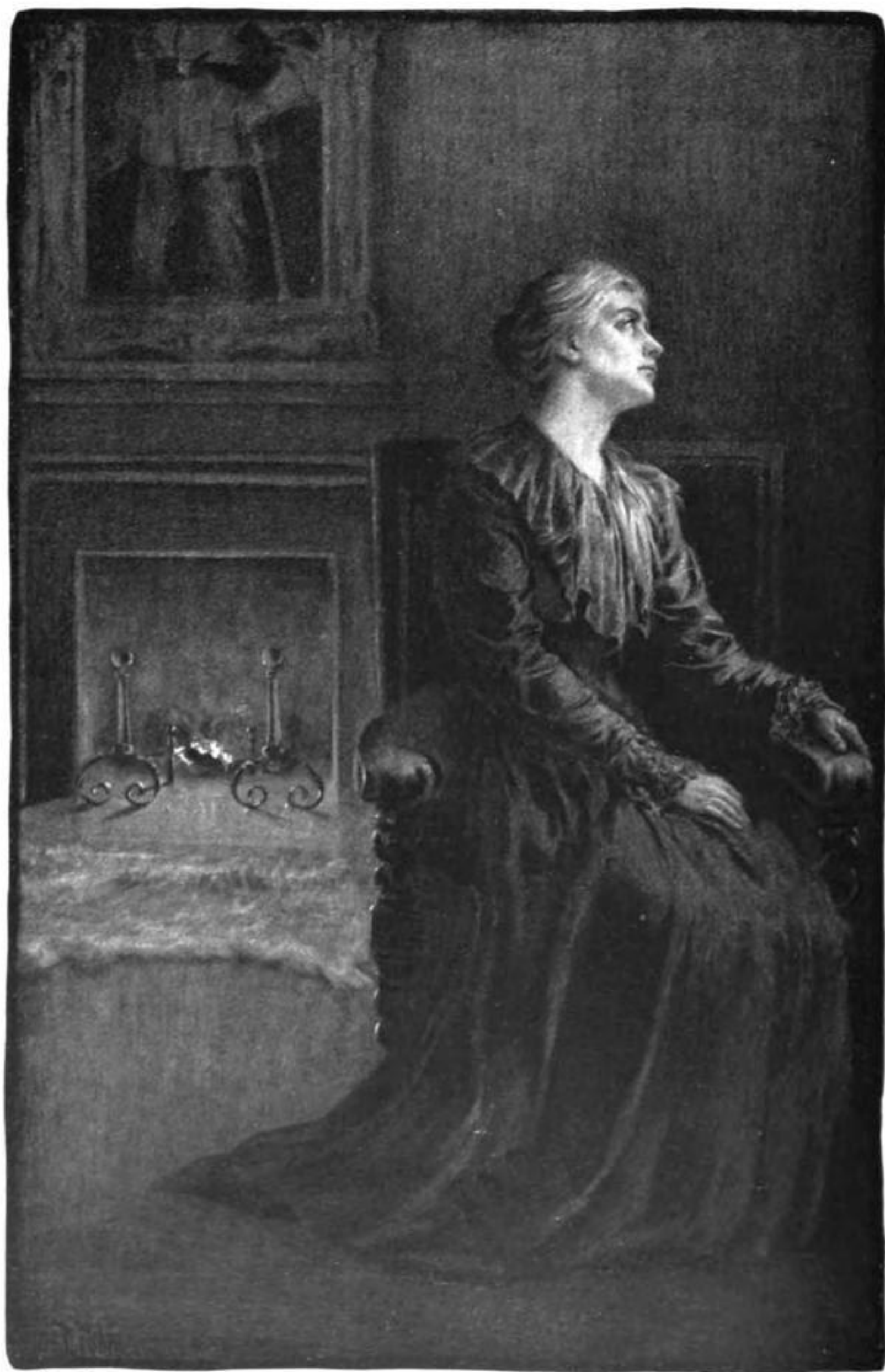
son's, who possesses a dramatic power not below her kinswoman's and has a like degree of beauty and splendid stage presence; of Miss Lena Ashwell, who, Clement Scott says, is to England what Annie Russell is to America, and who was the original Mrs. Dane of "Mrs. Dane's Defense"; of Miss Evelyn Millard, who has power and style as well as good looks, as she proved by her performance as the heroine of "The Adventures of Lady Ursula" and of "Miss Hobbs"; of Miss Marie Tempest, whose piquant beauty has suited perfectly her charming Nell Gwynne and Peg Woffington; of Miss Lettice Fairfax, well known on both sides of the Atlantic; of that truly Eastern beauty, Miss Constance Collier; and of Miss Mabel Love, whose admirers have always been legion at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, or at the music-halls.

Some one has said, "No doubt the profession of being beautiful is in itself an art initiatory to the higher histrionic art." This must have been written of Mrs. Langtry. She was first a professional beauty but sheer pluck has made of her a professional actress, and she now has been twenty years on the stage. She was once asked how she intended to spend her old age.

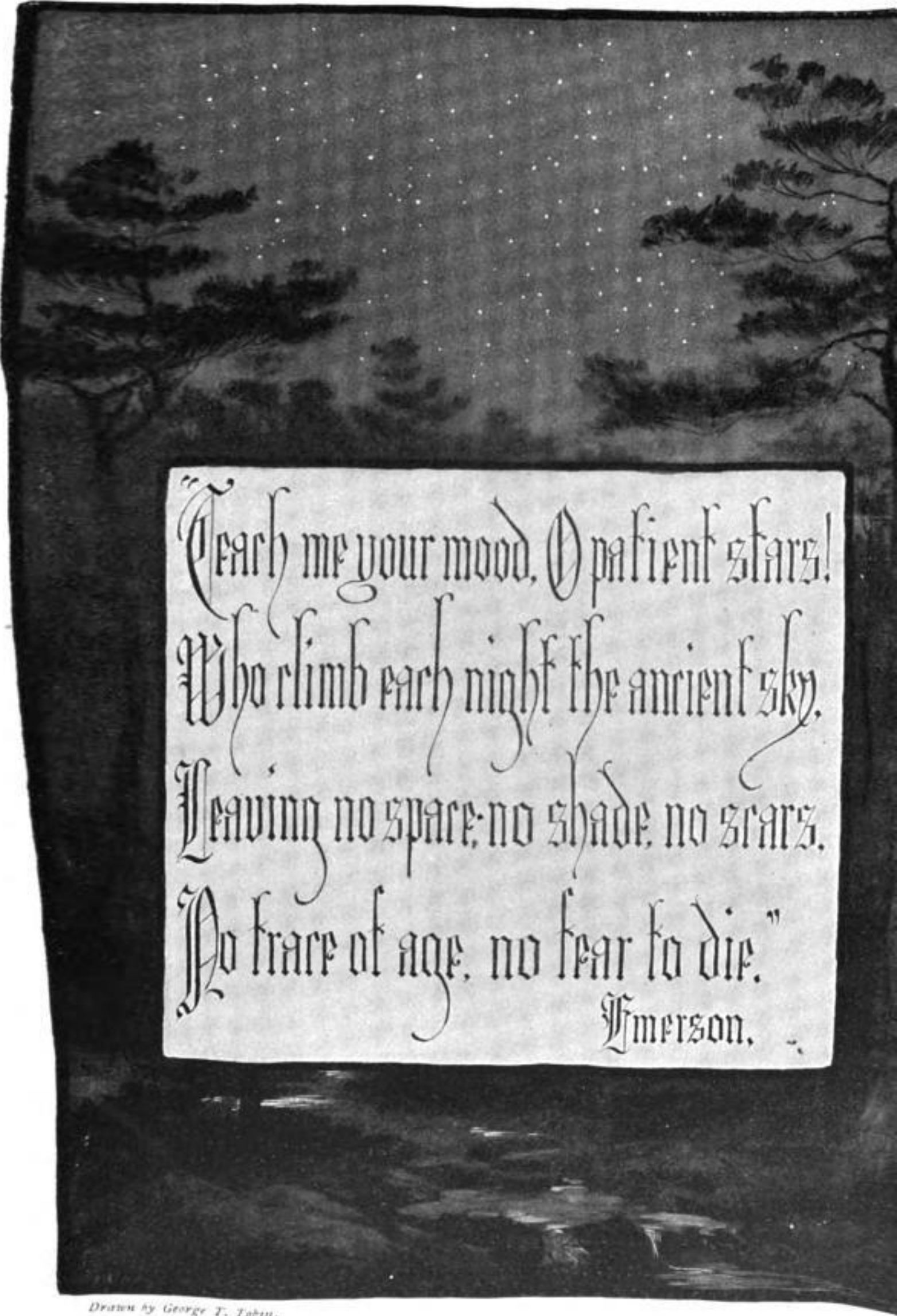
"Playing ingénues," she replied.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

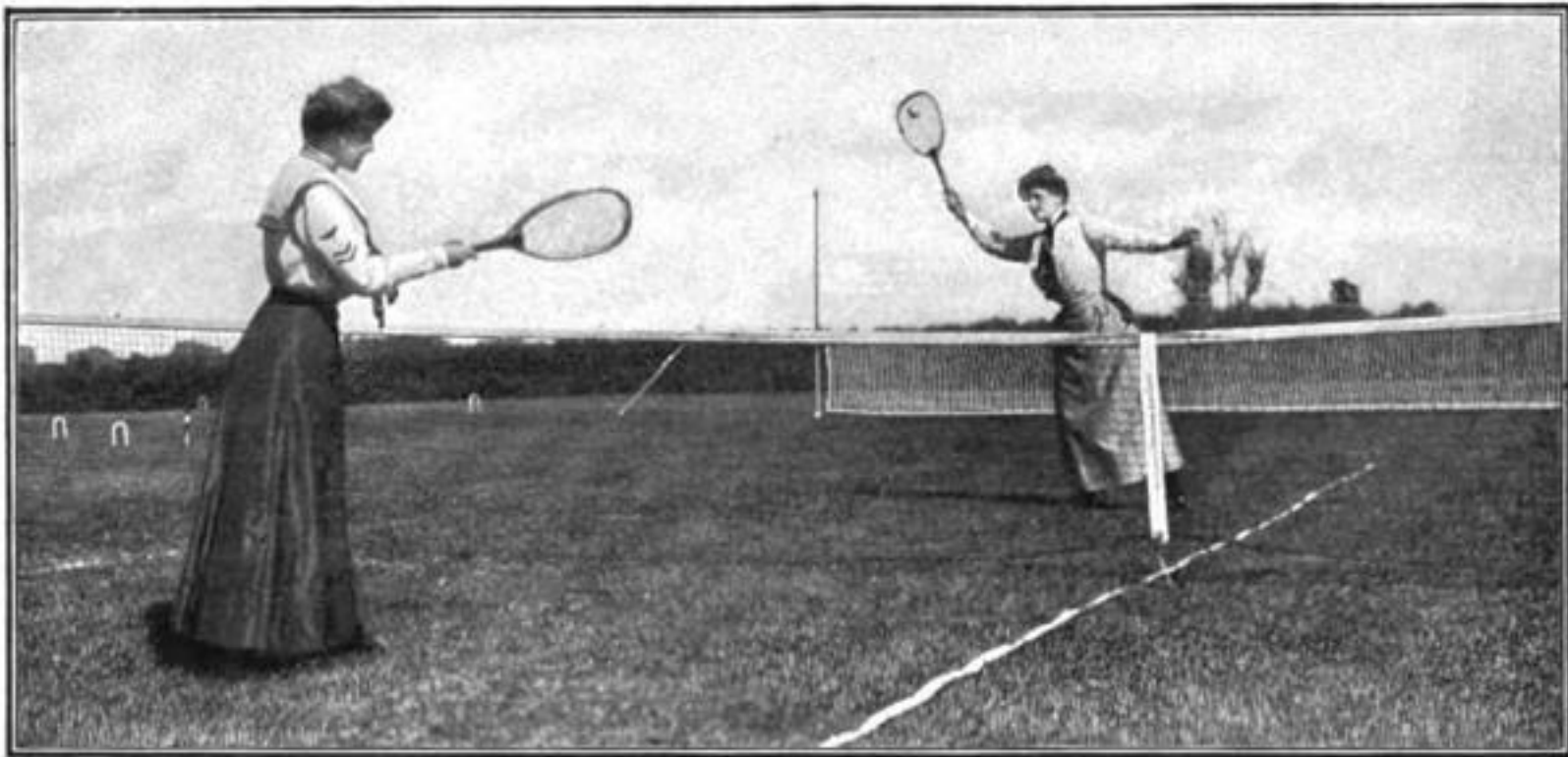
*Drawn by George T. Tobin.*

O PATIENT STARS!



Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving no space, no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die."
Emerson.

Drawn by George T. Tobin.



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL PLAYING TENNIS.

ACTRESSES AT LEISURE.

BY BURR MCINTOSH.

IF the multitudinous admirers and friends of many of our best loved players have derived any real pleasure from the photographic reproductions of them in their summer haunts, then has love's labor not been lost.

A year ago last June, about the time that the luckier members of the dramatic profession were laying aside everything possible which was associated with their business (for many so regard it), the unfortunates were preparing to tide over, or fill in the time, until they should once more be able to forget themselves in the guise of others. Being of the "tide overs," for once aspirations and

thoughts turned into the right channel. If the newspapers are daily filled with glowing accounts of how many dinners are eaten, gowns are worn and foolish things done by the higher society of the general world, why should it not be of equal interest to the theater-loving public to know of the doings of those to whom we are indebted for many of our happier moments, and to be able to carry in mind a definite idea of the daily surroundings of those in whom we are chiefly interested? Because of pleasant associations, I could write frankly to those originally sought, and expect equally characteristic replies. The first requests were addressed to Misses



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL CATCHING A MEDICINE BALL.

Julia Marlowe, Maud Adams, Mary Manning, Annie Russell and Ethel Barrymore. Others, equally interesting and dear to their friends, were afterward sought. A generous reply from Miss Marlowe was the first received, and several days later found us in the Grand Hotel in the Catskills. By ten o'clock the following morning, after a drive of a mile and a half from the station to Highmount, we were ready for operations and she for the "ordeal." It was an ideal spot. On one side a small lake, into which projected a rustic covered pier—the favorite nook. From the shaded veranda on another side views to the north, east and west as far as the eye could reach were visible. Photographs of all of these spots were made. In many Miss Marlowe was surrounded by friends, whose companionship is most enjoyable to her, both in moments of work and rest. Our

subject meekly and cheerfully sat and "looked pleasant" in quaint wooded spots or out under the rays of a very ardent sun. Next summer it may be a happy pleasure to again photograph my summer mascotte (she being my first subject) in entirely new surroundings, as Miss Marlowe is now having built a home in which will be reflected her own thoughts, both architectural and botanical.

During the posing of one of the photographs, with a despairing look, she said:

"Doesn't this all seem terribly vain, to take for granted that people care to know where I am or what I'm doing?" At the time it really seemed plausible, at least, to agree, but a momentary look into the ground glass, which reflected to full advantage the face which has held so many hearts captive and the smart, light blue gown which added so much to the general effect, caused plausibility and politeness to waver, while a further and closer scrutiny showed that if eyes are truly the "mirror

of the soul," those that were about to be perpetuated should not be closed to the world or its desires.

I had intended to pass the next day at Ontonagon Park, where Miss Maud Adams was enjoying the all-too-brief vacation, but a telegram received that night precluded the possibility. In a characteristic letter Miss Adams explained why I could not go to



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL AT FAR ROCKAWAY.

add photographs of her and her surroundings to the desired collection. In her opinion, the public really cared to know nothing of her private life. The strange part of it all is that she is thoroughly imbued with this belief, as is proved by her daily life throughout the year. To her few privileged friends she is the essence of girlish genuineness, but her books, music and work are very satisfactory companions. It is to be hoped that Miss Adams will change her views before next summer,

and that scenes in her mountain home, as well as in the ideal place on Long Island, will be reflected, with her as the central interesting figure in each.

In the matter of summer homes, emergency often demands much, and truly "necessity is the mother of invention." Without their seeking, many of my most charming sisters have had homes thrust upon them, and photographs have been reproduced in which they have appeared amid surroundings which must often have caused

them to recall the man who sang that he "dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls." More as a sheer mark of friendship, to enable me to add to the collection, than for a desire to appear in strange surroundings, Miss Annie Russell is shown at Great Neck, Long Island. In reply to an earnest request to allow me to photograph her in her summer home, she wrote:

"I am back in New York, and unfortunately have no summer homes with me. I just left one in the Maine woods to which I am very devotedly attached. I shall be too busy with rehearsals to go there, but if you can bring it, or another one here, I shall be only too happy to spend a few hours in the woods, because, frankly, I prefer them to New York in August." A reply to a hurried letter to a friend at Great Neck said that everything would be waiting. The next day Miss Russell went to her new summer home. She was met at the station

by her new four-in-hand and driven to several picturesque spots, which had formerly belonged to Ex-Mayor Grace, Paulding Farnham and others. We all thought they belonged to these gentlemen at that time, but have since learned, from various periodicals, that they were all the property of Miss Russell. Next summer, should the fates still be propitious, the attractive home which has been chiefly built by "A Royal Family" will be added to the list.

But the owner of the oldest and most

historic home of all of the alleged ones is Miss Mary Manning, who as Janice Meredith continuously occupies—in summer time—the old historic Putnam house at Greenwich, Connecticut. The inspired thought came to me that it would be well to have Janice visit this truly famous house and there be photographed in various interesting poses.

Having secured her consent, Miss Manning accepted the invitation of friends, who fortunately

lived near by, to be their guest. The exigencies of the case demanded that all of this should be done on Sunday. Consequently, while the church bells were pealing forth their invitation to enter the portals, we desecrators prepared for our unholy mission. About eleven o'clock, for the first time in history, the properly garbed person of Janice Meredith was seen in the village of Greenwich. The Putnam estate could only be reached, unseen by the



MRS. EDNA WALLACE HOPPER IN CENTRAL PARK.



Copyright, 1900, by Burr McIntosh. MISS MARY MANNERING AT GREENWICH.

curious, by way of the intervening fence. It was soon discovered that at least a dozen palings would have to be dislodged from their ancient positions, if Janice's spreading gowns were to pass through unscathed.

A modern stepladder was resorted to. It has since occurred to my artistic sense that a highly interesting photograph could have been made of Miss Meredith as she stood upon the top railing, awaiting the shifting



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MISS MARY MANNERING.

of the ladder from one farm to the other. But like many other bright pictures, it lives only in memory. The next half hour was indeed interesting, as Janice stood in the doorway, through which General Putnam had made his exit to mount his horse, prior to his famous leap over the rocky ledge, less than three hundred yards distant. Later, photographs on the front porch, beside the old barn with "Joggles" and many others were taken. But possibly the most attractive of all were those taken later in a simple white gown while on the veranda, or lawn, of what has since been often described as "Mary Mannering's summer home at Greenwich, Connecticut."

It has been my pleasure to photograph Miss Ethel Barrymore in many attractive poses, but not at "her summer home." This was to have been, while visiting her uncle, Mr. John Drew, but the requirements of an active, extremely popular, social life rendered this impracticable. It may still be but a hope deferred.

A charming day was spent last June at Miss Lillian Russell's summer home at Far Rockaway. In the good, wholesome manner in which she does everything, Miss Russell devoted the major portion of the day to the task of being photographed. She had already enjoyed two hours of active exercise before our arrival at eleven o'clock. When she appeared, it was in a pink creation which would have caused a throb of delight to permeate the coldest heart. It was in this gown that many of the most effective photographs taken that

day were posed. After luncheon, scenes on the tennis court, with the hand ball, medicine ball and hoeing in the garden were perpetuated, but none were more fetching than those taken while driving in the various well appointed traps.

Mrs. May Robson Brown, whose last name proves that she is a happily wedded woman, is another who can rise to an emergency, whether the occasion be a new part or a new home. Theater-goers all bow to her cleverness in the former, and they could not but do so in the latter, could they have seen the avidity with which she recently embraced a summer home. Her answer to a letter of inquiry read in part: "I left my last summer home when a mere child. I have had many others since—at least I felt that I owned several—but in my latter days, I realize that I have none. But I know of one that I can borrow for a day!" The result was that a visit was made to the country home of a friend, who is also an excellent photographer. I have since seen photographs of Miss Robson in the act of being the "woman with the hoe," also pushing a lawn-mower, shelling peas, paring potatoes, mowing hay and other games. Each part was evidently played with as great finesse as any with which we are more familiar. But next year we are promised a sure-for-true home sitting.

There is no photograph smarter than that of Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper looking for precaution's sake at the saddle-girth before mounting her horse for a gallop in the Park. She has no summer



MISS MAY ROBSON.

home, but only because of not being able to occupy one. Formerly New Yorkers who were detained in the city had to rely solely on roof-garden shows for theatrical amusement. Now, however, there is an increasing demand that a few, at least, of the winter's successes should remain to while away the evenings of the business man who cannot leave town. Therefore, "Florodora" tried to supply the demand for a light musical farce, and its success during the summer months compelled Mrs. Hopper to remain in the city continually. There is very little to attract the actress who is forced to seek amusement in a hot city whence most of her friends have long since fled. Central Park, however, offered a solution of the problem of what to do with her leisure hours, and daily rides helped to break the monotony.

Riding is also the favorite enjoyment of Miss Viola Allen,

and the villagers of Great Neck, her former summer home, were so accustomed to seeing her riding in the village that they forgot to crane their necks except when Miss Allen could not resist a gallop, and a touch of the whip would send her speeding through the quiet lanes with a cloud of dust to mark her going.

There was a time, not so very long ago,

when the profession of acting was viewed with such horror by people whose criticisms were often, it is to be feared, dictated by narrowness or a desire to advertise their own righteousness that an actress could not easily have gained admission to the house of anyone in respectable society. Indeed, it is not difficult to recall the violent philippics against "The Little

Church Around the Corner" when it declined to join with other well-known churches in refusing an actor or actress even a Christian burial.

Now, however, members of the profession who have made their mark are not only tolerated but welcomed into society, for they are of necessity, for the most part, well-read and by nature excepted in some way from the class of everyday average society people. They usually possess wit, either of their own or borrowed from one of the many plays with which they are

conversant, and society, chronically half bored, is always eager for the much-sought leaven. At Southampton Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mansfield are among the most popular of the summer colony. At Easthampton Mr. John Drew and his niece, Miss Ethel Barrymore, who often visits him, have been warmly welcomed.

Indeed, it may soon become a problem for



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MISS ANNIE RUSSELL AT GREAT NECK, LONG ISLAND.

the actress how to avoid too onerous social duties and yet enjoy the resorts most frequented by society. For the elite who condescend to make "first calls" on a new-comer resent most bitterly the failure on the latter's part to deposit her card within three or four days at the older resident's door. But actresses, like other people, have different tastes and to many society in the summer does not appeal at all. It is for

the sake of complete change and rest that Miss Annie Russell hides herself deep in the Maine woods as soon as she can conveniently leave town for the summer.

Actresses have not a great share of



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MISS JULIA MARLOWE AT HIGHMOUNT.

leisure and vacation at best, for the theater remains open until the hot weather drives the audiences out of town and long before the city is comfortable once more rehearsals begin again. Moreover a great share of the summer day must be given to studying parts.

Those who think of the career of an actress as easy and restful would be rudely awakened were they forced to pass through the arduous apprenticeship

and struggle necessary to reach the top. It is pleasant, then, to think of them walking, riding, driving and playing the games at which the camera has caught them during the brief respite their profession allows.

FLOOD TIDE.

BY PHOEBE LYDE.

IMPERIOUS Love: alas, poor fools, we chide
 And strive against thy sovereign power in vain;
 Even as the king that once rebuked the main,
 Bidding its crested billows stay their pride:
 Our feeble dykes against their foaming tide
 We slowly build, with toiling, patient hand
 Up raise each petty barrier of sand,
 Deeming the ebbing sea will thus abide.
 Then, my beloved, with a sudden glance,
 A sigh half checked, a foolish, tender word,
 A meeting of our trembling hands, perchance,
 Light touch at which the inmost heart is stirred—
 Backward the conquering flood of passion rolls,
 Deep, deep engulfing our defenceless souls.



PART FIRST.

I.

THRIICE in the course of the three centuries of its existence the town of Santa Clara del Cerro Verde had bloomed into prosperity; and thrice had it withered dismally, and thereafter fallen into decay.

First of all, its bloom was Heavenly. This was when the Brothers of Saint Francis—to whose Rule the blessed Santa Clara herself was vowed—founded there a mission station for the cure of Indian souls: planting their little church and convent close beside the great spring which gushed unfailingly from the mountain-side and at once created and preserved the abundant verdure whence came the mountain's name. And they chose this place partly because of the abundance and the sweetness of the waters; but most because the spring was the abode of a malignant spirit—much worshiped by the heathen of those parts—which needs must be conquered and cast out utterly before the pure Faith Christian could pervade that land. In that good fight God gave to his servants the victory. Prodigious—miraculous they called it in

FORFEIT to the GODS

By Thomas A. Janvier

those more faithful days—was the holy dominion which the Brothers won over the savages of those wild regions; so prodigious that the fame of their glorious achievement was noised abroad through all the length and breadth of New Spain.

And then there bloomed prosperity of another sort—an earthly prosperity which presently triumphed over and crushed utterly the Heavenly—when the vastly rich mine, named also in honor of Santa Clara, was opened in the Cerro Verde high above the gushing spring. For a hundred years the stream of silver flowed forth constantly from the cavernous depths wherein the Indians toiled. In those days the chief concern of Spanish taskmasters was to get as much work as possible out of Indian bodies; and scant was the care that then was given to the well-being of Indian souls. Then it was that the great Church of Santa Clara was builded, and beside it the greater convent—replacing the little church and the little convent which had been reared by willing, humble hands to God's glory when the good Brothers first had won there the conquest of pagan hearts by love. These later Brothers, their successors, dwelling luxuriously in their new fine home and ministering pleasantly in their beautiful church, called these edifices thank-offerings for God's goodness: which euphemism no doubt gave cause to the devil for many a comfortable chuckle when he made his frequent visits to the

town of Santa Clara del Cerro Verde and beheld there how well his work was going on.

Thanks to the plentiful supply of water from the great spring, mining was an easy matter—until the spring itself made mining impossible. At first, and for a long while, the workings were far above the spring; but by the end of a century the main shaft was down to the spring's level, and the fight with the water fairly had begun. Through nearly the whole of another century that fight continued; but the water gained always, and long before the mine actually was abandoned the output had become the veriest trifle: some beggarly ounces a day only, as the galleries one after another, before the water flooded them, were robbed of their supporting pillars of ore.

Through this dismal time of slow decadence the town of Santa Clara lost year by year from its store of riches, and came at last to utter poverty. For a while the Brothers paid back in alms to the needy a part of the harvest which they had garnered during the years of fatness past and gone; and then they also were as poor in fact as they had been always under the vow of their Order, which forbade them not merely the possession of money but even to touch money with their hands. The great houses in the town stood empty, the little hut of adobe on its outskirts melted away into the earth again: of all those who had toiled and bustled there not ten score remained. And among the Indians, to whom the wreck of the mine brought release from cruel labor in its depths, was happiness. These, holding fast to their ancient faith, believed firmly that their god dwelling in the spring had helped them to a good deliverance; and the farther belief grew up among them that he who succeeded in opening the mine again would pay his life to their water-god in forfeit for his victory.

II.

For a long, long while the blight rested upon Santa Clara: even until after the Revolution that changed the Vice-Kingdom of New Spain into the Republic of Mexico. And then arose a new prosperity—when an English Company was formed to clear the

mine by pumping and so to reach the great treasure that it still contained.

This period of revival, though brilliant while it lasted, was painfully short. Nothing whatever was taken out of the mine—not even the water; but a great deal was taken out of the pockets of the English shareholders. While this yield continued, Santa Clara enjoyed flush times. The houses were full once more, money was plentiful, there were dances every night, there were bull-fighting and cock-fighting to one's heart's content on Sundays, and there was a genial abundance of gambling and drunkenness all the time. The convent had its share of the good luck and the lean Brothers grew sleek again—for a good part of the heretic money, being paid in wages to the faithful, found its way to the sacerdotal coffers which so long had been bare; and by judicious monte-playing—in which game, as the Brothers conducted it, there was but a small element of chance—many individual sacerdotal pockets were well lined.

After all, though, this revival of prosperity was but a flash in the pan. The huge pump—brought from England at a cost that would have made it worth its weight in pure silver had it been lucky enough to reach the mine—never was set agoing. A half of the work only was accomplished when a revolution broke out, and a stop was put for a while upon all communication between the coast and the interior. The Company's pack-train, bringing up coin and the remainder of the machinery, was captured almost within sight of Tampico. Nobody ever knew whether the captors were Government troops or Revolutionists; nor did it make any practical difference. The essential fact was that every dollar of the coin was carried off, and that the machinery—apparently in a mere spirit of playfulness—was tipped into the Pánuco River. A little later, another party—these avowedly were Revolutionists—came up to the mine and looted the Company's storehouse and drove off the Company's horses and mules.

Had these several misadventures occurred earlier in the period of English occupancy they might have been tided over. Unfortunately, they came toward the end of the third year, when the English share-

holders had their backs well up because two extra assessments already had been levied and not one of the promised twenty-five per cent. dividends had been paid. They were in no mood to listen to their chairman's statement of fresh misfortunes which made a fresh call on capital necessary if work were to go on. Instead of agreeing to the proposed assessment, they arose in their wrath and appointed an investigating committee charged with the duty of sending a mining expert to Mexico to look over the situation on the ground.

The expert went to Mexico, and he had a pretty rough time there. When he arrived at Vera Cruz another revolution was in full blast, and he was warned that to attempt to go up from the coast to the capital was much the same thing as signing his own death-warrant. Being an Englishman with a duty to perform, he naturally went ahead. Somewhere near the Puente Nacional he was captured by Revolutionists; in company with these, was captured by troops of the so-called Government and came close to being shot as a Revolutionist along with them; was set free, after a couple of hideous months in a Mexican prison, with orders to return to the coast at once and leave the country; was caught on his way down by one set of robbers, who took away what few valuables the soldiers had left him, and by another set who stripped him and were for killing him because only his clothes were left to steal; and so came again to Vera Cruz in his shirt and drawers. When he got back at last to England, and had discharged a public duty by writing an indignant letter to the "*Times*," he was not able to make a report of any especial value upon the property which he had been sent out to investigate—inasmuch as at no time in the course of his exhilarating travels had he been within four hundred miles of it. However, his inability to make a report was not a matter of much consequence one way or the other. Six weeks before his return to England, the company in whose interest he had made his lively journey had definitely collapsed.

And so, for the second time, Santa Clara del Cerro Verde saw plenty depart from it, and poverty come in plenty's place. Once more it became desolate. Even in the

convent only a dozen or so of the Brothers remained: old men who clung to the abode that for years had sheltered them, and a few young men to whom the vow of their Order was real. In the end, these Brothers were rewarded for their faithfulness. When the Laws of the Reform closed the convents and sequestrated all church property to the state, the Convent of Santa Clara was suffered to abide unclosed. Doubtless this concession was less the result of clemency than of indifference. The building was without value; and little was to be feared in the way of sedition from a few old men—the youngest well on toward sixty—living far aside from the world's interests and activities in a ruined mountain town.

In truth, a more utterly ruined town than this then was—its houses almost all abandoned, its few inhabitants bitterly poor, its great mine water-logged—scarcely could have been found in the whole world. And yet, out of the slough of misery into which they had fallen, the fortunes of Santa Clara del Cerro Verde were destined once more to rise.

III.

When the New York and Cerro Verde Mining and Reduction Company (Limited) took hold of the Santa Clara property the most brilliant possession of that largely hopeful corporation was its prospectus.

To say that the author of this prospectus was Maj. William Brashar is to say a good deal. The Major was a rare hand at such compositions; and on this particular prospectus, as he himself frankly put it, he had "*slung himself*." He went well back for a start, and presented the ancient history of the mine in parallel columns of Spanish and English and in a fashion that was fetching to a high degree; skilfully using this bilingual arrangement in order to get in the romantic touches which would have been out of place in a paper supposed to have been composed (as it actually had been) in the plain Saxon tongue.

Having a lively imagination, and being well up in Mexican mining history, the Major made a very pretty story—telling how the devoted Franciscans had founded the mission of Santa Clara and how nobly

they had carried on their self-sacrificing labors among the savages; how the vein of silver had been discovered by a shepherd searching for a lost sheep high up on the mountain-side; how the mine instantly had begun to yield enormously, and how the shepherd (who, by the way, was made out of the whole cloth) became incalculably rich and built the still existing magnificent Church of Santa Clara as a thank-offering; and how the enormous yield of silver went on uninterruptedly for more than a hundred years.

And then, getting away from Spanish and from his own unacknowledged quotation marks, the Major became soberly and severely practical. With a fine frankness he expressed doubts as to the accuracy of the Spanish account that he had quoted, and with an especially excellent ingenuousness advanced the opinion that the statements therein given of the output of the mine should be reduced by at least one-third. "But even with this conservative underestimate," the Major wrote, "it would be perceived that the property unquestionably was one of the richest ever developed in Mexico"—and as he had taken the simple precaution to make his first set of figures big enough to stand the reduction suggested in his second set, this assertion on the face of it could not be assailed.

Having thus established an effective point of departure, the Major came down at a single leap from the first quarter of the eighteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth—and there handled with a masterly skill the episode of the English Company that was formed to work the mine in the year 1823; that never did work it; and that went to bits in the year 1827 with a net loss of more than seventy thousand pounds. This material was not the most promising stuff in the world to put into a prospectus, but the Major managed to count with it handsomely. From the prospectus put out by the English Company when it was floated—in its own way a fairly good specimen of long-bow literature—he quoted figures in regard to the mine which were far in excess of his own. Thence he proceeded to show that an absolute confidence in the value of the property had been manifested by a cash sub-

scription of upward of seventy thousand pounds to be applied to its development; and went on to point out—this was done with a light but firm touch, and with a neat allusion to the well-known conservative financial methods of the English—that the promise of dividends "at or exceeding the rate of twenty-five per centum per annum" indicated clearly the valuation of the property even at that period (the conditions being now entirely changed by the advent of the railroad) when the cost of transportation was almost prohibitory and exorbitant prices had to be paid for fuel. In conclusion, he stated with a severe brevity that the unfortunate collapse of the enterprise was due to the revolutionary disorders of the times; and then dilated at a considerable length upon the existing peace and prosperity in Mexico under the sway of a government at once able, honest and firm. Thus did the Major, by the judicious handling of the very unsatisfactory facts at his disposal, cast over the gloom of a most thoroughgoing financial disaster the glamour of an almost complete theoretical success.

With the shady past thus advantageously disposed of, the Major's treatment of the luminous present and of the brilliant future left nothing to be desired. But there was no bluster about his method, and each of his assuring assertions was either true or else not open readily to contradiction. As he declared with absolute accuracy, there was nothing in the way of exploiting the Santa Clara mine, of resuming the operations which had made it famous in the sixteenth century, but water. All the difficulties encountered by the English Company—bad government, high cost of transportation, lack of fuel—had been removed. Mexico now was as well governed as any country in the world. The construction of a railway made it possible to lay down machinery and coal within twenty miles of the mine. Almost the whole of the wagon-haul was across a level plain, leaving only a few miles of water-grade road to build up the cañon leading to the mine. A few months, possibly a year—it was best to be on the safe side and say a year—would be required in which to set up the pump and clear the mine of water. This preliminary work being completed, active mining

operations and the payment of dividends would begin.

But there was another phase of the enterprise, the Major continued, that made the investment an exceptionally promising one. This was the treatment of the tailings left from the work which had been carried on in the sixteenth century. Analysis of these tailings, the samples being taken from the surface of the heap, had shown an average value of ten dollars the ton. It was thought probable (but this was only a probability) that the refuse from the earlier workings—when very crude methods of extraction were employed—would assay as high as twenty-five dollars the ton. A close estimate of the quantity of tailings had been made by a competent engineer, and the result arrived at was between two hundred and twenty thousand and two hundred and twenty-five thousand tons. Taking the lower of these estimates, and taking also the lower estimate of value, it was evident that the Company was in a position to clean up ore to the value of four millions of dollars before the mine was even opened; and this work would be carried on as soon as the stamps were set up, and would be continued until the removal of the water made still more profitable operations possible. After that, possibly, the treatment of the tailings might be carried on at odd times. Making a conservative estimate of the cost of machinery, of transportation, of labor and of miscellaneous expenses, it would therefore be perceived, the Major stated—with a triumphant logic that was irrefutable, since it was the inevitable sequence to his own premises—that the net profit arising from this merely incidental asset very nearly would cover all preliminary expenses, including the purchase and installation of their entire plant.

In conclusion, the Major explained that of the capital stock, which had been fixed at five hundred thousand dollars—for prudential reasons the capitalization had been kept at a low figure—one-fifth was retained by the owners of the property and two-fifths had been subscribed by persons intimately associated with the enterprise from its inception. The remaining two-fifths were offered to the public strictly at par. In order to place this stock, he declared

with dignity, there was no need to discount it. As the shares were unassessable, and as the security was obvious—the ore in the heap of tailings alone representing, at the lowest estimate, four times the value of the capitalization—it self-evidently was worth its face value. Therefore it would be placed only at par. And as a parting shot he earnestly advised prospective purchasers, in their own interest, not to be tempted to sell out when the stock rose, as it almost certainly would rise shortly, to a considerable premium. This inconsiderate course would bring an immediate small profit, but in the long run it would entail a large loss.

What made Major Brashar's services as a prospectus-writer sought after was his judicious habit of literal truthfulness in every particular that could be checked off easily, combined with his discretion in drawing from the pure fount of his imagination only such statements as could not easily be disproved. In the effort above outlined he had excelled himself; but even more in the quantity of truth that he had left out than in the quality of truth that he had put in. Had he stated that the heap of tailings lay in a cleft in the mountains several hundred feet deep, out of which they would have to be hoisted or else carried for two miles along a road yet to be made, and that their value rested upon the unsupported assertion of the Mexican vendors of the property; had he stated that the water in the mine was fed constantly from a spring which in the rainy season poured forth a devastating torrent; and, above all, had he stated that on the stock subscribed for "by persons intimately associated with the enterprise from its inception" not a dollar had been paid—well, had he put these several facts into his prospectus the chances are that he might not immediately have unloaded upon a confiding public the offered two hundred thousand dollars' worth of shares. As he omitted them, and as he made a strong bid for popular confidence by offering his shares only at par, the successful floating of the Company at once was assured. The two thousand shares offered in the prospectus were placed in a week. Within a fortnight the Major, and his associates on the ground floor, benevolently permitted

an eager public to purchase rather more than half of their own holdings—and even would have surrendered the whole of them, had not a general break in the market suddenly stopped the demand. This operation, the share certificates having cost their vendors only what it cost to print them, was superior to the transmutation of metals. Indeed, it was so excellent a return upon a strictly vacuous investment that most of those who had profited by it, being satisfied, closed out their holdings of New York and Cerro Verde on a falling market and betook themselves to fresh woods of a speculative nature and to mining pastures new. But the Major himself hung on. He was of a sanguine temperament, and he believed that he saw his way to winning another rubber before he definitely abandoned the game.

IV.

It was an axiom with Major Brashar that in the lexicon of youthful mining enterprises—whether the same were or were not reserved by fate for a bright maturity—there should be no such word as fail.

His own statement of this spirited concept was less elegant than the foregoing, but it was not less strong. "It makes me tired," he said, "to be in with a lot of chumps who all the time are getting up on their ears and howling that the whole damn business is going to everlasting smash. That kind of a crowd would smash anything—if they had the chance they'd bust the bottom out from under the pyramids of Egypt. No, I want the men I work with, and the men that I start to working for me, to believe that we're dead sure bound to come out on top—same as I always do myself. Give me a crowd like that, and I'd back the outfit to build a pontoon railroad across the Atlantic Ocean—which is a thing that'll be done, some day, mark my words. All it needs is money and brains and backbone and the nerve to hold on. And for choice I'll always take my men young. A young man isn't all the time thinking about some other thing he did some time and wondering whether he hadn't better do this thing that same way. And because he's not hidebound he hits out fresh at whatever

he tackles, and he takes chances, and he hustles instead of sitting around giving himself good advice—and so he gets there, nine times out of every ten."

Holding fast to these energetic principles, it was only natural, therefore, that Major Brashar picked out a young man to be Superintendent of the Santa Clara mine. He had had his eye on this particular young man for a year or two; and because he had perceived his value he had been saving him until he could play him, as he put it, for all he was worth.

When the Major first fell in with him, in Tucson, Laurence Baldwin was working about as hopeless a mine as ever was operated even in Arizona. It had opened fairly well, but at fifty feet down the pay-streak began to pinch out and at sixty feet down was not to be found with a microscope. Even the Mexican miners wanted to quit work in disgust. Any ordinary man would have called off the gangs and sent his resignation East by telegraph. But Baldwin, not being an ordinary man, hung on. He had a notion that the vein had thinned just above an ore-chamber; and he wanted to give that ore-chamber a chance. When the pay-streak pinched out altogether, he received written orders from the President of the Company to abandon the mine. Instead of obeying his orders, he went down to Tucson—it was then that the Major met him—and telegraphed for conditional leave to sink another ten feet at his own cost. His terms were that if he did not make a strike he would stand the extra loss himself; and that if he did make a strike all expenses should be charged off and then he and the Company would divide. The President telegraphed back, tersely: "Sink to hell, on your own terms."

Baldwin did not go that far. He sunk seven feet—and struck an ore-body that cleaned up pure silver to the value of forty-three thousand dollars. He had to fight with the Company, of course, for his half. But he had his written orders to stop work, and his telegram and the President's answer were on file. His case was so good that even the Company's solicitor advised a settlement. Then the Company wanted to make him Vice-President as well as Superintendent—which was only a handsome



Drawn by George Wright.

"THEY HAD FREQUENT DINNERS TOGETHER, AT ALL OF WHICH THE MAJOR TALKED . . . FREELY."

way of offering to pay him two salaries—provided he would join in putting into the development of the mine all the money that had just come out of it. He answered positively that the mine now really was played out and that he would not have anything more to do with it. When he delivered this ultimatum there was some breezy talk for a while in the President's office; but the upshot of it was that he got a certified check for his share of the profits—rather more than nineteen thousand dollars—and his resignation was accepted. Then the Company put in a new man and went ahead in its scheme of continued development; and with such rapidity that inside of a year it had sunk all of its cash, and a good deal more than all of its credit, in a dry-rock hole that did not yield a dollar. Then the whole concern smashed.

It was when Major Brashar heard the result of this venture, the plucky beginning of which had impressed him strongly, that he marked down Baldwin for a useful man. "He's got sand," was the Major's mental commentary. "When I've got a job on hand that sand's wanted for, he'll do."

Having made his stake, Baldwin decided to go East for a while and enjoy himself. He had not been East for two years and he felt that he fairly was entitled, under the circumstances, to a holiday. For a man not yet turned of twenty-six, who had started in life with no capital but his profession, the situation was exhilarating. Three or four more strikes like the one that he had just made and his future would be secure. To safeguard this future, he put his money into solid securities only; keeping out a couple of thousand or so to pay for his proposed good time.

It is possible that some young men coming East flush after two years in Arizona would have distributed red paint over the city of New York with a liberal hand. But Baldwin's tendencies were not toward decoration of that pronounced sort and he took his enjoyment quietly. He settled down into snug lodgings, and made his quarters less like a camp and more like a home by laying in a good stock of books and by being a bit extravagant in the

matter of prints and water-colors. He went to the few plays that were worth seeing; did not miss a single opera; subscribed to the Philharmonic; saw all that there was to see in the way of pictures—and gave zest to this by no means irrational scheme of amusement by grinding through a course of metallurgy at the Columbia School of Mines.

In order to keep up his Spanish, he frequented an exotic little restaurant, known as the Casa Napoleón, where that language normally was spoken; and it was there that he fell in again with Major Brashar—who congratulated him heartily on his good fortune, and was as cordial as he well could be. For the time for using this "sandy" man had come; and the Major, who was something of a fatalist, hailed his opportune appearance as a good omen. They had frequent dinners together, at all of which the Major talked about his Santa Clara venture freely; and was especially careful—nicely estimating the means best suited to his ends—to be frankly confidential in regard to the difficult engineering work that had to be done: the building of the road through the cañon, the recovery of the tailings from the bottom of the ravine, and, above all, the doubtful issue of the struggle between any pump whatever and the Cerro Verde spring.

"It'll be tough work, damn tough work," he said, "to make things go. But I guess we can find a man who's got the brains and the nerve to do it—and whoever he is, he'll make his everlasting reputation as an engineer. Just let one of those water-logged Mexican mines get wrung out and started, and the business will set in with a rush. Everybody'll go at it at once, and they'll all be after the man who showed how the thing could be done. He can strike for the fanciest prices—and get 'em. And he can keep at it until he's made any sized pile that he thinks he wants."

It was with much complacency that the Major observed the effect which talk of this sort had upon Baldwin—the flush that came to his cheeks as he listened, and the eager look that came into his eyes. Once he asked—with an affectation of extreme carelessness—if the Company had any particular man in view for the job; and

the Major's easy, "Well, no, I can't say that we have. There's no hurry, and we're just looking around," did not seem wholly to satisfy him.

But that he asked the question entirely satisfied the Major. "He's all right now," this gentleman observed to himself, in the shady retirement of his inner consciousness. "I can have him when I want him—and he's the kind I want. His dander'll get up when he ketches on to the all-fired size of his contract, and he'll make the fur fly. He's not likely to pull the thing through—nobody is. But he's the hustling kind that don't tucker out easy and he'll think he's going to; and that'll make him sure to send up reports that'll keep things booming—until the time comes for knocking the bottom out of the boom."

V.

Probably Baldwin would have pressed more vigorously his claim to being the identical person for whom Major Brashar was looking had not a stronger interest just then engaged his thoughts.

This interest was named Helen Warden—who not only realized his (somewhat hazy) conception of what a wife should be, but supplemented it so pleasingly in so many different directions that he was disposed to regard her as quite too good to be true. And she, for her part—though he was far from guessing it—found a wonderful charm in this resolute young fellow: elate with triumph after his first victorious encounter with Fortune, and thrilling with a joyous confidence in his own ability to accomplish anything to which mortal man might set his hand. And the charm grew stronger when she perceived that with his strength was also tenderness; and that, for all his airy assurance of being able to conquer everything else, he was most becomingly humble in his hope of conquering her love. There was a thrilling pleasure, she found, in having this daredevil of a curly-headed, blue-eyed young giant so obviously afraid of her—and at the same time so obviously ready to defy lions and tigers, and extreme dangers generally, for the sake of winning even a small portion of her good will.

Under conditions so favorable to its progress, this particular case of true love

ran both smoothly and rapidly. It had its beginning in November, when he chanced to meet her at a reception—and was startled by finding her grown up into a young woman and quite different from the little girl whom he had not seen for seven years. It had its crisis in March—when he made a statement of his wishes that would have been wholly unintelligible to her had she been compelled to extract his meaning from his words. At a later date—it was during their month of honeymooning in the Catskills—Laurence expressed surprise that she had received what might have been a confused, and certainly should have been a rather confusing, declaration with such calmness that she was able to give him an immediate decisive reply. To which crude observation Helen replied with a fine air of superior wisdom: "You foolish boy! As though those honest blue eyes of yours had not told me everything at least a hundred times!"

It was in early September that they were married, and the autumn month that they passed in the Catskills was a season spent beyond the borders of real life in the region of the ideal. Together they found Arcady; and only now and then, when his thoughts turned to the opening that there was for somebody in the Santa Clara venture, did Laurence remember that there was such a thing as a working world. When these thoughts came they were unsettling, and he tried to stifle them; but for the life of him he could not help wondering at times who would be the lucky man. It was a good thing, he decided with much firmness, that the offer had not come to him. The mere thought of leaving Helen made him wretched; and had he gone to Mexico it would have been downright cruelty to take her along. The opening was a brilliant one, certainly; but he was glad that his chance for it—if ever he had had a chance for it—was past and gone. And having arrived at this definite conclusion, he would fall to thinking how he would have met and mastered the several difficulties of the situation, and then of the honor that would have come to him and of the fortune that he would have made—and would pull himself up short in the midst of regretting keenly that the case was closed. And then, one

morning, came a letter from Major Brashar formally offering him the position of Superintendent of the Santa Clara mine.

It was near the end of the month that the letter came, while they pleasantly were planning a jaunt northward by way of the Lakes and the Saint Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal. Having read it, he laughed a little—but not very easily—while he told Helen of the offer that it contained. "The Major's a good deal of a scamp," he went on, "and his record is shady; but this time he seems to be playing square and to have got hold of a good thing. I heard some talk about the property a couple of months ago from some of the men who have put money into it. They said that there certainly was an enormous fortune in the mine, and all they needed was a live man who would get it out for them. It looks as if they and the Major had concluded that I'm that sort of a man. The Major's shady, but there's not much about mining that he don't know; and the rest of the lot didn't seem to be especially fools, either. It's something of a compliment to have such an outfit ask me to take hold of such a job."

"And will you?"

Laurence was silent for a moment, and then answered slowly: "No, it won't do. It's all very well for them to offer me eight thousand a year and expenses—that's rousing big pay, you know—and a block of the stock besides. It shows they really want me when they make an offer like that—that they want me bad. But no, it won't do, Nelly. I'm not going off to leave you. I wouldn't close with them if they'd offer me the whole mine."

"Leave me? Why, of course you won't. What nonsense you are talking, Laurie. I'm going along!"

"By Jove! Do you really mean it? What a brick you are, Nell!" Laurence broke out enthusiastically. And then his enthusiasm suddenly left him, and in a very different tone he continued: "No, no, Nelly—I tell you it won't do. You might be able to stand Utah, or even Montana; but down in Mexico you never could get along at all. You'd be utterly wretched, child; and I'd be in a fever of worry about you the whole time. It's a big stake, of course. Offers like that don't grow on

trees. Eight thousand a year and expenses, and a block of stock that will be worth anywhere from a hundred thousand to half a million when I get the mine to going—and I *shall* get it to going, you know—is a pretty big thing. And I've always wanted the chance to tackle one of those old water-logged Mexican mines, anyway—with plenty of capital back of me, and full swing to run things in my own way. Getting one of those mines started up and paying again would be a splendid card for me. The country's full of them, and if I started up one——

"But this is all rubbish! Just wait for five minutes while I write to Major Brashar that he and his mine may go to Jericho—and then we'll get at the maps and time-tables and settle this Canadian expedition out of hand."

"Laurence! It is only one month and four days since you promised to love, honor and obey me—what you really said, I know, was cherish, but it meant obey—all my life long. I don't suppose you'll quite live up to that always, but it is much too soon for you to begin to break your word. My orders, now, are positive. Sit down instantly at that table and write to your Major that you accept his offer and are ready to leave for Mexico immediately, and that taking me with you will be a part of your expenses—because you could no more go without me than you could go without your legs or arms."

Laurence half turned toward the table. There could be no mistaking the direction in which his desires tended. As he checked himself he said: "But I'm so afraid that you'll be miserable. You see ——"

"Not another word!" Helen interrupted with a commanding wave of her hand. "You have your orders, sir—act upon them! Perhaps, though, you had better leave out about the Company paying my expenses. Yes, leave that out. Write to the Major a dignified letter of acceptance. But let him see that you appreciate the compliment that they have paid you, and that you really are just as energetic and as prompt as they think you are. Tell him that you'll be in New York to-morrow morning—I'll begin to pack this minute, and we'll go down by the night train—

and that you'll be ready, if necessary, to leave New York to-morrow evening on your way to the mine.

"Oh, Laurie, what fun this is! I've always wanted to be ordered to make a very long journey in a very great hurry; and I've always wanted to go to Mexico; and I've always—well, not always, but it seems like always, don't it?—wanted to go flying off to the ends of the earth with you! It's like having a whole lot of delightful dreams all coming true at once. You dear, dear boy—how lovely it is that you have got such a place, and what a good time we are going to have! And, of course, we won't stay in Mexico forever. When you've made your half million—or your whole million, very likely—and everybody is talking about your splendid success as an engineer, we'll come away in a blaze of glory. And then we'll travel everywhere, absolutely everywhere; and we'll buy all the best books and pictures and hear all the best music in the world. How good and how dear of you it is to give me all this happiness! Not go, indeed! How can you——"

"Well, even if I am 'solid pluck' and also an 'angel'—don't you think a solidly plucky angel is rather a funny notion, Laurie?—you needn't try to squeeze all the breath out of my body. And you've absolutely ruined my hair!"

And then Laurence wrote his acceptance of Major Brashar's offer, and informed that gentleman that he would meet him to talk things over on the ensuing morning in New York.

VI.

Their departure for Mexico, while less precipitate than Helen had hoped for, was sufficiently hasty to realize her declared ambition to go off with a whiz. Within a week they were under way; and within a fortnight she was established temporarily under a matronly American wing at Zacatecas, while Laurence organized his staff and then went on to Santa Clara to begin work there and to make ready for her some sort of a home.

As it was necessary that the members of his force should speak Spanish, he had deferred getting it together until his arrival in Mexico; and he justly considered that

he was lucky in finding in Zacatecas the three men whom he needed—an assistant engineer, a bookkeeper and a storekeeper—all ready to his hand. The engineer, Harstairs, who gladly threw over his railroad work for this better-paid job, was a pleasant young Englishman, well up in his profession and also well-bred, to whom Laurence took kindly at sight. Kelton, the storekeeper, who had been doing mining work in the country for twenty years, was an American; a trustworthy man, but of melancholy humor and with a prodigious faculty for holding his tongue. The bookkeeper, Schlemmer, was a little round German whose personality did not count for much one way or the other; but he had a perfect knowledge of Spanish and a working command of English, and his recommendations were of the best.

Laurence felt quite reasonably elated by the ease with which he had got together so good an outfit; but he was not at all elated by the opinions upon the Santa Clara property which were presented to him freely by mining men. It was conceded that the working over of the tailings—if some economical way of getting them to the stamps could be devised—might prove fairly profitable; but the visionary estimate that made this refuse worth twenty dollars a ton was laughed to scorn. As to the draining and working of the mine, it was declared flatly to be impossible. The most hopeful opinion was that even if the mine could be cleared by steady pumping throughout the entire dry season, it certainly would fill up again as soon as the rains began. No pump that ever was put together, said these Job's comforters, could pump against the Cerro Verde spring in the season of rains.

Baldwin's enthusiasm was a little cooled by the discouraging consensus of opinion upon his undertaking; but, on the other hand, his fighting spirit was aroused. He had taken this big contract, he reflected, precisely because it was a big contract—and quite as much for the sake of glory as for the sake of cash. That it should get bigger on his hands was not a matter to complain about, but rather the contrary. Exactly in proportion to the size of the difficulties which he mastered would be the size of his success. And what did these

old-fogy Mexican miners know about modern mining methods, anyway? He'd show them what could be done with American machinery, and also what could be done by an American engineer! In a word, figuratively speaking, his back bristled and he went at the situation horns down.

But as he walked his horse at the head of his little party up the six miles of trail through the cañon, Baldwin admitted to himself that the size of one of the difficulties touched upon by his Zacatecas friends—that of making a wagon-road up to the mine—had not been greatly overestimated. This was the first piece of work that he had to attend to. The base of his supplies, including fuel, being the nearby railway, a wagon-road was a necessity; as it had not been in the time of the English occupation, sixty years earlier, when the only available fuel had been wood and when, the coast being the supply-base, the machinery had been sent from England in sections small enough to be packed in on muleback. The building of this road, he admitted to himself, would be a fairly tough piece of work; but still it would be entirely practicable. He had a good eye for location, and so had Harstairs. As they rode along they noted the lay of the land and located the road roughly. By bridging the cañon at one point, and by building a pretty stiff amount of retaining wall, they concluded that they could get a satisfactory grade without any serious rock-cutting.

As they rounded the last turn in the cañon and ascended a little crest, whence the trail dipped again downward to a broad plateau, the prospect that opened before them filled Baldwin with delight and astonishment. At their feet lay a park-like valley of such green loveliness as he had not seen elsewhere in Mexico, and in its midst was a town so considerable as to prove that Major Brashar had not drawn upon his imagination for his facts in regard to the vast yield of the mine in ancient times. Many of the houses were so large that they fairly were entitled to be called palaces; and above them all towered the great church, surmounted by two squat bell-towers and by a glittering dome of glazed tiles. But the chief charm

of this delectable valley lay in its abundant lush verdure, that everywhere made it glad. In the long-past season of prosperity channels had been cut through which the plentiful water had been distributed lavishly, and these still served in great part the purpose for which they had been made. Behind the convent that nestled beside the church, and behind the larger houses, were shady gardens in which flowers were growing by mere instinct of their sweet natures amidst fruit-trees all gone wild; along the streets were lines of shade-trees beside the water-channels; the little Plaza Major was a veritable bower. And beyond the town, rising high above it, was the great Cerro Verde: clothed in a delicious green downward from the level of the spring.

As he looked down upon all this green loveliness, after his ride of fourteen miles across a sun-scorched, cactus-covered plain and his six-mile scramble up the bare cañon, it seemed to Laurence as though he had come upon the Earthly Paradise. His spirits rose with a bound. Of one good thing he had there full assurance: whatever might be the difficulties before him, at least the home that he and Helen were to live in while his work went on would be as beautiful as Mexico had to give.

VII.

In spite of his spirits, the desolateness of the forsaken, ruined town chilled him a little as they rode down into it. What had been the houses of adobe were mere clay-heaps; and while the stone houses, many of them with beautifully carved façades, remained perfect so far as their walls were concerned, their woodwork was rotten and fragmentary and here and there a roof had fallen in. With a grim satire, which had in it also a touch of pathos, the lower windows of these broken dwellings were protected by iron gratings heavily but elegantly wrought. The only sign of human life that they saw as they rode onward to the Plaza was a bent old man standing in the doorless doorway of what had been a very stately mansion in its day. As they passed him he gazed at them wonderingly, but did not speak. Evidently his astonishment at the sight of strangers was too deep for words.



Drawn by George Wright.

"WRITE TO THE MAJOR A DIGNIFIED LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE."

Farther on they found a few houses in which were inhabitants—ragged sad creatures who came forth and clustered around them begging piteously—and when they halted their horses on the Plaza and looked about them they were encircled by a tatterdemalion little crowd.

Surrounding the Plaza were the noblest buildings of the town. On two of its sides were palace-like dwellings, stately still. On the third side was the Casa Municipal, once the home of the town government; and adjoining it was another massive structure that still was called the Caja Real—though the years of a long lifetime had vanished since within that bare coffer any of the King's treasure had been stored. Rising high on the fourth side of the Plaza was the rich façade of the church, a marvel of curiously involved churrigueresque stonework in the midst of which was posed the stone figure of the blessed Santa Clara above the high arched door; and beside the church was the long, low façade of the convent, also wrought richly, overtopped by a soft fringe of branches springing from tall trees growing in the garden beyond. Drawn forth by the rare sound of horses' feet, and by the babble of begging voices, two Brothers came out from the church and stood together, on the highest step of the flight leading up to its portal, in the slanting sunlight before the black shadow of the open doorway. The cowls of their blue habits had fallen back, showing the scant snow-white hair surrounding their tonsures. Each carried a staff, and as they looked down in a slow maze of wonder at the sight before them they leaned on these supports with the broken and weary air of old, old men.

The house which Baldwin and his party turned to enter after their momentary halt—that was to be their headquarters, as it had been of their English predecessors sixty years back—was the largest and the finest in the town. Originally it had been the home of the richest man in Santa Clara; and he had built it, a century and a half earlier, in the time of the mine's richest yield. It stood facing the church across the Plaza—a huge square structure of two stories, inclosing a great central court in which was a beautifully carved

stone fountain and from which a carved stone stairway led upward to the cloistered gallery that went about its four sides and gave access to its many enormous rooms. And in its rear—reached from the court by an arched passage, and from the upper floor by another stone-carved stairway—was a far-extending garden, once laid out with an elegant formality, that had acquired a new, fresh beauty by becoming through neglect a gentle wilderness.

Having been very solidly built to start with, and having been put in thorough order by its English occupants, the house was not anywhere seriously out of repair; and Laurence came upon one delightful suite of rooms—less coldly vast in size than any of the others, and commanding a lovely view westward of the green flank of the Cerro—that he instantly decided should be their home. From the fact that some pieces of English furniture still remained there—a stiff, square table, a stiff sofa matched by six stiff chairs, a footstool and a little work-table—he inferred that these rooms had been occupied by the English Superintendent; and from the footstool and the work-table that he had brought his wife with him: and he fell to wondering if they also were young and just married when they came there—and what had been their fortunes after the Company that sent them there had gone to bits. There was so much of melancholy in these thoughts, and they made the apartment so ghostly, that he was glad to hurry out of it; and to betake himself to the general inspection of the property that would fix his attention upon practical matters, and so would crowd these disheartening reflections upon the ill luck of his predecessor from his mind.

His round of the lower rooms of the house, though also a little ghostly, gave highly satisfactory results. They had been arranged by the English outfit for precisely the purposes to which he should put them and needed only a general cleaning to be ready for use. Even the desks remained in the room that had been the Company's office, and a yellow calendar for the year 1827 still was hanging upon the wall.

The old Mexican who piloted him through these desert chambers, a bowed

old man well turned of seventy, remembered the English very well; though at the time of their departure he had been only a monkey of a boy. They were caballeros, every one of them, this old Benito said. The Señor Superintendente once had given him a dollar, and his wife—who was fair and beautiful as an angel—had given him delicious little cakes many times. His mother, he added, had been their cook; and his father had been honored with the charge of the two splendid English horses on which they took their daily rides—until the Revolutionists came up to Santa Clara and carried off these horses, along with everything else of value on which they could lay their hands. But to Baldwin's eager questioning as to what had become of the Englishman and his wife Benito could give no satisfactory reply. He knew only that one morning they and all the others, mounted on scrubby Mexican ponies, had ridden away—the beautiful lady looking very sorrowful, and the tall Señor her husband in a great rage, and saying "Goddam!" to everybody, because his fine English horses were gone. And so these specters, so unexpectedly conjured up from the mists of the old man's memory, appeared only for a moment and then hopelessly were lost.

The afternoon was waning when Baldwin had finished his inspection of the building, but there still remained an hour or so of daylight; and this he devoted, taking Benito with him, to a survey of the situation immediately around the mine.

The shaft was a half-mile up the slope of the Cerro, and midway between it and the town was the spring. At the spring he halted; and as he perceived the astonishing volume of its discharge he realized more than ever that the contract which he had taken was a very big one indeed—and got but cold comfort from Benito's observation that, the rains being well over, it was not nearly at full flow. With what struck him as a wholly misplaced enthusiasm, the old man descanted upon the magnificent outrush of the waters in the rainy season, and upon the overwhelming force of the torrent which then poured forth—making a presentment of the case so disheartening that he was glad of the diversion when, dropping his voice a little,

Benito went on to tell of the oldtime Indian belief that the spring was the home of a spirit which never would suffer it to be conquered save at the price of its conqueror's life.

"Perhaps it is only a foolish fancy, Señor," Benito added; but doubtfully. "I had it from my father, who was half of the Indian blood. He believed it, and so did my mother; and I remember how happy they were because the good Englishman did not succeed in what he came here for, and so got safe away." And the old man spoke so seriously that Baldwin good-naturedly maintained his own seriousness, and gravely answered that it was most fortunate that so dangerous an issue between the powers of the flesh and of the spirit had not been joined. But as they turned away his desire to laugh left him. After all, he reflected, this superstition was only the formulation by simple minds of the conviction that the spring was too strong for living man to conquer it; and, now that he had seen it, he had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps this might be true.

Presently, as they went on upward, they passed a section of iron pipe lying beside the path propped on two stones—a mere rust-eaten shell that had broken at its middle with its own weight. There it had been left, doubtless, one evening sixty years before. On the following morning its bearers were to have returned and carried it on upward to the mouth of the shaft. But that evening was the last of the life of the English Company. In the morning work was not resumed. Baldwin had expected, of course, to find things in the disorder that would result from a sudden stop; but this sharp proof of how very sudden the stop had been gave him a curious shock of pained surprise. It set him to thinking—just as the little worktable had set him to thinking—about the English engineer who had come to do, and who hadn't done, the very work that he himself had undertaken. No doubt that other man, when he came with his wife and settled down there, felt entirely confident that he would succeed. The rusted pipe, left for the night on the mountain-side and never picked up again, showed how completely and how suddenly he had failed.

The disorderly mass of rusted machinery that he found lying at the mouth of the shaft did not weigh upon Baldwin's mind nearly so heavily as the solitary outpost of ruin that he had first encountered. The state of affairs at the shaft was what he had expected to find there, and he was prepared to meet it practically. On the whole, the situation was better than he had hoped for. The incomplete pump, some pieces of which were in place while other pieces were lying on the ground, of course was worthless. Every part of it was eaten through with rust. Even the lack of the sections which the Revolutionists (if they were Revolutionists) playfully had tumbled into the bed of the Pánuco made no difference so far as its availability was concerned. But the squared stones set for its foundation could be used again, the walls of the roofless pump-house still were sound, and the space leveled on solid rock for the old arrastras would serve admirably for the stamps—all of which was so much clear gain.

The sun had set behind the mountain when Baldwin, having finished preliminary investigations, came out from the pump-house through the doorway which opened close upon the mouth of the shaft. In that uncertain light the shadow of the building fell heavily; so heavily that the unguarded opening seemed to be only a patch of shadow a little more dark—and he drew a quick breath as he thought of what would follow upon the misstep so easily made.

Advancing, he bent over the edge and tried to peer downward; but the blackness was dense, impenetrable.

"Guard yourself, Señor," cried Benito anxiously. "It is more than two hundred varas to the water; and beneath the water it is a hundred varas more."

Moved by a sudden impulse, Baldwin picked up a heavy fragment of stone, a half-hundredweight, and heaved it into the opening. As it whirled through the dead black air downward there was no sound for a long while save a low murmurous rustling. Then came a dull crash followed by a prolonged muffled rattle, as the stone struck against some projection and thereafter during its descent bounded from side to side of the shaft. And at

last, so softly as scarcely to be audible, there came up the hiss of a splash—that died away in faintest sibilant whispers until all was still.

As Baldwin turned away abruptly a shiver ran through him—one of those curious sudden tremors for which we account by the saying that strangers are walking on our graves. He was as destitute of nerves, ordinarily, as a man well could be; but on that particular day he unquestionably was nervous. It was the result, he concluded, of the excitement incident to taking possession of the ruinous kingdom that he had been sent to raise again to prosperity. Whatever the cause of his nervousness may have been, he certainly could not shake it off. Indeed, as he walked down the mountain-side in the twilight, it took a firmer hold upon him; and presently developed in his mind an utterly absurd fancy that for the moment was not in the least absurd to him but was very horrible and very real.

In some odd way it seemed to him that he himself was the stone which he had cast into the mouth of the shaft to fall six hundred feet through air and to sink through water half as far again; that he himself had vanished into the blackness; had struck against the projecting rock, and thence downward, mangled, bleeding, had spun back and forth between the jagged walls—and so, at last, had fallen into the water with that soft hissing splash whereof the echo seemed still to be whispering in his ears.

All this was hideously real to him—and more: for he seemed to feel the sharp reviving chill of the water as he plunged deep into it, and then its loathsome foulness as he rose again and struggled on its slimy surface; to hear his own hopeless cries for help whilst he held fast for a time to a rough outjut from the rocky wall; to feel a numbing coldness stealing over his body, and breeding in his soul the more searching coldness of despair; to hear the gasp that he gave as his hold at last relaxed, and the gurgle in which that gasp ended as the slime and scum closed over him—and then to feel himself slowly sinking, sinking, sinking, down through three hundred feet of water to the very bottom of the Santa Clara mine.

(To be continued.)

WHAT MEN LIKE IN WOMEN.

BY RAFFORD PYKE.

TO tell just what it is that men like in women is much more difficult than to set forth the qualities which women like in men. The explanation of why it is more difficult will seem to many persons paradoxical, and to others quite untrue. The reason, however, is simply this: that men are in the main more superficial than women in all that concerns the emotional life, and therefore they show more variation in their tastes and preferences. This remark obviously demands development; yet a little reflection will show that it is in accordance with the facts. Women, whether educated or uneducated, whether old or young, are very much alike in their psychology. They all possess as a sex the qualities of intuition and of sensitiveness, and a capacity for strong affection. In many women these traits may be latent or only partially developed because of an unfavorable environment; yet they do exist and can be awakened to an intensely vigorous life by the compelling touch of one who has the innate power of appealing to them. Hence, the very subtlety and fineness of a woman's nature—of nearly every woman's nature—makes it possible for one to state with much precision just what particular attributes in man will please her.

Men, on the other hand, for the very reason that their psychology is simpler, are less to be depended on. In the sphere of which we are now speaking, they are very much like children whose attention is continually diverted from one thing to another, who have little reason and no settled tastes, and to whom analysis and introspection are unknown. They are very much upon the surface; and superficiality is far more puzzling in its vagaries than is any definite combination of enduring traits, even though this combination be a complex one. To tell the truth, with probably eighty per cent. of all the men one meets, the attraction which women have in their sight is a sex-attraction pure and simple. This is why the choice which the average man makes in selecting for himself a wife is a choice dependent almost wholly upon the accident of proximity. He falls in love with a particular woman, first of all because

she *is* a woman and because circumstances have thrown her in his way. In other words, the usual man seeks his mate, as do the other animals, at mating-time; and the mate is chosen almost wholly at the caprice of chance. How different would be the world if women had the same free power of choice! How different will it be in the near future when they acquire that power! How much happier will be the marriages and how much more lasting, even though they may be fewer! For the casual man there are always many women; for the true woman there is only the one man.

Now just because, in the case of the great majority of men, the sex-attraction is the dominating motive, and because there is in this nothing which demands analysis, we may put aside from our discussion of what men like in women any reference to the eighty per cent. who do not count and whose crude tastes are wholly elementary; and we may rather turn to those who blend the strength of the man with the fineness of the woman, who have looked upon life with the gaze of perfect penetration, who can both deeply feel and fully understand, and who have mastered all the secrets of the supreme art of living. To know what these men like in women deserves a very careful study; for it will involve an exposition of what it is in woman that makes her the most glorious of all God's creatures.

In the first place, however, it is necessary to admit that with reference to one thing which is usually regarded as important to a degree, it is quite impossible to speak with any definiteness. This is the question of personal beauty. Every man will say that he admires a beautiful woman and indeed expects her to be beautiful; yet no two men are wholly in accord when they try to give expression to their conception of what feminine beauty is. In beauty there exists no absolute ideal, but every definition given will represent only the preference of a particular temperament. The artistic notion of beauty, based upon classic regularity of features, is, I think, coming to be less and less important every year; or if not less important theoretically,

at least less really cared for. What most appeals to the majority of men is a winsome face, a face that is very human in its suggestions—mobile, expressive, sympathetic, and made piquant by just the faintest bit of archness. For the rest, it would be absurd to say anything specific. To the man who is worth while, indeed, I think that beauty really counts for very little. There is even a kind of plainness that has a distinct attraction of its own, so that some of the greatest passions of which we possess any record have been inspired by women in whom even ordinary good looks were wholly lacking. The fact is that if a woman have the traits and attributes which I am going to enumerate, the man who cares for her will soon behold them all reflected in her face; and then that face will come to be for him supremely beautiful, the one face in the world, the face that will endure forever in his memory.

There is one thing, however, which appeals to every man of taste and of imagination, and that is grace. Awkwardness in a woman is very hard to overlook. Perhaps grace is admired the more by men because it is the last thing which they ever acquire themselves. But apart from this, a graceful woman charms alike the eye and the artistic sense,—in the slightest inclination of her body, in the ease and beauty of her every gesture, and in the sinuous undulation of her walk. And more essential even than grace is daintiness, an exquisite regard for all the niceties of daily life. A woman does not become dainty merely from taking thought. By care, by attention, by making it a subject of study, any woman may be made neat and wholesome, and she may surround herself with dainty things; yet all this will not quite be daintiness in the full meaning of the word. It is just as likely to make her finical and fussy, "old maidish" and impossible. In fact, nothing that contains an element of self-consciousness is ever wholly genuine. True daintiness is nature's gift. One is conscious of it, without defining it. In short, it is not so much a concrete, visible manifestation as it is an atmosphere surrounding its possessor with an exquisite refinement which we enjoy as we enjoy the faint and almost imperceptible fragrance of a

delicate flower. These things, however,—beauty and grace and daintiness—belong to the externals of our subject and are essentially superficial. Far more important are those which now demand consideration.

I suppose that the quality in woman which first attracts a man's more serious attention is the quality of responsiveness. Women know this by a sort of instinct, or at any rate they seem to; for every woman of experience tries to be responsive. Like daintiness, however, responsiveness, while it may be imitated, cannot possibly be acquired; for it depends not merely upon social amiability and social tact, but upon genuine sympathy and a very high order of intelligence. The woman who meets you for the first time and at once manifests an intense interest in the things that are supposed to be of interest to you; who smiles and utters little exclamations of surprise or wonder or delight at what you tell her; and who is so keenly alive to everything that you say or do—such a woman thinks she is responsive, but as a matter of fact she isn't. If you are a very limited sort of person you may be flattered by the show of interest, which may, indeed, be genuine interest. It is not, however, true responsiveness. The responsive woman is the woman of sure sympathy. When she meets you, she comes at once into complete intellectual harmony with you, not from any effort on her part but just because she is so sensitive to impressions, so instantaneous in her perceptions, and so marvelously certain in her understanding that she can feel everything just as you feel it, and for the time see everything precisely as you see it. And in all this she is so very different from the artificially responsive woman. She does not necessarily say much; there is no perpetual flow of words, no shower of exclamation points, no coruscation of brilliant smiles. Perhaps, indeed, she will say very little, if that happens to be her mood; but her responsiveness is just as perfect none the less. The kindling eye, the flushing face, the quick glance of comprehension, the eager clasping of the hands—this is enough. A man is always at his best with such a woman, for she inspires him and stimulates him to the full extent of all his powers.

She never flatters him in any vulgar way and she never means to flatter him in any way whatever; but her perfect understanding of his thought, his purpose and his achievement constitutes the subtlest flattery of all. And her instinct is unerring. She never makes mistakes. Whether she is familiar with a particular subject or whether it is wholly new to her, her quick intelligence serves her well. In the one case her criticism and appreciation are illuminating; in the other case, her very questions are wonderfully keen. The woman who laboriously tries to be responsive or who is unintelligently responsive is forever driving men to the verge of exasperation by missing the real point of everything; by looking at it through a sort of fog, or getting everything so utterly askew that the effect mentally is like that which is produced musically by a person who sings off the key. But the really responsive woman knows everything almost before the word is spoken. Her intuition runs ahead of explanation. Her eager mind, instead of following, flies along, as it were, hand in hand with yours. She flashes her thought into the dark places and they become clear as day. She is stimulating, exhilarating, inspiring; and in the fineness and completeness of her sympathy lies the key to the comradeship of souls.

Comradeship! How terribly that word has been abused during the past few years! A lot of shallow, prying, restless women, filled with an intense curiosity about life's secrets, but having no standards whatsoever to prevent them from becoming either pitiful or ridiculous,—these women have clothed themselves in the tawdry guise of a cheap Bohemianism, a frowsy, vulgar Bohemianism that bears no more likeness to true Bohemianism than the raucous squalling of a drunken beldame bears to the liquid, golden notes of a great lyric artist. But these uneasy women, knowing nothing better, and being, in their mediocrity, capable of nothing that is nearer the life of true significance, rid themselves of as many of the conventions as is possible and seek to cultivate what they have heard described as "the artistic temperament." Yet as it is not easy to cultivate that which one does not possess, these mock Bohemians attain at the most to an unnatural and

thoroughly discreditable *pose*. They never dream that Bohemianism in reality is a mental attitude and not a particular mode of living, and that the true Bohemian may be found as readily in the straitest sect of social Brahmanism as in the *cabarets* of the Quartier Latin or the studios of Washington Square. The most eagerly sought of all the privileges of Mock Bohemia is the privilege of "comradeship," of having numerous male friends with whom may be put aside ostentatiously the reserves by which social usage has recognized the difference of sex. To go where you please with whom you please; to say what you like to any one you like,—these things belong to "comradeship" as Mock Bohemia understands the word. What it all means is simply this: that these women, having neither the intelligence which could make all themes attractive, nor the temperament which could inspire and retain a genuine passion, nor the courage which could face the world and think it all well lost for love, delight themselves with verbal escapades. Passionless, prurient and cowardly, they profess a contempt for Philistinism and a devotion to frankness; and hence, in their talk with men they stick at nothing; while in their acts they draw back, not because of principle, but for fear of shame. Their pretense is that they are merely exercising a natural freedom which emancipates them from the fetters of sex. Actually, they are forever seeking the salacious, and exciting in themselves by its discussion with their "comrades" the vulgar sensations which are imperfect, to be sure, but wholly safe.

Now the man who is worth while loves nothing better than a woman comrade, one whom he can like intensely and with whom his friendship can be more unreserved, more satisfying and more tender than the friendship of man with man can ever be. Yet his idea of a comrade is not to be found among these insincere, promiscuous, tiresome, posing creatures, whose minds are commonplace, whose company is given to every comer, and whose whole mental attitude suggests a very slightly veiled effrontery, a latent leer. The true comrade, the one who makes life worth the living, is the woman who carries her external daintiness into her thought and the

expression of it; who is responsive because a strong appeal has been made to her temperament and to her emotions; who has sentiment without the mawkishness of sentimentalism; whose self-respect forbids her to be cheap; who discriminates, and is indifferent to the commonplace; who is frank without one false note, and fearless without folly; and who can be wholly natural and unreserved and yet not lose a shade of the respect without which neither love nor friendship can endure. This is the comrade for the man who is worth while,—a comrade with whom it is always a delight to be, one whose charm is never staled, and one whom every day brings closer to him by the infinite number of little interests, little memories and little understandings which they have in common. For he knows that what she gives is given just to him and not to every one; and he prizes it because it is all so exquisite and rare.

What mental gifts does a man best like in woman? Those that are essentially a woman's. There are women who profess to think and who delight to say scornfully that a man always prefers a woman whose mind is inferior to his own, lest she should rival him and show herself to be his equal. This is no doubt true of some men, but never of the man who is worth while. Unless a woman is in every way his equal, the attraction which she has for him can never be complete, but there will here and there be shown the lack of sympathy which comes from lack of knowledge. Yet while he wishes her to have an intellect in no respect inferior to his, he wishes it to be a woman's intellect. This is a proposition that so many theorists fail to understand; that the normal woman differs from a man in mind, precisely as she differs from him in body. It is absurd to speak of a man's mind as superior to a woman's. There is no question of superiority or of inferiority, but only a question of the difference between them. It is so extraordinarily odd that the theorists fail to note the significance of what Nature everywhere has taught. For Nature, wherever it is possible to be shown externally and physically, accentuates and stresses the fact that there is a difference between man and woman. Why assume for a moment that the same difference does not continue to

the end—throughout everything in their whole being? Indeed, the difference of sex is void of all deep meaning if it stops with what is purely physical and does not go further still until in every minutest phase—mental, emotional, and physical alike—it renders man and woman not the duplicates but rather the complements each of the other, each giving what the other lacks, in a union which makes them feel complete and whole at last. And so what man desires in woman is not a mind superior to his own nor yet inferior, but one that is the complement of his—one that is at the same time receptive and suggestive—in other words, a mind that mates with his precisely as a body mates with his. The subtleties of this mental mating are not to be here dwelt upon. Like every phase of the whole subject, they require a volume for their accurate analysis; and failing that, they may be left with just this passing mention.

If we declare that a man very dearly loves a woman to be dependent upon him, we shall give a text from which the strong-minded sisterhood will preach many a pertinent sermon. "Aha!" they will say; "see the tyrant peeping out at last!" But they will be wholly ignorant in this as they are in so much else. It is true that there are men who like dependence in a woman and who like to make her feel the burden of dependence, because of an innate love of bullying. But of men like these we are not speaking. The man who is worth while derives an exquisite pleasure from the dependence of a woman, because this dependence appeals to all that is generous and chivalrous and tender in his nature. That one he loves should look to him for everything—protection, maintenance and happiness—what else can be so thrilling to a manly man? To give is sweeter than to get; the appeal of a woman's weakness is more powerful than any other motive in the world. And this is not said especially of material things, since all that may be taken quite for granted. Where a man most loves to feel a woman's absolute dependence on him and where he loves to give the most, is in the myriad little things that belong to sentiment, the finest, truest sentiment which considers the slightest thought and word

and act as of infinite importance, because in some way it concerns that which is the most tremendous thing in human life. The dependence, then, that a man likes to recognize in woman is not a material dependence, but a spiritual one; and if he desires to give much, it is only because he has received so much. He wants her to depend on him, because in his soul he knows that he depends on her.

Finer than any other single trait in woman, because it is rarer, is perfect frankness, not in word alone, but in thought and act,—the courage of conviction, the splendor of sincerity. Women for countless ages have cherished a tradition which has now become a fixed belief with the vast majority of womankind, a tradition that it is a grave mistake to lay bare their whole heart even when they feel the deepest, and that a man's serious interest is more firmly held and endures the longer when he is kept in ignorance of how truly he is cared for. This feeling is at the base of every form of coquetry. It teaches women to play at indifference even when their very bones are turned to water and when their hearts are melting like wax before the flame of their desire. It makes them strive against their nobler instincts, in order to pique and puzzle and perplex. It bids them say 'no' when they mean 'yes,' and to hesitate and vacillate when they really have made up their minds beyond the shadow of a doubt. They have been taught to believe that a man values most that of which he is never wholly sure, and that he will think but lightly of what is given to him freely and frankly and without reserve. There is a certain element of truth in this, but it applies only to cheap men and to cheap women. To the man who is worth while, this very frankness and complete abandonment of self possesses a charm supreme above all other charms that woman ever shows. Coquetry is in itself so poor a thing, it is so universal, that it simply wearies one who has a wide experience of life. Every milkmaid can assume it, and therefore only the very usual man regards it as attractive. It is one of the many forms and symbols of caprice; and there is nothing that so quickly tires love as pure caprice when once it becomes a woman's second nature. It means continual exasperation, continual

disappointment, perpetual doubt, and an apprehension which in the end becomes indifference and coldness. The last thing that a woman will give up is her pride; but the man who is worth while knows that no woman ever truly, deeply, and passionately loves until her pride has become to her a thing of no account,—a thing to be trampled under foot with a fierce exultation in the thought that even this she is sacrificing for the one man of her life. Hence, while the tricks and small pretenses of the flirt, the insincerities and hesitations of the woman who still holds something back, may fascinate the man who does not count, they merely bore the one who is worth while.

Grace, daintiness—essential elements of "charm"—are what men like in women. Responsiveness that springs from an instinctive and intelligent sympathy; fineness of thought and delicacy of feeling; the interpretative and suggestive mind; the gentleness that appeals to strength; the sincerity that thinks no shame and that is loyal beyond even the appearance of untruth; and the frankness that gives all and asks all without fear,—these I think are the traits which render their possessors supreme among their sex. To have felt their influence is in itself enough to make life worth the living. They glorify friendship and they deify love. Indeed, unless in some measure they are all united, true love cannot exist, for true love is the love that lasts. The love that lasts is too divine a thing to be often met with in this imperfect world of ours; yet one must fain believe in it, because it sometime can be found. Springing first of all from the sympathy of two kindred souls and exquisitely blended with respect and reverence, made firm by single-hearted loyalty, and penetrated by the sacred mystery of passion, it is the greatest and most beautiful of all God's gifts. It draws its marvelous power from within, and nothing that is external can prevail against it. The passing years add strength and confidence. Adversity serves only to attest its truth. Not even death itself can daunt it, since love is life; and in the lowering presence of the grim Destroyer it rises undismayed, a rare and radiant spirit—triumphant, invincible, immortal.

THE JOKE OF THE SEASON.

BY CLARA MORRIS.

REGGIE DE BRETT'S sudden marriage in the South, a year and a half ago, had created a veritable sensation. At first people were fairly stupefied with amazement. Reggie, the pursued, the invulnerable, was married?

After a bit, two questions were asked: "Who and what was she?"—meaning the bride—and, "What would Kate Willoughby say?"

But, through a combination of disappointment, fury, strong hysterics and a loquacious maid, the second question was answered first and every one knew just what Kate Willoughby *had* said, and as that handsome termagant had a fluent and picturesque vocabulary, she had added greatly to the interest of the situation.

Every one realized that she had come an awful cropper, since James Willoughby was lying almost at the point of dissolution, and the general opinion had been fairly expressed by a young fellow who had slangily remarked: "If Willoughby does drop off, I don't see how Reggie is going to hedge. I fancy he'll have to make good and marry the relict!" And here was Cousin Kate's chance wiped out by this incomprehensible marriage.

And then young Gordon, the poet—who, though ten years his junior, was Reginald De Brett's closest friend—received a long, long letter inclosing a delicious miniature, with the request to take it at once to his jeweler and have it framed after the sketched design. Many were the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of the favored men who saw it—while the women cried, "A child like that to capture Reggie De Brett!" or, "No doubt it's idealized out of all resemblance to the original!"

In which they were wrong—for the picture was a very excellent likeness of Alma Lee Cary—or, to be exact, Mrs. Reginald De Brett. She seemed almost a reincarnation of the young creature Greuze had so often painted—with all her flowerlike delicacy of complexion—with the same low, wide forehead, the long, free sweep of eyebrow, the upcurling lashes, the purplish-blue eye, the almost babyish curve of cheek and the short upper lip that just revealed a pearly line of little teeth.

Mrs. Cary, who adored romance, sympathized with De Brett's sudden surrender to her daughter's charms; appreciated, too, his wealth and position, as any mother would, and helped on his courtship, wearing herself thin as thread-paper preparing for the rushed-on marriage, and when, for a stolen moment, out on the vine-draped veranda in the moonlight, De Brett had gathered his little bride in his arms and kissed her girlish cheek; when, with tears gathering in his eyes, he prayed—the first time in many a long year—that he might make her happy, it would have been hard for his gay friends in New York to recognize him.

Yet this seeming change was not so very wonderful after all. It was but a return to first principles—a resumption of his original character, when as a studious and thoughtful, even poetic, youth he had known what ambition was, had respected age, honored virtue and worshiped beauty; when, in spite of his wealth, he might have done something worth while, had not his half-brother Robert De Brett—ten years older than himself—taken him in hand, directly he came into his inheritance, and turned him by force of precept and example into what he called a man of the world.

And Bob De Brett had had two years of keen enjoyment in rubbing off the glittering dust from Reggie's butterfly wings. He had really taken some trouble to make the boy see in every fair maiden a probable Delilah, and in every splendid Delilah a veritable harpy; and he often declared that but for him Reggie would have been harnessed double with a two-year-old; but now—ah! it would take an unusual hand to bit and bridle that clever youngster.

Pursued in season and out of season, the time came when he sought protection in a friendship with Cousin Kate. They were both clever, both worldly-wise, and yet for a time they actually played at that laughter-stirring old game of platonic friendship—for, pray, when did ever man or woman see a sharp-edged tool without desiring to handle it? They are always so sure *their* fingers cannot be cut, though the sharp, pretty things may have wounded others cruelly.

And now here was Kate Willoughby, full of malice and all uncharitableness, hiding smarting, bleeding fingers beneath her violet-breathing laces, while with a clever assumption of grieved friendliness she declared that though she feared dear Cousin Reggie had made a mistake in marrying so very young a girl—and an outsider too, as one might say—still she had always been awfully fond of Reggie, and she would stand by him now and do anything she could for his young wife.

And though the women who listened smiled a little and said, "How clever, how very clever of Kate, to take it that way!" in their hearts they rather pitied the young girl, and hoped that Reggie would select for her some more loyal pilot.

The night before the home-coming of the bride and groom, Kate Willoughby was the hostess of a theater-party. She was one of the night beauties who are always at their best under artificial light, and her close princesse steel-colored gown, netted over with silver embroidery, as it glittered against the dull-red lining of her long wrap, suggested a suit of armor; and malicious Lil Melton whispered to her companion: "Ah! it's war! You see Cousin Reggie has cast down the gauntlet and Cousin Kate, in full armor, takes it up!"

"What nonsense!" answered Tom Wentworth. "There's not even a cloud of war in sight. Why, she speaks of the De Bretts like—like a sister, and—what the deuce are you laughing in that one-sided, sneery way for?"

"Oh, you men!" she exclaimed, as she accepted her opera-glass and fan. "Your future wife, Tom, will get very little pleasure out of managing you—you are too, too easy. Kate Willoughby talked like a sister, did she? Well, then, *of course* she feels like a sister toward the young thing who has bagged her game!"

The play was "Richard III.," and at the close of the hunch-shouldered hypocrite's grotesque courtship of the Lady Anne, his contemptuously triumphant words,

"I'll have her—but I will not keep her long,"

made Mrs. Willoughby start violently. They seemed to have been shouted in her very ear.



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

"SHE FEARED DEAR COUSIN REGGIE HAD MADE A MISTAKE IN MARRYING SO VERY YOUNG A GIRL."

"I will not keep her long," she repeated. Her lips tightened, her eyes grew cold—she had caught a cue from the play. Reginald should not keep Alma long! But how should she work? And like a direct answer to her question came the words of the play:

"And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks!"

Next day she welcomed Mr. and Mrs. De Brett, receiving Reggie with wounded dignity and Alma with a pitying patronage that made them both very uncomfortable.

To the great satisfaction of De Brett, his wife was much admired, partly because of her petite figure, partly because of her frank enjoyment of the courtesies extended to her—though some there were who declared the "pocket Venus" was a bit behind the times, and more than once Lil Melton, noticing in what red silence she listened, pulled up short in the story she was telling, remarking afterward, "It was like talking to a baby from Sunday-school."

From the first De Brett had been a little afraid that Alma had married him to please her adored mother. She was a shy little creature, and sometimes with a pang he noticed that she seemed freer, more fearless, with others than with himself. He loved her too well not to watch her closely and he had not been slow to discover that whenever Cousin Kate was in the ascendant, Alma's timidity toward himself increased. Therefore he swept her away "on a little furniture hunt" abroad, as he called it, and to his delight he found her turning to him with the confidence he longed for.

And now he was home again. He was a year and a half married, a lover-husband and—miserable! For two or three months he had been aware of his wife's changed manner toward him. Not only had her former timidity returned, but it had developed, it seemed to him, into absolute fear. If he looked long at her, the color rose hot in her cheeks. And now this morning he was striding up and down, up and down the library floor, repeating over and over again the words he had just seen in a letter to his wife.

She had not come down to breakfast—a thing that had occurred often of late—and in loverlike fashion he had taken the tray from the maid. Adding to the coffee and oranges—for Alma still clung to her

Southern habits—a lovely bunch of violets, he had softly entered his wife's room. She had been reading some letters and had fallen asleep again with one spread open under her hand. As he stole to her side, his eye had fallen on the well-known writing of Mrs. Cary, and almost unconsciously he read the words: "You see I can't, my child. But who or what on earth has given you such an idea of your husband? You must confide in him at once. It is an outrage to deceive"—Alma's fingers covered the next words. With trembling hands he placed the tray upon a small table near the bed and withdrew, and though he heard her waking exclamation, he hurried to the library, where he raged up and down, trying to understand the meaning of the words. What idea of him had his wife, then? Had Kate——? Oh, surely not that! "It is an outrage to deceive." Good God! That baby—only a year and a half out in the world! Had the secret corruption of some of these brilliant and beautiful creatures tainted already the wholesome honesty of her nature? What was it she should confide to him at once? He winced with pain at the thought that his beloved could take to her mother a trouble that she had not dared to confide to himself.

Rapidly he passed in review the men of their acquaintance, without finding any one to hang a suspicion upon—unless, perhaps, Brooke Otis, the man who had named her the "Pocket Venus" and who proclaimed her waltzing to be divine? True, she had favored him outrageously at all dances, but to her it meant no more than an honest enjoyment of his perfect step. No, it is not Otis! Doctor Lefèvre—— Ah, could it be? But that would be monstrous! He was older than Reggie's self, three or four years. He had known Alma in her babyhood. He always persisted in calling her by her old home name—"Lee." He had made his fortune in the North. He was retired now. He was—yes, he certainly was a very handsome man—a fine figure, a perfect manner, silvery, wavy hair, a Van Dyke beard and glowing dark eyes, and—and—why, come to think of it, he had been Alma's shadow lately! "The scoundrel! The double-dyed scoundrel!" raged De Brett.



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Pettie.

DE BRETT . . . WRAPPED ALMA IN THE FUR-LINED GARMENT OF IVORY VELVET.

He recalled Alma's radiant delight at finding in New York this old friend of her babyhood, and he felt again the jealous twinge that came to him when Doctor Lefèvre had called her "Lee" in first greeting. The longer he thought, the surer he became of Lefèvre's ill conduct.

Why, he thought, had he not married again? His wife had been dead five years. It was a doctor's duty to be married. As for himself, he had learned a lesson. He would immediately engage the services of some ugly but clever old crank and forswear the care of this handsome Lefèvre! Ah! he must have a speedy understanding with his wife! But how was he to bring it about? He could not say to her, "I read your letter as you slept." He knew he would simply wither before the reproach of those adorable eyes. Perhaps she would follow the advice of her mother and confide in him. Good heavens! what hideous suggestion there was in the term, "Confide in him"! And yet, would not Mrs. Cary be more likely to counsel deception, secrecy, if there were any serious fault in her daughter's conduct? "Oh, my wife!" he groaned, "if you would only end this suspense for me!"

He could not hide a certain change in tone and manner from Alma nor from the bright, ever-watchful eyes of Cousin Kate—who saw with joy the slight coldness in Reggie's manner. "Ah!" she whispered to herself, "he plays my game for me! I have done my best to frighten her, but just a little sustained coldness from him and she will herself suggest a visit home to mama, and then—oh, then!" She bit her red lips savagely and her eyes gleamed. "Only let me get them apart once, for ever so short a time, and I'll have my innings! Poor, sympathetic Reggie! I wonder what he would do if he knew that I have convinced his Alma that he has a shrinking horror of sickness, that ill health in another is absolutely repellent to him, and that a wife who could not steadily stand the racket of the gayest set in town would be a mortification hard to bear?" And here were the coldness in Reggie and the weariness and pallor of Alma—and Kate rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

It happened that Doctor Lefèvre was one of their guests at dinner that night. De

Brett thought he had never seen so small a woman carry herself with such dignity as did his wife, but was it the pale blue of her gown that drank up all her color, or was she pale—very pale? A pang of pity shot through him as he saw the frightened look leap into her eyes at sight of him. But she was brave and chattered lightly and brightly until some one asked if she were going to the Baileys' dance, and she answered, "No!"

"I think Cousin Alma would be cruel to herself to give him a waltz after the fainting-fit the last one produced," said Kate.

"What?" exclaimed De Brett, sharply, "Alma fainted? When? Where?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Kate confusedly; "I thought you knew."

"It was nothing," replied Alma lightly, though drops of moisture stood on her temples—"a mere dizziness."

"Oh!" again said Kate, "I'm glad—I was quite given to understand it was a prolonged faint, causing much anxiety."

"Ah, those three black crows are still in evidence," smiled Doctor Lefèvre, "and the Barrons' rooms are always as hot as Tophet—hence the story of a profound fainting."

Alma looked gratefully at him and declared her intention of going to the opera.

Watching, Reggie saw the quick frown of the doctor at Alma's words about the opera. He saw, too, the absolutely beseeching look in her eyes as she said: "You will look in on us, will you not, Doctor?—for I really must go to-night. Then I shall have seen and heard every Juliette in the company, tall or short, cold or warm."

The conversation became semi-musical then and quite general, but De Brett saw that while the doctor smiled down upon the lady on his right, his left hand gently pushed Alma's wine-glass into her fingers, and that she, obeying a glance from him, drank, and for a moment he sat in absolute blind rage, so perfectly evident was it that an understanding existed between them.

As an attendant was coming downstairs with Alma's wrap, she and the doctor stood waiting for it, and De Brett, approaching from behind some palms with the glove his wife had let fall as she passed from the drawing-room, heard the doctor say: "It must cease, Lee. It must, my

dear! If anything serious happens, what becomes of my reputation? And——”

“Your glove!” interrupted a cold voice, which went on quickly, addressing the attendant. “To me, Jayson!” and turning his back upon the doctor, De Brett himself with deft, experienced hands wrapped Alma in the fur-lined garment of ivory velvet.

As they drove to the opera-house, Alma tried to talk and act as usual, though the absence of the tenderness of which Reggie had ever before been so lavish wounded her cruelly.

Oh, she thought, if Reggie were ill or threatened with a



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

THOMAS MITCHELL PEIRCE

“DO I NOT UNDERSTAND NOW, DEAR?”

breakdown of nerves, how she would envelop him with love and tenderness! She would never, never draw coldly away from him. But she would be crying in a moment and that would make him hate her——
 “Oh, I beg your pardon—you said——?”

“I asked how often you see Doctor Lefèvre,” came in cutting tones from the other corner of the brougham.

“How often? I don’t know. About once a week—professionally, that is, and”——laughing forcedly——“almost every day socially.”

“Where?” curtly demanded the voice from the corner.

“Where? Oh, *par-ci, par-la*,” which was a most unfortunate little speech. Never could De Brett endure hearing her speak an unnecessary word of French——perhaps because Cousin Kate had used that language so very much in times past.

“Are your daily meetings so very complicated,” he growled angrily, “that you require two languages to explain them? For heaven’s sake, don’t adopt the habit of injecting French into ordinary conversation——leave that to Kate Willoughby!”

“I might justify myself by saying that this does not seem to be an ordinary conversation,” Alma answered, with quivering lips. “But I stand convicted of an error in taste——an error I shall not repeat.”

But before the opera was over, such a mortal pallor had settled upon her face that De Brett insisted upon taking her home at once.

Reggie’s anger melted before the evident suffering of his little wife. In the darkness of the brougham he drew her to him and pillowed her throbbing head on his shoulder, and she felt that for a few moments she was back in her paradise.

Next day, as De Brett returned from a morning canter in the park—a pleasure Alma had shared with him up to a few weeks ago—he saw a messenger hand in a letter.

“I’ll take it,” he said to the man, as he entered, and with it he went into the library. It was from Lefèvre—it was addressed to his wife, and was unsealed. He never stopped to consider right or wrong, he was a jealous husband and he acted like one. He drew out the letter and read:—

“MY DEAR CHILD: I told you last night this must cease, and now I am summoned hastily to the South on business, and truly I am not sorry for it.”——“The coward,” sneered Reggie, “he is glad to leave her to face the music alone.”——“I have always been very weak in your hands, little Lee, or I could not have been induced to help on this foolish deception—for it is foolish, though if it goes a step further it may cause serious results.

“I heard whispers, child, the night you fainted——there were other whispers from those close to you, when you withdrew from your box last night. Believe me, your husband will never pardon you—not in his heart, at least—if these whispers reach him, if he hears what there is to hear from any one but you. Why have you listened to that woman? I do not believe one small word of her cruel statements. Go to De Brett, put your fears behind you, be a brave little woman and tell him your secret. If retirement follows——why, still be brave. Your mother and I will try to make it endurable for you.

“Hoping that before this day is done all will be well with you, beloved daughter of my best friend, I remain,

“Cordially yours,

“BURTON LEFÈVRE.”

With a groan De Brett threw himself into a big arm-chair and closed his eyes. He was not utterly stupid, only partly so. He recalled Mrs. Cary’s words, “Who has given you such an idea of your husband?” Now he added the words of the doctor, “Why have you listened to that woman?” And he asked: What woman? Who would be likely to make “cruel statements” about him? Who but Cousin Kate? Bah! how he loathed that word “cousin”! She was no cousin of his! Poor Alma! She had always been a timid, tender little thing. But how could this secret understanding with Lefèvre be explained? He turned his head wearily in miserable perplexity, and just then he heard the soft trailing of skirts across the floor, the tap of heels on the polished spaces between the rugs, and opened his eyes to see Alma before him.

She looked very fragile for all her loveliness, and De Brett frowned anxiously as he rose to offer her a chair. She refused it,

however, saying with a little laugh that she was too nervous to sit—though, if he pleased, she would like to speak to him.

For a moment they faced each other in silence, then De Brett coldly, curtly exclaimed, "Well?" At which Alma shrank back with a startled "Oh!" as if he had hurt her. While she stood there hesitating, one tremulous hand sought the support and comfort of the other, and as the little fingers locked and unlocked themselves, a great longing, difficult to restrain, came upon him to seize the little helpless members and cover them with kisses.

"I—I have not pleased you lately, Reggie," she began at last, "though I have tried hard—and, really, I have not actually missed more than one or two things, you know. I—I know how dreadfully it will vex you to have your arrangements all upset for the season—but, dear, I—I can retire quietly and mama will be glad to have me, you know. And you—you have often told me how you enjoyed a cruise."

"In God's name!" he burst out, "what are you talking about? Have you been making plans for the winter without reference to me? Do you really imagine that I shall permit you to pass months in the South?"

"Oh, Reggie!" she gasped, "you would not send me anywhere else? You could not be so cruel!"

"Send you!" cried he. "I'm not sending you anywhere, but you are calmly arranging a winter South without my company."

She wrung her hands helplessly. "He doesn't understand," she murmured. "Shall I have to tell him?"

"Alma," De Brett exclaimed, "will you speak out plainly what you have to tell me? What is this cursed secret?"

"Oh, not that!" she cried in a tone of keenest pain, "not cursed! Oh, Reggie—never, never cursed!"

She lifted her hands to her head to push back the heavy waves of hair. "A little patience," she murmured brokenly. "I'll speak, dear, in a moment."

The fleecy mantle had slipped unnoticed from her shoulders, and she stood for an instant upright with both hands to her head. Suddenly De Brett's fingers clinched the arms of his chair, he leaned forward, his eyes widening, his breath coming quick and fast.

"Alma!" he gasped—as the lovely, tear-wet eyes met his eager, entreating glance, a perfect flood of crimson swept over brow and cheek and throat. "Alma! My wife!" he breathed, "do I not understand now, dear?"

Her face faded to waxen-white, her small hands clasped themselves upon her breast, but she bent her head in assent. And Reggie slipped down upon his knees before her and lifted the hem of her gown to his brow and to his lips, before she swayed forward in the faint she could no longer struggle against. When she opened her eyes, she found herself cradled in her husband's arms.

"It was not a cursed secret—was it, Reggie?" she whispered.

"No, little one," he said. "No! it was a blessed secret—but we must stop all this racketing about now, and live more quietly, more sensibly."

"We?" questioned Alma, "we?"

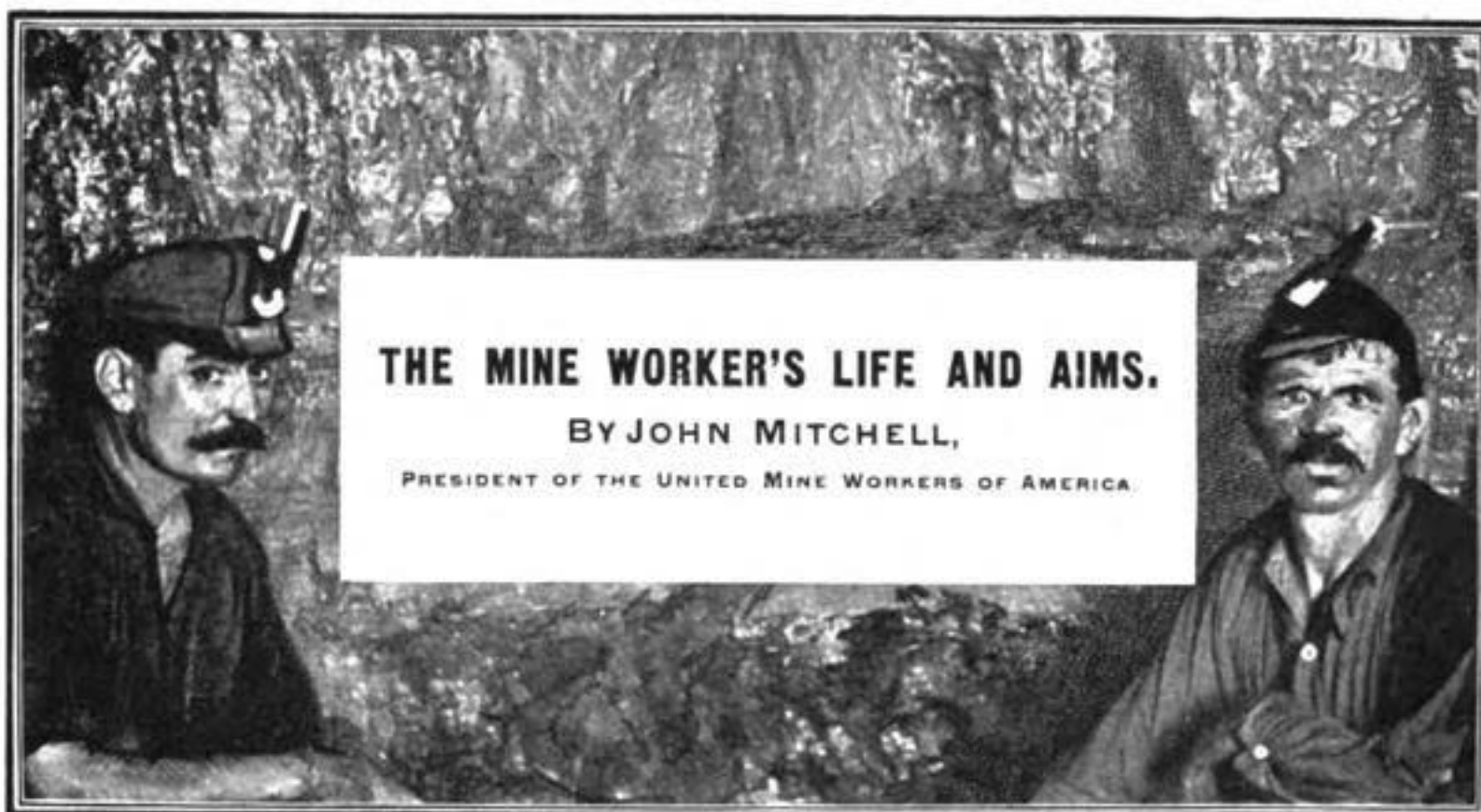
"Why, of course, sweetheart. We shall start next week for the South together. Did you suppose you were to be exiled alone?"

"Kate said so. She said you would be bored to dissolution—that ill health would revolt you, and that you would—would loathe the baby!"

"Don't!" he said, "don't speak of that woman ever again if you can help it!"

And that is why the De Bretts are wintering in the South. That Alma should retire from society was of course natural, and perfectly correct—but Reggie, old invulnerable Reggie? That he should share that retirement, should content himself with walks and drives and boating, and a little home card-playing, was too bourgeois. The sensation created by his marriage is in a fair way to be eclipsed by the sensation of this retirement.

Whenever Gordon receives a letter from Reggie, the fellows at the club ask: "How does De Brett dress now? Does he wear floating Roman ribbons and cross-striped embroidered aprons or is he contented with a ruffled cap and a large white apron with shoulder-pieces?" and some one swears he will send him a Roumanian peasant's dress to wear at the christening. Meantime both men and women declare the De Brett retirement the joke of the season.



LITTLE is thought and less is known by the average magazine or newspaper reader concerning the lives, surroundings and environment of those who produce the originating motor power, the power which moves the wheels of commerce and industry and contributes so much to the civilization of the present day.

I refer to the four hundred thousand men and boys who delve in the bowels of the earth; removed from the sight of their fellow-beings; obscured from the rays of the sun; with hundreds, oftentimes thousands, of feet of rock between them and all that is dear to them; in a place which teems with dampness and danger; where not a day goes by without recording the death, by falls of rock, coal or slate, of more than one unfortunate miner; and where, at frequent intervals, by the explosion of gases which are permitted to accumulate in the mines, there are accidents by which the nation is appalled, humble homes are made desolate, wives made widows and children orphaned. These are the men that dig the dusky diamonds whose reddening glow cheers the hearthstone of the poor and rich alike, the product of whose labor is so essential to the welfare and happiness of society and to the progress of the world.

If all the conditions surrounding the lives of this heroic class of sturdy workmen were understood by the justice-loving

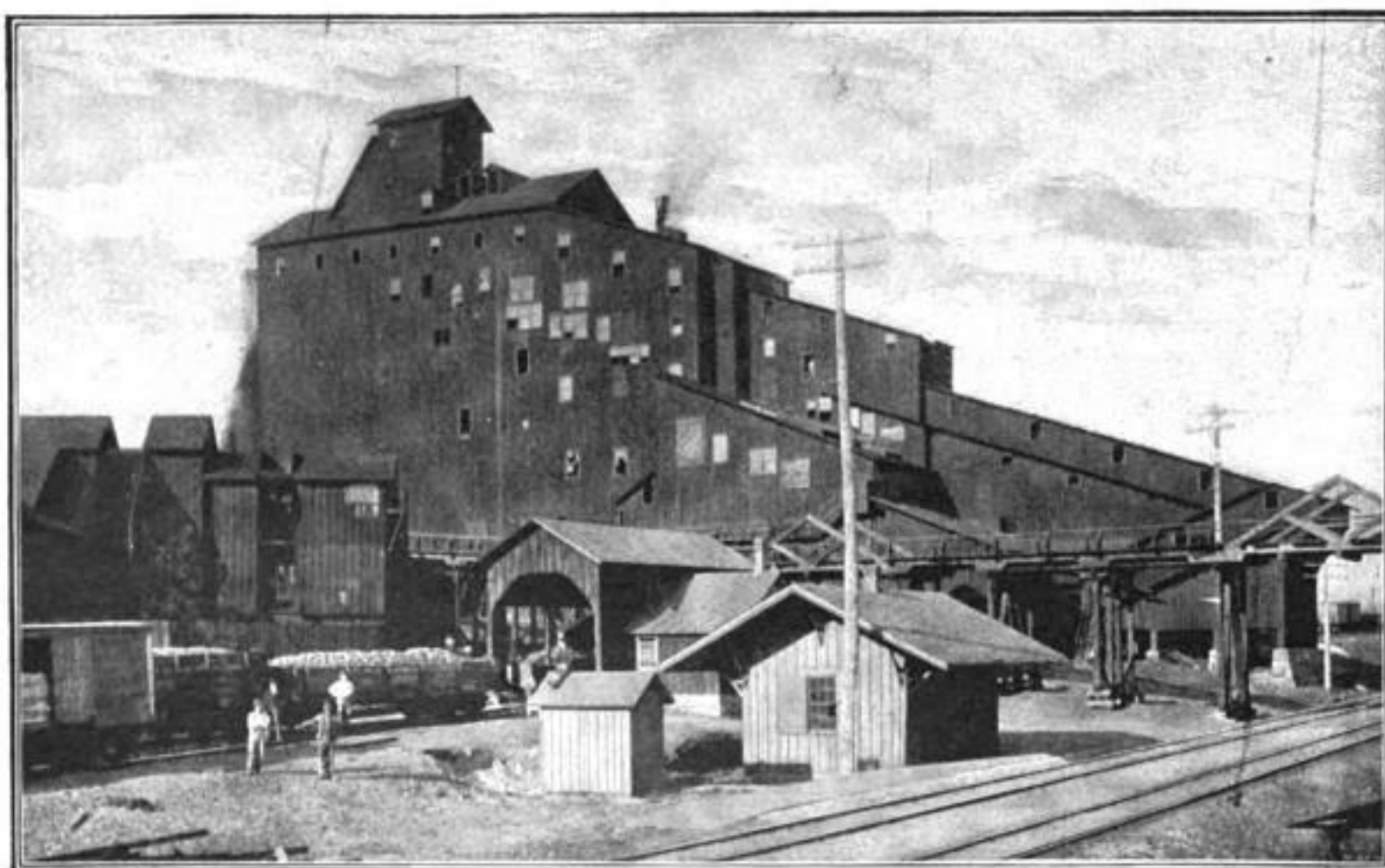
American people, they would not be surprised at the numerous strikes and suspensions which have from time to time interfered with commerce and industry, and on more than one occasion have threatened a complete paralyzation of the nation's activities.

It is impossible to portray in intelligible terms the exact conditions under which coal-miners work and live, because none but those who work in the mines can fully comprehend or realize the physical conditions prevailing there, as only those who work in them ever have opportunity for observation; and only those whose interests bring them into daily contact with mine workers or who are close students of statistical reports on coal-production are familiar with the startling truth that for every two hundred and seventy thousand tons of coal brought to the surface of the mine one employee's life is sacrificed, and five times that number are maimed and injured; in other words, of every four hundred and fifty men employed in the mines, one is killed and five are injured each year. This makes a total of nine hundred persons who yield up their lives each year, and of forty-five hundred who suffer serious injury. In no other industry in the United States are there so many fatalities in proportion to the total number of employees. But, sad and distressing as these facts may be, they are not the greatest source of discontent or complaint of this army of workers, for

whom life holds few charms and offers few opportunities.

A peculiar feature of the mining industry, and one which more than all others affects the interests of those employed in the production of coal, is the fact that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand more men are employed in the mines than are required to produce all the coal which it is possible for our nation to consume; that is to say that, while the consumption of coal at home and the export trade abroad amount, in the most prosperous year, to two hundred and fifty million tons, this enormous production gave only two hundred days' employment to the men

would fully relieve the mining industry of this apparent surplus of labor, for the reason that a vastly greater amount of coal is consumed in the winter months than at other periods of the year, and as bituminous coal cannot be kept in stock without deteriorating in value and quality, it follows that more coal must be produced in the winter season than in the summer; and consequently during these months all the workers are steadily employed. That this overplus of labor has disastrously affected the earnings of mine workers goes without saying; in fact, for many years prior to 1897 the tendency of wages was downward. The almost entire absence of combination



A COAL BREAKER IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTHRACITE REGION.

and boys at work in the mines. If the mines were worked three hundred days per year, they would produce at least one hundred and twenty-five million tons of coal more than is consumed at home or sold abroad. As a consequence of this abnormal condition, a miner is enabled to earn only about two-thirds as much wages as he would were he steadily employed; and as mining communities are, with few exceptions, isolated from the centers of industry in other lines, opportunity is not afforded the mine worker to employ profitably the one hundred days of enforced idleness due to the non-operation of the mine. Nor can any practical plan be adopted which

or organization among the workers made it possible for employers to depress the earnings of their employees almost uninterruptedly each year until, in the summer of 1897, the conditions of employment became so unbearable and the spirit of unrest and resentment so general that the bituminous, or soft, coal miners of the United States, having exhausted every peaceful measure at their command to secure redress for their wrongs, determined upon a suspension of operations in all of the states in which soft coal was mined. The date upon which the strike was to take effect was not even known to the miners themselves, they having instructed the officers of the then weak

and struggling organization (at a convention held in the spring of that year) to order a cessation of work at whatever time the officers believed to be most opportune, and the possibilities of success most promising.

July 4, 1897, will be a day long remembered by the soft coal miners of our country. A few days prior to that date, from the office of the national union of the miners, a proclamation was issued calling upon all men employed in or about the mines in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky and the western part of Pennsylvania to cease work and remain in idleness on and after Independence Day; and while the miners' organization at that time numbered less than eleven thousand members, one hundred and ten thousand men employed in the states named above threw down their tools, and the first great successful struggle for higher wages began. The contest continued until September 10th, at which time a conference between the representatives of the United Mine Workers of America and the owners of coal properties was held which resulted in a partial settlement advancing the earnings of the mine workers an average of twelve per cent. The following January, the miners and mine-owners of the central competitive coal-field, which embraces Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and western Pennsylvania, met in delegate convention in the city of Chicago and agreed that thereafter all disputes as to wages and conditions of employment should be adjusted by joint conference and conciliation rather than by resorting to the arbitrament of industrial war. The result was that an agreement was reached increasing the earnings of mine workers eighteen per cent. and reducing the hours of labor from ten to eight in the states just mentioned.

The Chicago conference of 1898 was followed by conventions in Pittsburg in 1899, Indianapolis in 1900 and Columbus in 1901. At the first two, further advances in wages and improved conditions of employment were secured for the mine workers; and it is a pleasure to record the cordial relations which now exist between these two forces, which were formerly so antagonistic. Both operators and miners concede that the adoption of this

humane and business-like method of adjusting all differences affecting conditions of employment is preferable to the old method of strikes and lockouts, with the consequent bitter suffering and loss of profits.

During the period in which the bituminous coal miners and operators were working out a solution of the labor problem, the anthracite, or hard, coal miners of Pennsylvania, one hundred and forty-two thousand in number, were suffering and chafing under the most humiliating conditions of employment conceivable. Wages were so low and employment was so irregular that parents were compelled to take their boys from school, sometimes when they were less than ten years of age, and put them to work in the breakers and the mines; and this, too, in spite of the fact that the laws of the state of Pennsylvania prohibit the employment of children at the mines until they have reached the age of twelve. For many years efforts had been made to organize the mine workers of the anthracite field, but owing to the struggle to establish equitable conditions of employment in the bituminous region, the miners' union was unable to concentrate a sufficient force in the anthracite district to bring about this result. During the years 1899 and 1900 further efforts were made in this direction, but the application of the blacklist, and the extreme poverty of the mine workers (which made it impossible for them to move to other fields should they be discharged), rendered the work discouragingly slow.

About this time it became obvious to the officers of the United Mine Workers of America that it would be necessary to inaugurate an aggressive movement in order to arouse from their lethargy the thoroughly subdued workers in the anthracite coal-fields. With this object in view a large force of organizers was assigned to work among the anthracite miners; and by constantly mingling with them and addressing meetings, sought to revive their hopes and rekindle in their hearts the spirit of resistance which we feared would be put to the severest test before the close of the year 1900. While this agitation among the workers was in progress, efforts were also being put forth, through the United Mine

Workers, to bring about a conference of representatives of the miners and the companies which operated the railroads and the coal-mines of that field. But, to our dismay, the operators, feeling sanguine that their employees would not engage in a strike should one be attempted, received our overtures with ridicule and disdain. Having no alternative but to abandon the field or engage in a strike which, if participated in by all of the producers of anthracite coal, would seriously affect the industry and commerce of the Eastern and New England States—provided it should

land—people differing widely in religious customs and observances, with racial characteristics and Old World feuds dividing them—speaking so many languages and dialects that one half scarcely knew what the other half said; yet one hundred and twelve thousand men and boys responded on the first day to the call for the strike; and this number increased day by day until, when the call for resumption of work was issued, one hundred and forty thousand were idle. These men, heretofore, had never known what it was to strike in unison; one section always working while



TYPICAL COAL-MINERS.

be prolonged for a period of time sufficient to consume the several million tons of coal then held in reserve by the anthracite operators—we decided upon the latter course; and on September 17th, the very eve of a presidential election, the most memorable struggle between capital and labor in the industrial history of our nation began.

With an organization of only eight thousand members in that field who were obligated to cease work upon the order of the miners' union; with a people the counterpart of which it would be difficult to find in any other section of this broad

the other fought, thus making victory improbable because those remaining at work produced enough coal to supply the market and their idle brothers were ultimately starved into submission. But in this strike they seemed to be imbued with the single idea that in the struggle they must stand or fall together, and their devotion and loyalty to the organization and the principles it espoused were almost without a parallel.

No other industrial conflict of any magnitude has been characterized by such absence of rioting; it being a fact attested by the sheriffs of the several counties that

fewer arrests for lawlessness were made during the weeks from September 17th to October 29th, the day on which work was resumed, than for many months previous.

The successful prosecution and happy termination of this strike—the first ever won by the anthracite mine workers—secured for them an advance of ten per cent. in wages; a reduction in the price of powder and other supplies; the semi-monthly payment of wages in cash, and tacit recognition of their right to organize. Since the resumption of work, many further concessions have been obtained and the conditions of employment materially improved through

more than an animate machine. Prior to 1874 the miners were paid, by many of the companies, with scrip, which was exchangeable for provisions at the company store. The use of scrip was discontinued in 1874, but many of the companies still retained a system whereby payment was made in cash should the miner be so fortunate as to have anything coming to him after the house-rent, the bills for coal, for the grocer, the butcher and the doctor, had been deducted. The company paid the doctor an annual salary, and added the surplus collected from the miners to its profits. The general store was owned and



MULES STABLED IN THE MINE.

the instrumentality of their organization, which now embraces within its fold practically every man and boy employed in the mining industry in the anthracite region. And—what is, possibly, of greater concern and interest to the general public—hope and promise are held out that the same system which prevails in the bituminous fields, through which differences are adjusted without resorting to strikes, will also be adopted by the operators and miners in the anthracite district.

Until a comparatively recent date a careful system of espionage on the part of the company had made the mine worker little

operated by the company, although usually under another name than that by which the mining enterprise was known. In almost all cases the miners were compelled to choose between dismissal from employment and dealing at the company store, where prices were usually higher than at other establishments. By these means the men were rendered absolutely dependent upon the companies, often not receiving pay in cash from one year's end to another, and being deprived of all liberty of action in regard to their personal affairs. During the progress of the anthracite strike I was personally informed by a number of miners

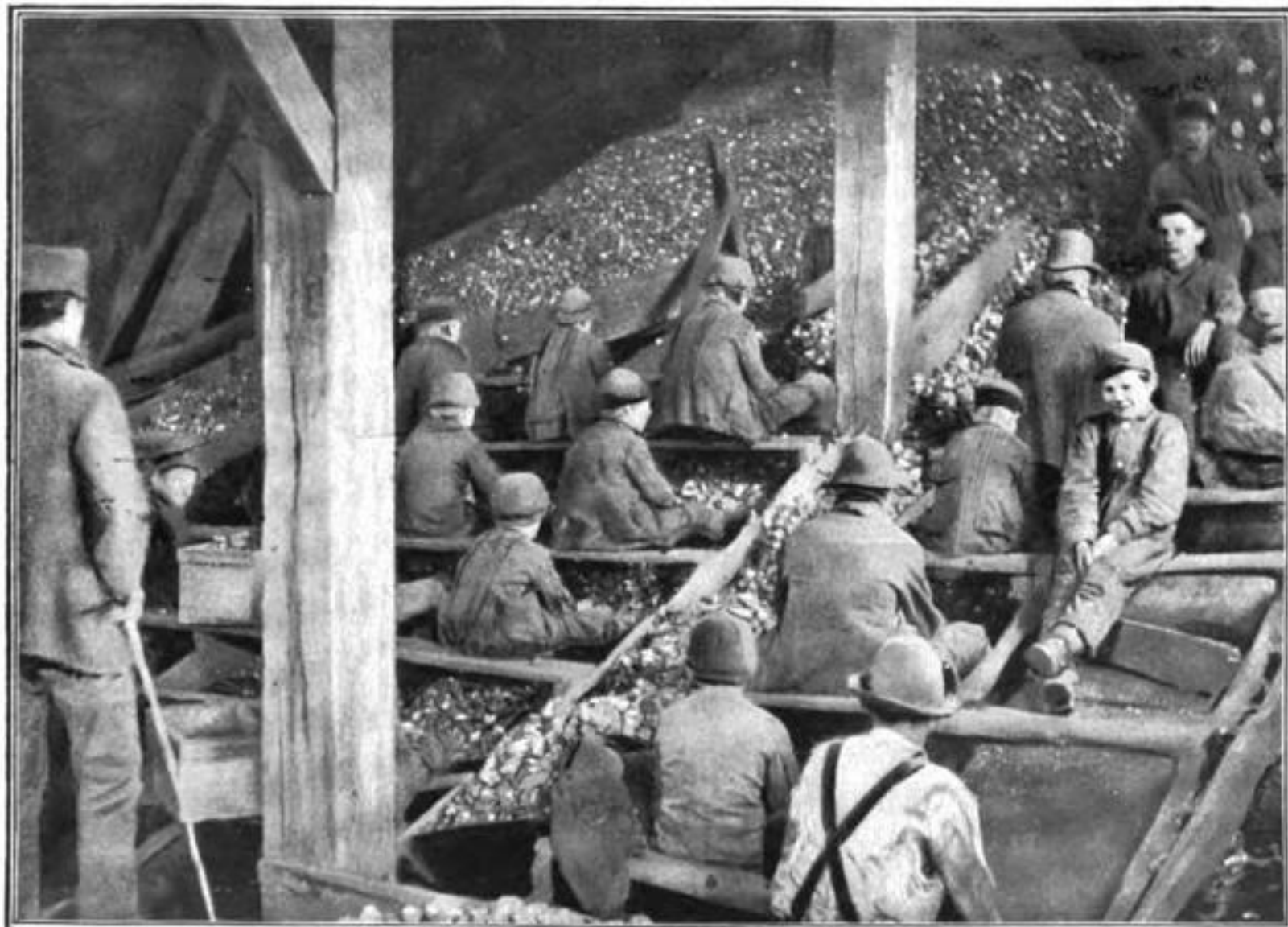
that they had not received one cent of their earnings in cash for over eleven years. But, thanks to the work and the spirit of organization among the workers, many changes for the better have been made in this respect during the past few years; and, although these abuses still exist, they are much less common than formerly.

A trip through a mining town is very interesting, particularly in the anthracite field. First, most conspicuous and most important is the breaker, or tipple; next one notices the long rows of two- or three-roomed houses owned by the company or by some enterprising capitalist who finds the alluring disparity between outlay and income an incentive for investment in property of this character. These houses are often unpainted, and blackened by coal-dust and rains; but clean and shining within, the miners' wives being, as a rule, neat and tidy housekeepers. The only method of distinguishing one house from another is by the number placed above the door of each. In many of the towns these rows contain from ten to twelve houses and are built flush with the sidewalk, having a tiny back yard where there is, oftentimes,



DRIVER-BOYS RETURNING MULES TO THE STABLE ON BEGINNING THE RECENT ANTHRACITE STRIKE.

a vegetable garden. Usually, in the larger towns, particular localities contain rows of six or seven double houses set slightly back from the walk, with a small front, side and back yard for each house; and evidences of thrift are often noticed in the vines trained above the door or over the porch which has been built by the miner on idle days. Flower-beds in front and side yards,



BREAKER-BOYS.



THE MOUTH OF A DRIFT.

and a garden in the back, make some of these places quite attractive. Again, rows of double houses are set down in bleak and barren spots where there is not the slightest trace of the verdure which clothes the side of the mountain near by. These houses are usually built two or three feet from the ground, and under them a shelter is afforded the chicken, the dog or the goat. Many of the non-English-speaking miners in the anthracite region keep goats. In the bituminous regions the miners who are able to afford it usually keep a cow, but the nature of the country in the anthracite districts, where the ground is rendered uneven by numerous cave-ins, makes it extremely perilous for cows to run at large; the nimble goat, however, is better able to avoid these dangerous places, and this, I presume, accounts for so many families owning goats.

The interior of the house of the mine worker, while barren of decoration, is usually scrupulously clean; and the few cheap knickknacks which serve as bric-à-brac evidence the desire of the wife to make home as attractive as possible upon the small sum at her command. The casual visitor is struck not only by the poor and unlovely aspect of the typical mining towns themselves, the pitiful endeavor to make the homes cheerful and comfortable, but also by the stoicism written indelibly upon the faces of the men and women one finds

there. Particularly is this true of the people of the anthracite field, where there are many who might well serve as models for Millet's famous French peasants; and more than one the hopeless dejection of whose countenance and bearing brings to mind Markham's touching poem, "The Man With the Hoe."

Of course, it is said by many that the mine workers are a shiftless, intemperate, illiterate lot, who are without ambition, who have no high and noble aspirations; but the many who say so do not know these people as I do; they do not pause to consider that practically all of these men and women have begun a life of drudgery at a very early age—at an age, in fact, when the children of the average American citizen are considered scarcely more than babies; that they have worked alone, away from the civilizing influence of contact with their fellow-beings, under such conditions and for such weary hours that neither thought nor time remained for recreation or for study. I know them to be as a class honorable and upright in the payment of their debts; I know that lack of honesty in matters of this kind means ostracism by their neighbors; I know that during strikes it is a common occurrence for one family to divide the last bit of bread in the house with a neighbor whose supply of provisions has become exhausted; and



A GROUP OF MINERS.

I know that the standard of morality among them will challenge comparison with that of any other class of people in our land. In my own experience I have many times witnessed acts of such heroism and self-sacrifice among them as to make the valorous deeds of our soldiers at home and abroad pale into insignificance by comparison; there are innumerable instances that can be cited in which mine workers, in the cave-ins which every now and then befall, have knowingly and willingly surrendered their lives in an effort to rescue their entombed fellow-workmen.

No words can more fittingly portray the sad story of the anthracite miner's life than an illustration accompanying this article. In the cut are seen several small breaker-boys, of tender years and frail physique, starting upon their careers as mine workers; and an old man who, with bent form and tottering steps, is ending his life in the very place and at the same employment in which he started when a lad. First, the boy of eight or ten is sent to the breaker to pick the slate and other impurities from the coal which has been brought up from the mine; from there he is promoted and becomes a door-boy, working in the mine; as he grows older and stronger he is advanced to the position and given the pay of a laborer; there he gains the experience which secures him a place as a miner's helper; and as he acquires skill and strength he becomes, when in the height of his manhood and vigor, a full-fledged miner. If he is fortunate enough to escape the falls of rock and coal, he may retain this position as a miner for a number of years; but as age creeps on



MINERS' WIVES AND CHILD.

and he is attacked by some of the many diseases incident to work in the mines, he makes way for those younger and more vigorous following him up the ladder whose summit he has reached. He then starts on the descent, going back to become a miner's helper, then a mine laborer, now a door-boy; and when old and decrepit, he finally returns to the breaker where he started as a child, earning the same wages as are received by the little urchins who work at his side.

Thus, in these few words, is told the simple story of an anthracite miner's life in its entire course from the cradle to the grave.

There is no incentive for ambition in the average miner's life. He cannot rise to places of eminence and wealth; only one in five hundred can even be given place as a foreman or superintendent, and these are positions which few miners care to hold. The work at the mines is wholly in charge of managers or superintendents the chief cause for whose retention and promotion is their ability to produce coal cheaply; and



MINERS' HUTS ON MINGO MOUNTAIN.

this has been usually accomplished by depressing the earnings of their employees, or insisting upon the performance of more work than men are physically able to do. I am of the opinion that the men who own the mines, those who hold the stock in the large companies and profit by this cheapness of production, do not know the means employed to secure it. They do not know the dangers which make a miner's life a daily sacrifice; they do not realize, as they bask in the comfortable glow of a coal-fire, that oftentimes the hearth of the man whose labor made their comfort possible is cold and cheerless because he cannot afford to buy enough of the coal which he has mined to keep his wife and babies warm.

As a people we are forgetful of the fact that every convenience we enjoy, every device that enhances our material comfort and ease, is purchased at the cost of infinite pains, and often of actual suffering, to others.

We do not remember, when, by touching a button, the house or office is lighted or machinery is set in motion, that men have dug in darkness to furnish the power for the operation. We are unmindful of the fact, when the limited express or the ocean greyhound speeds us from ocean to ocean or from land to land, that those whose labor supplies the energy by which we are able to seek health or wealth or happiness in other climes, trudge from home to mine and from mine to home, year in and year out, too poor to avail

themselves of the facilities their toil has supplied; that they work belowground, scarcely seeing even the daylight beauties of the home neighborhood, with no opportunity to grasp the means of culture and refinement brought to our very doors from the Old and New World through their patient efforts.

If the great, sympathetic American public could see for itself, could know as I know the sorrows and the heartaches of those who spend their lives in the coal-

mines of our country, I am sure that they would give their unqualified support to every effort which is being made by the organizations of labor to ameliorate the conditions under which these men work, and to secure for them wages commensurate with their hazardous employment; thus enabling them to take the little boys from the breakers and mines and place them, for a few years at least, in our schools, where they



BREAKER-BOYS CHEERING THE ORDER TO STRIKE.

properly belong, and where they may receive their birthright of education and enjoy the sunlight so needful to their physical development. To make this great movement a success we are bending our every effort, and we look with confidence to the American people for sympathy and support, for we are firm in the belief that any action which raises the standard of our citizenship confers upon our country a measureless blessing, the benefits of which will be increasingly apparent as the years go by.

FROM BREAKDOWN TO RAG-TIME.

BY CHARLES REGINALD SHERLOCK.

THE most genuine things that have been done upon the stage in the guise of negro portraiture are as far apart as 1830 and 1895. The attempt began with the breakdowns of Thomas D. Rice and George Washington Dixon and ends with the rag-time of May Irwin and Fay Templeton; as an example of fidelity to nature the

"Jump Jim Crow" of sixty-five years ago is to be compared only to the modern "If You Ain't Got No Money You Needn't Come 'Round." In the main the intervening years have been filled with various forms of mimicry of the American negro that can be described in no other way than as broad caricature of the subject. You would look in vain in real life for the counterpart of the traditional darkey of the stage, as depicted so delightfully by a

long line of negro minstrels, among whom performers like Dan Bryant, Eph Horn, Billy Birch, Charley Backus, Cool White, Nelse Seymour, Cal Wagner, Dan Emmett, Dave Reed, Sam Devere, Harry Stanwood, Hughey Dougherty, Billy Emerson, Lew Benedict, Milt Barlow, George Thatcher and George Wilson take rank as premiers. Amusing they were, beyond question, but

they sketched so roughly in burnt cork that their portrayals were as unreal as most of the theatrical "properties" which went along with them. It has been many years, indeed, since performers of the highest repute in negro minstrelsy have attempted to imitate even the dialect that still remains one of the distinguishing marks of

the race they represented. As a matter of fact, Dan Bryant—and who ever wore the sable mask with greater honor?—was never so happy as when singing "Shamus O'Brien" in black face and an Irish brogue! In costuming the different creations with which their fame was identified all these celebrities went to the farthest extremes, gross exaggeration being the invariable rule. With something akin to una-



From the collection of Evert Gansen Wendell.

AN OLD NEGRO MINSTREL POSTER.

nimity, negro delineation by the most famous performers has been distinguished by big feet and diminutive hats, trademarks that seemed destined to resist innovation for all time. Only with the advent of rag-time, four or five years ago, did this style of dress start on its way to the rag-man. So it happens that the stage copy of the genuine negro is to-day nearer the original in essential characteristics than any-



FAY TEMPLETON.

peaked the nose of the negro of slavery days, has taken the kinks out of his wiry locks, and has holystoned his complexion, but the shuffle of the tarheel still remains, as do his ingrained love of song and dance, his heedlessness of life in general and his love of show in particular. In these traits, accentuated for theatrical purposes, he is being made visible to-day.

It is to be said, therefore, that the modern performer has ceased to seek the extreme and fantastic at the expense of truth, and is now going to original sources for his material. This is what was done at the beginning, or what may be termed the beginning, by Thomas D. Rice, whose "Jim Crow" was for so long a period the accepted type of the stage negro. Blackened faces had figured in the drama long before Rice's time—as far back as the date of a first production of "Othello"—but to him seems to belong the distinction of having brought the negro forward as a truthful picture. Rice, and Rice's predecessors in burnt cork, had "danced Juba" and executed breakdowns, in every description of motley wear, regardless of the actual quaintness of the droll people they pretended to represent. Rice found an old cripple of a nigger, doing odd jobs around a livery stable in Louisville,

thing that has gone before, for we have him in the modern form as New York knows him on Thompson Street, and as he disports himself in the colored colonies of other cities. Miscegenation, or something worse, has

and made him his own. By the closest mimicry he put "Jim Crow" on the stage, dressed in tatters as he dressed, shaking his palsied legs as he did and singing his very words:

"Wheel about, turn about,
Do jis' so,
An' ebery time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow."

Rice seems to have originated the only real negro of his day. The cotton fields of Georgia, the sugar plantations of Louisiana, the wide acres sown with tobacco in Virginia, as well as the levees of New Orleans, of Natchez and of Memphis, swarming with black people, seem to have been fallow ground in the estimation of the actors of fifty, sixty and seventy years ago. "Jim Crow" ran his course, and in quick sequence was followed by the "Dandy Jims," the "Spruce Pinks," the "Bone Squashes," all fanciful delineations of the negro, in so far as they avoided use of the better material at



DAN BRYANT.

hand. Except that the cars now set apart by law for the occupancy of colored folks in certain Southern States usually go by the name of "Jim Crows," this designation is only a memory. Even the fact that Joseph



MAY IRWIN.

Jefferson, the grand old man of to-day's stage, made his first appearance as a pocket edition of Rice's "Jim Crow," and with Rice, when the former was a toddler of three years, has not made the title more familiar.

After "Jim Crow," the stage seems to have returned to a negro representation that scorned the truthful picture, droll as the truthful picture ought to have been. But the fact is, we have had a traditional, not a real, negro on the stage. First of all, he has not dressed the part. After smutting their faces, the performers most famous in this line have done little else to keep up the illusion. May Irwin in rouge and rice-powder gives a better imitation, inasmuch as aside from the black face she is the beau ideal of somebody's "baby," or somebody who loves his "baby." Looking for the genesis of the art, we find that for whole epochs the "long-tailed blue" was the prevailing fashion. This



JENNIE YEAMANS SINGING A DARKY SERENADE.



Drawn by Archie Gunn.

"THE VAUDEVILLE ARTISTE."

garment got its name from a song that had its reign in 1838. Aside from the perennial use of tremendous soles and miniature hats, the rule has ever been to deck out the negro in pantaloons of red-and-white checks of titanic size and coats of outlandish pattern. Variations of these general forms have come down to us like heirlooms. There came a period along in the '50's when there was a break in these vain devices, the outcome of which was the introduction of a plantation darkey who wore "pants"—the costumers who made the garments cut the word as well as the gunnybag—held up by one suspender in a very precarious manner. This type of negro came as close to nature as the profession ever got. He was the shiftless, good-for-nothing nigger, whose companion-piece many years later was Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." With the advent of the darkey whose badge was the one suspender came a style of dancing that most resembled the dancing of the real negro. It was called the "Essence of Ole Virginny," and may be said to have reached its highest perfection many years later in the performances of Dan Bryant. The jig and reel in one form or another appear to have antedated the "essence" so-called, the



Drawn by Archie Gunn.

"EVEN THE IRISH COMEDIAN OFTEN TELLS A COON JOKE."

widest departure from these dances having been in the efforts of those who "jumped Jim Crow." The rocking heel, which is an element of pedal mo-

pushing gesture. The essence had a long lease of life, due, no doubt, to its having been made a conspicuous feature of negro minstrelsy, in the regulation form of the entertainment, after it had been established as such by Billy Whitlock and Dan Emmett in 1843. Until their band was organized and made a bid for popular favor, the stage negro had been an unattached straggler whose individual efforts had been sandwiched between the acts of dramatic productions, chiefly as interludes to a bill of farces, but occasionally as a sugar-coat for a heavy dose of Shakesperian tragedy. In their new combination of talent, including Whitlock, Dan Emmett, Frank Brower and Dick Pelham (whose "Ginger Blue" is a pleasing memory), new possibilities were quickly developed, and one of the results was the gradual evolution of the half-circle in which, from that day to this, the "first part" of every minstrel performance is given. The

tion in every negro dance, was first exemplified by Rice as "Jim Crow." In that respect his dancing was typical of the negro race, even if its originator did draw his inspiration from a single source. Frank Brower and Murt Sexton, two performers of note in their day, had both danced "essences" as Dixon had danced to the song "Old Zip Coon," seven or eight years earlier. Old prints of Dixon in this specialty show him doing a step that must have been the foundation of the "essence," a dance that made work for the hands as well as the feet, the palms being held at right angles with the wrists, while the arms were extended in a sort of



Drawn by Archie Gunn.

"HIS MELODIES ARE SUNG AND HIS STEPS EXECUTED BY THE VAUDEVILLE ARTISTE."



FRANK BROWER.

the older breakdown, for which Dan Emmett wrote a long list of songs. "Lucy Long" walk-around, if not the first, was among the first, and there followed "Old Dan Tucker," "Walk Along, John," "Chaw Roast Beef," "Early in the Mornin'," "I Ain't Got Time to Tarry," "High Low Jack," "Loozyanna Lowlands" and others. The walk-around was always made the finale of the first part, and was usually repeated at the end of the show as a spectacle on which

to drop the curtain. It was intended to be written in march-time, and to its spirited strains the whole company would circumnavigate the stage, in a dance-step that was little more than a jerky elevation of the legs below the knees, much like the "buck and wing" dances of the present day. It was as long ago as this—the walk-around being in highest estate with Bryant's Minstrels in the sixties—that the spitting of dance-time with the outspread palms on the knees was invented. To this manual accompaniment the breakdowns were often done. Cleverly executed, this tattoo will set the saltatorial nerves in motion as quickly as the catchiest music.

As the minstrel troupes multiplied in number, and new acts were demanded to enliven the programs, the clog-dancers

Christys (E. P. and George) are, however, credited with the eventual arrangement of the minstrel bill into acts in about the order that has since prevailed.

Next in historical succession came the walk-around—and as an accompaniment to it

came to the fore, and faithful representation of the negro drifted farther away from its moorings. The clog, danced in shoes with wooden soles, bore no earmarks of Dixie. The darkeys never did it. Half the battle in the clog-dance was a gaudy costume, consisting of a ruffled shirt, silken knee-breeches, spangled stockings and red leather shoes. By and by the dancers mounted high pedestals, on which, with marble slabs for a footing, they cut graceful capers. They tacked pennies loosely on their heels to make a little jingling accompaniment for the music, and when dancing in duets, trios or quartettes, devised steps which involved taps upon each others' heels. There was too much poetry of motion in this dancing to resemble in the slightest degree what the negro did, or could do, on his feet. The essential element of grotesqueness was entirely absent.

Female impersonation, of which the Only Leon and the Great Eugene were the best exponents; the banjo soloists, among whom Harry Stanwood and Sam Devere ranked highest, and stump-speak-



THE "ESSENCE OF OLE VIRGINNY."

From the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell.

ing—the droll philippics of Add Ryman. Billy Rice and Hughey Dougherty being of the first order—were having an inning in minstrelsy from the close of the war on. But the singing and dancing never lost its foothold as the best offering of the profession. Its



From the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell.
BILLY EMERSON.



Drawn by Archie Gunn.

A VAUDEVILLE PAIR.

progressive members were sitting up o' nights trying to hit on something novel. All sorts of efforts were made to get out of the old ruts, but not until the specialty known as the "song and dance" was developed did the negro minstrels reach a milestone. Like the clog-dance, however, the best that could be said of it was that it was graceful and pretty. It did not go to original sources. It was like a revival of the "Dandy Jim of South Carolina," which Barney Williams, afterward the Irish comedian, did in 1838. It set the performers who went with the tide singing love-songs, and not a few of them were skilfully written and beautifully scored. Unusual chances were afforded men who had vocal gifts. Of these, perhaps Billy Emerson was the foremost. His singing of a waltz like "Love Among the Roses" was a grateful reminder to old theater-goers of the good times in minstrelsy when "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "'Way Down Upon the S'wanee River," "Oh, Susanna, Don't You Cry for Me," and other songs as tuneful and plaintive, were made to suggest the melody of the wind sighing in the canebrake. It can be said

of the older minstrels that they did not often belie the name they took. They could sing. Emerson and Bobby Newcomb, too, were personifications of grace in their movements, and in the natty dress which the fashion of the specialty prescribed, they made pictures that are painted on the memory in fast colors. This dress was a jaunty silk or plush jacket, with bobtails and wide lapels, a flaring waistcoat and knee-breeches of the same material, all in bright color; silk stockings, usually striped in red or blue, and a nobby straw hat. The idea was to portray a very genteel member of the colored population.

Contemporary with Emerson and Newcomb, as well as a host of seconds in command, Deleahanty and Hengler, who sang and danced double, did as much as anybody to popularize this style of entertainment. Their "Little Bunch of Roses by My Side" was a genuine treat of its kind. They struck on the little trick, everywhere copied in later years, of making their entrance to low music from opposite sides of the stage, backing in to a dance-step. After a time the exquisiteness of this form of song and



Drawn by Archie Gunn.

A BALLAD SINGER.

dance was relegated to the rear—though not absolutely—to be replaced by a modification of it, introducing a team in which one member appeared as a wench. This act was usually dressed in the traditionally grotesque way—big shoes,



Drawn by Archie Gunn.

A CHARACTER ACTOR.

at their head, carried everything before them in Ned Harrigan's series of stage-pictures of New York life. With an ear thus attuned to darkey melody the stage was ready to listen, two or three years later, to a new herald of the South—the "mammy's" lullaby—which strangely enough had waited all this time for its deserved recognition, some desultory attempts of the long past to introduce it having come to naught. "Louisiana Lou" was in this class of song

one of the most noteworthy. Others as plaintively sweet followed, and it was not long before the whole country was crooning in the minor chords of this tender music. Our colored brother is with us once again, a type, too, claiming reasonable likeness to what he is in actual life. The remorseless processes of civilization have lifted him above

the level of his venerable ancestor, "Jim Crow," but he boasts the same distinction at last. He is real in many things. In the back streets of most Southern cities the eccentric evolutions of the buck- and wing-dancers have been known for years. Even the rag-time, that decidedly unique development of harmonies, is a child by adoption of the stage. As for the cake-walk, it had been a waiters' diversion in hundreds of hotels long before it was subjected to the

glare of the footlights, and introduced into ballrooms to relieve the monotony of the Virginia reel.

Who can say whether rag-time is not the much-vaunted music of the future? Verily it has a glorious past already, for was it not to the joyous acclaim of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" that the American victors in Spanish Santiago signalized the long-delayed end of tyranny in the West Indies, July 1, 1898? From the

uxorious Moor in the first "Othello" to the crap-playing "Mr. Nigger" in May Irwin's song is a far cry, but in the end the American negro has come into his own. And that he reads his title clear is proved by his determination to share the rewards of minstrelsy with his white imitators. The Georgia Minstrels were the most notable of the early or-



Drawn by Archie Gunn.

"WHEN CHLOE SINGS TO ME."

ganizations in which genuine black men replaced the usual white performers, and in these latter days the company of real "coons" and "yaller gals" and "picaninies" with its cake-walks and characteristic rag-time songs has almost a monopoly of the negro minstrelsy field. The real negro is on the stage himself in full feather, for the first time in his history the professional disputant of the white actor in the same line.



Drawn by George Gibbs.

JOHN PAUL JONES HELD AT BAY THE MEN OF WHITEHAVEN WHILE THEIR SHIPS AND WHARVES WERE BURNING.

The Daring of John Paul Jones.

By GEORGE GIBBS

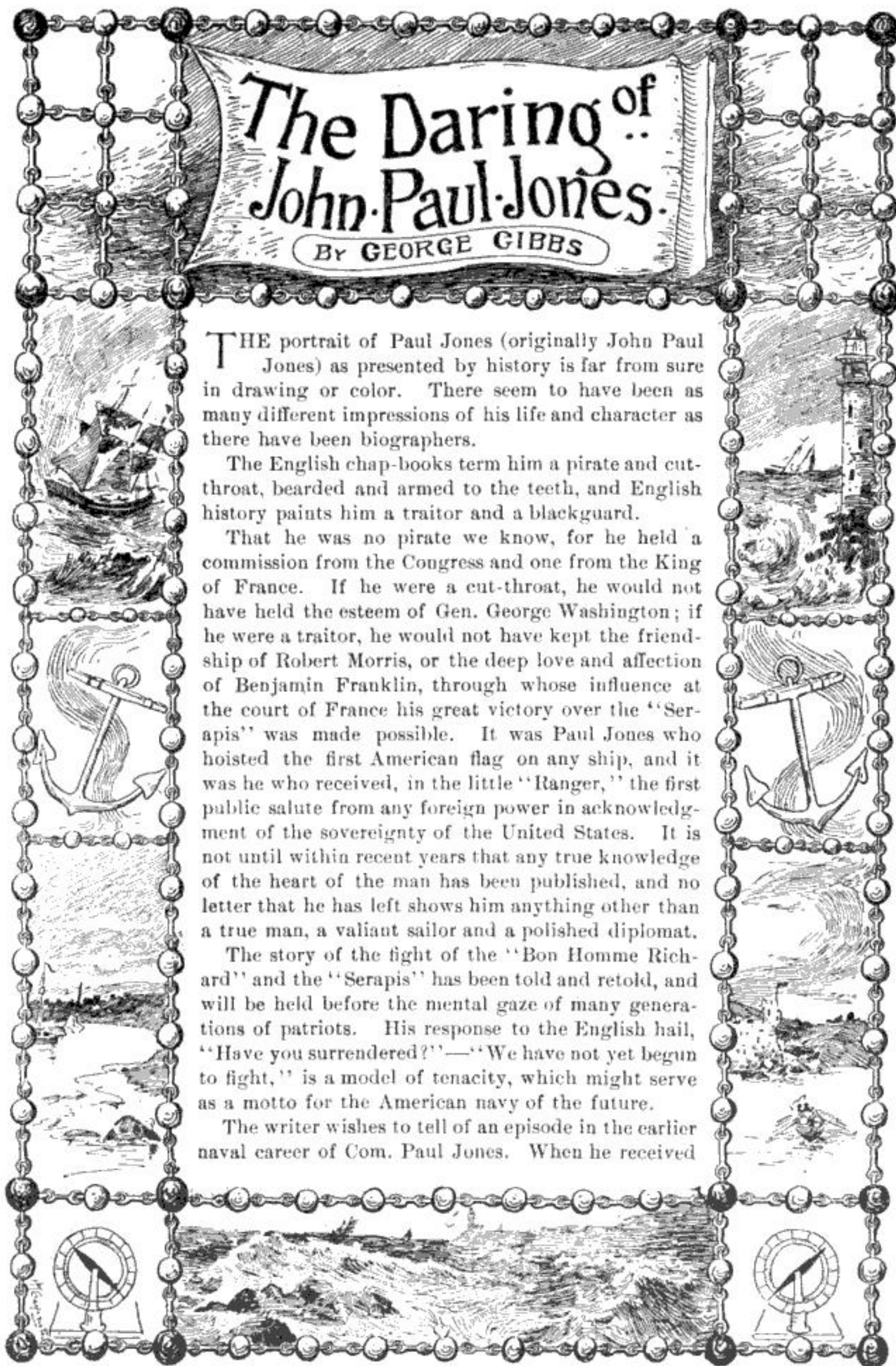
THE portrait of Paul Jones (originally John Paul Jones) as presented by history is far from sure in drawing or color. There seem to have been as many different impressions of his life and character as there have been biographers.

The English chap-books term him a pirate and cut-throat, bearded and armed to the teeth, and English history paints him a traitor and a blackguard.

That he was no pirate we know, for he held a commission from the Congress and one from the King of France. If he were a cut-throat, he would not have held the esteem of Gen. George Washington; if he were a traitor, he would not have kept the friendship of Robert Morris, or the deep love and affection of Benjamin Franklin, through whose influence at the court of France his great victory over the "Serapis" was made possible. It was Paul Jones who hoisted the first American flag on any ship, and it was he who received, in the little "Ranger," the first public salute from any foreign power in acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the United States. It is not until within recent years that any true knowledge of the heart of the man has been published, and no letter that he has left shows him anything other than a true man, a valiant sailor and a polished diplomat.

The story of the fight of the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis" has been told and retold, and will be held before the mental gaze of many generations of patriots. His response to the English hail, "Have you surrendered?"—"We have not yet begun to fight," is a model of tenacity, which might serve as a motto for the American navy of the future.

The writer wishes to tell of an episode in the earlier naval career of Com. Paul Jones. When he received



his commission from the Congress (dated May 9, 1771) to command a fine frigate, he sailed at once from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for Nantes, France. A great disappointment awaited him there, for his news gave no signs of the frigate, and there seemed no prospect of the new command. After receiving the salute of the French fleet, under Admiral La Motte Piquet, he left Brest, determining secretly to sail for England in his little "Ranger," and by depredations and fires along the coast put an end to the town-burnings and ship-burnings by the British in the United States.

He took several prizes in the Irish Channel and sent them back with prize-crews to Brest. His first thought had been to capture the Earl of Chatham, who lived on St. Mary's Isle, and to hold him as a hostage for the good treatment of American prisoners. But he picked up a fisherman who told him that H.M.S. "Drake," a man-of-war of twenty guns, lay inside the harbor of Carrickfergus. He made up his mind to attack at once.

Jones' plan was to drop down quietly alongside of the Englishman before its crew could tumble out of their hammocks and to foul the "Drake" at her cables and then swing in alongside.

Unfortunately, through stupidity or misunderstanding of orders, the anchor was not let fall until too late, and the "Ranger," missing the chain, swung down half a cable's length on the Englishman's quarter. Fortunately, the anchor watch on the "Drake," thinking themselves secure against any attempt on an armed vessel in a fortified harbor, were unsuspecting, and no alarm was given. But the position of the "Ranger" on the lee shore was dangerous in the extreme, and it was only by the most expert manœuvering that Jones succeeded in working his ship up so that he could fill away again. He decided to postpone his attack on the "Drake" until after the burning of Whitehaven.

Whitehaven was a town of considerable importance. It had a population of fifty thousand people, and several hundred vessels of all kinds were in the port. Two forts commanded its harbor, but Jones believed largely in the value of the unexpected, and by three o'clock in the morning was making for the place with two cutters manned by fifteen men each, armed only with pistols and cutlasses. One of the cutters, in command of Captain Jones himself, made directly for the town, and the other, under command of Lieutenant Wallingford, pulled for the shipping docks on the opposite side of the harbor. Jones landed quietly, just as the first streaks of dawn were tingeing the east, and leaving one man in his boat, set out at a run for the nearest fort. Gallantly scaling the walls, the party fell upon the small garrison and made them prisoners, without firing a shot. After spiking the guns, Jones locked the English soldiers in their own guardhouse and set out at a run for the other fort, half a mile away.

But during all this time there was no sign of the work of Wallingford, not a spark of light or a cloud of smoke to show that that officer was doing his part of the work. Not until Jones had reached the other fort and spiked the guns, did he learn that Wallingford had abandoned the attempt because the match which he carried for the purpose had gone out.

It was broad daylight, and here and there were signs of activity in the houses near the docks. Captain Jones had no time for

revenge. He boarded a large vessel and with his own hands kindled a fire in her steerage. Upon the flames he threw straw and hatchway-gratings; a barrel of tar completed the work.

In the mean while the gathering of townsfolk had increased until the crowd had become a frantic mob which was now threatening the men and the landing-place. Seeing that he could do no more, Jones went ashore, and drawing his two pistols, went down to face fifteen hundred people! He was not a large man, but there was something in his face to supply the deficiency of majesty in stature. He swayed the mob with his pistols as the summer breeze moves a rye-field. He reached the cutter and easily held the infuriated people at bay until the fire was well started and his men were safely seated in their cutter. After that, he entered the boat and was pulled away.

Not until then did those venturesome townsfolk send forth the ring of their metal. Two guns which the Americans had overlooked were brought down upon the dock, but the shot went wide and Jones, to show his contempt of such cannon-shot courage, fired only his pistol in reply. He reached his vessel to find that Wallingford had arrived, and setting sail was soon safely at sea. Since his failure to try conclusions with the "Drake," Jones had kept his resolution to meet the English vessel steadily in his mind. He was no mere burner of towns and attacker of villages. He sailed for Carrickfergus and soon, behind a neck of land, could see the tall spars of the Englishman.

Captain Burdon of the "Drake" sighted the "Ranger" at about the same time, but not being certain, sent an officer out in a boat to try to learn the character of the vessel. But Captain Jones skilfully kept the "Ranger's" stern toward the skiff, thus concealing the view of his broadside from the enemy. The English officer soon came alongside, and after he was induced to come aboard was taken below and made a prisoner. It was almost sunset before the ships came within hail. Then Captain Burdon ran up his colors, and mounting the nettings hailed the American. "What ship is that?"

Paul Jones put his trumpet to his lips and replied: "The American Continental ship 'Ranger.' We have been waiting for you and it is time to begin."

Then he quietly ordered his helm up and poured in a well-delivered broadside. Burdon promptly responded. There was no wind, and therefore little chance for manœuvering. They drifted on squarely side by side, yard-arm to yard-arm, pouring in broadside after broadside. It was as fair a sea-fight as history can record. Jones was overmatched in the number of men and the number of guns, but at the end of an hour the enemy was a wreck. Captain Burdon was shot, and the call for quarter was heard forward and aft.

No wonder, therefore, that the name of Paul Jones became a synonym for terror, that England offered ten thousand guineas for his head, and that one who so successfully challenged British power upon the sea should be the victim of continued misrepresentation.



BY BRET HARTE.

BOOK I.

GOLLY COYLE was the only granddaughter of a vague and somewhat simple clergyman who existed, with an aunt, solely for Golly's epistolary purposes. There was, of course, intermediate ancestry—notably a dead mother who was French and therefore responsible for any later naughtiness in Golly—but they have no purpose here. They lived in the Isle of Man. Golly knew a good deal of Man, for even at the age of twelve she was in love with John Gale—only son of Lord Gale who was connected with the Tempests. Gales, however, were frequent and remarkable along the coast, so that it was not singular that one day she found John “coming on” on a headland where she was sitting. His dog had “pointed” her. “It’s exceedingly impolite to point to anything you want,” said Golly. Touched by this, and overcome by a strange emotion, John Gale turned away and went to Canada. Slight as the incident was, it showed that inborn chivalry to women, that desire for the Perfect Life, that intense eagerness to incarnate Christianity in modern society, which afterward distinguished him. Golly loved him! For all that, she still remained a “tomboy” as she was—robbing orchards, mimicking tramps and policemen, buttering the stairs and the steps of houses, tying kettles to dogs’ tails and marching in a white jersey, with the curate’s hat on, through the streets of the village. “Goddern my skin!” said the dear old clergyman, as he tried to emerge from a surplice which Golly had stitched together, “what spirits the child *do* have!” Yet everybody loved her! And when John Gale returned

from Canada, and looked into her big blue eyes one day at church, small wonder that he immediately went off again to Paris and an extended Continental sojourn, with a serious leaning to theology! Golly bore his absence meekly but characteristically; got a boat, disported like a duck in the water, attempted to elope with a boy appropriately named Drake, but encountered a half gale at sea and a whole Gale in John on a yacht, who rescued them both. Convinced now that there was but one way to escape from his Fate—Golly!—John Gale took holy orders and at once started for London. As he stood on the deck of the steamer, he heard an imbecile chuckle in his ear. It was the simple old clergyman: “You are going to London to join the church, John; Golly is going there, too, as hospital nurse. There’s a pair of you! He! he! Look after her, John, and protect her Manx simplicity.” Before John could recover himself, Golly was at his side executing the final steps of a “cellar-door flap jig” to the light-hearted refrain:

“We are a simple family—we are—we are—we are!”

And even as her pure young voice arose above the screams of the departure whistle, she threw a double back-somersault on the quarter-deck, cleverly alighting on the spikes of the wheel before the delighted captain.

“Jingle my electric bells,” he said, looking at the bright young thing, “but you’re a regular Minx——”

“I beg your pardon,” interrupted John Gale, with a quick flush.

“I mean a regular *Manx*,” said the captain, hurriedly.

A singular paleness crossed the deeply religious face of John. As the vessel rose

on the waves, he passed his hand hurriedly, first across his brows and then over his high-buttoned clerical waistcoat—that visible sign of a devoted ascetic life! Then murmuring in his low, deep voice, “Brandy, steward,” he disappeared below.

BOOK II.

Glorious as were Golly’s spirits, exquisitely simple her worldly ignorance, and irresistible her powers of mimicry, strangely enough they were considered out of place in St. Barabbas’ Hospital. A light-hearted disposition to mistake a blister for a poultice; that rare Manx conscientiousness which made her give double doses to the patients as a compensation when she had omitted to give them a single one, and the faculty of bursting into song at the bedside of a dying patient, produced some liveliness not unmixed with perplexity among the hospital staff. It is true, however, that her performance of clog-dancing during the night-watches drew a larger and more persistent attendance of students and young surgeons than ever was seen before. Yet everybody loved her! Even her patients! “If it amoozes you, miss, to make me tyke the pills wot’s meant for the lydy in the next ward, I ain’t complying,” said an East End newsboy. “When ye tyke off the style of the doctor wot wisits me, miss, and imitates his wyes, Lawd! it does me as much good as his mixtures,” said a consumptive charwoman. Even thus, old and young basked in the radiant youth of Golly. She found time to write to her family:

“Dear old Pals! I’m here. J’y suis! bet your boots! While you’re wondering what has become of the Bright Young Thing—the B. Y. T. is lookin’ out of the winder of St. Barabbas Hospital—just taking in all of dear, roaring, dirty London in one gulp! Such a place—Lordy! I’ve been waiting three hours to see the crowd go by and they haven’t gone yet! Such crowds, such busses—all green and blue, only a penny fare, and you can ride on top if you want to! Think of that, you dear old Manx people! But there—the bell goes a ringing for Sarah!—they’re calling for ‘Nurse!’ That’s the worst of this job: they’re always a dyin’ just as you’re getting interested in something else! Ta, Ta!—Golly!”

Then her dear old grandfather wrote:

“I’m wondering where my diddleums, Golly, is! We all miss you so much, deary, though we don’t miss so many little things as when you were here. My dear, conscientious, unselfish little girl! You don’t say where John Gale is. Is he still protecting you—he-he!—you giddy, naughty thing! People wonder on the island why I let you go alone to London—they forget your dear mother was a Frenchwoman! If you see anything your dear old grandfather would like—send it on.—Granfer.”

Later, her aunt wrote:

“Have you seen the Queen yet, and does she wear her crown at breakfast? You might get over the area railing at Buckingham Palace—it would be nothing for a girl like you to do—and see if you can find out.”

To these letters Golly answered, in her own light-hearted way:

“Dear Grankins: I haven’t seen John much—but I think he’s like the Private Secretary at the play—he ‘don’t like London.’ Lordy! there—I’ve let it out! I’ve been to a theayter. Nurse Jinny Jones and me scrouged into the pit one night without paying—‘pertendin’,’ as we were in uniform, we had come to take out a ‘Lydy’ that had fainted. Such larks! and such a glorious theayter. I’ll tell you another time. Tell Aunty the Queen’s always out when I call. But that’s nothing, everybody else is so affable and polite in London. Gentlemen—‘real toffs,’ they call ‘em—whom you don’t know from Adam—think nothing of speaking to you in the street. Why Nurse Jinny says—but there another patient’s going off who, by rights, oughter to have died only to-morrow. ‘To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,’ as that barnstormer actor said. But they’re always calling for that giddy young thing—your Golly.”

Meantime, John Gale, having abruptly left Golly at the door of St. Barabbas’ Hospital, tactfully avoiding an unseemly altercation with the cab-driver regarding her exact fare, pursued his way thoughtfully to the residence of his uncle, the First Lord of the Admiralty. He found his Lordship in his bath-room. He was leaning over the bath-tub, which was half full of water, contemplating with some

anxiety the model of a line-of-battle ship which was floating on it, bottom upward. "I don't think it can be quite right—do you?" he said, nervously grasping his nephew's hand as he pointed to the cap-sized vessel; "yet they always do it. Tell me!" he went on appealingly, "tell me, as a professing Christian and a Perfect Man—is it quite right?"

"I should think, sir," responded John Gale with uncompromising truthfulness, "that the average vessel of commerce is not built in that way."

"Yet," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, with a far-off look, "they all do it! And they don't steer! The larger they are and the more recent the model, the less they steer. Dear me—you ought to see 'em go round and round in that tub." Then, apparently recalling the probable purpose of John's visit, he led the way into his dressing-room. "So you are in London, dear boy. Is there any little thing you want? I have," he continued, absently fumbling in the drawers of his dressing-table, "a few curacies and a bishopric somewhere, but with these blessed models—I can't think where they are. Or what would you say to a nice chaplaincy in the navy, with a becoming uniform—on one of those thingummies?"—he pointed to the bath-room. "Stay," he continued, as he passed his hand over his perplexed brows, "now I think of it—you're quite unorthodox! Dear me! that wouldn't do. You see, Drake"—he paused as John Gale started; "I mean Sir Francis Drake—once suspended his chaplain for unorthodoxy, according to Froude's book. These admirals are dreadfully strict Churchmen. No matter! Come again some other time," he added, gently pushing his nephew downstairs and into the street, "and we'll see about it."

With a sinking heart, John turned his steps toward Westminster. He would go and see Golly—perhaps he had not looked after her as he ought. Suddenly a remembered voice, in mimicking accents, fell upon his ear with the quotation, "Do you know?" Then, in a hansom passing swiftly by him, Golly, in hospital dress with flying ribbons, appeared sitting between Lord Brownstone Ewer and Francis Horatio Nelson Drake completely grown

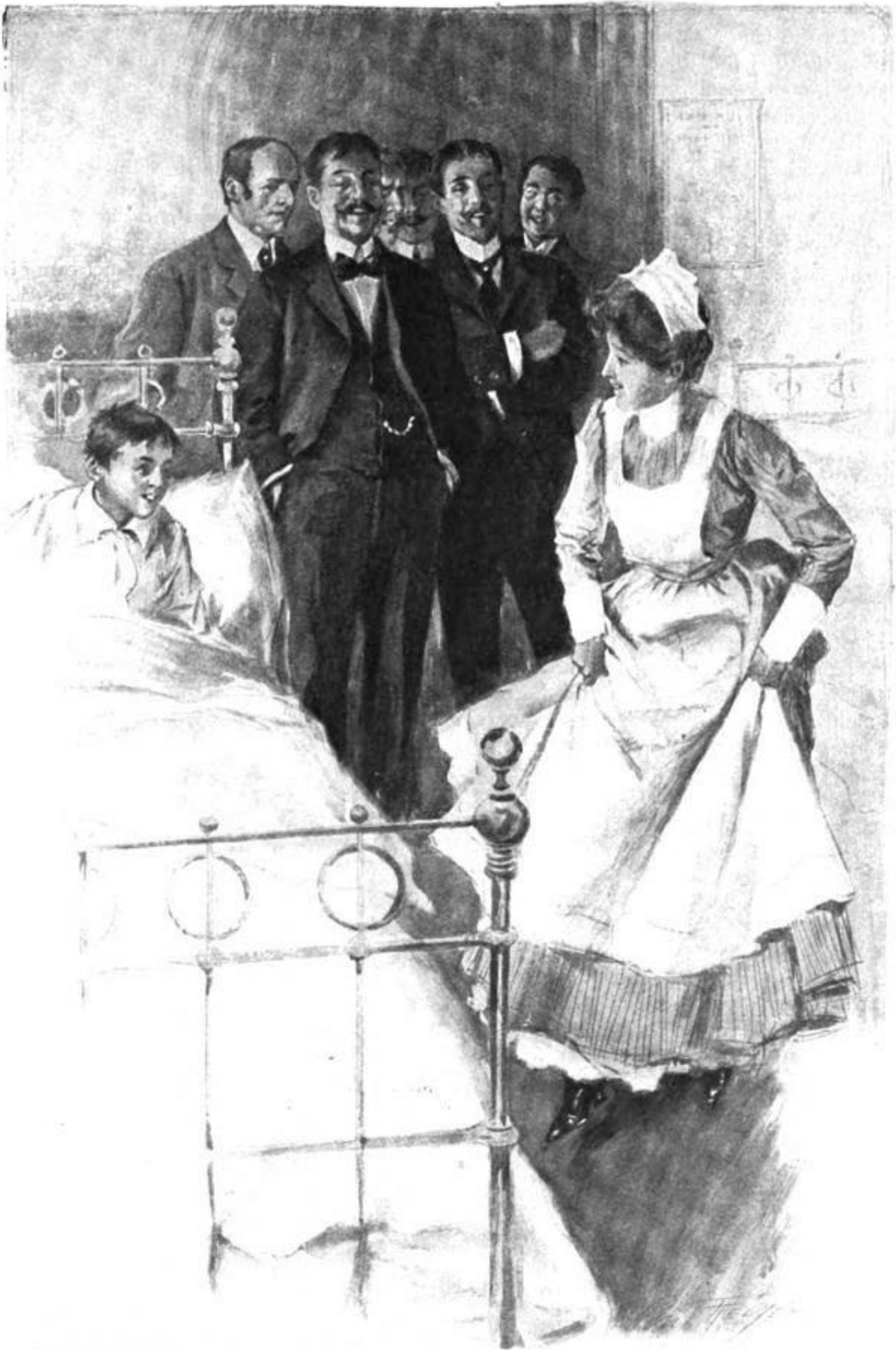
up. And from behind floated the inexpressibly sad refrain, "Hi tiddli hi!"

This is how it happened. One morning, Jinny Jones, another hospital nurse, had said to her, "Have you any objection, dear, to seeing a friend of another gent, a friend of mine?"

"None in the least, dear," said Golly. "I want to see all that can be seen and do all that can be done in London, and know the glory thereof. I only require that I shall be allowed to love John Gale whenever he permits it, which isn't often, and that I may be permitted to write simple letters to my dotting relations at the rate of twelve pages a day giving an account—*my own* account—of my doings. There! Go on now! Bring on your bears."

They had visited the chambers which Lord Brownstone and Drake occupied together, and in girlish innocence had put on the gentlemen's clothes and danced before them. Then they all went to the theater, where Golly's delightful simplicity and childish ignorance of the world had charmed them. Everything to her was new, strange and thrilling. She even leaned from the carriage windows to see the "wheels go round." She was surprised at the number of people in the theater, and insisted on knowing if it was church because they all sat there in their best clothes so quietly. She believed that the play was real, and frequently from a stage-box interrupted the acting with explanations. She informed the heroine of the design of the villain waiting at the wings. And when the aged mother of the heroine was dying of starvation in a hovel, and she threw a bag of bonbons on the stage with the vociferous declaration that "Lord Brownstone had just given them to her—but—Lordy!—*she* didn't want them," they were obliged to lead her away, closely followed by an usher and a policeman. "To think," she wrote to John Gale, "that the audience only laughed and shouted and never offered to help! And yet look at the churches in London where they dare to preach the gospel!"

Fired by this simple letter, and alarmed by Golly's simplicity, John Gale went to his Clerical Chief, Archdeacon Luxury, and demanded permission to preach next Sun-



Drawn by C. M. Relyea

"HER PERFORMANCE OF CLOG-DANCING DURING THE NIGHT-WATCHES DREW A LARGER AND MORE PERSISTENT ATTENDANCE OF STUDENTS AND YOUNG SURGEONS"

day. "Certainly," said the Archdeacon; "you shall take my curate's place. I shall inform the congregation that you are the son of Lord Gale. They are very particular churchmen—all society people—and of course will be satisfied with the work of the Lord, especially," he added with a polite smile, "when that work happens to be—the Lord Gale's son." Accordingly, the next Sunday John Gale occupied the pulpit of St. Swithin. But an unexpected event happened. His pent-up eagerness to denounce the present methods of Christianity—his fulness of utterance—defeated his purpose. He was overcome with a kind of pulpit fright. His ideas of time and place fled him. After beginning, "Mr. Chairman, in rising to propose the toast of our worthy Archdeacon—Fellow-Manxmen—the present moment—er—er the proudest in my er—life—Dearly beloved Golly—unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," he abruptly delivered the benediction and sat down. The incident, however, provoked little attention. The congregation, accustomed to sleep through the sermon, awoke at the usual time and went home. Only a single Scotchwoman said to him in passing: "Verra weel for a beginning, laddie. But give it hotter to 'em next time." Discomfited and bewildered, he communed with himself gloomily. "I can't marry Golly. I can't talk. I hate society. What's to be done? I have it! I'll go into a monastery."

He went into a monastery in Bishopsgate Street, reached by a three-penny 'bus. He gave out vaguely that he had got into "Something Good, in the City." Society was satisfied. Only Golly suspected the truth. She wrote to her grandfather:

"I saw John Gale the other day with a crowd following him in the Strand. He had on only a kind of brown serge dressing gown, tied around his waist by a rope and a hood on his head. I think his poor 'toe-toes' were in sandals, and I dare say his legs were cold, poor dear. However, if he calls *that* protection of Golly—I don't! I might be run off at any moment—for all he'd help. No matter! If this Court understands herself, and she thinks she do, Golly can take care of herself—you bet."

Nevertheless, Golly lost her place at the hospital through her heroic defense of her

friend Jinny Jones, who had been deceived by Lord Brownstone Ewer. "You would drive that poor girl into the street," she said furiously to the Chairman of the Board, throwing her cap and apron in their faces. "You're a lot of rotten old hypocrites, and I'm glad to get shut of you." Not content with that, she went to Drake and demanded that he should make his friend Lord Brownstone marry Jinny.

"Sorry—awfully sorry—my dear Golly, but he's engaged to a rich American girl who is to pay his debts—but I'll see that he does something handsome for Jinny. And *you*, my child, what are *you* going to do without a situation?" he added, with touching sympathy. "You see, I've some vague idea of marrying you myself," he concluded, meditatively.

"Thank you for nothing," interrupted Golly, gaily, "but I can take care of myself and follow out my mission like John Gale."

"There's a pair of you, certainly," said Drake, with a tinge of jealous bitterness.

"You bet it's 'a pair' that will take your 'two knaves'—you and your Lord Brownstone," returned Golly, dropping a mock courtesy. "Ta, ta—I'm going on the stage."

BOOK III.

She went first into a tobacconist's and sold cigarettes. Sometimes she suffered from actual want—and ate fried fish. "Do you know how nice fried fish tastes in London?—you on 'the Oilan'?" she wrote gaily. "I'm getting on splendidly; so's John Gale I suppose, though he's looking cadaverous from starving himself all round. Tell Auntie I haven't seen the Queen yet, though after all I really believe she has not seen me."

Then, after a severe struggle, she succeeded in getting on the stage as a Song and Dance Girl. She sang melodiously and danced divinely, so remarkably that the ignorant public, knowing her to be a Manx girl, and vaguely associating her with the symbol of the Isle of Man, supposed she had three legs. She was the success of the season—her cup of ambition was filled. It was slightly embittered by the news that her friend Jinny Jones had killed herself in the church at the wedding

of her recreant lover and the American heiress. But the affair was scarcely alluded to by the Society papers—who were naturally shocked at the bad taste of the deceased. And even Golly forgot it all—on the stage.

BOOK IV.

Meanwhile John Gale, or Brother Boreas, as he was known in the Monastery, was submitting—among other rigors—to an exceptionally severe winter in Bishopsgate Street, which seemed to have an Arctic climate of its own, possibly induced by the “freezing-out” process of certain stock companies in its vicinity. “You are miserable, and eager to get out in the wicked world again, my son,” said the delightful old Superior, as he sat by the only fire, sipping a glass of mulled port, when John came in from shoveling snow outside. “I therefore, merely to try you, shall make you gatekeeper. The keys of the Monastery front door are under the door-mat in my cell, but I am a sound sleeper.” He smiled seraphically, and winked casually as he sipped his port. “We will call it, if you please—a penance.”

John threw himself in an agony of remorse and shame at the feet of the Superior. “It isn’t of myself I’m thinking,” he confessed wildly, “but of that poor young man, Brother Bones, in the next cell to mine. He is a living skeleton, has got only one lung and an atrophied brain. A night out might do him good.”

The Father Superior frowned. “Do you know who he is?”

“No.”

“His real name is Jones. Why do you start? You have heard it before?”

John had started, thinking of Jinny Jones, Golly’s deserted and self-immolated friend.

“It is an uncommon name,” he stammered—“for a monastery, I mean.”

“He is or was an uncommon man!” said the Superior, gravely. “But,” he added resignedly, “we cannot pick and choose our company here. Most of us have done something and have our own reasons for this retreat. Brother Polygamus escaped here from the persecutions of his sixth wife. Even I,” continued the Superior with a gentle smile, putting his feet com-

fortably on the chimney, “have had my little fling, and the dear boys used to say—ahem!—but this is mere worldly vanity. You alone, my dear son,” he went on with slight severity, “seem to be wanting in some criminality, or—shall I say?—some appropriate besetting sin to qualify you for this holy retreat. An absolutely gratuitous and blameless idiocy appears to be your only peculiarity, and for this you must do penance. From this day henceforth, I make you doorkeeper! Go on with your shoveling at present, and shut the door behind you—there’s a terrible draft in these corridors.”

For three days John Gale underwent an agony of doubt and determination, and it still snowed in Bishopsgate Street.

On the fourth evening he went to Brother Bones.

“Would you like to have an evening out?”

“I would,” said Brother Bones.

“What would you do?”

“I would go to see my remaining sister.” His left eyelid trembled slowly in his cadaverous face.

“But if you should hear she was ruined like the other? What would you do?”

A shudder passed over the man. “I have not got my little knife,” he said vacantly.

True, he had not! The Brotherhood had no pockets—or rather only a corporate one which belonged to the Superior. John Gale lifted his eyes in sublime exaltation. “You shall go out,” he said with decision. “Muffle up until you are well out of Bishopsgate Street, where it still snows.”

“But how did you get the keys?” said Brother Bones.

“From under the Father Superior’s door-mat.”

“But that was wrong, Brother.”

“The mat bore the inscription, ‘Salve,’ which you know in Latin means ‘Welcome,’” returned John Gale. “It was logically a permission.”

The two men gazed at each other silently. A shudder passed over the two left eyelids of their wan spiritual faces.

“But I have no money,” said Brother Bones.

“Nor have I. But here is a ’bus ticket and a free pass to the Gaiety. You will

probably find Golly somewhere about. Tell her," he said in a hollow voice, "that I'm getting on."

"I will," said Brother Bones, with a deep cough.

The gate opened and he disappeared in the falling snow. The bloodhound kept by the Monastery—one of the real Bishopsgate breed—bayed twice, and licked its huge jaws in ghastly anticipation. "I wonder," said John Gale as he resumed his shoveling, "if I have done exactly right? Candor compels me to admit that it is an open question."

BOOK V.

Early the next morning, Brother Bones was brought home by Policeman X, his hat crushed, his face haggard, his voice husky and unintelligible. He only said, vaguely, "Washertime?"

"It is," said John Gale, timidly, in explanation to Policeman X, "a case of spiritual exhaustion following a vigil."

"That warn't her name," said Policeman X, sternly. "But don't let this 'ere 'appen again."

John Gale turned to Brother Bones. "Then you saw her—Golly?"

"No," said Brother Bones.

"Why? What on earth have you been doing?"

"Dunno! Found myself in stashun—zis morning! Thashall!"

Then John Gale sought the Superior in an agony of remorse and confessed all. "I am unfit to remain doorkeeper. Remove me," he groaned bitterly.

The old man smiled gently. "On the contrary, I should have given you the keys myself. Hereafter you can keep them. The ways of our Brotherhood are mysterious—indeed, you may think idiotic—but we are not responsible for them. It's all Brother Caine's doing—it's 'all Caine!'"

BOOK VI.

Nevertheless, John Gale left the Monastery. "The Bishopsgate Street winter does not suit me," he briefly explained to the Superior. "I must go south or southwest."

But he did neither. He saw Golly, who was living west. He upbraided her for going on the stage. She retorted: "Whose life is the more artificial, yours or mine?"

It is true that we are both imperfectly clothed," she added, glancing at a photograph of herself in a short skirt, "and not always in our right mind—but you've caught nothing but a cold! Nevertheless, I love you and you love me."

Then he begged her to go with him to the South Seas and take the place of Father Damien among the Colony of Lepers. "It is a beautiful place, and inexpensive, for we shall live only a few weeks. What do you say, dearest? You know," he added, with a faint, sad smile, glancing at another photograph of her—executing the high kick—"you're quite a leaper yourself."

But that night she received an offer of a new engagement. She wrote to John Gale: "The South Seas is rather an expensive trip to take simply to die. Couldn't we do it as cheaply at home? Or couldn't you prevail on your Father Superior to set up his Monastery there? I'm afraid I'm not up to it. Why don't you try the old 'Oilan' nearer home? There's lots of measles and diphtheria about there lately."

When the heartbroken John Gale received this epistle, he also received a letter from his uncle, the First Lord of the Admiralty. "I don't fancy this Damien whim of yours. If you're really in earnest about killing yourself, why not take a brief trial trip in one of our latest ironclads? It's just as risky, although—as we are obliged to keep these things quiet in the Office—you will not of course get that publicity your noble soul craves."

Abandoned by all in his noble purposes, John Gale took the first steamer to the Isle of Man.

BOOK VII.

But he did not remain there long. Once back in that epistolary island, he wrote interminable letters to Golly. When they began to bore each other, he returned to London and entered the Salvation Army. Crowds flocked to hear him preach. He inveighed against Society and Wickedness as represented in his mind by Golly and her friends—and praised a perfect Christianity represented by himself and *his* friends. A panic of the same remarkable character as the Bishopsgate Street winter took possession of London. Old Moore, Zedekiel and Mother Shipton's prophecies were to



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

"WE'LL . . . GO AND GET MARRIED IN A NATURAL, SIMPLE WAY LIKE ANYBODY ELSE."

be fulfilled at an early and fixed date with no postponement on account of weather. Suddenly Society, John Drake, and Antichrist generally, combined by ousting him from his Church and turning it into a music-hall for Golly! Then John Gale took his last and sublime resolve. His duty as a perfect Christian was to kill Golly! His logic was at once inscrutable, perfect and—John Galish!

With this sublime and lofty purpose, he called upon Golly. The heroic girl saw his purpose in his eye—an Eye at once black, murderous and Christianlike. For an instant she thought it was better to succumb at once and thus end this remarkable attachment. Suddenly through this chaos of Spiritual, Religious, Ecstatic, Super-Egotistic whirl of confused thought, darted a gleam of Common, Ordinary Horse Sense! John Gale saw it illumine her blue eyes and trembled. God in Mercy! If it came to *that*!

"Sit down, John," she said calmly. Then in her sweet, clear voice she said: "Did it ever occur to you, dearest, that a more ridiculous, unconvincing, purposeless, insane, God-forsaken idiot than you never existed? That you eclipse the wildest dreams of insanity? That you are a mental and moral 'what-is-it'?"

"It has occurred to me," he replied simply. "I began life with vast asinine possibilities which fall to the lot of few men; yet I cannot say that I have carried even *them* to a logical conclusion! But *you*, love! *you*, darling! conceived in extravagance, born to impossibility, a challenge to credulity—a problem to the intellect, a 'missing word' for all ages—are you aware of any one as utterly unsympathetic, unreal, and untrue to nature as you are, existing on the face of the earth, or in the waters under the earth?"

"You are right, dearest; there are none," she returned with the same calm, level voice. "It is true that I have at times tried to do something real and womanly, and not, you know, merely to complicate a—a"—her voice faltered—"theatrical situation—but I couldn't! Something impelled me otherwise. Now you know why I became an actress! But even there I fail! *They* are allowed reasoning power off the stage—I have none at any time! I laugh in the wrong place—I do

the unnecessary, extravagant thing. Endowed by some strange power with extraordinary attributes, I am supposed to make everybody love me, but I don't—I satisfy nobody; I convince none! I have no idea what will happen to me next. I am doomed to—I know not what."

"And I," he groaned bitterly, "I, in some rare and lucid moments, have had a glimpse of this too. We are in the hands of some inscrutable but awful power. Tell me, Golly, tell me, darling, who is it?"

Again that gleam of Common or Ordinary Horse Sense came in her eye.

"I have found out who," she whispered. "I have found out who has created us—and made us as puppets in his hands."

"Is it the Almighty?" he asked.

"No—it is," she said, with a burst of real laughter—"it is—The 'All Caine!'"

"What! our countryman the Manxman? The only great Novelist? The beloved of Gladstone?" he gasped.

"Yes—and he intends to kill *you*—and we're only to be married at your death-bed!"

John Gale arose with a look of stern determination. "I have suffered much and idiotically—but I draw a line at this. I shall kick!"

Golly clapped her hands joyfully. "We will!"

"And we'll chuck him."

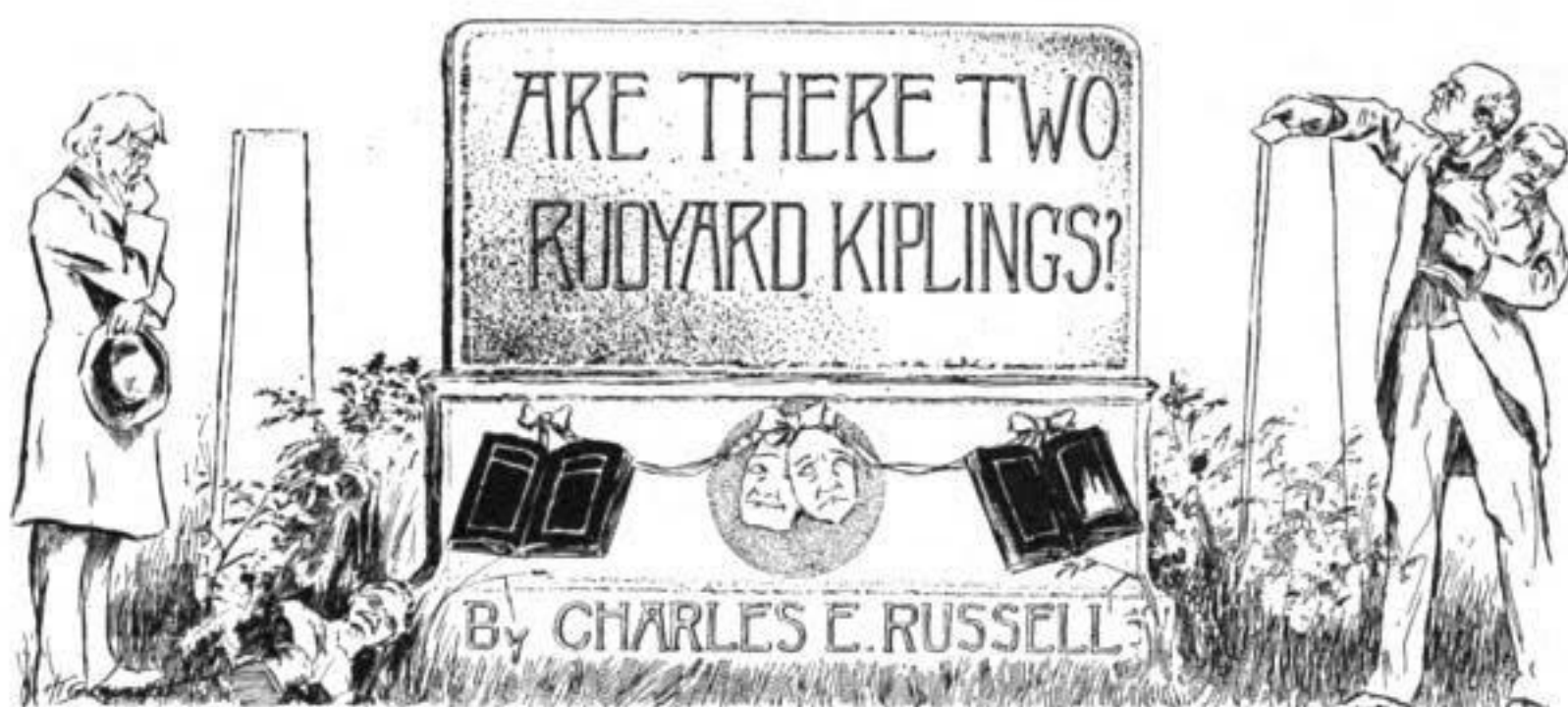
"We will."

They were choking with laughter.

"And go and get married in a natural, simple way like anybody else—and try—to do our duty—to God—to each other—and to our fellow-beings—and quit this—damned—nonsense—and in-fer-nal idiocy forever!"

"Amen!"

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—"In that supreme work of my life, 'The Christian,'" said the gifted novelist to a reporter in speaking of his methods, "I had endowed the characters of Golly and John Gale with such superhuman vitality and absolute reality that—as is well known in the experience of great writers—they became thinking beings and actually criticized my work and even *interfered* and *rebelled* to the point of altering my climax and the end!" The present edition gives that ending which of course is the only real one.



NOT on a single issue, or in one direction
or twain,

But conclusively, comprehensively,
and several times and again

Were all our most holy illusions
knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite.

We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us
jolly well right.

"This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet
in the shade of a tent,
But swingingly over eleven degrees of a bare brown
continent,
From Lambert's to Delagoa Bay, and from Pieters-
burgh to Sutherland,
Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with ful-
ness accorded no other land.

"It was our fault, and our very great fault, and not
the judgment of heaven.
We made an army in our image on an island nine
by seven,
Which faithfully mirrored its makers' ideals, equip-
ment and mental attitude.
And so we got our lesson and we ought to accept
it with gratitude.

"We have spent some hundred million pounds to
prove the fact once more
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two
and two make four;
And horses have four legs, and men have two legs,
and two into four goes twice,
And nothing over except our lesson, and very cheap
at that price."

These verses, which, if uninformed, we
should probably take to be the hack-
work of some mere balladmonger of the
music-halls, are part of "The Lesson,"
the latest published poem of Mr. Rudyard
Kipling. They are admitted by Mr. Kip-
ling's most ardent admirers to be very bad
poetry and very different from such pre-
vious work of their author as the world has
elected to call characteristic. Technically
they indicate a sad falling off from that

structural excellence that once distinguished
the Kipling verse; otherwise they illumi-
nate the world with a memorable example.
For of such are the proper ripe fruits of
the aims he has chosen for himself; to this
low level of product and feeling he has
come by the old road inevitable. "The
Lesson," for its badness, has had a wider
attention than "The Song of the White
Men" and the verses for the monument at
Kimberley; but it is no worse than they.
It is no worse than all his other recent
work; it is not essentially different from
such work as any man, however brilliant,
may be expected soon or late to do who
flings from himself the influences that Mr.
Kipling has resolutely turned aside.

Coincident with this fall from power,
evidences multiply that the spell of his old



RUDYARD KIPLING.

magic is broken. The following that once he had may be restored; he may be only temporarily obscured. But in any event it seems clear that conditions have changed for him, that the first period of his career is at an end, and it may be worth while to inquire what has brought him to this pass—a question that conveniently involves some consideration of his literary product in both prose and verse and its probable significance to the world of men and women.

The human mind, it may well be supposed, has few employments less likely to be of enduring use than trying to determine in any dogmatic or final way what is to be the judgment of posterity about a contemporaneous author. So often the court of last resort overrules such verdicts! See, for instance, the scant praise given by their own times to almost all the men of the past whom we call great, and the long list of scorned or forgotten favorites. Quite possibly time to come may, in its wisdom, overlook in Mr. Kipling all that grates upon us; possibly it may hail him reverently as one of the elect. Moreover, in forming any such estimate there is the persistent personal

equation not to be neglected. No work ever appeals to any two minds in exactly the same way, and an appeal to one mind may be dumb to another. Those who like Mr. Kipling like him very much and no doubt sincerely, and between his still loyal followers and others (once headed by the late Robert Buchanan) who find nothing good in the Kipling product there may be difficult holding of the scales.

Nevertheless, we may reflect that in time past practically all literature that has endured for the admiration of mankind has possessed in common certain definite qualities. It is entirely pertinent, and it is not dogmatic, then, to ask two questions:

Is there anything in Kipling's works that, up to the present, has had more than a temporary vogue in literature? And is there anything in them that really comes home to the serious and enduring emotions of the men and women who read in our own day?

Take down the familiar volumes and run over the familiar titles, and see how these matters stand. Here is prose and here is verse, a wonderful collection, for this has been a life of tireless industry. What variety of themes, what marvelous vividness, what interest and subtlety, what inexhaustible invention! You recall with each story the keen

pleasure with which you followed its strong, deliberate, sure unfolding. You recall the amusement with which you read each new song, the pleasure in its originality and broad, buoyant humor. It was all so new, these themes and treatments, this method and attitude, so frankly and humorously cynical, so different from the old way of looking at life. The men and women were of new types, the scene had all the charm of a new, strange landscape, the style had a certain new crispness and aptness most captivating.

Here was a man whose hand never went astray in the technique of his art; never a word was misplaced, all the parts were fitted together with the skill of the expert and perfect workman. If he desired to exhibit before you a soldier in his cups, you felt instinctively that every word the soldier uttered was veritable and in the true manner. Moreover, the economy of effort was above praise; here was not a word wasted, no insignificant ornament, every column supporting its just and true weight.

But consider for a moment the inner significance, the spirit and purport, of these stories. What shall a man carry from them besides a sense of the hard and



RUDYARD KIPLING AT WESTWARD HO IN 1881.
HE IS IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP.

dazzling brilliancy of their technique? Consider the series of tales that twelve years ago began to carry their author so rapidly to the center of the world's attention, those marvelous tales of soldier and civilian life in India. Here come again Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd, the mad, rollicking adventures, the breezy dialect and coarse vulgarity. Very amusing undoubtedly they are, even on rereading,

full of strange situations and a broad, hard wit, the strong inventions of a powerful imagination checked by accurate and skilled observation.

We read them with amusement, that is true, but from every one we turn with two certain impressions: first, of distaste, as of one that has stirred foul waters; and, second, of some great lack.

What is it, then, that is wanting? Take up with analytical

purpose any of the stories in those first volumes, "Black Jack," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Man Who Would Be King." Take "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," wherein Mulvaney, the chief of these three precious heroes, experiences what may be deemed the tenderest phases of his existence. What is here? He tells the story himself. It is all coarse, the brutal love-making of a drunken soldier. You laugh at the com-

ical, sprawling situations, but you have no human interest in Mulvaney nor in Dinah. An old woman is brought drunken in, and her billingsgate reproduced with phonetic exactness. The scene would be infinitely disgusting in real life; it would be infinitely disgusting here, but for the humorous touches of the telling. An hour after this hero has engaged himself to one girl, being in his cups, he has engaged himself to

another, and neither has any quality that one cares to know about. No doubt Mother Sheehy in real life would be as revolting and unpleasant as here she is shown, but in real life we would and certainly should avoid her; here she is thrust in upon us with inexorable determination and without the least profit, even as a terrible example. Why should we care for the love-makings and riotings of uninteresting and be-

sotted beasts? As a matter of fact, we do not care for them. The narrative is wholly repulsive, carried by the sheer strength of the cleverness and art of the dialect.

The other adventures of these heroes, singly or together, are even less edifying. The men have two qualities that evidently appeal to Mr. Kipling as good: they are physically brave, and they have a certain facility in extricating themselves from difficulties into which, for the most part, they



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EDITORS OF "THE FRIEND," AN ENGLISH NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED AT THE FRONT EARLY IN THE BOER WAR. MR. KIPLING ON THE RIGHT.

are plunged by their own riotous manner of living. Their adventures are always vastly entertaining, their dialect and manner always fresh and diverting. But, for all the laughter they provoke, they remain three unredeemed ruffians, and in all that is told of them is not one human touch. You laugh at them, but at no moment would you care to know or shake hands with them.

It is not that these characters are chosen from the lower strata of society. Other authors have gone for their heroes to the like regions and the world has not complained, being, indeed, the better for it. This is true conspicuously and frequently, for instance, of Mr. Harte. But Mr. Kipling's bad eminence is that, choosing such heroes, he alone has shown them to us without one quality that can stir sympathy. The brutal, drunken soldiers are very real in a way, very lifelike, very laughable in their adventures in realism, but they remain brutal and drunken to the end; their coarse instincts are without the relief of the better side that the coarsest soldier in real life would sometimes exhibit. It can hardly be disputed that this is bad art. It is not even good realism. A real Mulvaney might easily be as drunken and revolting as this, but he would inevitably have in him some savor of the common humanity, he would have good as well as bad. To paint such a man all reprobate is as great an error as to paint him all angel. An artist may properly enough seek to create effects of pity, horror, sadness, pain; but to create effects merely depressing and disconcerting is new in recognized literature, and its permanence may be held open to doubt.

What is it that charms us so unfailingly in such a work as "Tennessee's Partner"? The characters are rough men, their chief deeds are crimes of violence, they are superficially as little attractive as Mulvaney. The difference is that here is the human touch, here is an appeal to the sense of the universal brotherhood, here is a revelation under rough exteriors of the springs of feeling common to the race, here is something of heart as well as of brain. In all time past, succeeding generations of men have cherished only the literature that has had this appeal. Shall we suppose the

race to have undergone such changes that the old ganglia have perished?

What shall it profit a man to observe an acrobat? It may be the most wonderful of all acrobats; he may kick higher, jump harder, tie himself into stranger contortions, than any other acrobat. What possible relation do these feats bear to life? This man is the dazzling acrobat of narrative; from his far flights we come always with a sense of admiration for his skilled achievements, never with the slightest hope or strength for living. "After all, it is the serious emotions of mankind that endure." To be perpetually cynical and disparaging about everything but brute strength and the slaughter of natives and the triumph of the British arms—what is in all this that the great weary world should care for it?

It is momentarily interesting, no doubt; so are the feats of the acrobat of the ring. Take "Black Jack" as a typical example of Mr. Kipling's earlier manner. The power of the suspense is undeniable. The plot against Mulvaney's life is so strange and diabolical, the manner of its circumventing is so ingenious, that we feel a burning curiosity to know "how it comes out." But so we should feel in reading any exciting story; and at the end, what is left? Some drunken brutes have attempted a murder and failed. That is all, except a vague sense of soil and contamination and a feeling that we have been in bad company, a feeling that nearly all of these stories create. "Slimmy's Wife" and O'Hara's fate—are not these incidents added for the express purpose of disagreeable impression? Who shall say that they have normal cohesion with the course of the story, such as it is?

Or take "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" as one of the most famous types of these tales—the story of a drummer-boy who, with his comrade, saved the day when the British troops, demoralized and disheartened, were being cut to pieces by Afghans in a pass. The theme is something, yes, for the boy had left a little sweetheart behind him (the color-sergeant's daughter), and he was killed for his heroic pains. There is great power here, doubtless. The battle and blind struggle and retreat in the pass—how original in

treatment, how swift and vivid in interest! A kind of cynical humor in the midst of these alarms seems at first to add strength and novelty; here is a man who can jest while he unrolls the most frightful scenes. The combat is perfectly managed; the mind hangs upon the issue with as strong suspense as ever fiction created, and sinks back at last with the sigh of satiated curiosity—the day was saved.

Yet observe that if, instead of turning as of old we were tempted to turn to the next narrative, we stop for analysis, assuredly we shall find bitter dregs in this exhilarating cup.

First, it will seem strange and repellent. With what caressing delight the man lingers upon the most harrowing details of the battle! It is like a minute account of a day in a surgical clinic: the keen knives are slicing, men are dismembered or cloven to the middle, shrieking with pain, rolling over dead upon the ground. Other men are slaying with the sharp delight of crazed beasts. These things are no doubt veritable and war, but the ferocious relish of their telling—is that also necessary? We have the highest authority for thinking war infernal; but shall we have it put naked upon our tables and commended to our palates by one who is moved no whit by its sad and terrible aspects, who lauds its sickening passions, and lusts without disguise to be of those whose hands soak the earth with Afghans' blood?

Second, we shall inevitably notice that the boy who is the central figure in this riot of slaughter is set before us without

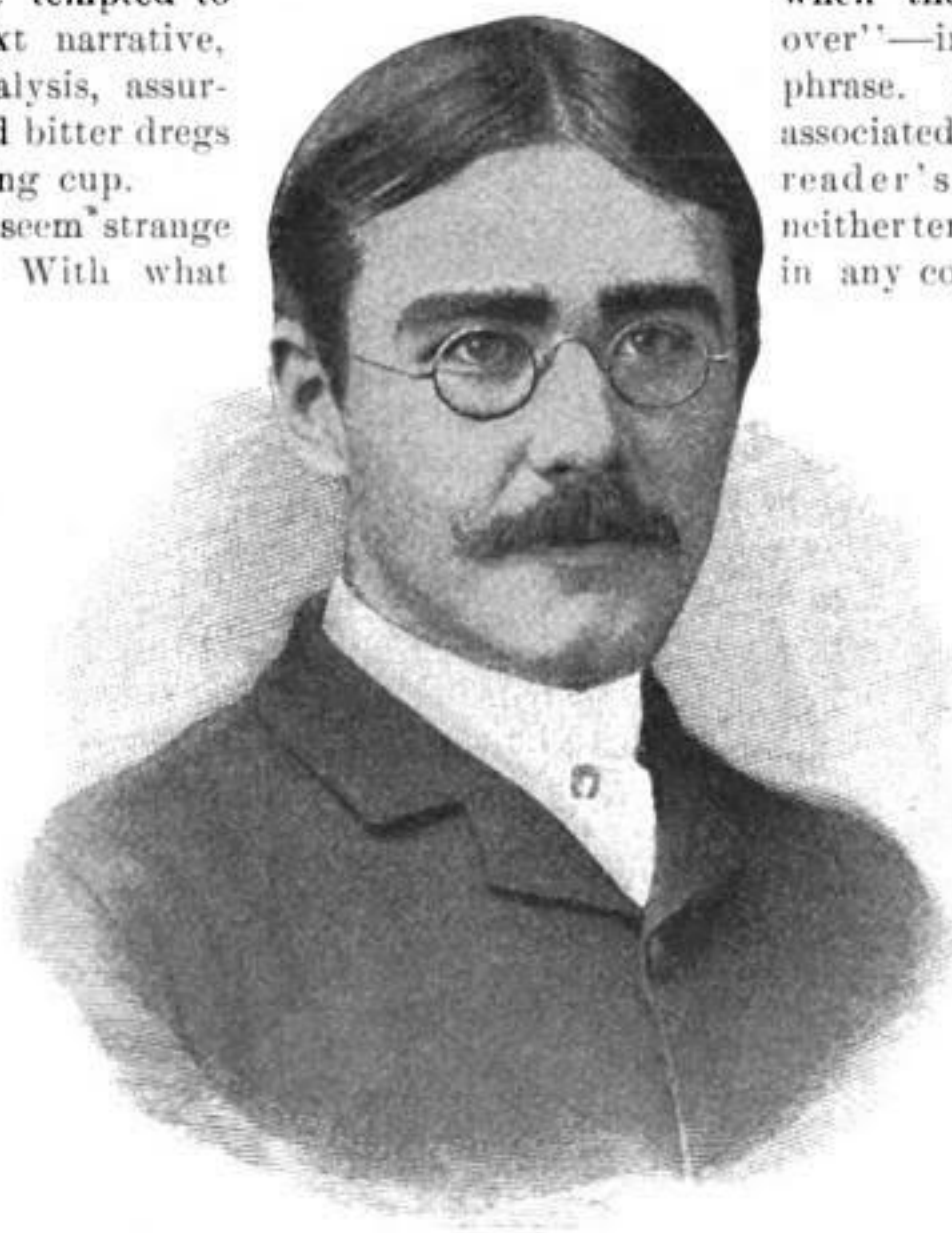
the slightest claim upon our sympathies. Evidently his creator is not sorry he was killed; shall we be? There is nothing that moves us in his farewell talk with his little sweetheart. She calls him a little liar, and says he can have as many kisses as he "dam pleases." He boasts and swaggers in the hideous manner and patois of the London slums, and is off. The picture may be true enough; what do you gain from it? You do not think of the sweetheart

when the boy is "rolled over"—in the gentle Kipling phrase. She is not really associated with him in any reader's mind. There is neither tenderness nor concern in any conception of her—

nor of him. He was drunk when he walked out from behind his rock to fife the broken regiment back to its business of killing; he fell before the first volley. Well—what shall we conclude? That it is well to be drunk? Not particularly. The main thing is that the reformed British troops got

their courage back, "wiped the Afghans off the earth" and redeemed their glorious reputation for slaughter.

It is for this reason that one invariably rises from the reading of Kipling with a bad taste in one's mouth. The writing is always immensely clever; often it is brilliant, never has it noticeable flaws in its technical workmanship. But its brilliancy is granite and its sparkle a mica glitter. One shall search in vain for warmth or light. Very likely English girls of the class of Cris are as uninteresting as she; very likely such a boy would have to be



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RUDYARD KIPLING AT TWENTY.

drunk for a deed of heroism. But the world has no more profit from such matters than from the particulars of a hanging.

To these objections it may be urged that hangings and coarse girls and drunken boys and battles and slaughters and dissection-tables are in the world and therefore by the theory of realistic art they are fit subjects to be set before us in this frank, unadorned manner. It is ill quarreling about taste. But the question is not whether readers can be found for the details of an abattoir, but whether the man who supplies such details (with whatever verbal splendors) adds to the world's treasures or enriches the race, and to that question there is only one answer.

Shall one be met here with the rejoinder that Zola deals in realism, in things as they are, and the world thanks and thinks well of him? Or that Thackeray often makes us extremely uncomfortable and yet is of the immortals? Ah, but Zola's realism is charged through and through with pity for the wretched beings he shows us; Thackeray discloses to us for our own good the meanness whereof we are capable. This man has no feeling of his own; he will sing at gravemaking or anything else.

Herein, I think, Mr. Kipling passes from such mere authorship as one may or may not like and becomes a positive force for evil. Consider the probable effect on a generation nourished upon a literature that disguises cruelty, brutality and indomitable cynicism under a form so alluring. We are accustomed to cry out against the sensational cheap novels that boys read, or used to read. Is it likely that a thousand tales of the impossible adventures of Indian-slayers or detectives work so much harm as this voice, so witty and able, steadily and insidiously teaching that nothing is worth while but material success, that suffering, pain and sorrow are of no moment, that the grace of life is a jest and its wisdom is to trample on toward the goal and let him fall that is stricken? Shall progress lie through reversion to primitive instincts?

It is not necessary that men and women or boys and girls should be good or well-bred or nice in manner and instincts or virtuous or sober to be proper subjects for literature. But on the other hand there is nothing remunerative in ruffians considered

merely as ruffians. What is interesting and valuable about them is that under the ruffianism they are still human, still men, still, with all their faults, of the vast family of earth's children. Mr. Kipling's offense is that he totally discards this human quality. Ruffianism with him is merely plain ruffianism, dealt in for its own sake.

In later years when he came from the Indian background, so novel and attractive, to landscapes more familiar to us, his work exhibited even greater technical ability, but no change in his spirit. The very high praise of turning to artistic account the great material activities of modern life is undoubtedly his, but his men are still of the Mulvaney type; their deeds are still devoid of true relation to life. The stories of engines and engineers are, from one point of view, replete with new and peculiar interest; they are valueless in any consideration of enduring worth. The callous blackguards that rebuild the wrecked steamship engines in "The Devil and the Deep Sea" excite a certain thirst to know the end of their strange venture; but we have no regret for their fate. The story of the shrewd old Scotchman in "Bread upon the Water" has no sympathetic significance. The intellectual acuteness that foresees the wreck of the rival steamer and successfully plans an advantage therefrom appeals to curiosity, but we do not care for McRimmon nor for McPhee, his engineer, and the heart is in no wise stirred by the good fortune of Janet the wife. Something sordid and repellent hangs over all these stories. No doubt modern life is sordid enough, but we are not helped from its indurations by having its very sordidness treated as a thing admirable and to be welcomed.

Some distinction may be admitted between the animating spirits of a man's prose and of his poetry, but a man's poetry must speak his soul if it is to be poetry at all. Mr. Kipling has been an industrious versifier. What shall we think of his product? On any impartial survey it seems worse than his prose. Not technically, for he has an admirable and rare rhythmical sense and until lately a singular gift of apt expression, but in its purpose and mission. Here are the same manner and matter that in his tales make us so dissatisfied and uneasy.

The themes are almost invariably such as make for no man's peace or for no man's stirring to nobler thoughts. "The Vampire," for instance. The subject artists have dealt with elsewhere; but never thus. Consider it as a fair example of his attitude. How coarse and pungent and hard is it! We know that a man has ruined himself for a woman, but there is no touch of the pity of his ruin, nor of the lesson of it, nor of compassion for the human weakness, nor of indignation at the heartlessness. He was a fool

"And he made his prayer
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair,"

and thus contemptuously to the end. He is dead, and he brought his fate upon himself; let him go for a fool. Really, is there any note in this that tends to satisfy any human thirst, feed any human hunger, quiet any human longing? How are we the better for such singing? Some men that are little moved by an expression of the beautiful are reached by an apt expression of a formula of truth; but no man is moved to aught worth while by flippancy and bitterness.

"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

At least there is no other line in English poetry so brutal as this.

But, if I understand Mr. Kipling aright, he has small patience with the idea of a mission in the world to better it. He views the hardness of life as an irremediable fact to be endured stoically by every man, to be laughed at and jested about, but not to be pitied or relieved. Pity and the desire to relieve belong to the weaklings who do not love war, do not covet other men's or other nations' possessions, do not believe that the Anglo-Saxon is sent into the world to slay and seize, do not admire ferocity and drunkenness nor the conversation of intoxicated troopers, and are generally sentimental and foolish.

"Danny Deever" celebrates the hanging of "a sneakin', shootin' hound" of a

soldier. Is it possible that such a subject comes within the limits of poetry? In "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" a cockney soldier sings in the language of his class about some repulsive aspects of war. Shall we consider this an addition to literature? "McAndrews' Hymn" is an able study in psychology, but done without feeling.

The "Recessional" strikes a note different from the note of any other Kipling poem, and if I understand it truly, a deeper and more solemn note. It was well that a professedly Christian nation should be reminded at a time of jubilee and boasting that con-

quest is not the sum of life. The poem reads like a sincere word and its supposed significance (traversing the trend of its author's previous utterances), with the charm of its method, carried it around the world. A poet's sincerity should never be open to suspicion. Yet the third year after the peace note of the "Recessional" saw the "Recessional's" author urging on the most unjust and infamous war of modern times, clamoring vociferously against mercy or lenity, arguing for extremest limits of barbarous severity, the self-constituted laureate of all the darkest deeds on

the veldt. When it is remembered that this war for sheer plunder was forced by a very strong upon a very weak people, it seems appropriate to inquire what it was we were invited in the "Recessional" not to forget. No part of the creed of Christ, certainly.

Therefore the world was quickly undeceived as to the real message of the "Recessional"; by word and deed, by the obvious teachings of all his earlier and all his later writings, it was undeceived. What had been welcomed as the long-expected gentler note, the sign of the broadened mind and kindling tenderness so long lacking, proved to be a mere tour de force, an experiment, an exploit, a sound and nothing more.

"The Lesson," "The Song of the White



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NICHOLSON'S PORTRAIT OF KIPLING.

Men," the other late singing that has fallen so far from the mark, are but the natural sequel of this tergiversation. What is the "lesson" to him of the struggle in South Africa, of the blood and ruin, the scattered families and wasted lands, the mourning in his own country, the saddening spectacles of brutal passions and inebriate mobs? Only that Great Britain should have larger and better armies, be better prepared to grasp and slay, be stronger in the policy that brought about this war. If on such a theme and with such a motive a man might sing otherwise than badly, poetry would lose all significance and message to men.

Summing up the product of these twelve or thirteen years, Mr. Kipling seems easily the foremost figure of their literature and easily the most sinister and malign. He is anomalous. He has the sense of laughter but not of tears. He writes about men but not to them. He is the apostle of the gospel of hard blows. He is the laureate of materialism and the champion of things as they are. Heretofore the poets and the prophets of literature have usually been in advance of their age; he has reversed precedent by reviving in the nineteenth century the spirit of the fourteenth.

This is why his audience has slipped away; this is why his hand has lost its

cunning. From even the lowest and most material point of view the profit of art is the human sympathy of it. He that has no care for other men cannot long command their attention. He cannot even maintain the natural excellence of his gifts. The democratic spirit that Mr. Kipling so heartily despises would have been his saving grace, would have made him preëminently great. The want of it has left him hard as stone and apparently as unfertile.

"The Voice of the Hooligan" he was called by a great soul now silent. The voice of all that retards and represses he assuredly is. If the creed he has taught is right, charity is an amiable weakness, hospitals are a lost expense, good-will among men is a myth, the beauty of the world is without lesson, the joy of life is physical strength, there is no courage but for physical combat, only that man lives worthily who elbows his way to the fore, and only that nation fulfils its mission that lays strong hands upon the weaker peoples.

The steadfast trend of the changes in the race contradicts and repudiates such a creed. What other generations may think of one whose face has been set so resolutely against the flood is no better than a guess, but it seems a reasonable surmise that if they think well of him it will be at times when the great tide flows backward.



Disappointment

By Florence Radcliffe

Fate smiles upon, then stabs the human heart,
 Piercing it through with his two-edged dart.
 Think you because no eye has seen
 The poisoned shaft, the wound's less keen?
 Ah, many a man plays his accustomed part
 While his breast conceals a deadly smart!

THE SHADOW OF HAPPINESS.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

THAT little inn was somewhere on the road from New Amsterdam to New York—a half-way house between now and antiquity. A part was old and a part new, and it was all very shabby and simple and genuine. Its day began at dusk and its noon was midnight. Then the red door of Morcho was one of the gates of the city opening on a strange and merry way of life. They called it the Roost because it was inhabited chiefly by the night-folk. A tall man could almost touch its eaves and had to pay a toll of reverence at its door if he entered. Once in, he forgot all care save that of stepping lightly lest it fall upon him. The Roost had grown, wing by wing, until it covered half the short block, and now under its roof were unexpected caverns far back of the red door at the sidewalk. A big church flanked the little inn and buried it under fathoms of gloom as the sun came up. When it was nearing noon, of a bright day, a great lever of sunlight thrust itself in where the two buildings came close together behind Morcho's, and lifted on the bulk of shadow until it was gone.

Morcho himself was a man worth knowing. He was an item of expense in the moral economy of the world, but the lesson of his life, if one were able to make it clear, would have some profit in it. He was a brown little Spaniard who knew how to cook and loved eating and drinking and good companionship. One never sat under the bare beams of the Roost and felt his blood warming and the gloom going out of his soul, in the smile of Morcho, without some thankfulness for the like of him. But that was a pleasure, with all its accessories, full of peril. There was in it too much of the spice of life and the cuisine. If one were his friend, Morcho came and served him with his own hand or sat beside him and told stories and at the end of each lifted his glass and said, "Happy day!" Indeed, that was the conclusion of every tale he told and, I make no doubt, of every dream he dreamed. He came to misery in due time, as did many who sat with him there in the little inn, but he had to be merry, to give the warm heart to

every one, to eat when he had no hunger, to drink when he had no thirst. Otherwise he would not have been Morcho and some who came there would have sought a host more to their liking. It was as if he said: "Is your heart heavy, my friend? I have a merry little monkey of a soul here in this body and I'm going to show you some of its tricks." He had no thought of the evil in it all. He was born a Castilian peasant and had never heard any preaching about temperance, and thinking was out of his line. I knew he had a heart of lead some days, but even then the glad hand, the toast of "Happy day," the merry tale, were not withheld.

I had been out of New York a year and, returning one summer night, strolled to the little inn for supper. Mine host had grown thin and pale. He spoke in a rough whisper and trembled with weakness. I could see that the man was dying, but the inn was already dead. A lonely guest sat near me and Morcho was trying hard to keep his feet and tell a story. He sank into a chair at the end of it and soon fell nodding. The cozy rooms were empty. The tables were neatly spread, but where were the merry feasters, the song and laughter that rang to the roof in other days?

"Morcho," said the man who sat by him, lifting his glass, "where are the happy days?"

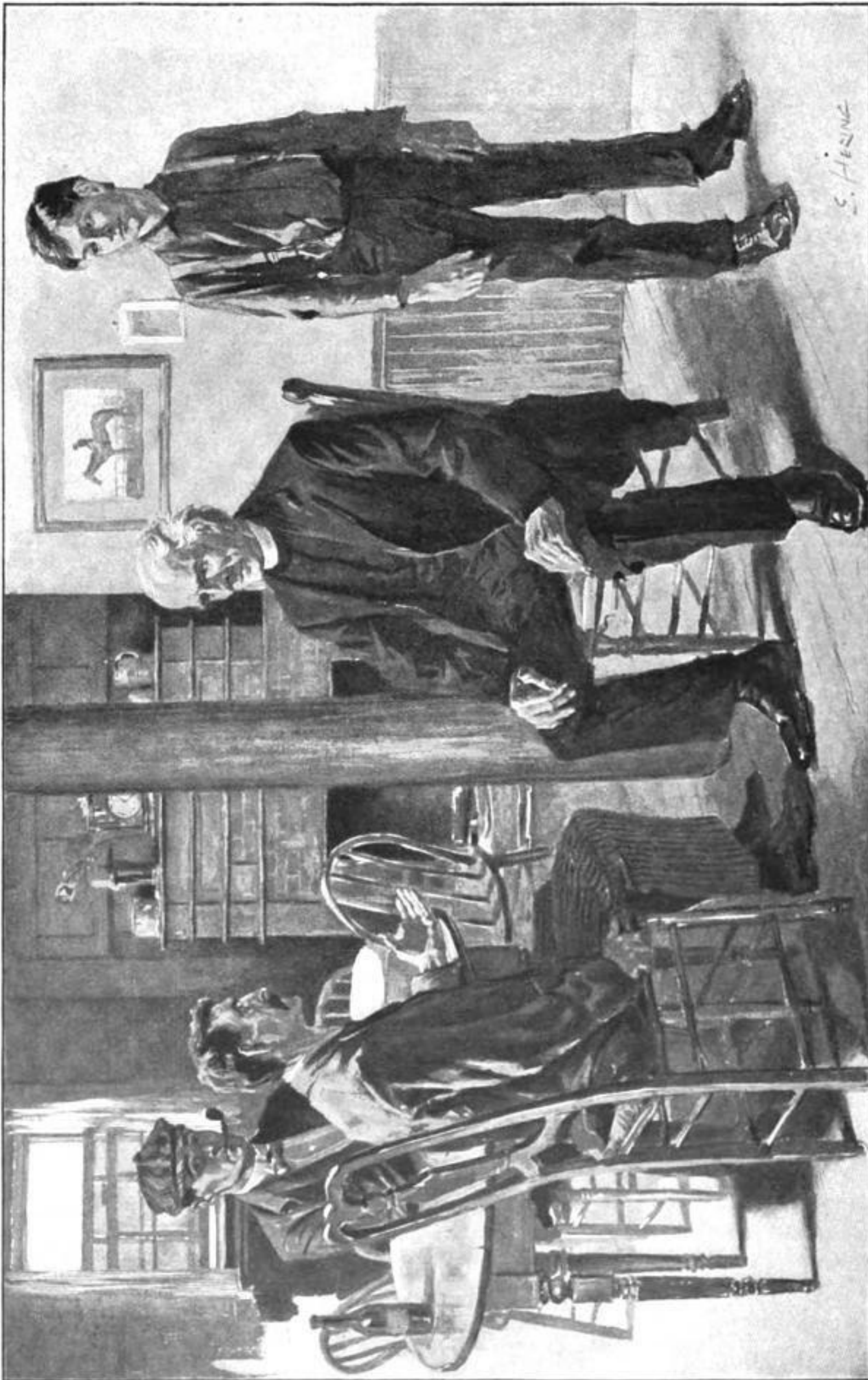
"Madre de Dios!" he whispered. "Here's happy day!" and then he took a sip out of a glass that had been waiting for him.

"You're sick, Morcho," said the man drinking. "You'd better go off somewhere and take a rest." Then he rose and paid the waiter and went away.

Morcho had not seemed to hear him and shortly came over to me, rubbing his hands. He was bracing himself for the task before him and his smile came hard. I was an old customer and he must do his best to please me.

"I not sick—no-o-o-o!" he whispered. "I be well purty quick."

He would have the waiter bring glasses and a bottle in spite of my refusal to drink. He'd a great need of good cheer—that was



"I HEARD MORCHO WHISPER . . . 'I HAVE NO MORE, NO MORE HAPPY DAY.'"

Drawn by E. Herring.

evident. His hand trembled as the ruby flood trickled into his glass. I turned a moment to give my order. When I looked again, his head had fallen on his hand and Morcho was sleeping. The little clock on the mantel ticked loudly, and the long hand was on its last quarter climbing to eleven. The canary that hung in the window had covered his head. The moment was long with loneliness.

A man came in, as I was waiting in the silence, and stood a moment looking down at Morcho.

"Going to die soon and he hasn't a friend in the world—they've all left him," he said. I couldn't bear the sight of him sleeping there beside me and so I touched his shoulder and said:

"Morcho, happy days!"

He started up and answered quickly, as the liquor touched his lips, "Happy day!"

"How are you to-night?" the man asked.

"I better; I get well purty quick," said Morcho.

"You'd better leave New York—it's a tough climate," said the other. "Just go off somewhere an' take a rest."

"Yes," I echoed, "you'd better go somewhere and take a long rest."

"I no leave my business," he said, and took another sip. Then he laid his head upon his hands, and coughed until I thought he was near his end. The waiter came to fan him. He got to his feet presently with an effort painful to witness. He held the half-empty glass and turned to me.

"He my old customaire," said Morcho; "he stay by me an' I try give him good dinner—everything what he wants." The glass seemed heavy in his hand; he could

not speak the toast. In a moment he sat nodding in his chair as he had done before, and he was a poor host. Then even I, his last customer, came away and left him. His "happy day" had gone too dark and there was no longer any pleasure in it. A gloomy business it is, trying to be merry in the shadow of death. I had seen enough of it.

"Why don't you go and see Morcho?" I inquired of an old habitu  of the inn.

"Because he will have me drink with him and talk with him and I can't bear to do it now. I don't get over it for a day."

The fact was, Morcho had come to a time when he needed a little of the good cheer he had freely given, but it was not to be had. For days I was the only man who went to wish him a happy day. The priest came, of a day that I was there, and tried to talk with him about his soul. He would have none of his own trouble, however, any more than his friends would have it. He asked the boy to bring glasses and the priest to drink him a "happy day." The good father said, "No."

"Then tell me good story, do tell me good story," said Morcho.

"No, no," was the answer, and as it came I left them together.

"My God!" I heard Morcho whisper, as if he were crying, "I have no more, no more happy day."

Now the inn is but an empty shell. The red door is barred; its rooms are silent as the grave and dust is on its windows. Morcho has taken the advice of his friends, when they could no longer bear the sight of him, and "gone off somewhere for a long rest."



HOW THE BUZZARDS WORKED A "SPELL."

By E. W. KEMBLE.

With illustrations by the author.



TUCKED away on the lower coast of Florida, amid the cocoanut-groves, lies a sleepy little settlement of some twenty-odd houses. The little freight-steamer that ties up to the landing twice a week occasionally drops a passenger or two who has come southward to escape the chilling blasts of the Northern winter, or maybe fish in the broad waters of the bay that spread out east of the mainland.

Among the "characters" in the settlement was an old darky by the name of Silas, an absolutely worthless piece of humanity, dirty, lazy and utterly devoid of morals; yet, withal, good-natured and happy, and thoroughly contented with everybody and everything. Time and again he was arrested and put in the little flimsy lock-up, but it mattered not to him; he was just as happy inside the jail as out, and as soon as he was released he repeated the offense, his only excuse being "'Mem-bah, kind folks, that po' ole Silas hain't nebbah had no bringin' up.'" His most persistent malady was his fondness for his neighbor's poultry. When a roost was plundered, the only explanation was "Silas," or if the cackling of a fowl was heard at night, the comment was "Silas."

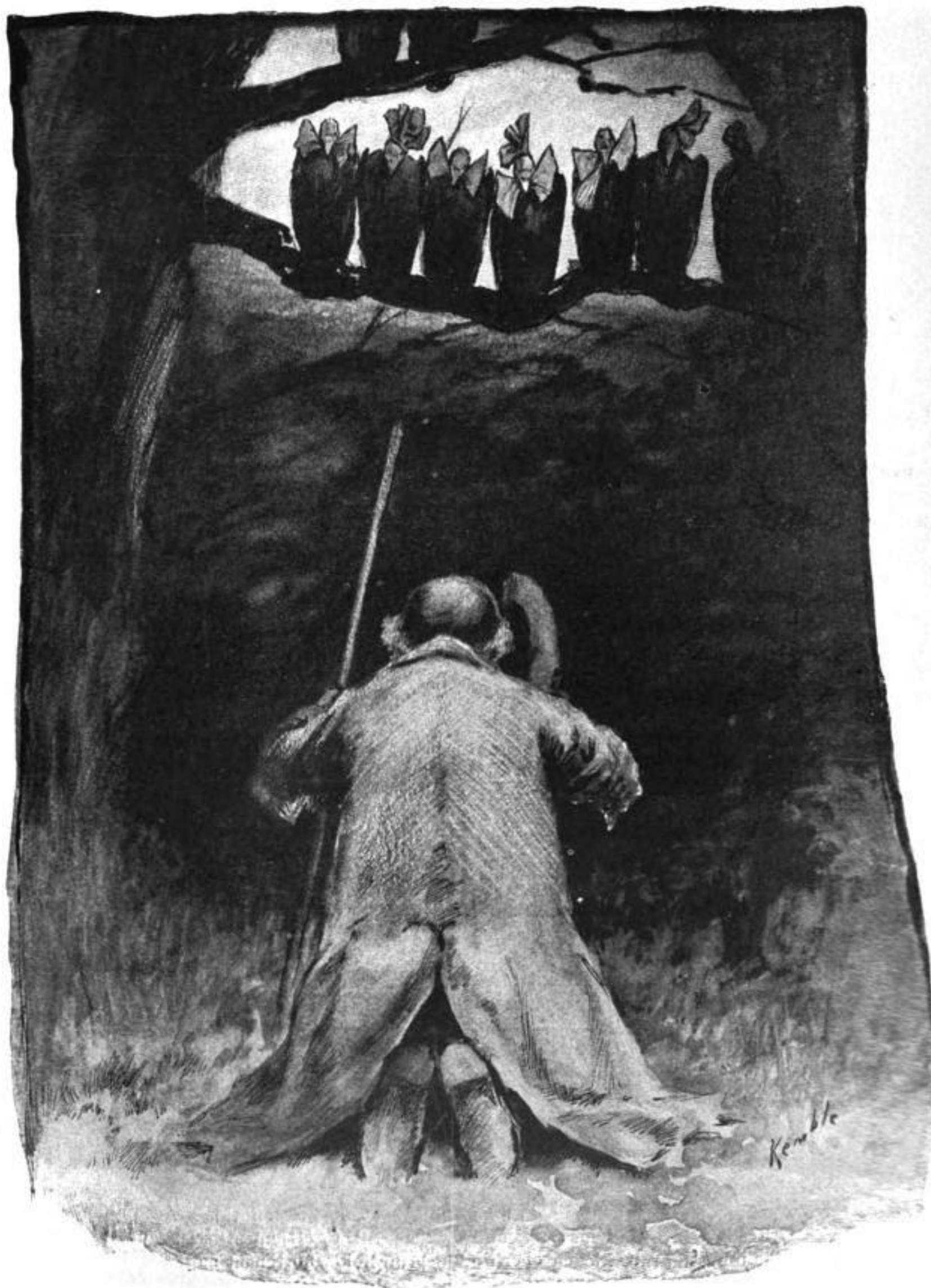
Plead, punish, threaten, it was of no avail. When Silas needed a chicken—and his needs were frequent—he sallied forth in the still small hours and helped himself at the most convenient coop. Twice he had been fired at while he was committing his depredations, and, though he had carried off enough shot to bring down several partridges, he never dropped his chicken.

Though his morals were at the lowest ebb, the old negro was a firm believer in "ha'nts an' sperrits." Get him once started on the subject and he would

wander off into the most marvelous and harrowing details of supernatural visitants that took the shapes of cows and white mules, and troubled folks at night. Indeed, there were certain parts of the settlement where he could not be hired to go after dark. Unfortunately, the hen-roosts were not within these charmed circles.

Our excuse for sojourning in this place was fishing. Day after day we sailed over the bright waters of the bay, or took little journeys out into the ocean and lured the splendid kingfish from his briny home. But one day there was no breeze, the palm-trees drooped and sulked, the air was hot and stifling; the only moving objects within sight were the buzzards with their broad, powerful wings extended firm and motionless, as they floated over the sultry air. As they passed over the narrow walk in front of the inn, they stretched their long, bare necks and turned their barren heads from side to side; one by one they





"DOAN' HA'NT FO' OLE SILAS WHAT'S NEBBAR HAD NO BRINGIN' UP."

circled nearer to the earth, and one by one they dropped clumsily on the parched grass, where lay a tempting morsel of fish.

With my fishing-rod I had been making imaginary casts from the hotel porch. "I have it," suggested the bright and particular genius of our party. "Why not catch a buzzard?" The line was reeled out to a sufficient length, and the end formed in a noose about the fish. The buzzards again wheeled over the spot, and dropped on post and rail to see if their feast was still undisturbed. They were a little suspicious, but presently one old patriarch, more bold than his comrades, hobbled toward the fish. Once inside the noose, the line was gradually drawn taut, until a sudden, quick jerk, a few convulsive efforts, and the bird lay a motionless captive upon the grass. Now that we had him, what penalty should he pay for his greed? A council of war was held, and the royal decree went forth that a huge white tie should be placed about his bare neck. The tie was made and placed in position, the noose withdrawn, and after gazing stupidly about him he stretched his somber wings and rose into the ethereal blue. He soared away over the trees and was soon lost to view. Others came and were caught. On their naked heads we tied jaunty caps of gorgeous hues, and so the hours passed until our stock of haberdashery had become exhausted.

Toward sundown an old negro hobbled toward the inn. The long staff he grasped in his wrinkled hands smote the ground with uncommon vigor. He halted abruptly as he reached the walk, scratched his crinkled wool, started on a few steps, hesitated, then slowly shambled up the path. It was Silas. Removing his tattered hat, he fumbled it nervously, and from the expression of his dim old eyes it was evident that the old man was troubled. "Ain' seed nuffin' encommon 'bout heah dis ebenin', is yer, sah?" he addressed us. I answered that I had not. "Well, sah, dis ebenin', while my ole woman was washin' at de tub, jes' ousen de cabin do', she done hab a vision what kem jes' befo' her eyes. She scream out to de top ob her voice, 'Good Lawd, hol' me fas', and wid dat she upsot de tub, kicked ober de wash-bench and done lippit into de house, slambangin' de do' behin' her. She's hid

herself in de corner behin' de bed; dar she is plum' fas' and dar she say she gwine to stay till Judgment Day. I done argify wif her de bes' I could, but hit ain' no use, so I come along ter see ef I kin git Parson Ebers ter come down to de house and 'vince her. Ain' seen Parson Ebers, is yer?" Before we could inquire concerning his wife's malady, he had hobbled off in the direction of Parson Ebers' cabin.

The sun had set, and that peculiar stillness that seems so intense in a tropical climate pervaded the whole surrounding. Suddenly a succession of unearthly yells pierced the air. They seemed to come from the "hummock" some two hundred yards away. We started down the path and plunged into the tangled woods. Nearer and nearer we hurried toward the now feeble and agonized groans. As we burst into a small clearing, we came upon a spectacle indeed. Kneeling upon the ground, with bared head, grasping his staff firmly in one hand, while with the other he held his tattered cap, was Silas. He looked not to the right nor to the left, but stared straight ahead. He mumbled in a terrified manner; his sentences were emphasized with a groan. "I knows yer," he murmured. "I knows yer all. Youse de sperrit ob Phebe Jackson what died las' spring, and you un what's got de colored bonnet is Phil Adams' woman what's been dead these seben yeahs. I knows de bonnet! Doan' ha'nt po' ole Silas what's nebbah had no bringin' up. I sw'ar befo' de good Lawd dat I won't go neah no moah hen-roosts. Turn you eyes off me an' let me go, let me go."

We crept softly toward the poor old wretch, and as we helped him to his feet he was trembling with fear. As we gazed ahead in the direction he had been looking, we beheld the object of his terror. Ranged side by side on a huge branch of a moss-covered live-oak sat the buzzards wearing their ties and bonnets with the same dainty grace they had exhibited earlier in the day.

We spoke not a word, but led him from the spot on through the hummock, out into the clearing, and thrust him trembling, yet thankful, inside his cabin door.

The little settlement sleeps on. The lock-up holds no tenant now, for old Silas has been cured of his trouble. The hen-roosts are all haunted now.



The Inefficiency of the British Officer

BY LIONEL STRACHEY

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, not long before he laid down the supreme baton of British military command, made the public boast that the British officer was "not only the finest specimen of humanity extant and the finest fighting-man, but a man unequaled in the armies of the world." No doubt also the commanders-in-chief of the forces of Costa Rica, Montenegro, Hayti, Oman, Monaco, San Marino and Luna are in the habit of similarly belauding their officers. For in the matter of martial prowess (and of beautiful women) any given nation believes itself superior to the rest of the world, and the solar system besides. Thus the armies (and the beauties) of France, Liberia and Venus have equal claims to primacy. As to their naval superexcellence the empires and republics of this tiny globulet, flipped into space by chance, hold opinions less absolute—perhaps because water is a more evasive substance than earth. Andorra might therefore conceivably, though reluctantly, allow her fleet in a few respects not quite measurable with Russia's.

Leaving aside these playful imaginations, and looking to recent realities, did not Spain imagine she could sweep the Yankee shopkeepers off sea and land? Did not the pride and joy of Italy, her mustachio-curlèd darlings, turn tail before the blackamoors of Abyssinia? And the vast realm whose subject Lord Wolseley is, numbering one-quarter nearly of the world's population, how soon, and by what holocausts, and after what disgrace, did it subdue fifty thousand slouching volunteers, who smoked their pipes while they shot off their cannon?

Patriotism subsists, not on facts, but on fictions. Else Lord Wolseley had alluded to Estcourt, Stormberg and Magersfontein; had dwelt upon Colenso, Spion Kop, Koodoosberg; had explained what happened at the Tugela River, Slingersfontein and Ramutsa; had informed his audience who was

driven back from Colesberg, Railway Hill and Lobatsi; had counted up these—twelve of them in four months—and sundry other—hm—disasters, and—hm—errors in judgment, and—hm—insufficient precautions. But it did not really matter whether the noble lord spoke of British victories or British defeats. Himself and his audi-



A CAPTAIN OF THE SEVENTEENTH LANCERS.

ence had settled beforehand, in spite of evidence, that the British officer was the "finest fighting-man," et cetera. Surely they easily could perform this mental trick if they could swallow the paradox that a fighting-man is a fine specimen of humanity. Christ, Socrates, Buddha, Seneca and a few other persons not generally esteemed foolish would have declared a man who purposely killed or maimed his fellow-men an aggravated specimen of inhumanity. But patriotism has nothing to do with religion or morals. Pending the arrival of the millennium, however, let us turn, not the light of patriotic error, but that of cosmopolitan truth, on the statement that the British officer is a "man unequalled in the armies of the world."

The first and fundamental cause of the British officer's professional incapacity is the brevity of his technical training. England has no military schools, managed by officers, where boys, entering at an early age, are brought up in brass buttons, for years subjected to military discipline, instructed in military science and nourished upon military ideals. England has no Kadettenschulen, and the long, severe courses of Saint Cyr and West Point are also unknown in the British isles. Two years at the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, is judged sufficient total preparation for a lieutenant of artillery or engineers. But these two arms of the service are numerically inconspicuous beside the infantry and cavalry. Aspirants for epaulets in those branches acquire their whole program of ignorance in nine actual months of study at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, the course lasting nominally one year, but being abbreviated by vacation periods. Did one ever hear of a man's becoming a doctor, a lawyer, a clergyman, an organist, an accountant, a

watchmaker, a balloonist, or a floorwalker in a shop, in nine months? And why does it take years to reach the rank of sublieutenant in the British navy and only months to obtain a second lieutenant's commission in the British army? Old England, having discovered how to gain truly efficient naval officers, applies the opposite method to the production of army officers—with equal success in the reverse direction.

The dilettanti under whom England's little army could (according to patriotic opinion) rout the millions of Russia, Germany or France—led by real professionals and not by amateurs—are, then, chiefly graduates of the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, where youths are in nine months unprepared and uninstructed for the infantry and cavalry. By common experience, the soldier's prime essential is drill. Implicit obedience to a higher voice and perfect execution of its paramount command is the first of all principles in civil life or military, whether conscience give the order in the one case or the colonel in the other. This comes only after perpetual drill—drill at all seasons; drill in spite of everything; nothing but drill until it is no longer drill but habit. At Sandhurst drill cannot become a habit, since a dozen hours a week for nine months is the whole practice of it.

But even this inadequate minimum is not utilized to the best advantage of the largest number of cadets. On parade the corps of Gentlemen Cadets—as the students are officially named—is drawn up in six companies. The officers, sergeants and corporals are represented by cadets chosen from each company. If different students were called out of the ranks on different days to perform



A LIEUTENANT OF CAVALRY.

these duties, all would have at least some opportunity at playing officer or non-commissioned officer. But for the sake of convenience, or tradition, or heaven knows what abstract doctrine of perversity, cadets are selected for the said functions neither in rotation nor at haphazard, but are permanently appointed from among those who seem to give best promise of expertness. So that the average man, and especially the backward man, who needs this higher experience most, never gets it, because he is never given any rôle but that of a private in the ranks.

War is the international legitimization of murder, rape, arson, robbery, et cetera. It is simply crime on a magnificent scale. Yet a man must do his work thoroughly, whatever it

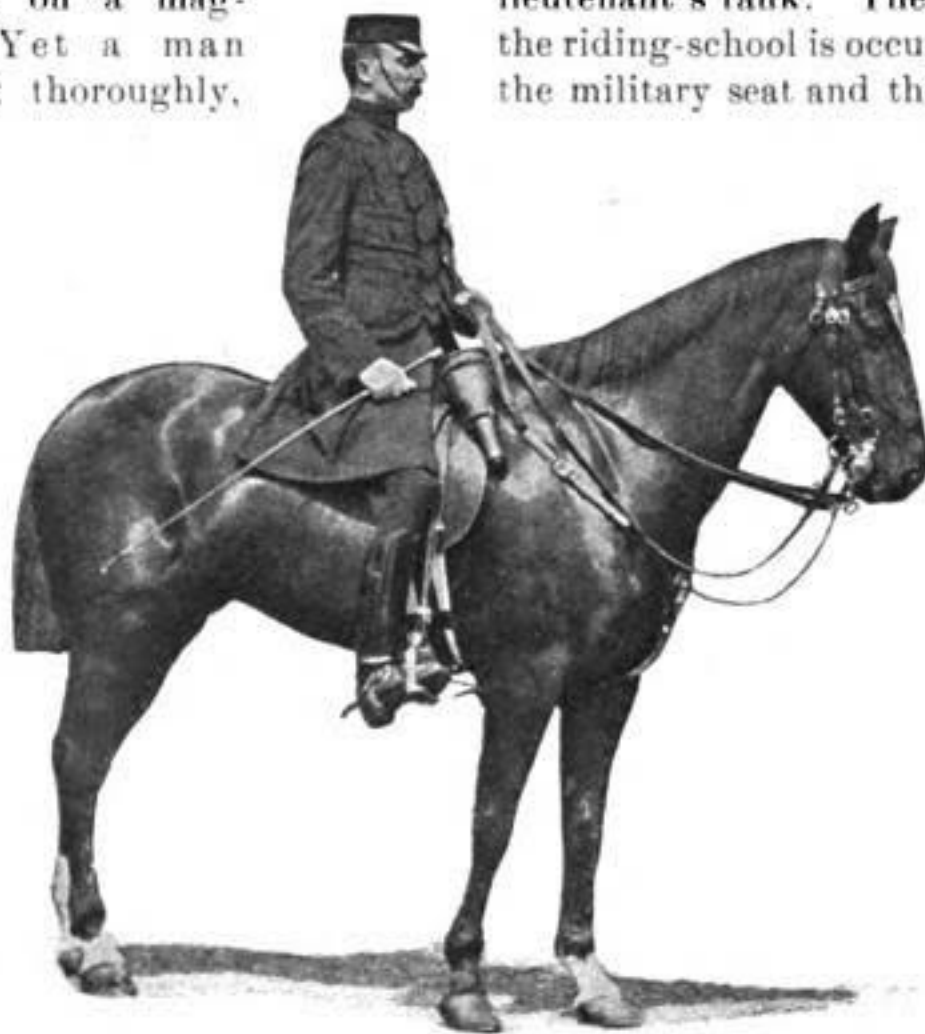
be. Is your vocation that of a burglar, then rob competently, conscientiously, consummately. If you happen to be a warrior, regret that you are one, but execute the slaughter of your Christian or heathen brother with a dainty precision; rip him up neatly;

plug him up nicely. Only do not go for instruction in shooting or fencing to Sandhurst. There the prospective officer is not obliged ever to point a rifle or revolver at a target or dummy. Neither does he learn to manipulate a real sword. The curriculum at the Royal Military College includes a few weeks of sword drill, carried out, not with swords, but with sticks. The positions, motions, cuts and thrusts are gone through in perfunctory fashion by the cadets in squads. No more than the bare elements are mastered. The finer strategy of fencing, with feints, impromptu attack and parrying,

dodging blows, is left untaught. Lucky the student who acquires a remote idea of how to behave in single combat. Into the existence of the *mêlée* he is not so much as initiated. As to firearms, readiness and rapidity with the revolver should be an imperative requirement in a commissioned officer. There should be revolver practice every day, from first to last of the whole short course. But no—His Majesty's Gentlemen Cadets shoot for amusement only. There is a rifle and revolver club at the college, membership in which is voluntary.

If the infantryman joins his regiment imperfect at drill and unable to fence or shoot, the cavalryman is still more unfit for lieutenant's rank. The time he spends in the riding-school is occupied with learning the military seat and the simplest parts of

cavalry drill. Into the evolutions of a regiment he gets no practical insight, much less of larger bodies; he is not taken out into the country, the natural features and obstacles of which he must imagine on a square of tanbark between four walls; he does not learn to



AN OFFICER OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

charge, make a hasty escape, ford a river or reconnoiter; he never fires off a carbine or revolver from the back of a horse at a target nor engages in bouts with saber or lance with his fellow-students. All he can hope to learn at Sandhurst is to sit straight in the saddle and stay there.

The Sandhurst curriculum does not include camping out; the cadets do not take part, either individually or as a body, in any sham fights or manoeuvres with regular troops; they make no marches, no expeditions; they do not know how to pitch tents, build fires or lay out a bivouac; they are not shown how to clean arms and ac-

couterments, how to tend a horse, how to make a bed. But after a mere nine months the Sandhurst cadet is alleged to know all about: The construction of earthworks, shelter-trenches, pontoon-bridges, rafts; the make and use of cannon, shells and fuses; surveying, road-map drawing, and putting a place into a state of defense; strategical movements of armies, modes of attack and retreat, the functions of the different arms of the service in a campaign; military law and the procedure of courts-martial; barrack routine, accounts, rations, quarters, clothing, pay, pensions, and all other details of internal economy; French and German; swimming and gymnastics.

Prior to receiving his commission, the future Wellington rocks for a space on dreams, vague but delicious, of broad epaulets, clanking spurs, thin red lines (himself invariably in front of them), and all manner of dashing gallantry on the field of honor and in the ball-room. These visions bear the radiant superscription, summarizing the dreamer's emotions and ambitions: "The army's such an awfully jolly profession; it's such an awfully jolly life, you know!" Amusement, not work, is the ideal of the new-fledged subaltern, who sees in his accession to the martial calling the opportunity to indulge to the full his inclination for sports and games, and also to turn his existence into a perennial social carnival. Leisure he has plenty, and women cannot resist gold, particularly when embroidered on scarlet. Polo, lawn-tennis, billiards, cricket matches, loo (a game of cards), partridge-shooting, tiffin (lunch) parties, house parties, private hops, regimental balls, theatricals, flirtations, liaisons, "doing" London in mufti (citizen's clothes), swaggering down Piccadilly with top-hat and eye-glass—all this he adores, to the detrimental neglect of the military sciences. An "officer who loves his profession" is a cant

phrase often heard and read. It does not convey, is not supposed to convey, the idea that the officer in question is straining every string of his intellect to become a great strategist, like Frederick of Prussia; nor does it signify a consuming passion to emulate Vauban, the great engineer; neither is the indomitable purpose implied of eclipsing Krupp. None of that would be at all exciting or amusing. On the contrary, such aims would entail solitary sittings by the lamp of learning, far from the lounges and brandies-and-sodas of the ante-



A CAPTAIN OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS.

room, and far from the sheen of lustrous eyes. And that wouldn't be a bit jolly, you know. An "officer who loves his profession" is he who takes delight in its outward show and glitter, in its most blatant displays. He likes to wear a very tightly fitting tunic; very red, with very broad epaulets, and with very shiny buttons; to wave his sword with elegant grace at the saluting point; to lead a rush against whooping savages; to get a medal for personal valor—the Victoria Cross above all—and to have it pinned on his breast by the reigning sovereign, to whom he kneels in the presence of a brilliant assembly; to see his name in the "Gazette" for promotion; to sit at mess telling tales of the campaign, and to march up the Strand

through triumphal arches of evergreen in the sunshine of beauty's smile.

If on the European continent the coat of Mars insures social glorification, in England it at least is awarded social distinction; it stamps its possessor "fashionable"; it makes him eligible for afternoon teas and a sempiternal tailor's bill. The officer's social prestige depends not on his age, rank, experience in arms, or professional attainments. He is not given a place on a ball program according to his merits—and no one on earth ever was—but in consideration of the regiment he belongs to. An officer in the Life Guards is supposed

to be "more the thing" than an officer of one of the lancer regiments. It is more "swagger" to be in the Horse Artillery than in the Garrison Artillery. The Horse Artillery wears gaudier clothes than the Garrison Artillery, dashes into action at a gallop, and gets higher pay—but is not more useful. A lieutenant of Foot Guards (comprising the Grenadier, Coldstream and Scots Guards) is "a greater swell" than one in the Rifle Brigade; who, in turn, is "thought more of" than one in the Marines. Beside the gorgeous, pelisséd, sabretashed, scintillating hussar, the sober army surgeon, whose generic nickname is "Sawbones," is "simply not in it." To be one of the Royal Engineers, whose sobriquet is "the Sappers," is less grand than to belong to a "crack" Highland regiment, but finer than to bear rank in an ordinary "line" (infantry) regiment. The non-combatant branches of the "service," such as the commissariat or transport department, are "really not up to much." Among army men, even officers of the fighting branches who happen to be temporarily employed as instructors at

Sandhurst or Woolwich are "looked down upon," and spoken of contemptuously as "schoolmasters."

Various causes determine these preferences. Prejudices, let us rather say, because preference springs from sentiment, and sentiment is an enemy to judgment. For instance: Patriotism = sentiment = preference = prejudice. On the other hand: Cosmopolitanism = unlocalism = universalism = a free spirit loving justice. So, the preference (or prejudice) for any given corps may be due to its ancient war rec-

ords, or its participation in recent battles; or its costume, or the tallness of its members, or the beauty of its horses, or its aristocratic exclusiveness, or its extravagant standard of living, or the hugeness of its conceit. At all events, the existence of these fantastic prepossessions—not one of which can possibly alter or affect a man's individual military worth one

jot—leads the subaltern officer to a false view of his place and purpose in the world. He forgets that a profession is the synonym for se-

rious, strenuous, lifelong labor. The flame of social ambition is fanned in his breast. He must do as "the other fellows" in his regiment do; he must "go the pace"; he must live "in good style"—all in order not to discredit the traditions of the Bunkumshire Buffs—"not a smarter regiment in the service, by Gad, sir!" Occupied with emulating the fox-hunting, theater-going, wine-drinking, card-playing "smartness" of his brother officers, and thus assisting them to vindicate the honor of the Bunkumshire Buffs, Lieuten-

ant Lovelace consigns tactics to the devil. Beyond performing the compulsory round of duties, he stirs no finger and no part of his brain to increase his value as a military factor. He, who ought to make the most of patriotism—weak as that cause may be—does nothing to develop himself into an effective defender of his country. Instead, he seeks the maximum of amusement in sports and social life, while actively discounting the impending demise of a rich uncle.

Small wonder if he run into debt. An English second lieutenant of infantry receives the splendid emolument of five hun-



A CAPTAIN OF MARINES.



A CAPTAIN OF THE NINETY-THIRD HIGHLANDERS.



A CAPTAIN OF THE NINTH BENGAL LANCERS.



AN AIDE-DE-CAMP TO
A COLONIAL GOV-
ERNOR.

and the general necessity of cutting a dash, the lieutenant's fifty dollars per month must confront him with either discomfort, debt or departure from the army. From these dilemmas the rescue is to take service in India. Here, where one-third of all the British regulars are stationed, the pay of officers is doubled. To get this advantage, a man asks to be attached to a regiment garrisoned in India for a term of years; or he exchanges with an officer desirous of returning from the fevers of the Ganges to the fogs of the Thames; or he becomes, after qualifying himself in native languages, gazetted to some corps of the native standing army, which, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, is distributed all over the East Indian peninsula.

It is a convention universally accepted that an officer serving in the British isles must be in possession of a private income. Parents and guardians grant allowances as a matter of course. The sum varies according to the regiment. In the Foot Guards, who are stationed in, or close to, the metropolis, four or five thousand dollars a year is reckoned enough to maintain a guardsman's reputation as "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." A hussar or dragoon requires fully two to three thousand dollars over and above the government honorarium to show that a cavalry officer is a gentleman. To "do the thing properly, don't you know," in an average infantry regiment is estimated to need a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars in excess of the regular pay, five hundred being

dred dollars a year. In two years' time he is made first lieutenant, when his stipend is raised to six hundred dollars per annum. On this amount the victim is condemned to terrestrial existence for eight or ten years, when, promoted to a captaincy, he attains the income of one thousand dollars a year. With his mess-bills and regimental subscriptions, his club and his clothes, the demands of fashion upon him,

considered the smallest annual allowance under any circumstances.

All this system of superficial training and amusement and sport and swagger and extravagance and social snobbery—is it businesslike? Not only is it unbusinesslike, but it tends to the elimination of a professional spirit and the enthronement of pleasure, frivolity, silliness. *Vive la bagatelle!*

The British army will not gain durable improvement through a reorganization of the War Office, or through giving the Intelligence Department a new head, or through any technical tinkering on the top. A forceps must be applied radically and old evils wrenched out from the foundation. First, the course at Sandhurst should be changed from nine months to three or four years. Second, the uniforms of officers should be of severe simplicity, dark gray or dark blue, with no more ornamentation than necessary to distinguish one grade from another. The abolition of scarlet cloth, gold frogs, shining cuirasses, massive epaulets, imposing collars, gigantic boots, handsome belts, heroic helmets and coquettish caps would diminish popular admiration—particularly the feminine—and therefore also personal vainglory. Third, adequate salaries should be paid, in order to encourage clever young men to look upon the vocation of arms as serious and businesslike.

It is so regarded in the United States. The curriculum at the West Point Military Academy covers four years of theoretical instruction and practice in military exercises. The training is arduous and the discipline severe, during which time the American cadet receives a salary about equalling that of the British lieutenant. Perhaps the American officer is not such a fine gentleman as the British; he may have less polish and fewer of the graces of cultivation. But the American officer takes a sounder view of his profession. It is not the question with him whether the army be fashionable, or amusing. For the army is his Place of Business.



A LIEUTENANT OF
THE NINETY-THIRD
HIGHLANDERS.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

BY LAVINIA HART.

TO the man who fails because he "never had a chance," the life of Thomas Johnstone Lipton, Baronet, is a lesson in raised letters.

No chance, no luck, no pull, no indulgent father, no start in life, helped this millionaire baronet to attain the pinnacle of success.

Out of an early environment that lacked even the comforts of life, he has risen and made for himself a monster fortune—not by the usual pyrotechnic methods of questionable deals and lucky gambling, but by shrewd and conscientious business which helped the community as it helped him.

Out of a home modest even to humbleness, and in a country where social progress is limited by obstacles unknown to America, he has risen to knighthood and will undoubtedly enter the peerage—not because he is the son of his father, but because he is a nobleman by nature, spending the millions honestly accumulated to lighten the burdens of the masses from whom they came.

And being a self-made man in a country where self-made men are rare, and being self-made to an extent which is rare in any country, Sir Thomas has accomplished the still greater feat of being able to entertain his friends without reference to his accomplishment. This happy and unprecedented consideration alone should entitle him to the highest decoration it is in England's power to bestow.

Thomas Lipton came of good stock. His parents were poor, eminently respectable, and religious, and handed down to their son a heritage of the quick wit, cheery good nature and innate sensitiveness and refinement that are characteristics of the north of Ireland people. Several years before the birth of their son, they moved to Glasgow, because thrifty Scotland seemed to hold out more promise for willing workers than dilapidated Ireland. But the only prosperity that ever came to the Liptons came in the form of the son, whom they named Thomas Johnstone. The only luxury that fell to Thomas John-

stone's lot was the luxury of longing. He played wish until he was fifteen years old. He wished he had a million dollars, so they might have all the good things other folks had, and so his papa could stop being sad, and his mama could stop making believe she wasn't. He wished he was a peer of the realm, so he could wear a ribbon that would show folks that some one in his family, at some time, had done something better than any one else could do it; and so he could have a prefix to his name and folks would have to stop calling him just "Tommy." And he wished—and this was the best wish he ever did wish—that some day he would have a boat all his own, bigger and cleaner than the ones he saved up to hire by the hour on the Clyde, and with such big sails it would shoot past everything those Scotsmen had even seen. And often when he had saved up enough to indulge his only vice, he hired a Clyde catboat for a whole afternoon; and when her nose got well up in the wind and the cockpit rail well under water, he would stretch himself flat on deck and gaze up into the blue sky, and wish and wish till the catboat grew to a giant yacht too big for the Clyde and sailed out into the ocean, and the ribbon on his breast was so wide it covered the front of his jacket, and the millions in the bank multiplied so fast they became a weight of responsibility that almost marred his care-free holiday.

When he reached the age of fifteen, he came to the conclusion his wishes never would come true in Scotland. He had been employed in several small capacities, but these held no promise for the future. Yet out of his small and precarious earnings he had saved a little, and he set to work, with an object in view, to save more. In three months he had sufficient to purchase steerage passage to America. He had not yet outgrown knickerbockers nor the boyish leaning toward parental affection that goes with them. He was very inexperienced, and very homesick, and very much disappointed, when he reached his new land of

promise. There seemed to be nothing for a small boy to do. It was the year of '65, just after the war, and things didn't look promising, even for grown folks. For a while the little immigrant tried his luck in New York, gaining experience, if nothing more. Then he worked his way down to South Carolina, and for two years worked in the rice-fields, doing the maximum of work for the minimum of pay, yet sending half of those meager earnings every month to two lonely old people on the banks of the Clyde. At the close of two years Thomas Lipton decided there was no future for him in a business which took all his working energy, and gave him in return no penny to save, after the barest necessities of life had been provided. From the earliest days of his career he never wasted mental activity in solving problems which he did not put into practice. Having resolved there was no future in South Carolina, he embarked on a steamer from Charleston and worked his way North. He spent several years in New York and the Northern cities, earning little, but saving a part of it, yearning to go back to his native land, yet resolutely turning his face from temptation until he should have something to show for the years of work.

When he had accumulated five hundred dollars, young Lipton turned toward home. It was the first wholly happy moment he had known since his last holiday on the Clyde. He was not carrying home a fortune, but it was the foundation for one. He had not failed. Thomas Lipton was not made of the stuff that makes failures. Even if he had been born a peer, instead of acquiring that dignity, it is doubtful if the incident would have proved a serious impediment to his progress. His American experience would have crushed the hope and embittered the temper of a weaker lad. He had known every kind of hard work, every kind of privation, disappointment, setback, loneliness. He had been in a strange land, without home or kindred, unskilled in any line, yet he had conquered. His wit had won friends for him; his willingness had won work for him; his Scotch instincts had taught him the only way to have money is to save it. He had not had even the capital of a finished

education, but his power of observation and application supplied the want as text-books never could. He was not familiar with the philosophies of the ancients to help him in solving life's problems, but in their stead he had a better, a natural philosophy of his own that resulted from a commingling of his early training with the character that grew out of his subsequent American experience. This philosophy was founded on the practical application of the Golden Rule, and he added thereto this axiom: "What is, is right"—an axiom that brought him content through all the various phases of his varied lot, that taught him to believe in the ultimate success of every honest effort, that gave him strength over the rough places and courage through the dark ways.

On the high street of Glasgow, his native town, young Lipton began the upgrade of his career. It was a modest beginning—all his beginnings were—but a nest-egg is a nest-egg, and its size has little to do with ultimate results. Everything in the little provision store he opened was paid for in cash. When the five hundred dollars was exhausted, he waited for returns before purchasing more stock. One of the first principles of this commercial genius was to keep out of debt. There were no funds to devote to clerk hire—he became his own clerk. This man who saw each broadening step of his future before he got to it, because it came by his own planning and building, and not by chance; who saw everything on a gigantic scale and aimed for all things big, swept out his own store, measured his own provisions for his customers, slept in a bed beneath his counter, and rose from it at daybreak to get his shop and his wares in readiness for the day's business.

Day-dreams—big day-dreams—are a godsend to the ambitious, provided they are not allowed to encroach upon the time for action in all those meaner, practical details that constitute the cornerstone of every great success.

Lipton's business grew as must every business which is conducted carefully and judiciously by a man who is determined to succeed, and backs that determination by a desire to please the public and by a strict attention to business during business hours.

The secret of Sir Thomas Lipton's success to-day was the secret of his success then: "One thing at a time." He did not try the combination which makes success impossible to half the young men of to-day: a workman by day and a sport at night. When his store was closed, he sought physical rest, to prepare him for the next day's labors; and his recreation was the hour before retiring, spent in planning for the next step onward.

This unique form of recreation resulted in solving the problem which made his millions: the doing away with the middleman. When, at the close of several years, "Lipton's" was the most flourishing store in Glasgow, its owner opened several branch stores and his business assumed very large proportions. To reach the masses, however—and it is these who make millions for the retail trader—it is necessary to sell cheap goods or to get the cost of high-class goods down to a minimum. Thomas Lipton proceeded along the latter course, and to do it became his own wholesale agent. He went over to Ireland and cornered the whole supply of bacon and eggs for his stores; and when those stores had multiplied throughout the kingdom so that the Irish supply of bacon was inadequate, he traveled to America and made arrangements with a Chicago packing company, of which he subsequently became owner—a concern which disposes of three thousand hogs per diem.

Next Thomas Lipton turned his attention to jams and canned fruits. These articles, in fit-to-eat grades, had been wholly out of reach of the poor. Too many agents handled them before they got to the retail buyer. There were the growers, the wholesale marketmen, the canning factories, the wholesale and retail grocerymen. Hence the Lipton fruit-farms in Kent and elsewhere, the Lipton canning factories in England and Scotland, and the Lipton canned fruits on the shelves of the four hundred and twenty Lipton stores throughout the United Kingdom.

Tea came next. It is the national English beverage. If good tea could be supplied at moderate cost, it meant untold millions. Thomas Lipton watched his chance and bought land until he was the largest individual landowner in Ceylon, and

started coffee and cocoa plantations also.

When, on his return to England, he was offered two million pounds for his tea business, this man who a few years before had regarded a shilling as no mean fortune, announced that his tea business was still in its infancy, and declined.

At this stage, with a gigantic and ever-increasing revenue coming in, most men—particularly Englishmen—would have slackened their pace. They would have gradually receded from the actual cares and worries of business, intrusting these to underlings and indulging themselves in the sports they loved, in country homes and congenial friends. But Thomas Lipton knew no half-way measures then, as he knows none now. In all he thinks and all he does he is big. His enterprises, his charities, his entertainments, his views, his friendships, and even his dislikes, are on a broad scale. His head, his heart and his hand work in a radius without compass.

Though his unique advertisements had made the name of Lipton a household word in Great Britain, his personality and the power he represented in the commercial world were comparatively unknown, until he decided to float his interests in a stock company under the title of "Lipton, Limited."

There never was such a response from the investing public, not even to the famous houses of Barings or Rothschild, as flooded the National Bank of Scotland for shares in the concern of "Lipton, Limited"; the total application amounting to forty million pounds sterling.

Then, at the head of the greatest commercial concern in Great Britain, the concern that pays over in duties to the throne more than any other in the kingdom and carries ten thousand men and women on its pay-rolls, Thomas Lipton took his first long breath, and felt that he was nearing the goal.

Long before his knighthood, Sir Thomas had begun to make his money felt—not only in commercial circles, but among the needy.

It was not merely for the gift of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to the Jubilee Dinner Fund, or the five hundred thousand dollars to the Alexandra Trust for supplying good, cheap dinners to

the working-people, that Thomas Lipton was made a baronet, but rather because he had proved his claim to honorable recognition by the continuous, unstinted outpouring of his charity into ways and places where it made no noise as it fell.

The donation to the Jubilee Dinner Fund was a sample of the way his generous impulse works.

Sir Thomas was taking a cup of tea with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and the Poor Fund was mentioned.

"How is it getting on?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Very slowly," answered his hostess; "the project will require thirty thousand pounds and we have but five thousand."

"It is a pity," replied Sir Thomas. "There could be no better way to celebrate her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee than by feeding the hungry in her kingdom."

Whereupon he took out his check-book and drew upon it for the balance of twenty-five thousand pounds.

At Osidge, his beautiful home in Southgate, surrounded by parks of giant cedars and pollard oaks, and filled with the memories of the Royal Chase of Enfield, of Lord Newhaven, the Duke of Chandos and the immortal Lamb, Sharon Turner and Thomas Hood, the most conspicuous works of art in the mansion are the portraits of his mother and father. And though the wide corridors are carpeted and hung with rugs and tapestries that are priceless treasures, with paintings by the old masters and the best of the modern school, with sculpture and art treasures, the host of that palatial home takes his keenest pride and pleasure in pointing to the portraits of the old folks who lived and died on the banks of the Clyde, before his great success was realized.

Yet with all the grandeur of Osidge and its surroundings, there is something lacking. It is only "bachelor's quarters," after all. In the hothouses, where the Lipton orchids are fast becoming the finest in England, the blossoms bloom, and wither, and "cast their sweetness on the desert air" for the gardener to sniff. Not any of them are gathered by soft hands that enhance their value by arrangement throughout the rooms of the mansion. The pianos are automatic. There is no ripple of laughter in the corridors, no rustle of silk on the

stairs. By no chance does a carelessly discarded glove spoil the contour of a silk-upholstered chair, or a lacy parasol hide its head beneath the sofa's cushions. The atmosphere at Osidge lacks the palpitating stir which denotes the presence feminine; and one wonders how splendid might be the entertainments in this masculine mansion if such a one as Sir Thomas would choose should supply the touch that is missing.

Two years ago I said to him, "Sir Thomas, why don't you marry?" And Sir Thomas replied with mock seriousness, "Because I can't break my golden rule, and that is, 'One thing at a time.'"

The Hon. Charles Russell, son of England's Lord Chief-Justice, who is one of the Baronet's intimates, denies the prevalent opinion that he is waiting for a girl of high degree.

"When he marries," said Mr. Russell, "he will marry a woman who is genuine and wholesome and womanly."

With the standard thus fixed, the myriads of girls who storm the Lipton citadel find it garrisoned by one who is courtier to all and suitor to none.

"I am wedded to my boats," says Sir Thomas, and no one doubts it.

During the yacht races of '99, not a business message was shown to him, and social invitations were declined. He came with a boat to win a cup, and he was all boat and cup, from the time he landed till that eventful day when he stood on the bridge of the "Erin" and saw the last of his three boyish day-dreams beaten into shreds by the "Columbia's" sails as they sped faster and faster from the losing challenger.

For a moment it seemed as though a weak spot in this gigantic character were about to show itself.

There was stillness everywhere on deck. Was Sir Thomas a poor loser?

For answer he raised his head and said, "Three cheers for Columbia—she was the better boat."

Before the echo of the cheers had died away, "Three cheers for Sir Thomas" broke over the deck with the force of a high sea; and three more, and three more again, brought this quick response from the bridge: "Irish hearts are as stout as American boats. Britain will try again."

From Dr. Solis

STORIES By **Thomas A. Janvier** **Bret Harte**
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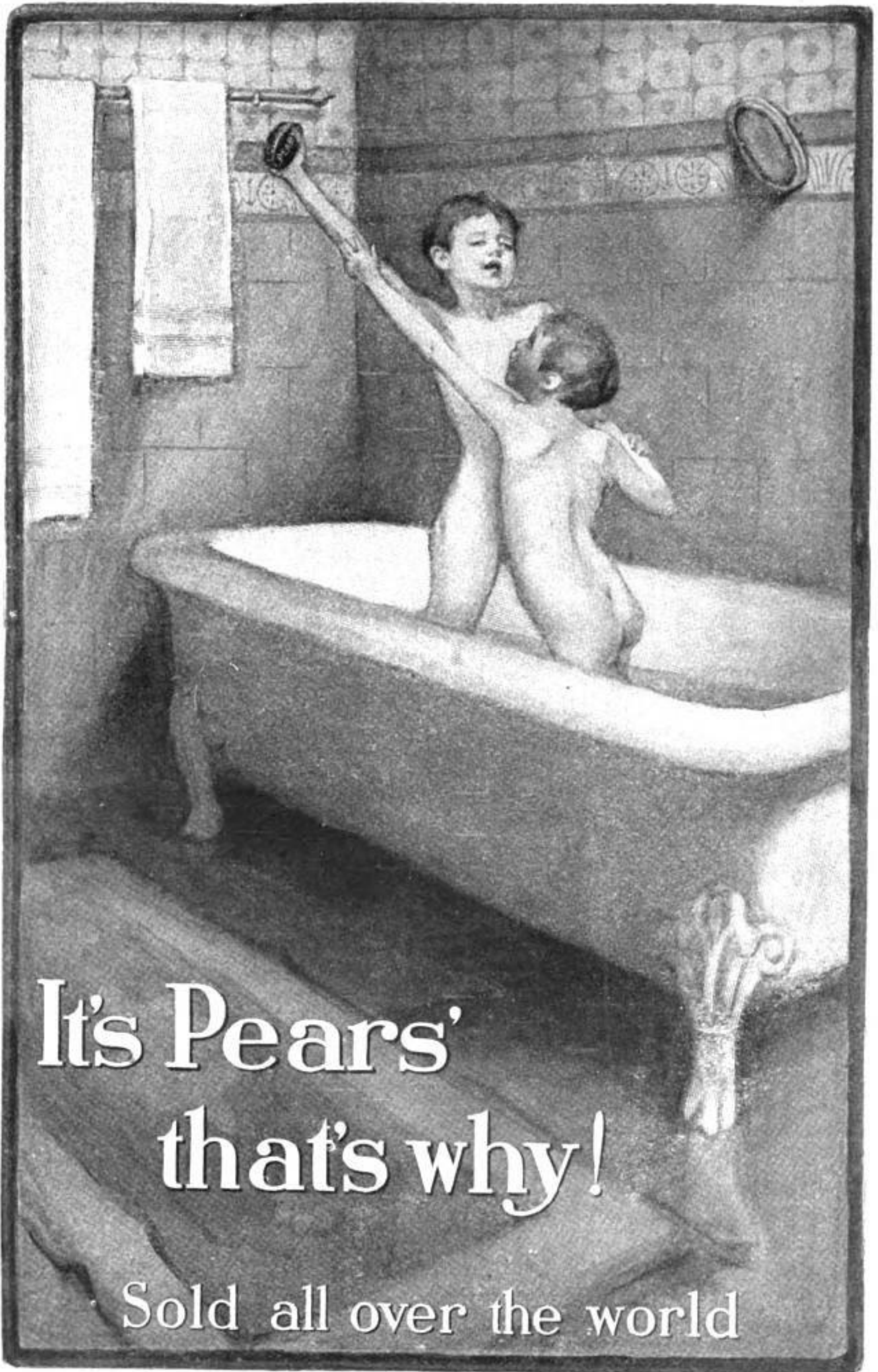
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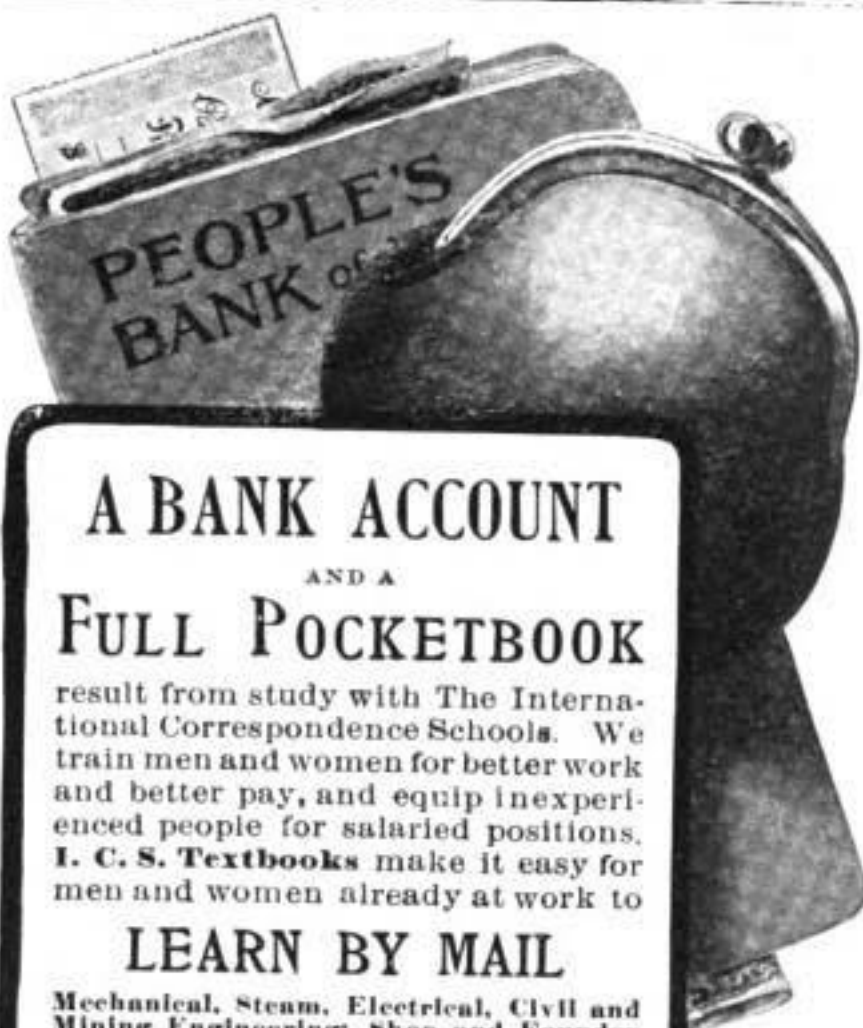
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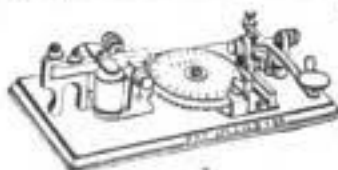
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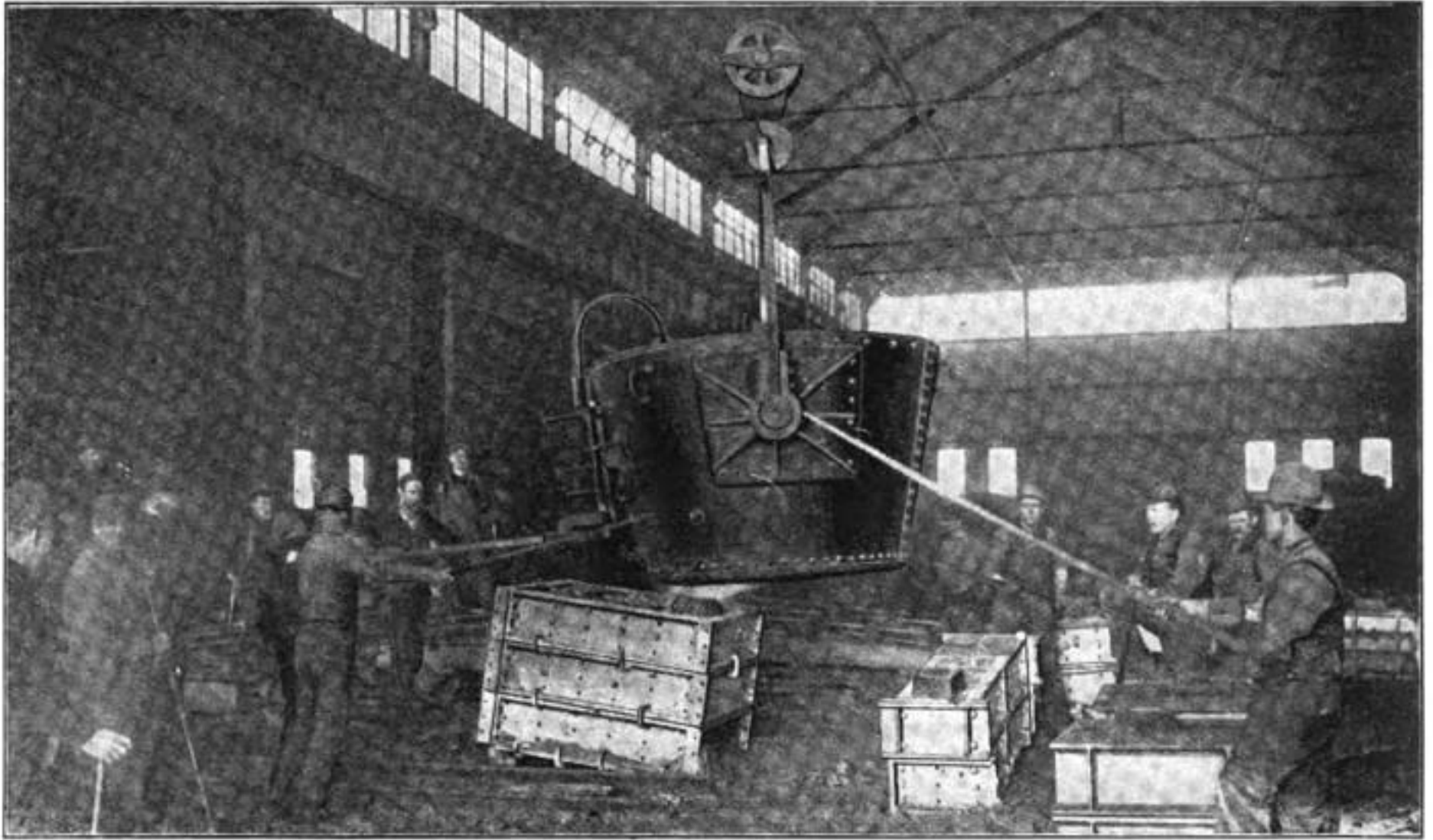


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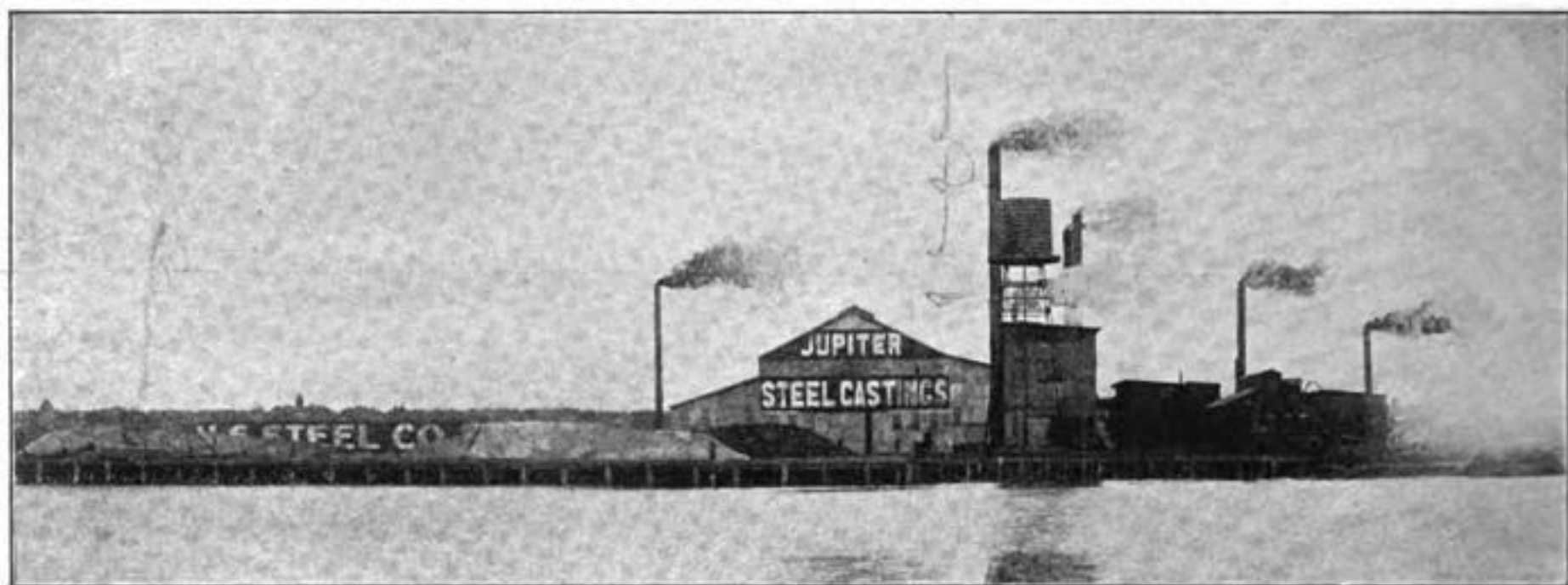
MAKING STEEL CASTINGS FROM SCRAP STEEL.

EVEN "Harnessing the Sun," as described in a recent magazine, is not more marvelous and certainly not nearly so potent in present industrial application as is the discovery of a process of steel-making which cuts the cost of production over one-half. For this is preëminently the Steel Age, in distinction to those old prehistoric Stone and Bronze Ages, of which the scientists tell us, and the Iron Age, which is even now disappearing before the triumphal progress of its successor. One might almost suppose that modern civilization, like the tall buildings, is created around a steel frame. As a recent writer says, "steel has now come to be the basis of all material progress," and this is no exaggeration of a material which is all the time entering so many fields of usefulness. Already we depend on it for thousands of articles of daily use, ranging from a pressed steel freight car to the gossamer-like hair spring of a watch; and the United States alone produces some fifteen million

tons a year, worth probably four hundred millions of dollars! It does not take much penetration to see the possibilities of an industrial process which cuts in half the cost of steel production.

This new marvel yields from steel "scrap" a product so strong that it will stand a strain of 73,000 pounds to the square inch before breaking, and so hard that it will take the sharp edge of the cold chisel or the hatchet without forging. And it comes to this state of great industrial efficiency, not by the expensive process that gives to American tool steel a cost of nine cents a pound and to Jessup's English bar a cost of fourteen cents, but by the direct and simple process of melting and casting which reduces the cost to three and one-half cents a pound.

The name given to the product of this new process is Jupiter steel. The process is now in operation at the large plant of the United States Steel Company, at Everett, Mass. A few weeks ago the writer saw all sorts of steel scrap,



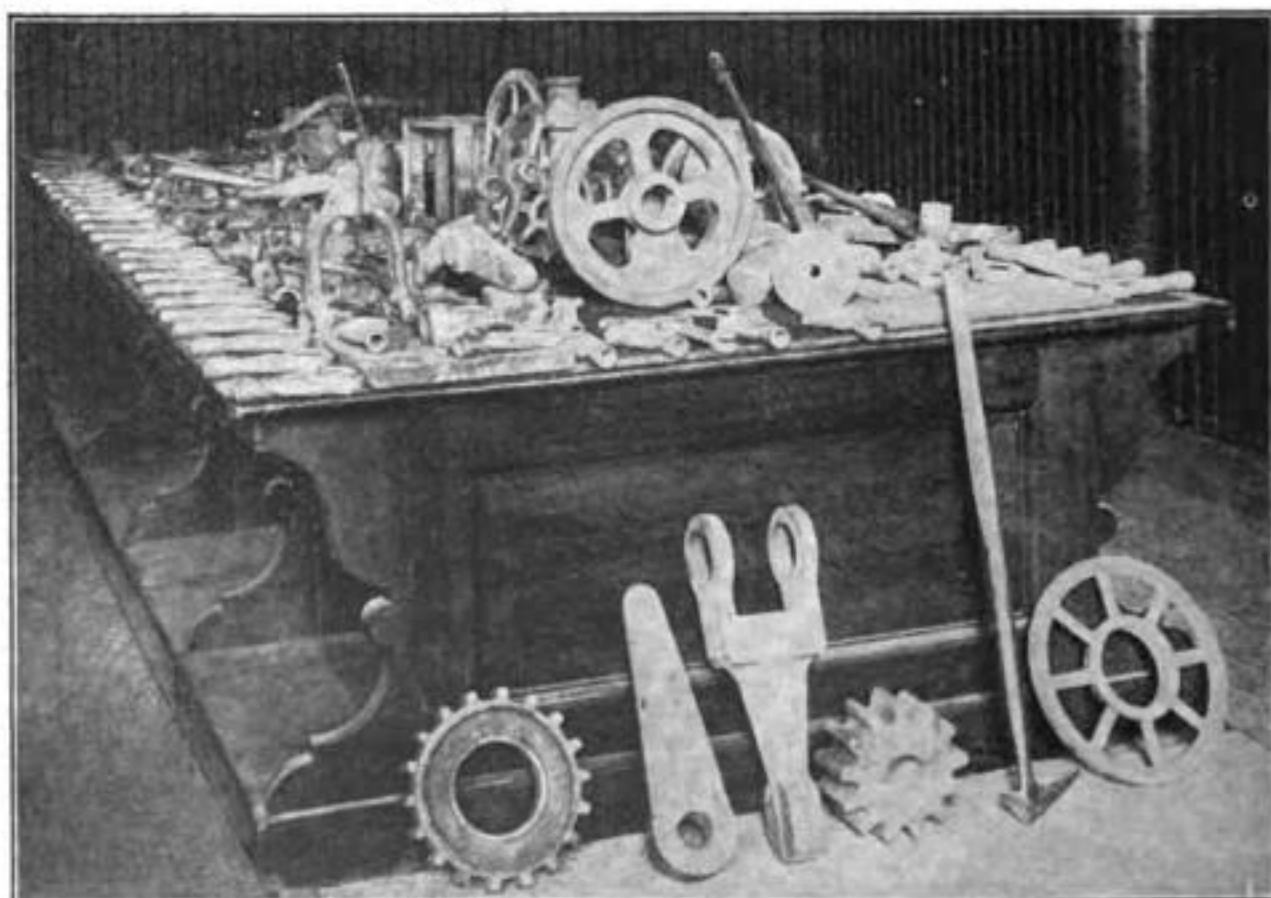
THE WATER FRONT OF THE PLANT AT EVERETT.

borings from a gun factory, clippings from boiler plate, broken wheels and crank shafts, in fact, all kinds of waste and junk—if that can be applied to old steel—turned into bright new tools in a few hours with only the furnace and the mold as intermediaries. Worthless scrap made into useful tools by direct casting—that is the net result of this process. As one saw the change actually being wrought, it seemed as if an ingenious Yankee had at last been let into some of the secrets for which the old alchemists sought. How Tubal-cain would raise his thewy arm in amazement could he know that the ploughshare he hammered into shape could now be cast in a mold without tampering or forging and all ready for its work, save the sharpening!

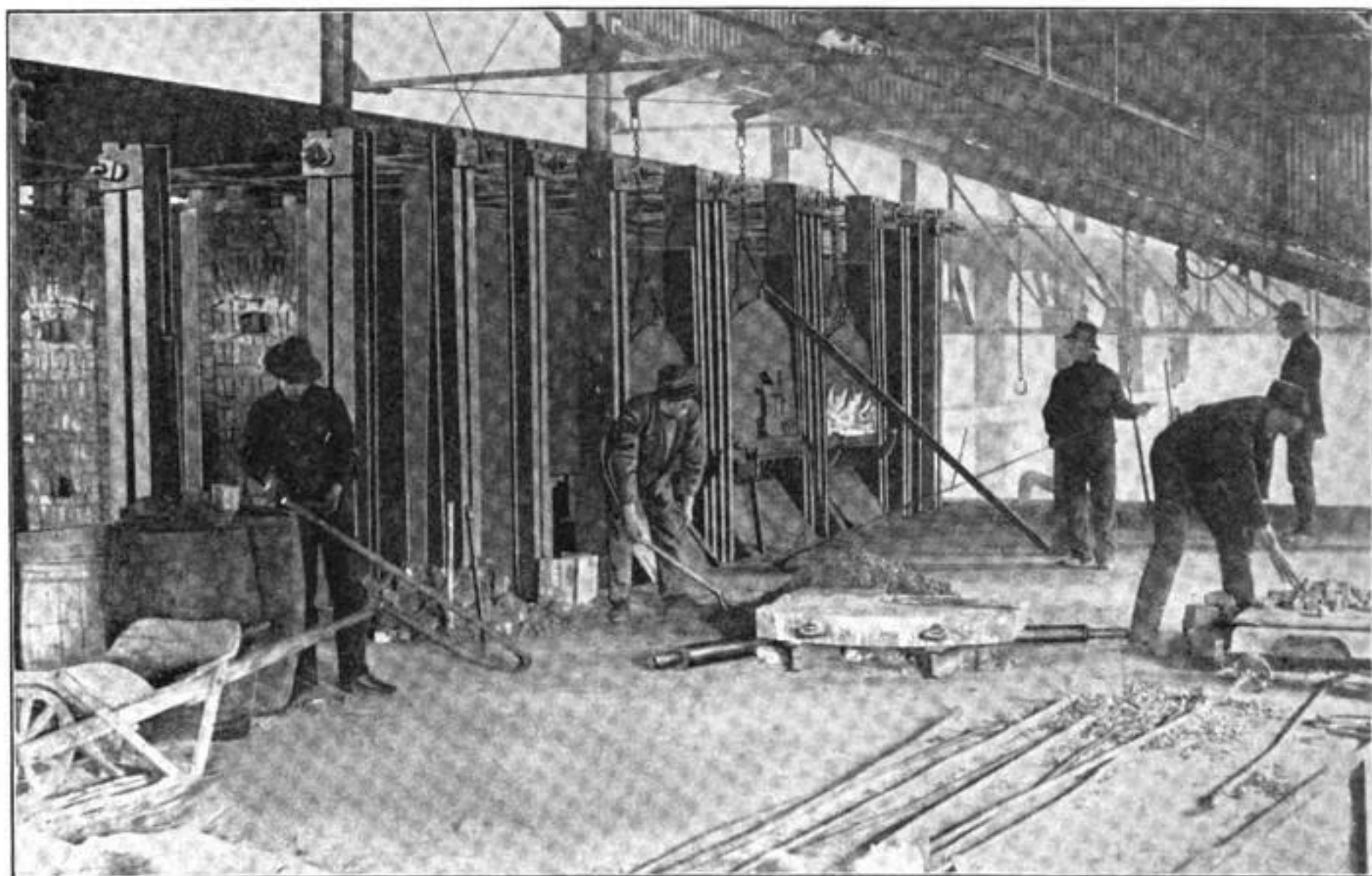
This Jupiter steel is a composition after a formula that is covered by patents, both in the United States and in most foreign countries. The process was worked out by H. B. Whall, of Boston, and A. G. Lundin, a Swedish worker in steel. These men discovered that by adding certain ingredients, at a fixed point in the melting of scrap steel, a product resulted which had every quality of the best steel. It was homogeneous; it would weld perfectly; it could be made hard or soft as desired; it had a tensile strength of 73,000

pounds, Government test; it could be produced in two hours; it took a fine tool edge. Put to one of the severest steel tests in the shape of a cold chisel, it repeatedly excelled the quality of all other bar steel and without any tempering whatever. It seemed to be a product, in short, that would have a large part in the future of steel-making.

In September, 1899, the United States Steel Company was formed to acquire the patents and put Jupiter steel on the market. A tract of land in Everett, having a frontage of a half-mile on the Malden River and stretching back from the river nearly a quarter-mile to the Boston and Maine Railroad, was bought, and a large modern steel plant erected after plans by E. G. Spilsbury, of New York, long President of the



TOOLS AND CASTINGS MADE FROM JUPITER STEEL.



ONE OF THE GREAT OPEN HEARTH FURNACES IN THE EVERETT PLANT.

American Institute of Engineers. The strategic value of this location is at once apparent, for the thousands of factories in New England are both mine and market. From them the steel scrap comes in abundance, and to them Jupiter steel goes back in tools and machinery. Over 700 manufacturers have become customers of the plant. If any part of their machinery breaks, the pattern for it is hastened to Everett and a steel casting of it soon returns. Not long ago in the great Amoskeag Mills, at Manchester, N. H., a cross head on a large engine broke. Had an order gone to Pennsylvania mills to have it replaced, three weeks or a month would have been required, and time means money and a great deal of it in a concern with over 3,000 employees. The pattern maker went down to Everett, had a change or two made in the pattern, and in a few days a new steel casting was back in Manchester to replace the broken one.

This wonderful process is in one sense a "secondary" one; it cannot entirely replace the old method of steel production, for it requires old steel as its raw material. But it is in just such ways that some of the most astonishing edi-

fices of modern industrialism have been built up! Some man has discovered how to utilize "waste" products, and these formerly neglected materials have often proved more valuable than the original production. Moreover, there is a beautiful sort of "endless chain" about it; there is almost an unlimited quantity of old steel in the world, and it is necessarily added to each year. Converted into Jupiter steel, it becomes renewed, rejuvenated, transmuted into new forms, and enters upon a fresh career of usefulness. It comes perilously near an immortalization, this! Not perpetual motion, but to all intents and purposes perpetual value and efficiency.

As showing the wide range of the work being done at the great plant in Everett, when the writer of this article was there recently, castings were being made of gears and other parts for the Carnegie Rolling Mills, of driving wheels for Manchester Locomotive Works and for the Boston and Maine Railroad Company, of a stern bracket weighing five tons for the ocean-going steamship *Prince George*, of gun pivots for the cruiser *Olympia*, repairing at Charlestown Navy Yard, of various parts for the new plant now

FORE RIVER SHIP AND ENGINE COMPANY,
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May 16th, 1901.

U. S. Steel Company,
West Everett, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We hereby accept the proposition contained in your letter dated May 1st, 1901, to furnish us with steel castings for the Battleships NEW JERSEY and RHODE ISLAND, f.o.b. lighter our dock. The castings to conform in every way to the specifications of the U. S. Navy Department under the inspection of the Bureau of Steam Engineering and Construction & Repair.

Very truly yours,

Thomas A. Watson
President.

being built by the Fore River Ship and Engine Company, of Quincy, Mass., which has the contract for building the new battleships *New Jersey* and *Rhode Island* and of an endless variety of things, small and great, for factories throughout the East.

The facsimile order on this page is for over one million pounds of Jupiter steel castings for these battleships, which is the very highest possible endorsement for Jupiter steel because it has to pass the Government inspection.

Jupiter steel is also being cast into a large line of tools and dies, for which a strong demand has been created.

But the specific thing at present which the company is chiefly devoting itself to making is the Neal-Duplex brake. It is now in daily passenger service on the cars of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway Company, the Lynn and Boston Street Railway Company, and the Fitchburg Street Railway Company. This brake requires no power except that generated by the axle. It will stop a car quicker than any other brake and do it without perceptible jar or jerk. It weighs less than 500 pounds and can be attached to any form of truck. All parts of this Neal-Duplex brake are made from Jupiter steel castings. As the United States Steel Company owns the patents on the brake and also the patents on Jupiter steel, it is in a position to make the two-fold profit on both raw material and finished product. To make this profit, which awaits only the manufacture of the brakes in quantity, the Company must at once increase its productive capacity.

The Directors, therefore, have ordered the sale of a block of treasury stock at its par value of \$5

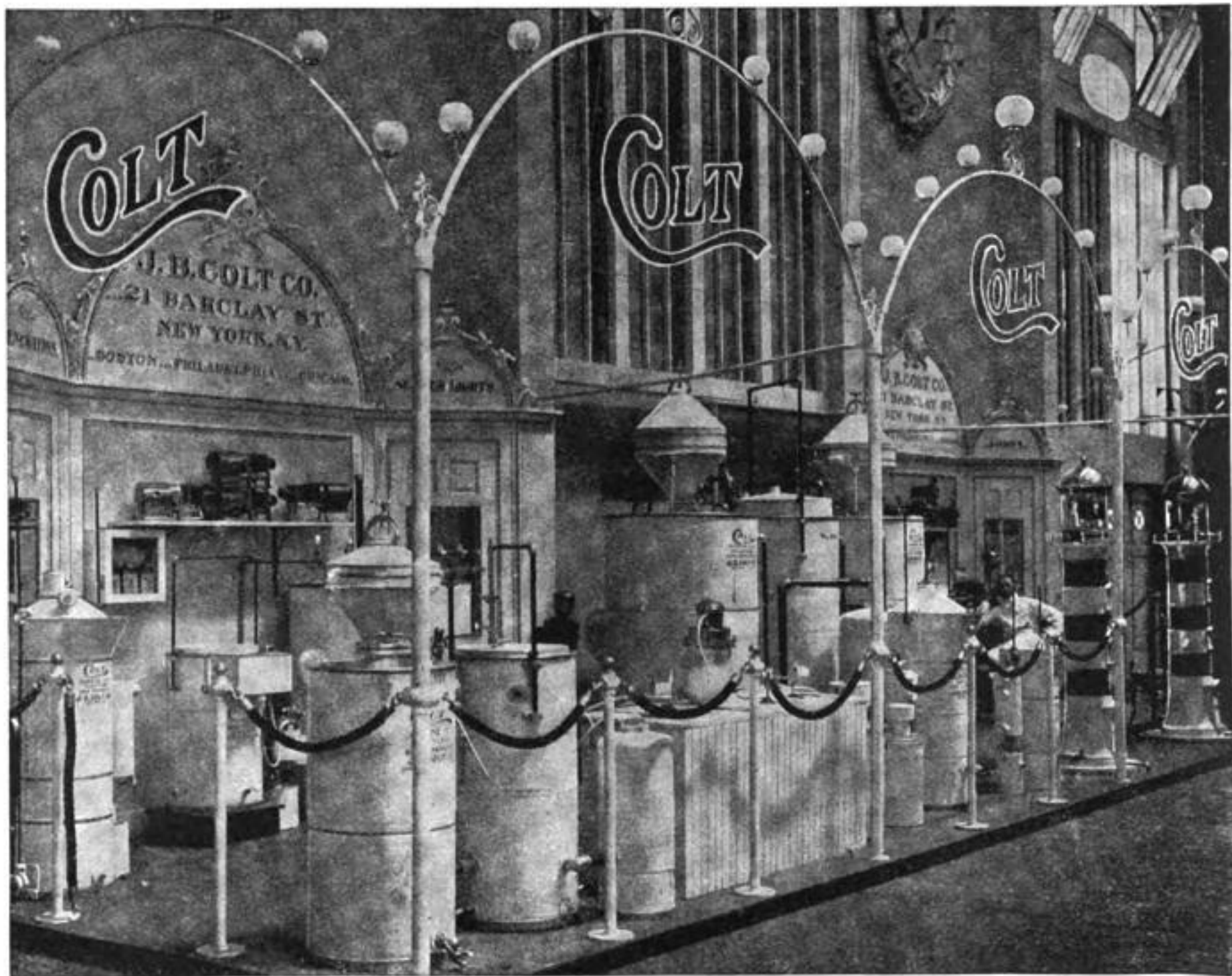
per share, to provide the working capital for the manufacture of the brakes. In this connection it should be stated that the Company has paid quarterly dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum on its stock since December, 1899. With the facilities provided for the manufacture of the Duplex brakes we confidently expect to be able to increase our dividend rate. The Company's stock capitalization is 600,000 shares of a par value of \$5 per share. Of these 252,671 remain in the treasury to be sold as occasion requires.

It is interesting to note the significance of stock purchases, for they nearly always have been, in quantity, in direct ratio to the knowledge acquired by the purchaser of the Company's affairs. An investor who will write about the purchase of twenty or thirty shares will buy 200 or 300 shares after an inspection of the Company's plant, its patents, and its growing business.

At Everett the Company owns 3,200,000 square feet of land and has both rail and water transportation. On this land a modern plant 200 by 130 feet has been built, with powerful electric cranes, furnaces, drying ovens, gas producers, boiler and power house with dynamos, sand blast, crucible plant, finishing machines, office buildings, etc.

A cordial invitation to inspect the plant at Everett is extended to all who are looking for safe and legitimate investments. Those who cannot do this will have any information desired sent to them promptly upon application to the Boston office of the United States Steel Company, 149 Oliver Street, Boston. The United States Steel Company, organized in September, 1899, has no connection with the United States Steel Corporation which was incorporated in February, 1901.

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IT occupies a full eighth of the space in the "Acetylene Gas Building"—and more than that of any other exhibitor; which is an indication of our position as the largest concern in this line in the world. One of our 1,000-light plants is shown in operation, also working models of light-houses; and a full line of our smaller Generators, Search-Lights for Yachts, Stereopticons, Table Lamps and the like.

LIGHTING BY ACETYLENE GAS
with the Colt methods and machines is pronounced by competent authority as the greatest industrial advance since the World's Fair in 1893.

CAN BE APPLIED TO ANY STRUCTURE,
ANYWHERE.

It is the ideal method for lighting Country Houses and grounds, Stores, Factories, Churches, Yachts.

A LUXURIOUS LIGHT, ECONOMIC IN COST.

Visitors are cordially invited to inspect our Pan-American Exhibit, or call at any of our offices and *ask questions*.

Write for catalogue and literature.

J. B. COLT CO.,

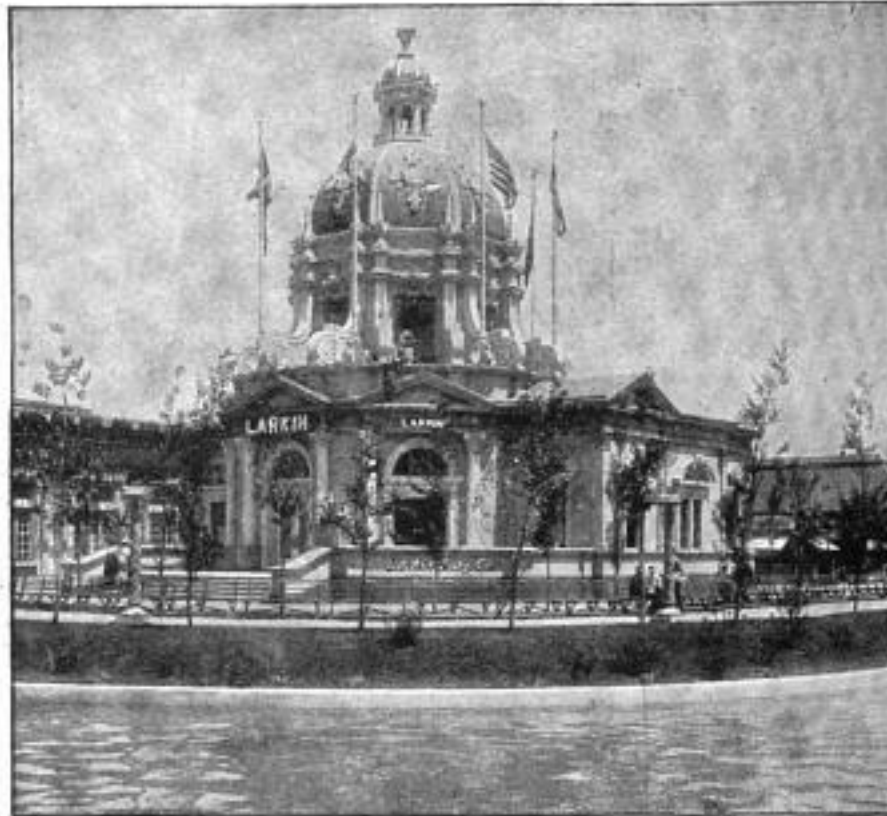
Main Office:

21 BARCLAY ST., Dept. D, NEW YORK.

Chicago.

Boston.

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THE LARKIN BUILDING,
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, 1901.

THE LARKIN SOAPS ARE MADE FOR USE, NOT FOR DEALERS' PROFITS.

THE prejudice prevails that goods with which premiums are given, and the premiums too, are inferior in quality. The LARKIN SOAPS and LARKIN PREMIUMS are exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition in the beautiful Larkin Building, where hundreds of thousands have observed and remarked their value.

The Larkin Factory-to-Family Idea (the middlemen eliminated) *permits* the giving of good Soaps and Premiums to our patrons. Our offer to every head of a

family of Thirty Days' Trial of a Combination Case of the Larkin Soaps and a Premium, before the price, \$10.00, is paid, *compels* superiority.

THE CLUB-OF-TEN PLAN. A way to get Larkin Premiums for a Dollar a month.

Write for our "Club-of-Ten" circular. It explains this highly successful and popular method of obtaining Larkin Premiums.

LARKIN SOAP CO.,
Larkin, Seneca and Carroll Streets,
Buffalo, N. Y.





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PARISIENNE



**Queen
Quality**
\$3.00

**The
Famous
Shoe for Women.**

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

The sales of the QUEEN QUALITY Shoe have broken all records in footwear.

It furnishes for **\$3.00** (Oxfords \$2.50) the finest leathers, the best workmanship, the most elegant models, and a *perfection of fit and ease* never found before in a Woman's Shoe.

It is sold to-day in 2,500 Cities and Towns—only One Dealer in a town.

Our Catalogue shows our many styles for street, dress and house wear; sent *Free* with address of local dealer. Boots, sent prepaid, \$1.25; Oxfords, \$2.75.

In Canada and countries where duty is paid,

Boots, \$4; Oxfords, \$3.25 delivery prepaid.

Thos. G. Plant Co.
Boston, Mass.



#502
BON TON

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

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**THE
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HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
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Under the Shelter of a Great Rock

are the holders of Four Million Policies, in force in

THE PRUDENTIAL

protecting their homes and home interests, a convincing proof of the popularity of this progressive Life Insurance Company, due to liberality to policy-holders, absolute safety, prompt payment of claims, economical management.

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Profit-sharing Policies, \$100,000 to \$15,000.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President
HOME OFFICE: Newark, N.J.

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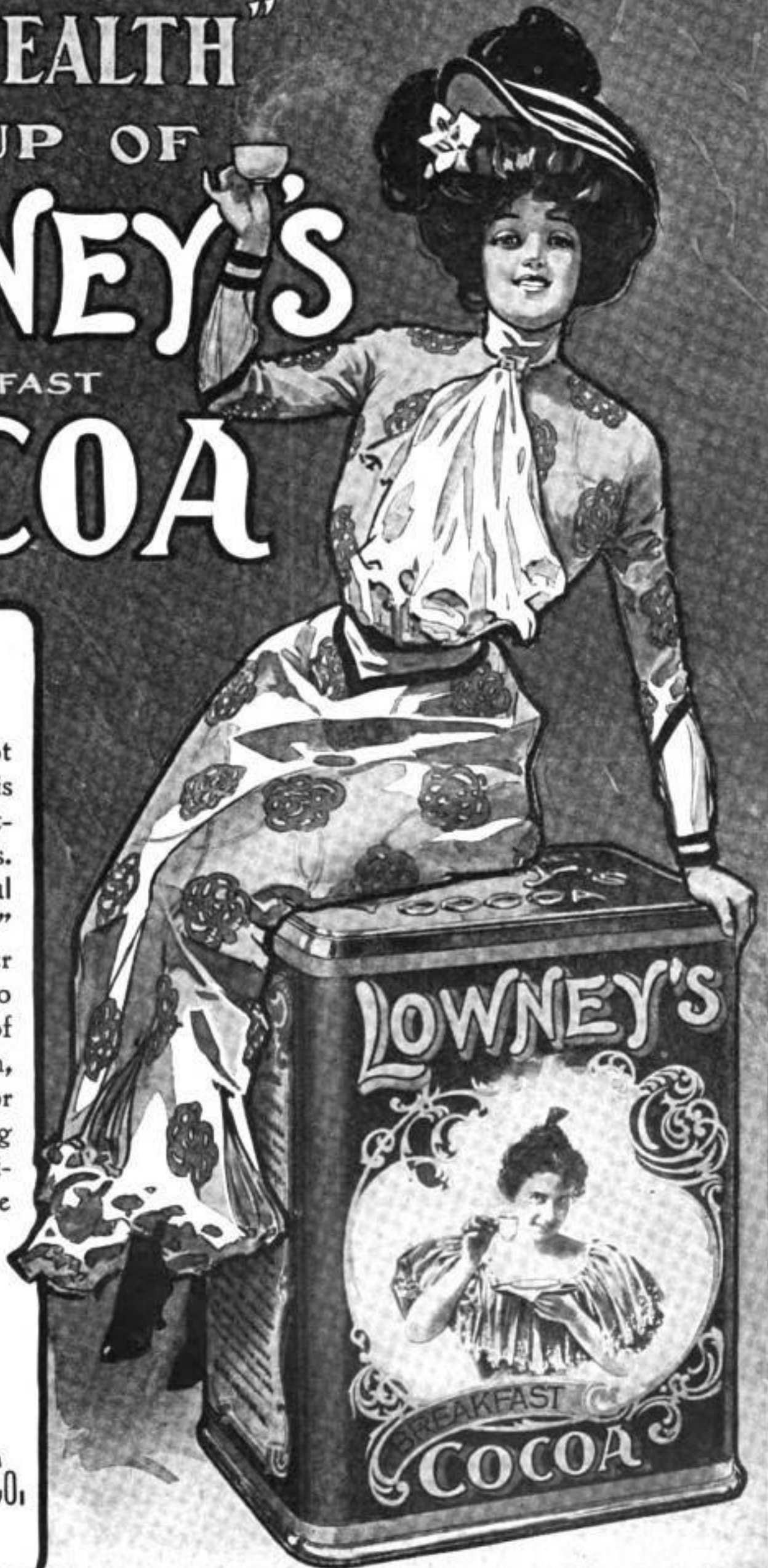
"YOUR HEALTH"
IN A CUP OF
LOWNEY'S
BREAKFAST
COCOA

Unlike Any Other.

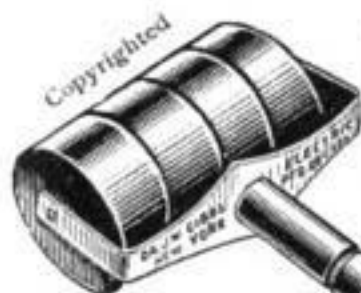
Lowney's Cocoa is not like other cocoas; it is better. The flavor is better—full and delicious. It is absolutely a natural product; no "treatment" with alkalies or other chemicals in order to cheapen the process of making. No flour, starch, ground cocoa shells or coloring matter—nothing but the nutritive and digestible product of the choicest Cocoa beans. A trial will show what it is.

**Sample Can (1-4
lb.) for 15 cts.
in stamps.**

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THE ONLY Electric Massage Roller

Patented in United States, England, France,
Canada, Germany, Cuba, etc.
Ready for Use at all Times. No
Charging. Will last Forever.
SILVER, \$3.00; GOLD, \$4.00 EACH.
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**A PERFECT COMPLEXION
BEAUTIFIER.**

**Will Remove
Wrinkles and
All Facial
Blemishes
Positive**

Most effectual in Muscle
and Tissue building; also
for Reduction of Corpulency.
It will develop or reduce as de-
sired. The only appliance in
the world that will Develop or
Reduce. The reputation and profes-
sional standing of the inventor, with the
approval of this country and Europe, is a
perfect guarantee. Book free.

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"A new beautifier which is warranted to produce a per-
fect complexion, removing wrinkles and all facial blem-
ishes. It is most effectual in building up tissues, as well
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to the toilet table."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE ONLY ELECTRIC ROLLER. ALL OTHERS ARE FRAU- DULENT IMITATIONS...

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It is the only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's feet. It never fails to
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do is discharge the army of beautifiers she now employs to exercise their arts
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the rest. It is safe and effective."—*N. Y. World*.



"Can take a pound a day off a patient, or put it on."—*New York Sun*,
August 30, 1891. Send for lecture on "Great Subject of Fat," and Blank.

No Dieting. No Hard Work.
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For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity.
Purely Vegetable. Harmless and Positive. **NO FAILURE.** Your reduction
is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, \$5.00. Mail or office.
1370 Broadway, New York. REDUCTION GUARANTEED.

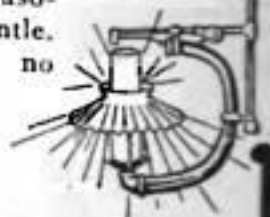
"The cure is based on Nature's laws."—*N. Y. Herald*, July 9, 1893.
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Beware of Imitators and fraudulent Magnetic Massages.

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Incandescent Gasoline Lights

MOST LIGHT—100-candle-power from each lamp.
LEAST COST—three cents per week per lamp for aver-
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GREATEST CONVENIENCE—use gaso-
line, with any good incandescent mantle.

SLIGHTEST BOTHER—no wicks, no
wires; hang from a
hook or stand on
table. For houses,
halls, homes. Send
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CANTON INCANDESCENT LIGHT CO.
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fresh from beds are better than store bulbs because more
solid and bloom the first year. My Autumn Supplement
offers over fifty choice kinds besides other bulbs, Hardy
Perennials, Old Fashioned Flowers. Also a long Bar-
gain List, giving those who have room to plant liberally
an opportunity to purchase at very low rates, considering
the quality of stock. Plants that will stand a Vermont
winter will live in any cold climate where white folks
live. If interested in plants that live from year to year,
you should send for this List. Address

FRED'K H. HORSFORD, Charlotte, Vermont.

ANY woman who is enterprising enough to
spend ten minutes in learning to understand
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SNAP HOOK AND EYE

will secure a life time of comfort. First see
that it is properly sewed on and then experi-
ment till you find just the touch and the
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bend or rust. All leading stores keep them.

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You receive very nearly what you are worth in a business house. Increase your ability by study in odd hours. Learn exactly what business men are demanding from their employees to-day. I. C. S. Textbooks make it easy for men and women already at work to learn by mail. If you are ambitious for a successful career in business, write for facts about our

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INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
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A COMPLETE SEWING MACHINE



Not
A
Toy

A
House-
hold Need

THE "SMITH & EGGE" AUTOMATIC HAND SEWING MACHINE

is a perfect sewer. Usefulness and stability guaranteed. Equipped with automatic tension, stitch and feed regulator, etc. Works with cotton or silk thread. Is invaluable to ladies at home, traveling, or boarding. Light, compact and durable.

Buy of your dealer. If he cannot supply you, remit \$2.00 to us by registered letter, postal or express order, and we will deliver a machine to any post or express office in the United States.

BARNETT BROS., Sole Agents,
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*We have no agents or branch stores.
All orders should be sent direct to us.*

New Fall Suits and Jackets.



This is to be a season of new fashions, and all of the novelties are shown in our new Fall and Winter Catalogue, which is now ready. Our prices this season are lower than ever before. We keep no ready-made stock, but make every garment to order; if what you get from us does not please you, send it back and *we will refund your money.* Our aim is your satisfaction.

Here are a few of the things illustrated in our Catalogue for the coming season:

New Cloth Gowns, - - \$8 up

Lined throughout, in smart new styles and materials—all goods sponged and shrunk.

Jaunty Cloth Costumes, - \$15 up

Lined throughout with fine quality taffeta silk.

Suits of Wide Welt Corduroy, \$20 up

The latest material—with the soft lustre of silk velvet, and of splendid wearing qualities—either plain, or trimmed with braid or lace.

Separate Skirts, - - \$4 up

Full length, jaunty in cut and perfect in finish.

Rainy Day and Golf Suits and Skirts,

of either plaid back or plain materials.

Suits, \$8 up. Skirts, \$5 up.

Long Outer Jackets, - - \$10 up

This year's novelty, in every approved style, shape and color.

Jaunty Short Jackets, - - \$7 up

In new Winter fabrics.

We Pay Express Charges Everywhere.

The Catalogue and a full line of the newest samples for both suits and cloaks are now ready, and will be sent *free* on request. Be sure to mention whether you wish samples for suits or for cloaks, so that we will be able to send you a full line of exactly what you desire.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

How the Sole of the Ralston Health Shoe is Made. *What Wears Out?*

Think of your old shoes. Where did they give out? Where did they leak? When paddling along in snow-water, where did the cold and damp strike through? Wouldn't you be glad to give \$4.00 for a pair of shoes that were warm and tight and stylish? Haven't you paid \$7.00 or \$8.00 for shoes that did not fill these conditions?

FOR
WOMEN

Ralston Health Shoes \$4.

FOR
MEN

are the best shoes in the world at any price. They are stylish, wear well, are waterproof and need no "breaking-in." Twenty styles, eight toe-shapes, six leathers.

SEND FOR OUR LATEST CATALOGUE—MAILED FREE.

We have a local agent who carries a full line in almost every place. Send to us for his name if you do not know it. In places where we have no representative, WE SELL BY MAIL and guarantee a perfect fit. Thousands of pairs sold this way every year with scarcely a single complaint.

Send for catalogue and measurement blanks. It will be worth your while. We guarantee to please you in fit and appearance or return your money without argument.



1—Best oak leather outer sole. 2—Wool felt and rubber layer. 3—Oak leather half sole. 4—Sheet cork sole. 5—Chemically treated oak leather in-sole.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS, Campello (Brockton), Mass.

In your Room.

Wash delicate things — handkerchiefs, laces, doilies etc., (things which one cannot send to the ordinary wash,) in Pearline's way, viz. Soak, rinse, squeeze — directions on each packet. Spread smoothly while wet, on a mirror or window pane.

When dry they require no ironing. Grand advice for bachelors, maidens, boarders and hotel guests, and for fabrics too delicate and valuable to risk to others hands.

Pearline is trust-worthy for washing and cleaning where ever water can be used.



Avoid
Imitations

ELECTRO LIGHTING CO. N.Y.

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BY HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX CHICAGO

Fall Suits

Nobody means to buy poor clothes; certainly not; but a lot of 'em get worn out every year. Even poor stuff looks pretty good at first; and just think of the nice things that can be said about it.

Better not go by your own judgment, except as to style. Better trust to the H. S. & M. label; not so much because our clothes are better than usual—they are; but because we make them right if they go wrong.

The picture here is a description of our Varsity style; shows the suit as it is, not merely as it ought to be. You see how much more than mere price-saving goes with our label; style correct, fabrics and tailoring perfect. When you get H. S. & M. you get satisfaction; you'll never get more; it's very easy to get less.

In some of the magazines this month we show our Stratford overcoat; worth looking up. Our Style Book "O" shows them all; sent free.



This label stands for the things you pay your clothes-money for; an insurance policy of satisfaction.

Prices for Varsity Suits
\$15 to \$30

Hart, Schaffner & Marx

C h i c a g o a n d N e w Y o r k

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ELASTIC RIBBED UNION SUITS

cover the entire body like an additional skin. Fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. **No buttons down the front.** Made for men, women, and young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such a perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. **Made in great variety of fabrics and weights.**

SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE



IRONING EASY— Gem Ironing Machine

Heated by gas or gasoline—
1½ cents per hour. 10 hour's
work in 1 hour. Especially designed
for families and hotels. Write for
FREE illustrated booklet, "Modern
Methods in Ironing."

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NEW IDEA IN TRUNKS.

The Stallman Dresser Trunk is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Send 2c stamp for illustrated catalogue.

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47 W. Spring St., Columbus, Ohio.

Dr. Hayes' Book "Hygienic Hints for Asthma"

will tell you how to care for yourself
and point out the way to be cured to
stay cured.

SENT FREE.

Ask also for CURRENT COMMENTS, No. 12

DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

See article in THE WORLD'S WORK Magazine for August.

There's nothing half so sweet as—



WHITMAN'S

**Chocolates
and Confections**

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
For over fifty years the favorite of candy connoisseurs.

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE.
Made in a minute—with boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

**THE PAN-AMERICAN
EXPOSITION**

ISA
DREAM
OF
BEAUTY




BEST REACHED
VIA THE

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

From 2lbs. to this picture
of health—on

ESKAY'S FOOD



At birth *At 14 mos.*

The Mother

Of this baby writes that from a prematurely born mite weighing *but 2 pounds*, through the use of ESKAY'S FOOD he has developed into a 25-pound, healthy, handsome baby.

She had tried several Foods without success—ESKAY'S FOOD alone saved the little mite.

The constituents of ESKAY'S FOOD are adapted for the perfect development of healthy as well as delicate babies; it is also perfectly adapted for adults suffering from impaired digestion.

Free samples upon application to
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**It nourishes from
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**HELMET
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HALDON
3 IN
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For Fall Wear.

The general make-up of these styles will appeal to the taste of careful dressers, because they possess qualities which distinguish them from the ordinary. They are honestly made and will give good, honest service. Collars are never actually worn out. The life of a collar is destroyed by the modern laundry, where high-priced goods are no better than others. No matter how much you pay for a collar you cannot get better style or wear than can be had in Corliss-Coon goods at 2 for 25¢. They are the most satisfactory collars made, regardless of price. Try them at once. Get them of your dealer; if he will not supply you, send to us stating style and size. A style booklet together with information on correct dress, sent free to all who write us.

DEPT. F, TROY, N. Y.

CORLISS, COON & CO.

It's Flat

That's the first thing you notice about a Brighton Silk Garter, absolutely flat and comfortable. Then look at the fastening of a

Brighton Silk Garter

(PATENTED)

See how simple it is and yet how secure. When it's on, it's on to stay on. Best silk elastic web, all colors, 25¢ a pair, at all furnishers or by mail.

**PIONEER
SUSPENDER COMPANY,**
718 Market Street,
Philadelphia.



Tub fits bath so 2 pails water make submergent bath. Hot bath prepared in 5 min. Durable, compact, cheap, easily folded. Agts. wanted. Write for free book and special offer. Many thousand in use, guaranteed to please. 6 Gallons a Full Bath.

The Acme M'f'g Co., Miamisburg, Ohio.

IN
ALL
SIZES

TRADE

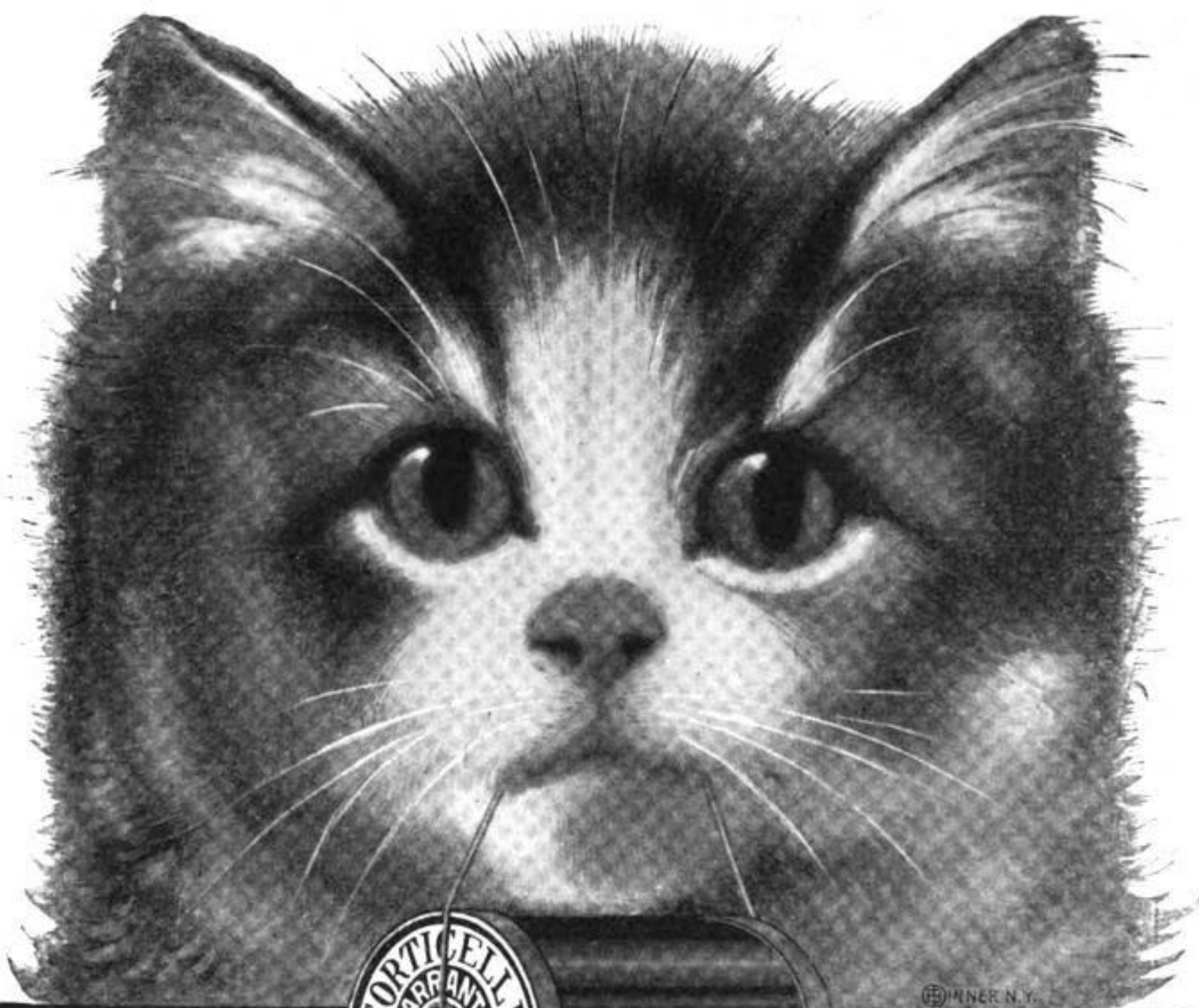
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PERFECT
FITTING
YPSILANTI
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SPOOL SILK

Corticelli Spool Silk is the smoothest, longest and strongest spool silk made. Corticelli is the dressmaker's favorite sewing silk. Try it yourself. Go to another store every time a dealer offers you something else when you ask for "Corticelli."

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Send us your name and address and five cents in stamps for a souvenir box of two Corticelli Silk Cocoons, the same as given away at the Corticelli Exhibit in the Manufactures Building at the Pan-American Exposition. Address

CORTICELLI SILK MILLS, 15 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

Hood's Tooth Powder

Whitens the teeth, red-
dens the gums, beautifies
the mouth.

It neutralizes all acid
secretions which cause
dental decay, and sweetens
the breath. The habit of
using it after each meal
is a good one.

Large Bottle, 25 cts.,

Mammoth Size, 50 cts.,

Free Sample.

BOTH MADE BY
C. I. HOOD CO.,
Lowell, Mass.,
Proprietors of
Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Medicated Soap

Cleanses, soothes and
heals,—especially useful
to persons troubled with
pimples or other eruptions,
chafing, obstinate sores,
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It makes and keeps the
skin pure and healthy.

Trial Size, 10 cts.,

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Free Sample.

"THE SALT OF SALTS" Abbey's Effer- vescent Salt

"The 'Salt' of Salts" strength-
ens the Stomach, ensures
the proper assimilation of
food, purifies the blood,
clears the complexion and
keeps the Liver and Bowels
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At most druggists or by mail
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We have successfully treated all forms of

CANCER

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has, from a humble beginning, become the largest and most elegantly
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special class of diseases, and has no rivals. It is conducted by a
graduate of standing in the Regular School of Medicine, and upon
a strictly ethical and professional basis. Any physician who desires
to investigate our method of treatment will be entertained as our
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Upon receipt of a description of any case of Cancer or Tumor
we will mail, prepaid and securely sealed, THE MOST VALUA-
BLE AND COMPREHENSIVE TREATISE ever published on
this special subject, and will give you an opinion as to what can
be accomplished by our method of treatment, and will refer you
to former patients.

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"Wood treated with Creosote is not subject to dry-rot or other decay."—Century Dictionary.

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are made of refined Creosote, combined with the best colors and fixatives. They make shingles impervious to decay, and give the soft, velvety coloring effects so admired by people of taste. They cost only half as much as paint, and are used on low-cost or expensive houses.

Sample shingles stained in 24 colors (moss-greens, tile-reds, bark-browns, etc.), with chart of harmonious combinations, sent free on request.

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A moment's comparison will show that the

COLT Carbide Feed Acetylene Generators

supply an illumination more nearly like daylight in quality than any other artificial light.

Foot for foot, our acetylene has $12\frac{1}{2}$ times the power of city gas.

The Carbide Feed is the only correct principle. Our apparatus automatically feeds dry carbide in small quantities to a large volume of water. It stops making gas when you stop using gas. It is simple in operation, safer than oil and cheaper. Each one-half foot per hour burner yields 25 candle-power.

Ideal for country houses and grounds, yachts and town plants. 1 to 5000 lights, \$10 to \$5,000.00.

Send for our literature and price-lists.

THE J. B. COLT CO.,

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Criterion Stereopticons.

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Dress Your House as You Would Dress Yourself

in a neat, stylish and attractive manner.

You

can do this by using

Satsuma Interior Enamels

at the same cost as ordinary paint. (White, black and 18 beautiful tints.)

The **Walls, Woodwork** and **Old Furniture** dressed in Satsuma Interior Enamels gives the room a delicate and finished appearance.

Send for our Free Color Card and booklet, "How to Refurnish the Home Without Buying New Furniture." All good dealers handle them; if yours does not, write us.

HEATH & MILLIGAN MFG. COMPANY,

Makers of Best Prepared Paint and Railway White Lead,

Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

Established 1851.



48c.



Manicure Scissors, Curved Blades, Finest Quality, Tested, 75c.; Cuticle Scissors, 75c. Postpaid.

Our knife blades are **razor steel**; the finest texture known; the highest quality made. We deal direct with consumers and warrant every blade hand-forged and free from flaw. This cut is "**Chauncey Depew's Pet**," has three blades (one is a file). Handle is choicest selected pearl;

German silver back and ends. Price, in chamois case, \$1.50, postpaid. Same knife, 2 blades, \$1; plainer finish, 3 blades, same quality, \$1; smaller, 2 blades, for lady, \$1; plainer finish, 75 cents. **Razor steel jack-knife**, 2 blades, price 75 cents, but 48c. for a while; 5 for \$2. This knife and 60c. shears for \$1. Illustrated 80-page list free, and "How to Use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH CO.,

77 A Street, Toledo, Ohio.

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All Styles
and Sizes.

Prices From
\$5 to \$50.

The genuine all bear the above Trade-Mark
and are sold with a written guarantee.

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Paris Exposition 1900**

Sold by First-Class Stove Merchants Everywhere.

Made only by The Michigan Stove Company,
Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World.

DO NOT
CRACK
NOR
WARP.
SAVE
ONE-HALF
THE
FUEL.

SENT ON
30
DAYS'
FREE
TRIAL



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If your dealer does not handle MONARCH MALLEABLE IRON & STEEL RANGES we will ship the first one ordered from your community at the wholesale price—saving you \$50 to \$75 from any other malleable range. Freight paid 400 miles.

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A single one of our designs published in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has been built over 500 times. We have 700 others. Our latest books of plans, giving views, sizes, costs, etc., are:

100 Studies of Small Cottages, \$1.00	124 Costing \$1500 to \$2000, \$1.00
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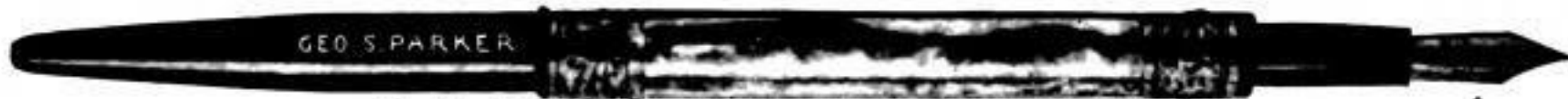
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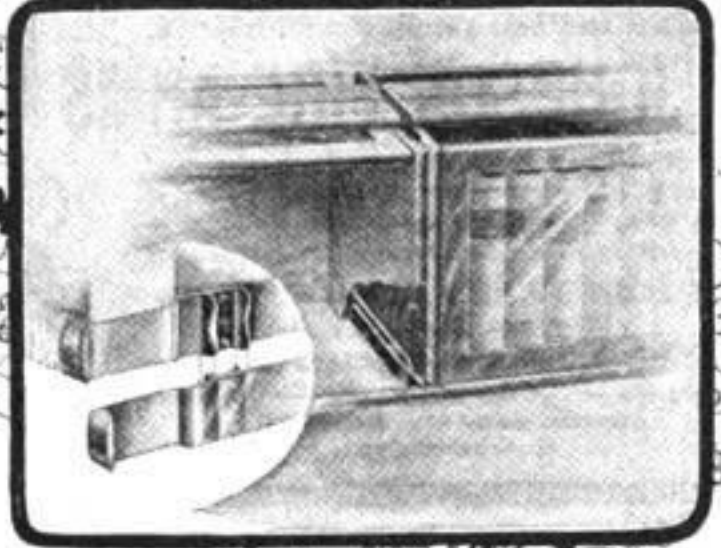
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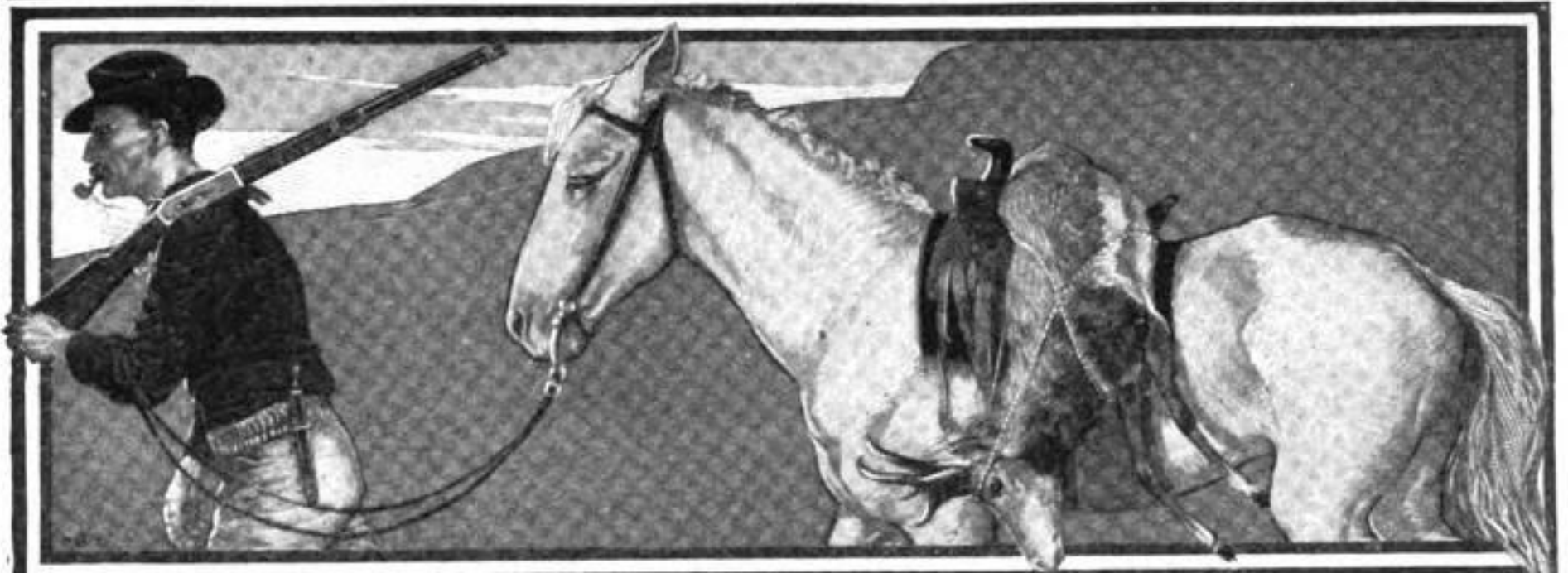
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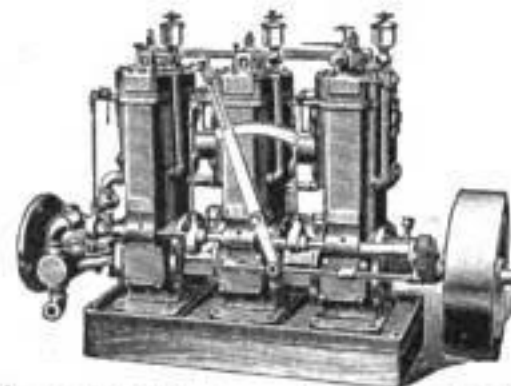
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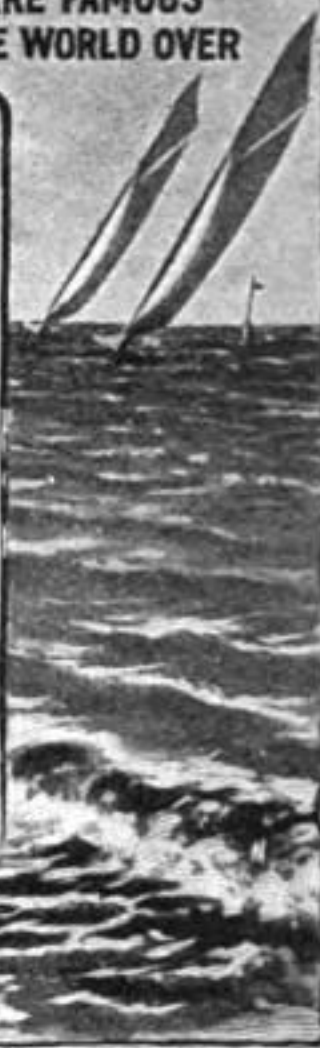


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A SPECIAL OFFER. We will send several old violins on approval and allow ten days examination.
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of the CAPTURE of AGUINALDO in the September Number of **EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE**

The public has long awaited the picturesque Kansas's own narrative of his audacious exploit. Now we have the full and authoritative account from his own pen; profusely illustrated from photographs taken by Lieutenant Mitchell, a member of the expedition.

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SELECTED rifles from the lot of Manners captured at Santiago altered into 5 shot Sporting Rifles, and refinished like new guns. Length of barrel 28 in. Range over 2 miles, penetration through 1/2 inch steel plate. Best and most powerful Rifle made. **LIMITED NUMBER FOR SALE.** On receipt of \$3.85 we will send by express C.O.D. for balance with full examination allowed. **F. Bannerman, 570 Broadway, New York.**



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NO DEADWOOD — NO SURPLUS

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To the Rescue of the overworked book-keeper who has wasted his energy and impaired his health by working far into the night trying to trace accounts through the intricate maze of books used in the old system. \$18.35 for complete outfit consisting of Ledger, Transfer Ledger, two index sets and 500 best quality leaves.

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about the convenience of the **Razall Loose Leaf System** for Ledgers and Office Records until you have read our handsomely illustrated booklet, "Systematic Accounting." Send for Edition "C" Free.

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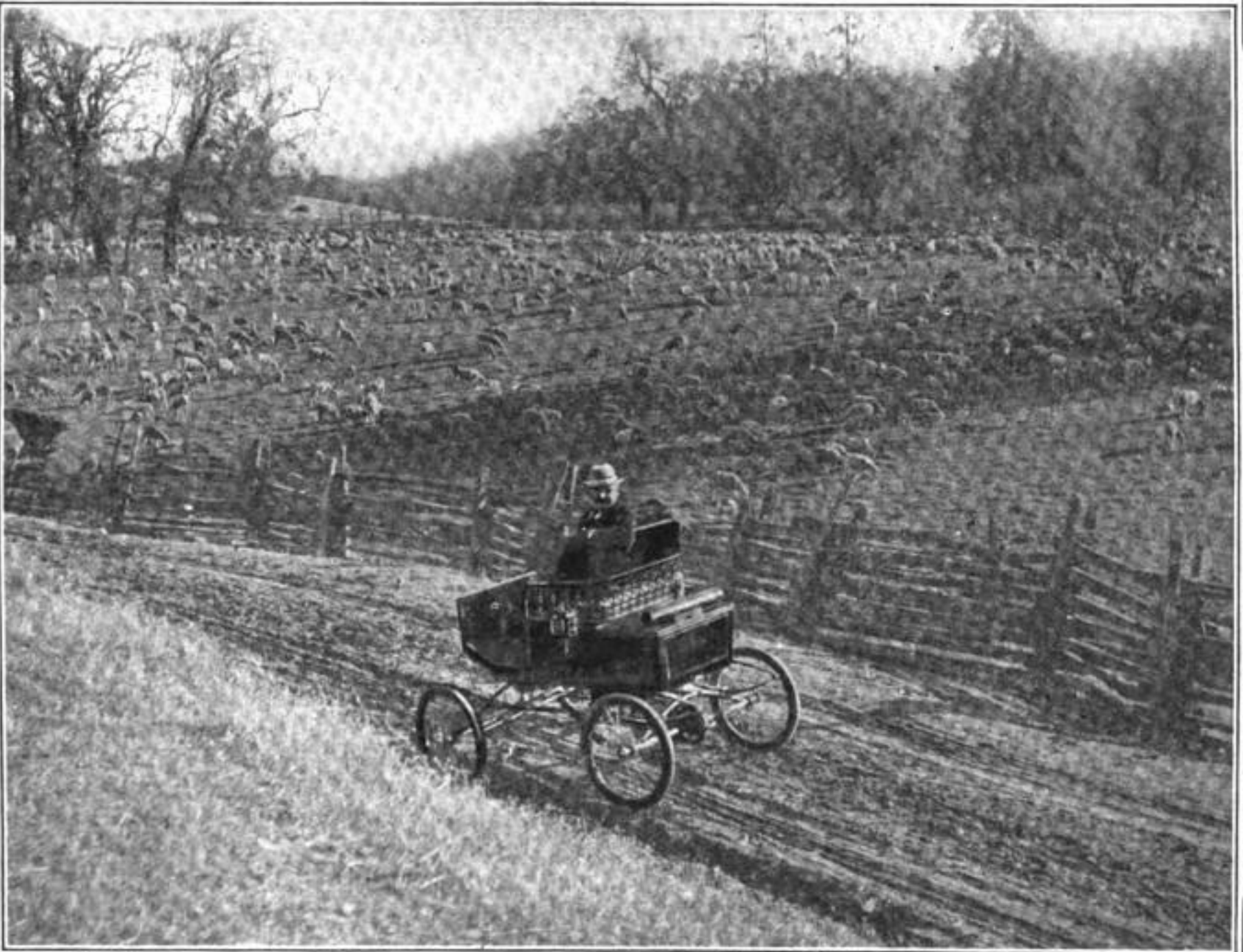


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NUMEROUS BOOKS—SCATTERED ACCOUNTS
20% ACTIVE—80% DEADWOOD

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THE LOCOMOBILE AS USED BY THE UP-TO-DATE RANCH OWNER. FLOCK OF 1100 SHEEP IN THE BACKGROUND.

Write for information about new and improved Locomobile. Send for "Locomobile Illustrated No. 2," "Opinions and Tests" and Locomobile price list.

Address your inquiry to

THE *Locomobile* COMPANY OF AMERICA
7 East 42d Street New York

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

“Mobile” Rapid Transit Route through Wall Street

**RUNNING FROM WALL STREET FERRY AND HANOVER SQUARE THROUGH
WALL STREET TO RECTOR TO NEW JERSEY CENTRAL FERRY,
WITH TERMINAL AT PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY FERRY.**

The “Mobile” Rapid Transit Wagonettes used on this route are built by the “Mobile” Company of America, at Philipse-Manor-on-the-Hudson.

They can be operated at from fifteen to twenty miles per hour or at any rate of speed to suit the most crowded street.

The cost of power for operating is but one-quarter of a cent per passenger per mile—cheaper even than the power for the average street-car line. There is no outlay for tracks or power-houses. They can be put into any country town at a cost of but \$1,600 each.

**THREE RAPID TRANSIT “MOBILES” COSTING \$4,800 WILL, IN
SMALL TOWNS, DO THE WORK OF AN ELECTRICAL STREET-CAR PLANT
WHICH WOULD COST \$20,000 TO \$50,000.**

To tear up Wall Street and provide a street-car plant to the route now being covered by the “Mobile” Rapid Transit Wagonettes would cost from half to a million dollars. Three Wagonettes costing but \$4,800 will give a service of one wagon every five minutes. Twenty Rapid Transit “Mobiles” costing \$32,000 would give a continuous service of a wagon passing each way at intervals of less than a minute.

This has regard to the question of original outlay. When the matter of comfort is considered, the results are still more striking. Leaving out of question the long months during which the public would be incommoded while the streets would be impassable from construction work, at the end of that time there would be two street-car tracks practically blocking the entire street, endangering life at every turn.

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A "MOBILE" RAPID TRANSIT WAGONETTE.

The smooth-running Rapid Transit "Mobile" glides noiselessly through the street—no jolt, no jar—endangering no lives, because it is so perfectly under control—going in to the curb to take its passengers directly from the sidewalk, and leaving the street just as free as it was formerly.

With the fixed charges at so low a rate it is needless to say that the profits of

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operating "Mobile" Rapid Transit services are large. Requiring only good organization, a "Mobile" stable offers to the man now engaged in livery in the smaller cities opportunities for building up a business of the most profitable character.

"Mobile" Rapid Transit and the *Problem of the Brooklyn Bridge.*

To illustrate the carrying capacity of these small, swift-moving Wagonettes, the problem of the Brooklyn Bridge, now exciting so much interest, may be considered.

The number of people carried to Brooklyn during "rush" hours is stated in the daily papers at 23,000 per hour. Even at these figures the question of overtaking the Bridge with cars and rails is being seriously studied. Yet, with the four bridgeways now given up to street-car and cable tracks free for "Mobiles," it would be possible to move safely and comfortably more than double the number of people now handled. Even with this number doubled, the weight on the Bridge would be less than at present.

BUT MORE THAN THIS, THERE WOULD BE ABSOLUTELY NO JAR AND NO VIBRATION. THE PNEUMATIC TIRES, COMBINED WITH THE WAGONETTE SPRINGS, WOULD RENDER MOTION ENTIRELY SMOOTH.

A "Mobile" containing no less than fourteen passengers could be quickly loaded and quickly despatched.

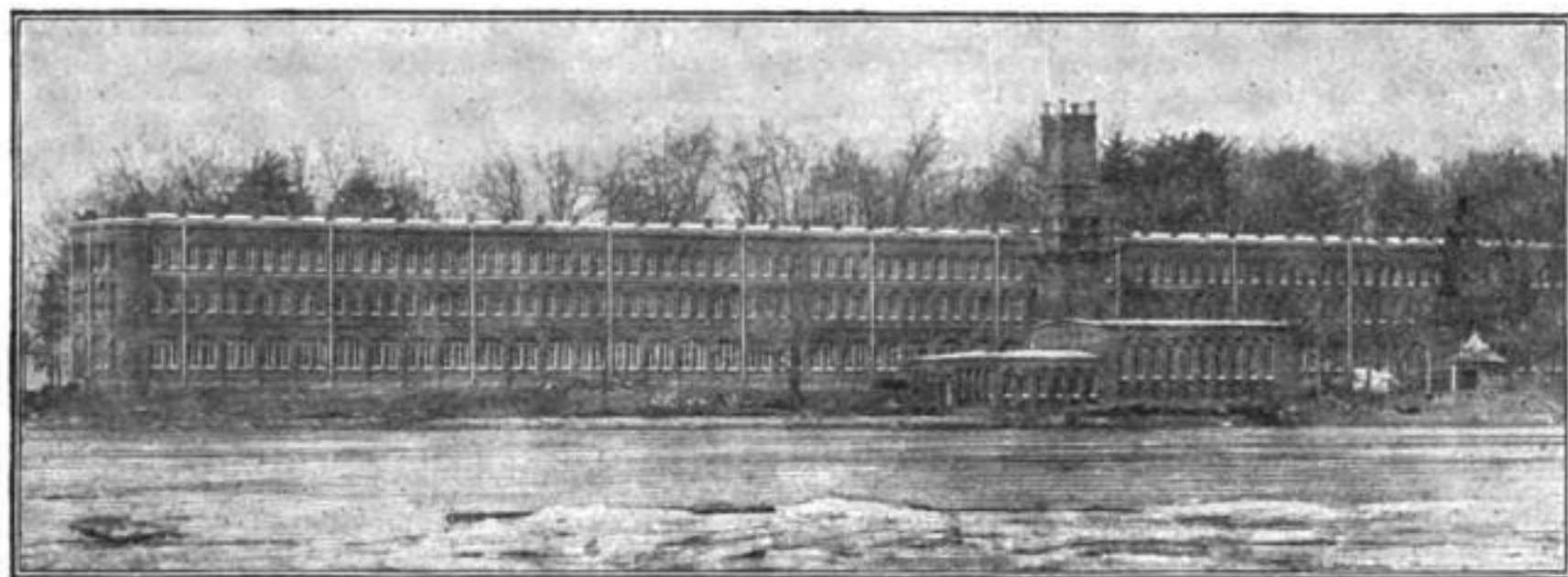
An experimental trip of four "Mobile" Rapid Transit Wagonettes across the Bridge was recently made in five minutes. Six minutes would be an entirely practicable and safe operating time. Assigning thirty feet roomway per carriage—more than sufficient—the four truckways, measuring six thousand five hundred feet each, would allow for a sufficient number of vehicles to move over fifty thousand people per hour one way.

On the central two thousand feet of the Bridge there would be a weight at one time of less than three hundred tons of wagons, at that hour when fifty thousand people would be on the Bridge going one way, or a hundred thousand both ways.

The "Mobile" Company of America has been the first either in Europe or America to produce a practicable Wagonette, solving the problem of rapid transit. After long experimental work it has placed on the market a perfect Rapid Transit Carriage. Every requisite is complete. Entirely safe, noiseless, easier in motion than the finest private carriage, luxuriously upholstered and finished in every detail in the best style known to the carriage-maker's art, the "Mobile" Rapid Transit Wagonette is offered to the public at sixteen hundred dollars, a price that brings it within the reach of every town for street-car purposes, of every liveryman for touring and pleasure parties, of every country house for depot wagons, and, still more important, for city use in cross-town lines or depot and hotel services.

There are still six thousand horses employed in the street-car service of New York City. There is not one of these routes where the "Mobile" Rapid Transit Wagonette could not be substituted—not only saving the tens of millions required to convert the horse track into an electric service, and also saving to the companies in operating expenses from twenty to thirty per cent., but furnishing a new service, which would be up to date in every particular—elegant, speedy, comfortable and convenient from every point of view; saving to life in that it lands its passengers on the sidewalk—a service as much ahead of even the electric street-car as that class of carriage is beyond the old-fashioned horse-car.

The "Mobile" Rapid Transit Wagonette is the most important development yet made in the evolution of transportation, and is destined to become immediately an important adjunct to the street-car lines of the large cities.



The "Mobile" Company of America,
PHILIPSE-MANOR-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.

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NO MATTER WHERE LOCATED.



SEND description and cash price of your property, and I will outline, free of charge, a complete, practical plan for quickly finding a cash buyer.

I will also send, free, my handsome illustrated booklet which explains my methods in detail, and a sample copy of **OSTRANDER'S MONTHLY**, a unique journal of rare interest to those who **DESIRE TO SELL OR BUY REAL ESTATE**. Be sure to send description and price, as the booklet goes only with the plan, **AND THE PLAN MUST NECESSARILY BE BASED UPON THE CHARACTER, VALUE AND LOCATION OF THE PROPERTY**.

It does not matter whether your property is worth \$500 or \$500,000, or in what state or territory it is located, or whether it is a farm, residence, business, timber, mineral or other property—I can outline a plan to convert it into cash.

If you want to buy any kind of a property in any part of the country, write to me about it. I either have or can secure your ideal. I am a specialist in long-range sales. I can bring cash buyers and sellers together, no matter how far apart they may be. I am a specialist in real estate advertising. I know just where, when, and how to advertise any kind of a property. I am spending more money for general advertising than any other real estate man in the country. I am in touch with more prospective buyers than any other man. I can surely be of great service to you if you want to buy or sell. You certainly want the advice of one who has had years of practical experience in doing just what you want to do. And the advice costs nothing. Write to-day. Give full particulars and save time.

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This very picturesque and homelike place, in Flemington, Hunterdon Co., N. J., on the Pennsylvania R.R., includes about 8 1/2 acres of land and is a very good bargain at \$9,250. It is half-way between New York and Philadelphia. An abundance of shade trees, large garden, etc. Ground slopes in all directions

from house, which stands 250 feet from street. An ideal gentleman's country home, or a very suitable place for a small sanitarium. Write for full description. I have other excellent country places in various states. Tell me just what you want and I can probably tell you just where it is.

ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

This property, at Greenwich, Fairfield Co., Conn., is beautifully located on Long Island Sound, and possesses many exceptional advantages. The 15-room house is on a 1 3/16 acre lot, within 100 feet of the shore, and sufficiently elevated to afford a view of twenty miles down the Sound. The porch is 10 feet wide by 90 feet long, and the house is comparatively new, in first-class repair, and built to afford solid comfort in every way. Price, \$30,000, easy terms. Write for full description.



A \$3,000 COLORADO FARM.

In Costilla Co., Colorado, I offer a one hundred and sixty acre farm, 156 acres of which are under plow, for \$3,000 and on easy terms. The buildings are inexpensive, but in good repair. Two miles from Hooper, the nearest post-office and R.R. station. The land is well irrigated and a valuable water-right is included.

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This property consists of the double store as shown in the illustration (8 rooms and attic, large enough and properly arranged for two families above), and a 90 by 148 foot lot. The location is on the main street, in the centre of the town, 4 minutes' walk to R. R. station, one block from post-office, and an electric road to Boston passes the door. The business is on a cash basis, and was established many years ago. Price, \$10,500—easy terms.

I have other desirable business properties to sell. Tell me what you want.



200 ACRES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

This property is 15 miles from San Diego, 6 miles from R. R. station, 2 1/2 miles from a post-office, and 8 miles from the Pacific Ocean. The buildings are inexpensive but good. Price, \$1,500—one third cash down. Write for description.

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And completely banishing all distressing

HEAD NOISES

by restoring natural life, strength and activity to the affected parts of the ear and to the nerve of hearing. Simple—harmless—positive. Cure guaranteed or no expense. For full information and complete description, address with stamp,

THE W. J. TINDALL COMPANY,

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Cancer or Tumor (internal or external).

Cured with Soothing Balmy Oils.

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Has been used for over Sixty Years by Millions of Mothers for their Children While Teething, with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



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may quickly be gained by using the famous "Nadine" system of development. All hollow or slighted parts are rapidly filled out and made beautiful in contour. Instructions also given for developing the entire form 15 to 30 lbs. more when desired. Harmless. Failure impossible. Fully guaranteed. You will have the personal attention of a Form and Face Specialist until development is entirely completed. Highly endorsed by physicians. Instructions, photos, references, etc., sealed, free.

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The Vocalion is practically a condensed pipe organ—built entirely on pipe organ principles applied by a special patented system.

It costs half the usual pipe organ price and less than half the expense of maintenance.

Its tones are remarkable for their pureness and delicacy.

Catalogue D fully descriptive with illustrations and specifications on request . . .

The Vocalion Organ Company
156 Fifth Ave., Cor. Twentieth
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IMPORTANT TO MORPHINE HABITUÉS.

Persons addicted to the excessive use of Morphine, Cocaine, Laudanum, Opium, and other narcotic drugs, including habits for "remedies," contracted while taking advertised drug "cures," can now be permanently and harmlessly relieved at their homes by a newly discovered, scientific treatment, administered by Physicians of recognized ability and experience. Relief is immediate—no detention from business—no pain. Appetite and slumber normal from the start. Each patient accepted, receives private advice and special treatment from a successful, licensed nerve specialist. Our treatment positively effects

A CURE, NOT A SUBSTITUTE.

We urgently request users of narcotic drugs and interested friends to write us for our "Guaranteed Cure or No Pay" proposition—including terms, and our personal and financial references, etc. Address

RUSSELL MEDICAL COMPANY,
Dept. 1, 1135 Broadway, New York.

SIMMONS WATCH CHAINS



SIMMONS WATCH CHAINS
are pre-eminent among gold-filled chains. They are made of seamless gold-filled wire—the outside of the wire is gold, the core is alloy. This alloy core, while lessening the cost of the chains, does not affect in any degree their appearance, strength, or serviceableness.

In design, fine workmanship, and perfect finish, SIMMONS WATCH CHAINS equal the best all-gold chains.

12,000 patterns of men's vest, women's lorgnette and neck chains.

SIMMONS WATCH CHAINS are sold only through jewelers. If you cannot find them for sale anywhere in your vicinity, send us the name of your nearest jeweler.

Our handsome booklet, "The Story of Simmons Watch Chains," sent free on request.

R. F. SIMMONS CO., Attleboro, Mass.

MAKERS OF
WATCH CHAINS, Fobs, SEALS, LOCKETS
AND CHAIN BRACELETS.



The registered trade mark R. F. S. & Co. is on inside of swivel bow of Simmons Chains as in cut. Do not rely on printed tags, pads or boxes.

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With a **BARLER HEATER** one regulates the flame for Fall, Winter and Spring. Always ready and will last a lifetime. No Pipe. No Smoke. No Odor. If your hardware man does not sell them, write us for free circular. Prices \$3.50 to \$10.00 delivered. Different sizes.

A. G. BARLER MFG. CO., 106 Lake St., CHICAGO

20 COIN-OPERATING PEANUT VENDING MACHINES

FOR VENDING
SALTED SHELLED PEANUTS

Will pay a Net Profit of
\$5.00 PER DAY \$150.00 PER MONTH \$1,800 PER YEAR.

A High-Class Business which may be started with one machine at a cost of a few dollars and others added from the profits. When placed with stores on shares one-half of receipts is profit to the owner of the machine.

JUST THE THING for people who are employed on salary to work as a side line until they get enough machines that they can give up their position for a business of their own. At the same time it appeals to capitalists who would wish to engage in the business on a large scale.

A NEW PROPOSITION WITH WONDERFUL POSSIBILITIES. Write for Circulars; it will surprise you.

OUR NEW AUTOMATIC PACKAGE VENDING MACHINE may be used for either Salted Peanuts or Confections. Agents wanted.

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\$100 PER SECTION

(WITHOUT DOORS),
and upward, according to style and fold,
buys the

"Macey"

SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

the only kind having **Absolutely NON-BINDING and SELF-DISAPPEARING DOORS** (PATENTED)

Shipped "On Approval," subject to return at our expense if not found to every way the most perfect and the handsomest sectional bookcase ever offered. Ask for Catalogue No. D L.

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Pan-American Exposition Exhibit, Section 00, Manufacturers' Bldg.



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IS THE
STRONGEST
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IN THE
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**ITS POLICIES ARE THE GOVERNMENT
BONDS OF LIFE ASSURANCE**

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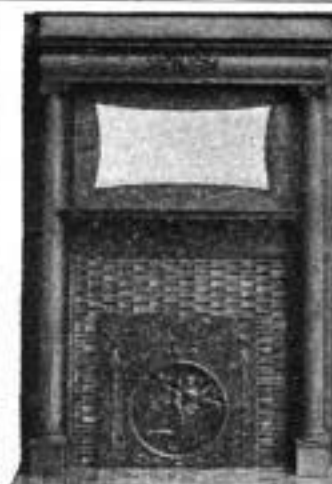
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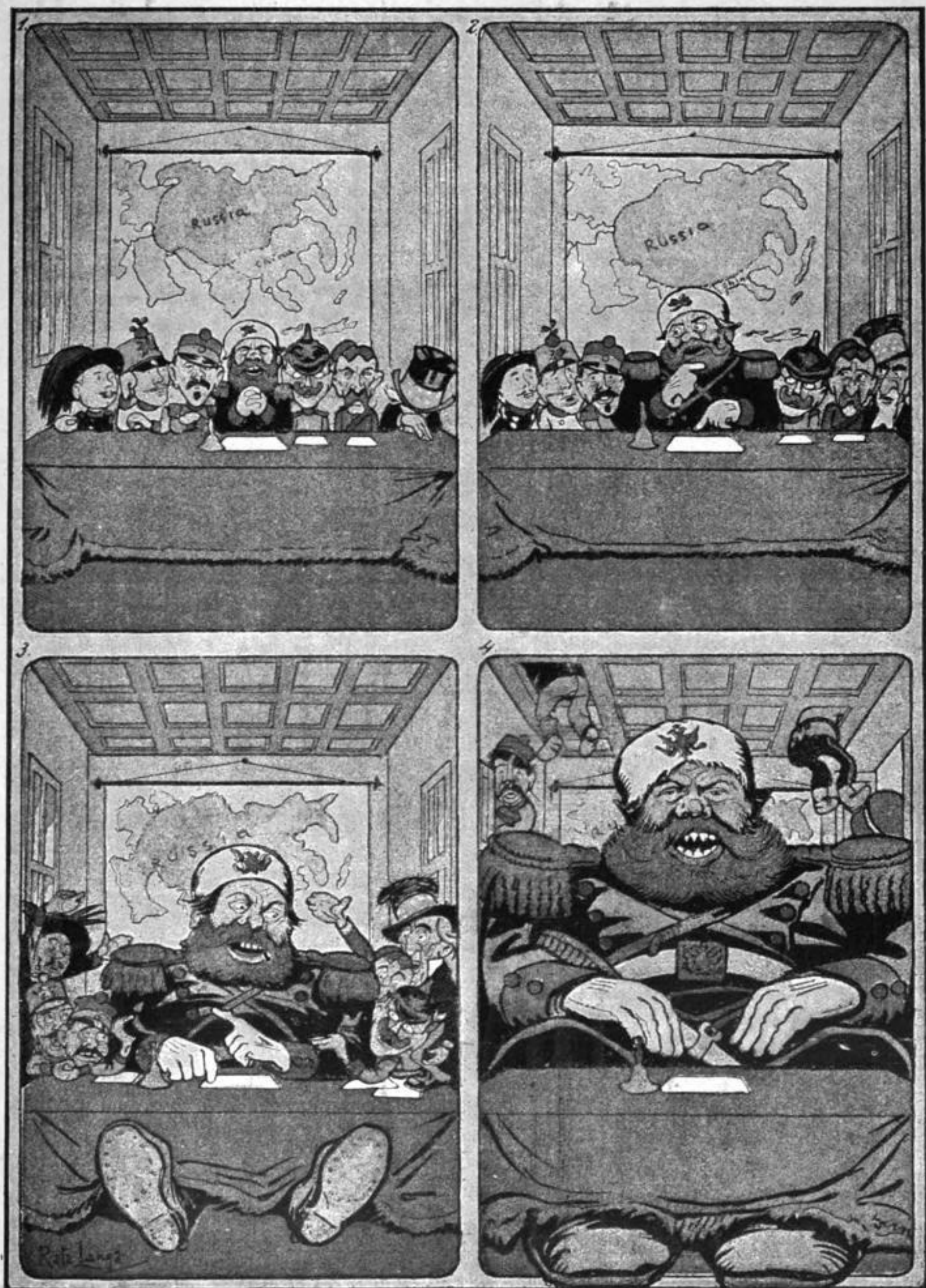
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From *Wahre Jacob*, of Stuttgart.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



ON A LEDGE OF THE POLITICAL HEIGHTS HANNA FINDS THE OLD STORK AND HIS FLEDGLING.
From the New York Journal.

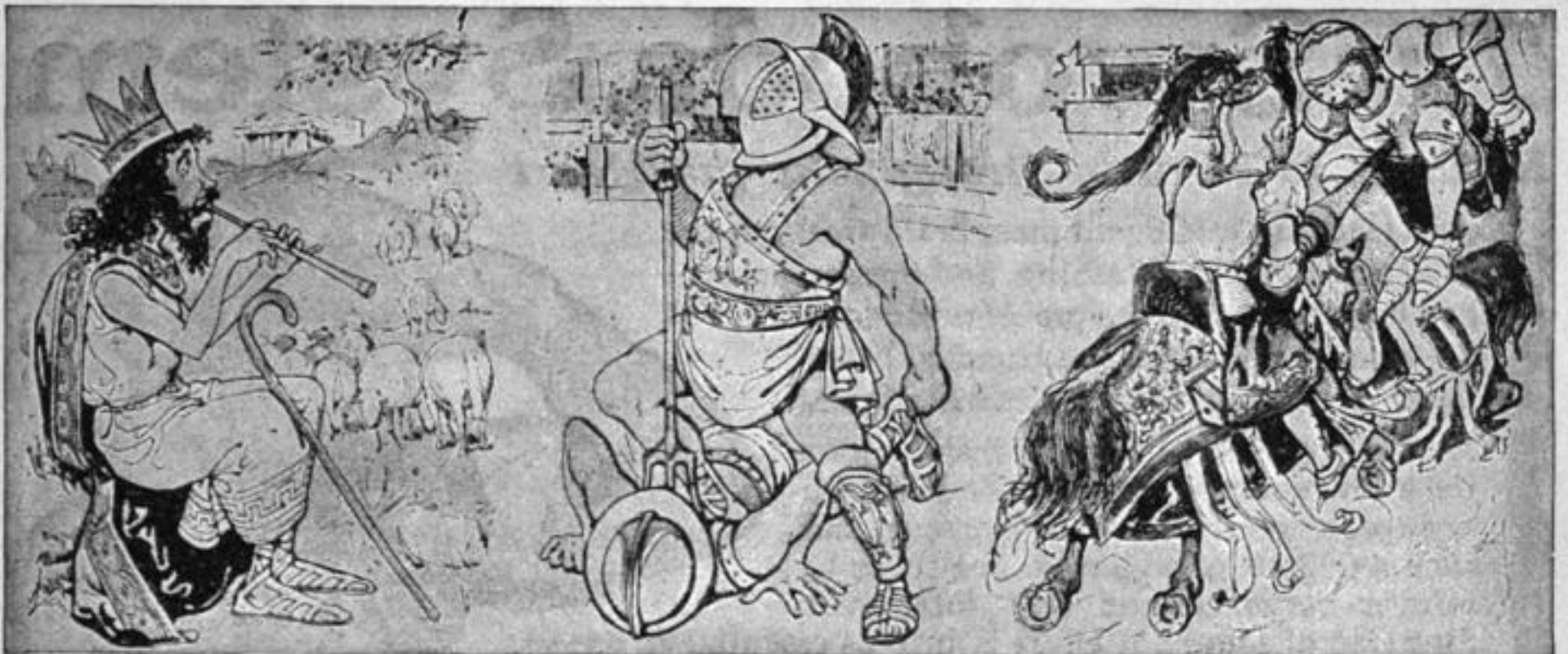


CIVILIZATION.
From Affenspiegel, of Munich.



THE HALL OF MIRRORS.
Uncle Sam as others see him.
From Judge, of New York.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



In primitive times pleasure-loving kings devoted themselves to playing the flute and watching the flocks.

Later this became the standard of true sport.

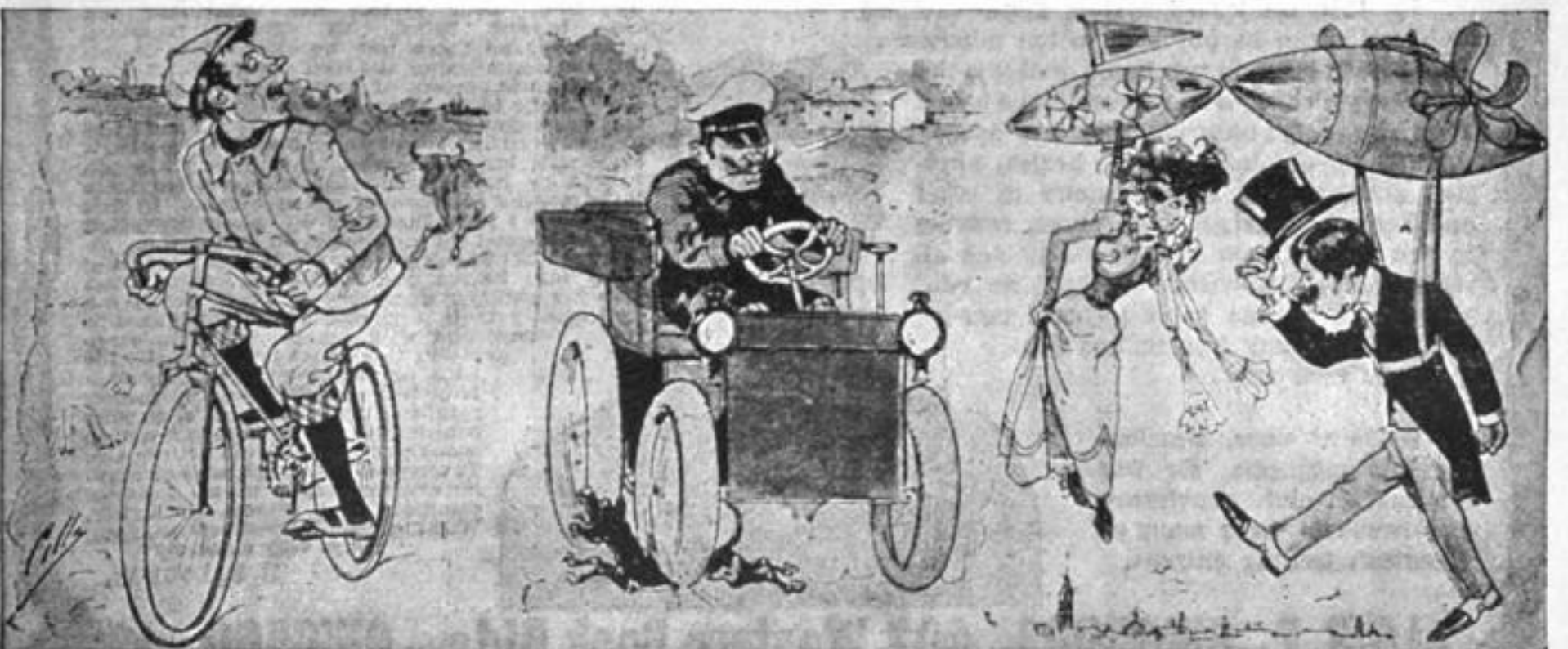
Soon this honorable and humane sport found vogue.



Next England invented this elevating pastime.

Then men proved their superiority over the animals in this pleasurable way.

Horsemanship, too, is considered delightful.



Happy pleasure-seekers next devoted themselves to the bicycle.

The automobile is now the correct sport.

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From *Blanco y Negro*, of Madrid.

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Restores to Health, Strengthens the Heart

I am teaching intelligent men, brain workers, the ideal principles of attaining and preserving perfect health. It is not a problematical theory, but a system of physiological exercise, based upon absolutely correct scientific facts.

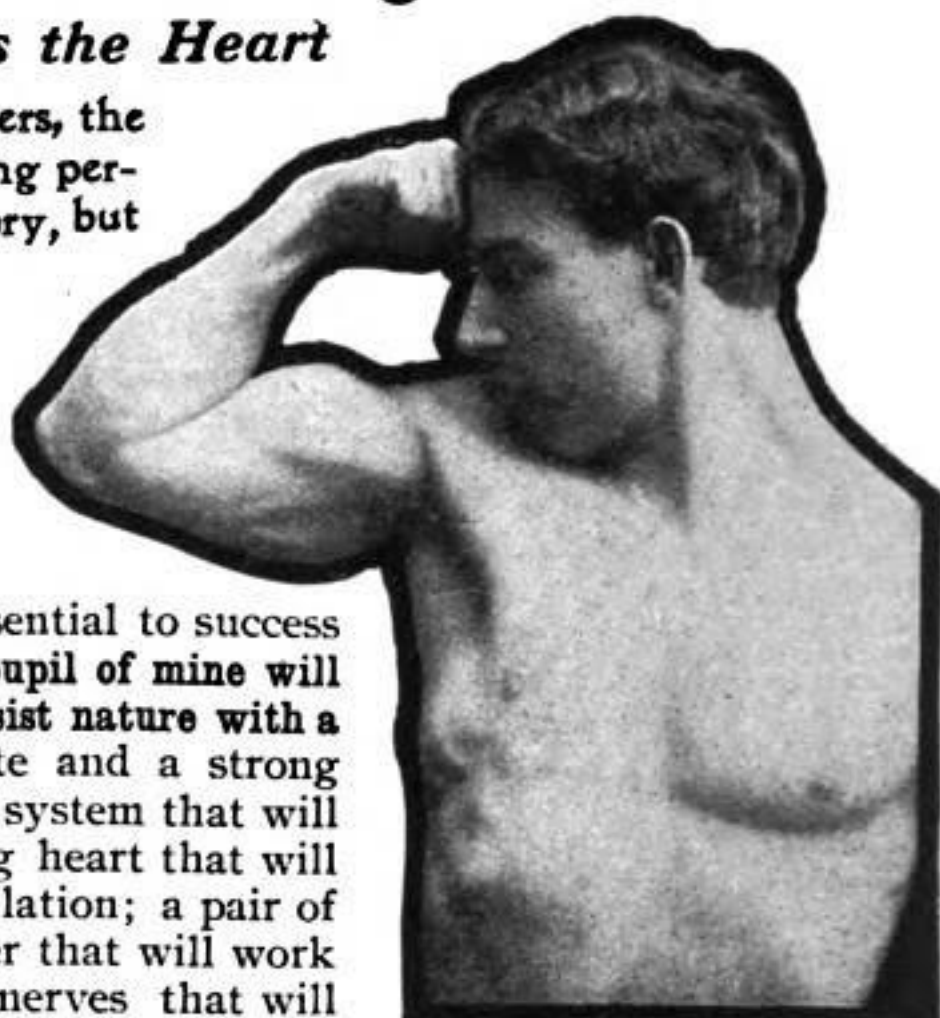
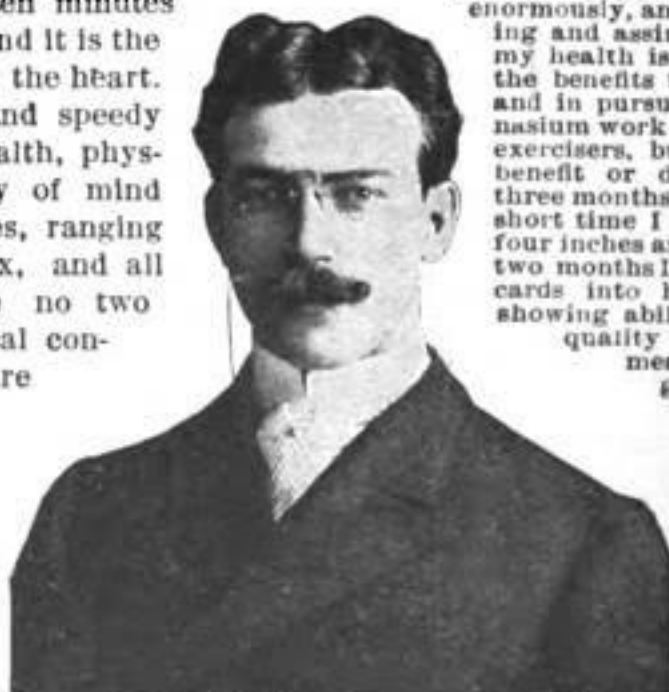
And if you will follow my instructions for a few weeks I will promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort. **No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin nor assist nature with a dose of physic.** I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your veins with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will

keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable. I can promise you all of this because it is common-sense, rational and just as logical as that study improves the intellect.

My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever, and but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring.

By this condensed system more exercise and benefit can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body. Pupils are both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition, individual instructions are given in each case.

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St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 31, 1900.

Mr. Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill.

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The effect of your system was immediate and almost beyond belief. My appetite increased enormously, and there was no difficulty in digesting and assimilating the food consumed. To-day my health is perfect. I have always appreciated the benefits to be derived from proper exercise, and in pursuit of health, tried rowing and gymnasium work for several years, also various patent exercisers, but never received anything like the benefit or development that has resulted from three months' application to your system. In this short time I have increased my chest expansion four inches and all my muscles in proportion. In two months I was able to tear a full pack of playing cards into halves, and the halves into quarters showing ability to apply my strength, which is a quality to be desired and one that cannot be measured with a tape. It is no exaggeration to say that my capacity for both physical and mental exertion is increasing daily, and the feeling resulting from a state of perfect health aids me in business and is something money could not replace. To anyone feeling the need of regular exercise, easily taken, I cannot commend your system too highly. Wishing you deserved success, I am,

Yours very sincerely

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GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



JOHN BULL ERASES ANOTHER DATE FOR THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.
From the Cleveland Leader.



IN 1925.
Roberts and Kitchener celebrating another "victory" over the South African republics.
From Kikeriki, of Vienna.



JOHN BULL: "It is proposed to spend a million and a half dollars on an Indian memorial to Queen Victoria and you would rather eat—you monster!"
From le Rire, of Paris.



THE WORLD'S TICKER.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



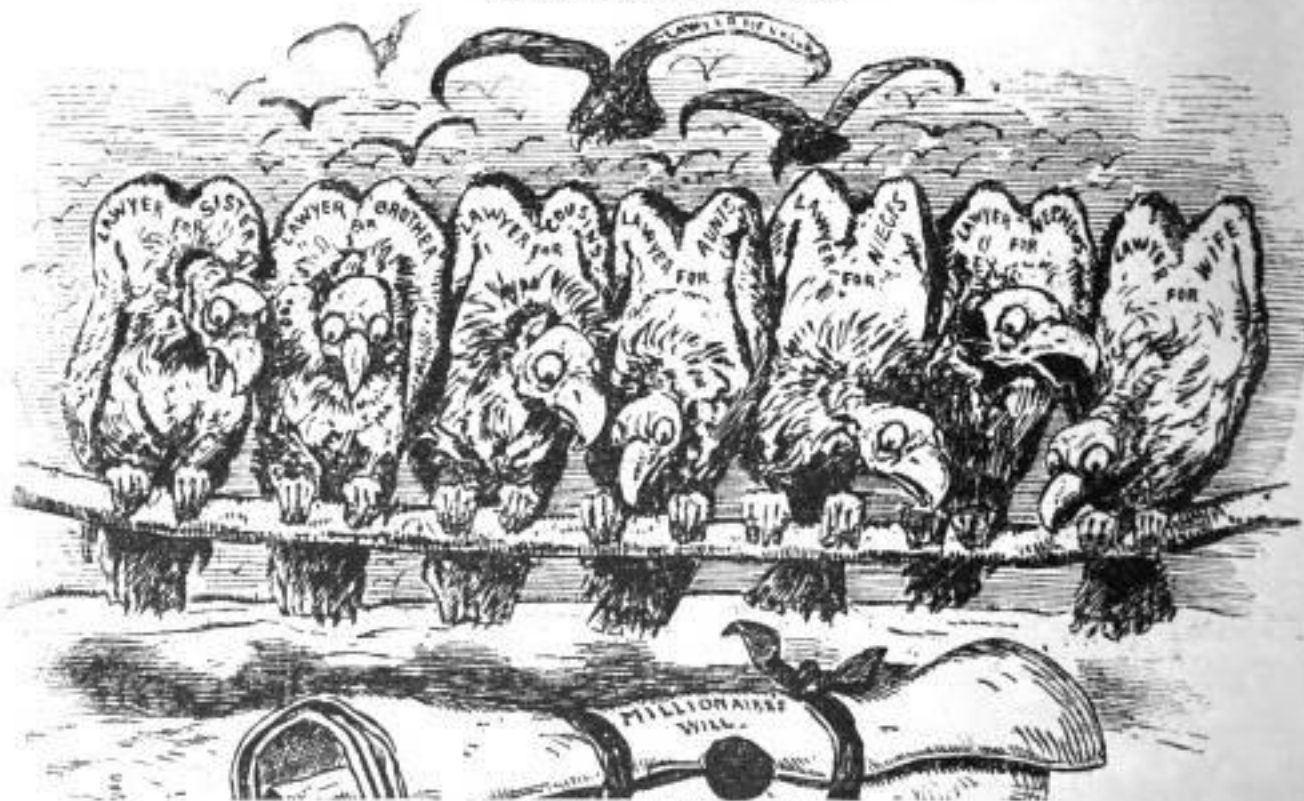
DENMARK: "Shall I sell the West Indies to Uncle Sam?"
JOHN BULL: "Certainly not. Wait till I can find time and I'll take 'em away from you by force."
From the Minneapolis Tribune.



ENGLAND'S NEW COAT OF ARMS.
From le Figaro, of Paris.



CARNEGIE'S SCOTCH FOLLOWING IN EUROPE.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



MAN PROPOSES, LAWYER DISPOSES.
From the New York World.



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Everyone's head should be shampooed once a week with some non-injurious and health-giving wash.

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Cleans the scalp and positively cures dandruff. It is today the best, has for decades been the best, and will continue to be at the head of all meritorious hair and scalp preparations. Millions of packages have been used with pronounced success. Letters of highest praise from four generations.

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If so, why not reduce your weight and be comfortable? Obesity is a disease and predisposes to Heart Trouble, Paralysis, Liver disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, etc., and is not only dangerous but extremely annoying to people of refined taste. We do not care how many reduction remedies you may have taken without success, we have a simple treatment that will reduce weight as thousands can testify. The following are a few of the thousands who have been reduced in weight and greatly improved in health by its use.

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I know you want to reduce your weight, but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can the obesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved, and in health you will be wonderfully benefited. I am a regular practicing physician, having made a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you. First, I send you a blank to fill out; when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You make no radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. No harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from 3 to 5 pounds weekly, according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks

you are to report to me and I will send further treatment if necessary. When you have reduced your flesh to the desired weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome, you will feel 10 to 20 years younger. Ailment of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. All patients receive my personal attention, whether being treated by mail or in person; all correspondence is strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent. Distance makes no difference. **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.** Send for my new pamphlet; it will convince you. Write to-day and mention *Cosmopolitan*.

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Varicocele is in itself a symptom of grave nervous disorders and may foreshadow paralysis, because it is occasioned by the paralysis of delicate nerve filaments controlling the pelvic circulation.

The condition frequently exists for years without the presence of paralytic symptoms in more distressing form, but the possibility of a more or less pronounced attack is always present.

In the sluggish circulation of the paralyzed veins of Varicocele minute blood clots form and are subsequently carried into the general circulation.

The absorption and accumulation of this morbid material in nerve matter causes inflammation of the nerves, and ultimately interferes with the transmission of nerve force.

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Although it is possible, by administering certain forms of treatment, to dissipate and eradicate the accumulation of morbid material in nerve matter so as to restore nerve impulse, it is useless to proceed with such treatment until the varicose condition has been removed.

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I cure Varicocele in any stage by my special method, employing modified natural forces instead of the knife.

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By delicate modifications of my main system I cure Rupture with equal success.

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Does not merely cover up but
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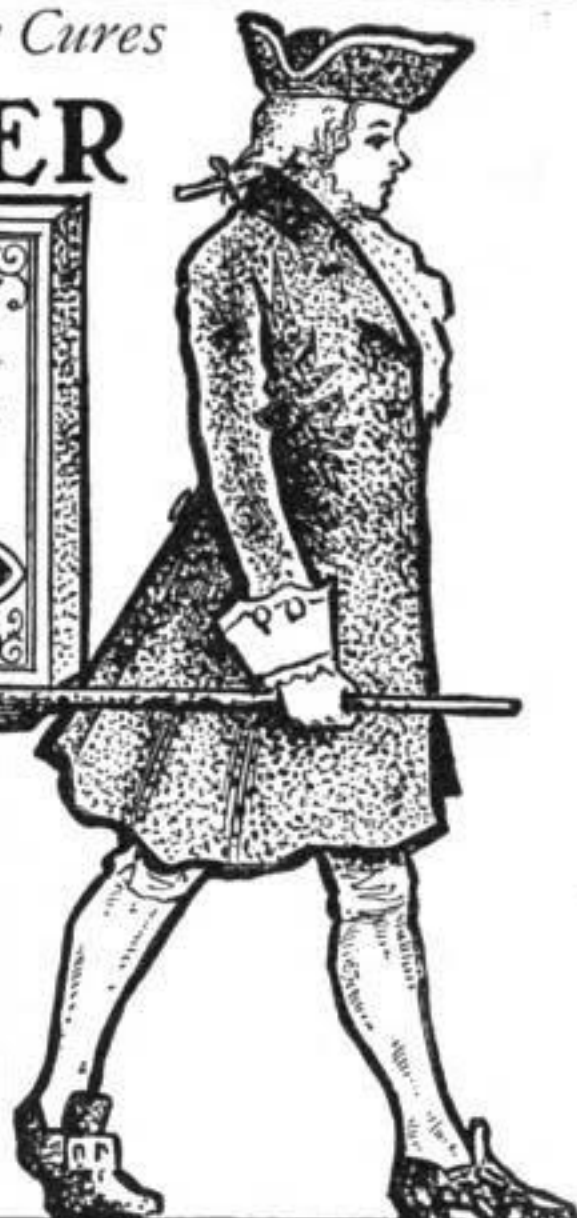
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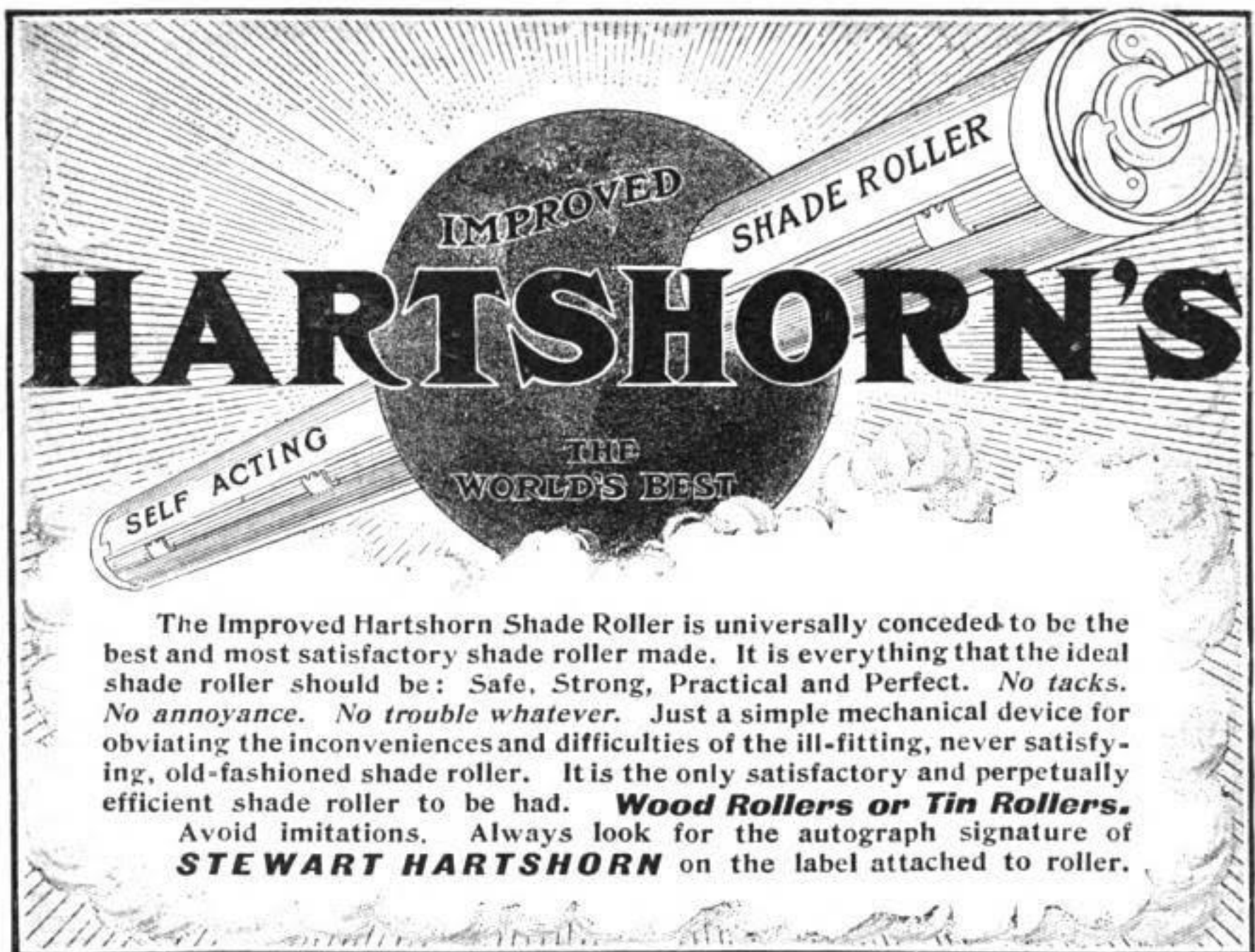
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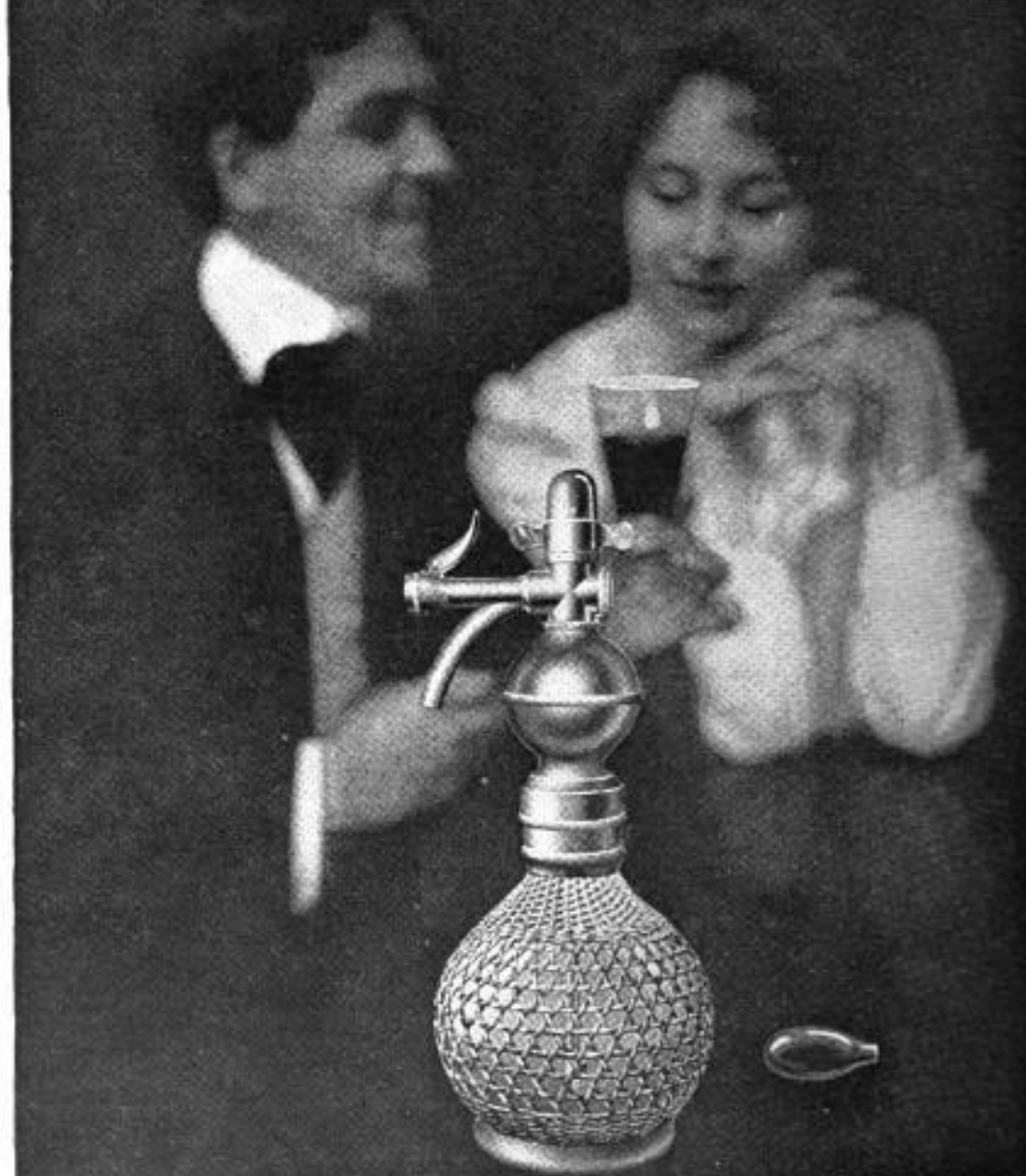
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